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A

Complete Edition

of the

Poets

of

GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Tenth.

Containing

Young, Gray, B. West, Lyttleton, Moore, Boyce, Thompson, Cawthorne, Churchill, Falconer, Lloyd, Cunningham, Green, Cooper, Goldsmith, P. Whitehead, Brown, Grainger, Smollet & Armstrong.

Burney del. Gray's Ode to Spring. Cheshalh sculp.

LONDON:

Printed for John & Arthur Arch, *23. Gracechurch Street.*

and for Bell & Bradfute & I. Mundell & Co. *Edinburgh.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D.

Containing

NIGHT THOUGHTS,	UNIVERSAL PASSION,
LAST DAY,	RESIGNATION,
VANQUISHED LOVE;	ODES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Beneath an awful gloom, a night of ſhade,
By ſilent darkneſs more majeſtic made,
I place thy volume, YOUNG, with reverence place;
Thy volume, worthy of a ſaint's embrace!
What goſpel-truths thy heavenly lines convey,
And ſteal us from mortality away!
Full on the ſoul thy tides of rapture flow,
Kindling we hear, and, while we read, we glow!
Exalted by thy theme, we mount on high,
We ſpurn at earth, we claim our native ſky.
Now let the unletter'd, or the letter'd man,
Deny the ſoul immortal, if he can:
A ſoul immortal in thy works we ſee;
Can duſt and aſhes think and write like thee?

THOMPSON'S GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF YOUNG.

For the life of Young, the world is obliged to Mr. Herbert Croft, the Engliſh lexicographer, formerly a barriſter of Lincoln's-Inn, now a clergyman, who was the friend of his ſon, and wiſhed to vindicate him from ſome very miſtaken remarks to his prejudice. Mr. Croft's narrative, which exhibits a ſucceſsful imitation of Dr. Johnſon's ſtyle, was ſubjected to the reviſion of our great poetical biographer, who adopted it as an introduction to his critical examination of the genius and writings of Young.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account are chiefly taken from Mr. Croft's narrative, with the addition of ſuch particulars as ſubſequent reſearches, or caſual information, have ſupplied.

Edward Young was born at Upham, near Wincheſter, in June 1681. He was the ſon of Dr. Edward Young, at that time Fellow of Wincheſter College, and Rector of Upham. In 1682, he was collated to the prebend of Gillingham-Minor, in the church of Saliſbury, by Biſhop Ward. He was afterwards, in conſequence of his merit and reputation, or of the intereſt of Lord Bradford, to whom, in 1702, he dedicated two volumes of ſermons, appointed Chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, and preferred to the deanery of Saliſbury. Jacob, who wrote in 1720, ſays, "he was Chaplain and Clerk of the Cloſet to the late Queen, who honoured him, by ſtanding godmother to the poet." He died at Saliſbury, in 1705. Burnet preached his funeral ſermon, and beſtowed upon him a handſome eulogium.

He was placed on the foundation at Wincheſter College, where he remained till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which thoſe upon the foundation are ſuperannuated; when, not being choſen to New College, Oxford, he, on the 15th of October 1703, was entered an independent member of that ſociety, that he might live at little expence at the lodgings of the Warden, who was a particular friend of his father. In a few months, the Warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. The preſident of this ſociety, from a regard alſo to his father, invited him thither, in order to leſſen his academical expences. In 1708, he was nominated to a law-fellowſhip at All Souls, by Archbiſhop Teniſon; into whoſe hands it came by devolution. Such repeated patronages, while it juſtifies Burnet's praiſe of the father, reflects credit on the conduct of the ſon. The manner in which it was exerted, ſeems to prove, that the father did not leave behind him much wealth.

It is reported, that when he firſt found himſelf independent, and his own maſter, at All Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became.

Pope is ſaid, by Ruffhead, to have told Warburton, that "Young had paſſed a *fooliſh youth, the ſport of peers;* but his having a very good heart, enabled him to ſupport the clerical character, when he aſſumed it, with decency, and afterwards with honour."

The authority of his father, indeed, had ceaſed ſome time before by his death; and he was certainly not aſhamed to be patronized by the Duke of Wharton, "the ſcorn and wonder of his days."

His father had been well acquainted with Mrs. Anne Wharton, the firſt wife of Thomas Wharton, Eſq. afterwards Marquis of Wharton, a lady celebrated for her poetical talents, by Burnet and by Waller. The father of the Duke of Wharton, had been the friend of his father; and, after he became ennobled, did not drop the ſon of his old friend: In him, during the ſhort time he lived, Young found a patron, and in his eccentric and diſſolute deſcendent, a friend and a companion. But the duke, it is to be ſuppoſed, did not at once ſink into the depths of profligacy. That he had great and ſhining abilities, was acknowledged by his contemporaries, who entertained the greateſt hopes of his becoming an honour to his country. It is not unreaſonable to imagine, that the bare acquaintance with ſuch a man as Wharton proved to be, might give riſe to the report of his having relaxed, in early youth, from the ſtrict and rigid rules of virtue; of the truth of which, there is not ſufficient evidence.

The teſtimony of Tindal, who ſpent much of his time at All Souls, is an unqueſtionable authority in favour of Young's warmth and ability in the cauſe of religion, in the early part of his life. "The other boys," ſaid he, "I can always anſwer, becauſe I always know whence they have their

arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow Young, is continually peſtering me with ſomething of his own."

In 1712, when Queen Anne called up to the Houſe of Lords the ſons of the Earls of Northampton and Ayleſbury, and added, in one day, ten others to the number of peers, he publiſhed *An Epiſtle to the Right Honourable George Lord Lanſdown*; in order to reconcile the people to one, at leaſt, of the new lords. It ſeems intended alſo to reconcile the public to the late peace.

The affectionate mention of the death of his friend Harriſon, of New College, at the cloſe of the poem, is an inſtance of his art, which diſplayed itſelf ſo wonderfully afterwards in the *Night Thoughts*, of making the public a party in his private ſorrow.

Of this poem, there is no appearance in his own edition of his works, in 4 vols, 8vo; and prefixed to an edition by Curll and Tonſon, in 1741, is a letter from Young to Curll, in which he adviſes its omiſſion. "I think," ſays he, in the preface to the *Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts* "the following pieces, in *four* volumes, to be the moſt *excuſable* of all that I have written; and I wiſh *leſs apology* was needful for theſe. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republiſhed I have reviſed and corrected, and rendered them as *pardonable* as it was in my power to do." It is but juſtice to diſtinguiſh what the author of the *Night Thoughts* deliberately rejected.

When Addiſon publiſhed "Cato," in 1713, Young prefixed to it a recommendatory copy of verſes. This is one of the pieces which he did not republiſh.

The *Laſt Day* was publiſhed the ſame year. The Vice-Chancellor's *Imprimatur*: for it was firſt printed at Oxford, is dated May 19. 1713. From the exordium, he appears to have ſpent ſome time in the compoſition of it. While other bards *with Britain's hero ſet their ſouls on fire*, he draws, he ſays, a *deeper ſcene*. This ſerious poem was finiſhed by him as early as 1710; for part of it is printed in the "Tatler." The "Engliſhman" of October 29. 1713, which was probably written by Addiſon, ſpeaks handſomely of it. It was inſcribed to the queen in a dedication; which, for ſome reaſon, he did not admit into his works. It tells her, that the only title to the great honour he now does himſelf, is the obligation which he formerly received from her royal indulgence.

Of this obligation nothing is now known, unleſs he alluded to her being his godmother. He is ſaid, indeed, to have been engaged at a ſettled ſtipend, as a writer for the court. In Swift's "Rhapſody on Poetry," are theſe lines, ſpeaking of the court:

> Whence Gay was baniſh'd in diſgrace,
> Where Pope will never ſhow his face,
> Where Y—— muſt torture his invention,
> To flatter knaves, or loſe his penſion.

That Y—— means Young, ſeems clear from four other lines in the ſame poem:

> Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
> And tune your harps, and ſtrew your bays;
> Your panegyrics here provide;
> You cannot err on flattery's ſide.

Of the dedication, the complexion is clearly political. It ſpeaks in the higheſt terms of the peace of Utrecht. Mr. Croft doubts whether he had a right to withdraw the praiſe he had once given, and aſks, "Was he conſcious of the exaggeration of party? Then he ſhould not have written it. If it contained only the praiſe of truth, he ſhould not have omitted it in his works." Surely this is denying a man the privilege of becoming wiſer by his own experience! Young, in the warmth of party zeal, might very honeſtly and ſincerely write a panegyric, which time, and a clearer knowledge of characters, might convince him was undeſerved; all he could then do, was ſilently to ſuppreſs, as far as he was able, thoſe errors into which an upright heart had betrayed his judgment.

The poem itſelf, is not without a glance towards politics, notwithſtanding the ſubject. The cry, that the church was in danger, had not yet ſubſided. The *Laſt Day*, written by a layman, was much approved by the Tory miniſtry, and their friends.

The Force of Religion, or Vanquiſhed Love, was publiſhed before the queen's death. This poem is founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray, and her huſband, Lord Guildford Dudley, 1554; a ſtory choſen for the ſubject of an epiſtle by Cawthorn, a tragedy by Smith, and wrought into

tragedy by Rowe. The flattering dedication of it to the Countess of Salisbury, does not appear in his own edition.

On the 23d of April 1714, he took his degree of Bachelor of Civil Law; and, the same year, he published a poem on the Queen's death, and his Majesty's accession to the throne. It is inscribed to Addison, then Secretary to the Lords Justices. This poem he did not admit into his works.

In 1716, when the foundation of the Codrington Library was laid, he was appointed to speak the Latin *Oration*. In his letter to Curll, he says, "If you will take my advice, I would have you omit the *Oration* on Codrington. I think the collection will sell better without it." This oration he did not admit into his works.

In 1717, when Wharton, after his return from his travels, went to Ireland, it is not unlikely that Young accompanied his avowed friend and patron. From a passage relating to Swift, in his letter to Richardson, *on original composition*, it is clear he was, at some period of his life, in that country.

In 1719, he was received into the Earl of Exeter's family, as tutor to Lord Burleigh; which he soon quitted, upon the pressing solicitations of Wharton, and his promises of serving and advancing him in the world.

The same year, his *Busiris, King of Egypt*, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and met with success. The plot is of his own contrivance. The haughty message sent by *Busiris* to the *Persian Ambassador*, is copied from that returned by the Ethiopian Prince to Cambyses, in the third book of Herodotus. The dialogue contains many striking beauties of sentiment and description, but it is written in a glaring ambitious style; the pride of *Busiris* is such as no other man can have; and the whole is too remote from human life, to raise either grief, horror, or indignation. It was inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle, "because the late instances he had received of his Grace's undeserved and uncommon favour, in an affair of some consequence, foreign to the theatre, had taken from him the privilege of choosing a patron." The dedication he afterwards suppressed.

He took the degree of Doctor of Laws on the 10th of June 1719. The same year, he lamented the death of Addison, in a letter addressed to their common friend, Tickell. According to Spence's MSS, they used to "communicate to each other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things."

The same year appeared *A Paraphrase on part of the Book of Job*, which he dedicated, in no common strain of flattery, to Lord Chancellor Parker. Of this work, his opinion may be known from his letter to Curll;—"You seem, in the collection you propose, to have omitted what I think may claim the first place in it; I mean, "A Translation from part of Job, printed by Mr. Tonson." The dedication was only suffered to appear in Tonson's edition.

In 1721, *The Revenge*, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and met with very great success. This is his best dramatic performance. It approaches much nearer to human practices and manners than *Busiris*, and therefore keeps possession of the stage. The first design seems suggested by "Othello" and "Abdelazar;" but he has, in some respects, greatly improved on both. The reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original. The moral observations are so introduced and so expressed, as to have all the novelty that can be required.

He dedicated this famous tragedy to Wharton. "Your Grace," says the dedication, "has been pleased to make yourself accessary to the following scenes, not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole." That Wharton should have suggested the incident to which he alludes, is not unlikely, as his last mental exertion, in his quarters at Lerida in Spain, was some scenes of a tragedy, on the story of "Mary Queen of Scots;" to which Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote an epilogue, which is preserved in Dodsley's "Collection."

He concludes his address to Wharton, whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but as the promoter of his fortune, thus: "My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care; which, I will venture to say, will be always remembered to his honour; since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit; though, through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect, I happen to receive the benefit of it." He excluded this dedication from his own edition of his works.

To the patronage of this unhappy character, he was certainly, however, indebted for something material. Wharton's regard for Young, added to his "luſt of praiſe," procured to All Souls College a donation, which was not forgotten when he dedicated *The Revenge*.

Two annuities were alſo granted by the Duke to Young; one of which was dated March 24. 1719, and accounted for his Grace's bounty in a ſtyle princely and commendable, if not legal:—"Conſidering that the public good is advanced by the enouragemcent of learning, and the polite arts, and being pleaſed therein with the attempts of Dr. Young; in conſideration thereof, and of the love I bear him, &c." The other was dated July 10. 1722.

When Lord Chancellor Hardwicke was to determine, March 14. 1740, whether theſe annuities were for legal conſiderations, Young, on his examination, ſwore, that he quitted the Exeter family, and refuſed an annuity of 100 l., which had been offered him for life, if he would continue tutor to Lord Burleigh, upon the ſolicitations of the Duke of Wharton, and his Grace's aſſurances of providing for him in a much more ample manner.

It alſo appeared, that the Duke had given him a bond for 600 l., dated March 15. 1721, in conſideration of his taking ſeveral journeys, and being at great expences, in order to be choſen Member of Parliament, at the Duke's deſire; and in conſideration of his not taking two livings of 200 l. and 400 l., in the gift of All Souls College, on his Grace's promiſes of ſerving and advancing him in the world.

The attempt to get into Parliament was at Cirenceſter, where Young ſtood a conteſted election, about 1721, in which he was unſucceſsful.

His *Satires* were originally publiſhed ſeparately, under the title of *The Love of Fame*, or *The Univerſal Paſſion*. The firſt appeared in 1725. The fifth was not publiſhed till 1727, and the ſixth not till 1728; when he gathered them into one publication, "corrected and enlarged," and prefixed a preface, deciſive in favour of laughing at the world; which he preſerved, without any palliation, in the collection of his works. They were inſcribed to the Duke of Dorſet, Mr. Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe, Mr. Spencer Compton, afterwards Lord Wilmington, Lady Elizabeth Germain, Sir Robert Walpole, &c.

By the *Univerſal Paſſion*, according to Mr. Croſt, he acquired more than three thouſand pounds. His ſon informed Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Boſwell, in 1781, "that his father had received ſeveral thouſand pounds of ſubſcription-money for his *Univerſal Paſſion*, but had loſt it in the South Sea. Dr. Johnſon thought this muſt be a miſtake; for he had never ſeen a ſubſcription-book."

It is related by Spence, in his MSS., on the authority of Mr. Rawlinſon, that Young, upon the publication of his *Univerſal Paſſion*, received from the Duke of Grafton two thouſand pounds; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed "two thouſand pounds for a poem," he ſaid it was the beſt bargain he ever made in his life; for the poem was worth four thouſand. This ſtory may be true; but it ſeems to have been raiſed from the two anſwers of Sidney and Lord Burleigh, reſpecting the "Faery Queene."

In 1726, he addreſſed a poem, called *The Inſtallment*, to Sir Robert Walpole, of which the title ſufficiently explains the intention. It is among the pieces he did not admit into the number of his *pardonable* writings.

At the acceſſion of George II., he publiſhed *Ocean, An Ode, concluding with a Wiſh*. The hint of it was taken from the Royal Speech; which recommended the increaſe and the encouragement of the ſeamen; that they might be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the ſervice of their country; a plan which humanity muſt lament that policy has not even yet been able or willing to carry into execution. Prefixed to the original publication, were *An Ode to the King*, *Pater Patriæ*, and an *Eſſay on Lyric Poetry*. He preſerved neither of them in his own edition. The *Ode* itſelf, which in the firſt edition, and in the laſt, conſiſts of ſeventy-three ſtanzas, in his own edition is reduced to fifty-nine. Among the omitted paſſages, is the *Wiſh*. The *Eſſay on Lyric Poetry* is ſo juſt and impartial, as to condemn himſelf.

Soon after the appearance of *Ocean*, when he was almoſt fifty, he entered into orders; and, in April 1728, not long after he put on the gown, he was appointed Chaplain to the King.

The tragedy of *The Brothers*, which was already in rehearſal, he immediately withdrew from the ſtage, as unbecoming his new profeſſion.

It is related by Ruffhead, that, when he determined on the church, he addreſſed himſelf to Pope; for inſtructions in theology; who, in a frolic, adviſed the diligent peruſal of Thomas Aquinas. With this treaſure, he retired from interruption, to an obſcure place in the ſuburbs. Pope hearing nothing of him during half a year, and apprehending he might have carried the jeſt too far, ſought after him, and found him juſt in time to prevent what Ruffhead calls "an irretrieveable derangement."

Not long after he took orders, he publiſhed, in proſe, *A True Eſtimate of Human Life*, 1728; dedicated to the Queen; and a *Sermon*, preached before the Houſe of Commons, January 30. 1729, intituled, *An Apology for Princes, or the Reverence due to Government*. The *True Eſtimate of Human Life*, exhibits only the dark ſide. Being aſked, why he did not give, as he promiſed, the bright repreſentation; he is ſaid to have replied, that he could not. By others it has been ſaid, that this was finiſhed; but that, before there exiſted any copy, it was torn in pieces by a lady's monkey.

In 1730, he relapſed to poetry, and publiſhed *Imperium Pelagi, a Naval Lyric; written in imitation of Pindar's Spirit, occaſioned by his Majeſty's return from Hanover, September* 1729, *and the ſucceeding Peace*. It is inſcribed to the Duke of Chandos. In the preface he obſerves, that the ode is the moſt ſpirited kind of poetry, and that the Pindaric is the moſt ſpirited kind of ode. "This I ſpeak," he adds; with ſufficient candour, "at my own very great peril. But truth has an eternal title to our confeſſion, though we are ſure to ſuffer by it." It was one of the pieces which he deliberately refuſed to own: It was ridiculed in Fielding's "Tom Thumb."

Not long after this Pindaric attempt, he publiſhed *Two Epiſtles to Mr. Pope, concerning the Authors of the Age*, 1730. In July the ſame year, he was preſented, by his college, to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordſhire, worth above 500l a-year.

In May 1731, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee, who left a ſon and two daughters. His connection with this lady, aroſe from his father's acquaintance with Mrs. Anne Wharton, who was the daughter and co-heireſs of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordſhire, and ſiſter of the Counteſs of Abingdon, celebrated by Dryden in a funeral panegyric, intituled, "Eleanora."

His next publication was *The Sea-Piece*, in two odes, with a poetical dedication to Voltaire, whom he had ſeen when he was in England, at Eaſtbury, the ſeat of Mr. Dodington, in Dorſetſhire, which Thomſon, in his "Autumn," calls the "Seat of the Muſes,"

Where in the ſecret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous *Young* and thee they twine the bay.

He enjoys the credit of an extempore *Epigram* on the French poet, who ridiculed, in the company of the jealous Engliſh poet, Milton's "Allegory of Sin and Death."

You are ſo witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

From the following paſſage in the poetical dedication of *The Sea-Piece*, it ſeems that this extemporaneous reproof was ſomething more gentle than the diſtich now quoted.

No ſtranger, Sir, though born in foreign climes;
In *Dorſet* downs, when Milton's page
With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, who ſooth'd with *gentle* rhymes.

In 1734, he publiſhed *The Foreign Addreſs, or the beſt Argument for Peace, occaſioned by the Britiſh Fleet, and the Poſture of Affairs, written in the character of a ſailor*. It is not to be found in his own edition of his works.

In 1741, he was deprived of his wife. She brought him one child, Frederick, now living, to whom the Prince of Wales was godfather. The *Night Thoughts*, a ſpecies of poetry altogether his own, were begun immediately after the mournful event of 1741. The firſt *Night* appears in the books of the Company of Stationers, as the property of Dodſley, in 1742. The preface to *Night* ſeventh, is dated July 7. 1744.

In the ſhort preface to the *Complaint*, he tells us, "that the occaſion of the poem was real, not fictitious; and that the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe reflections on the thought of the writer."

Whatever names belong to theſe facts, or if the names be thoſe generally ſuppoſed; whatever heightening a poet's ſorrow may have given the facts, it is generally underſtood, that he had really

felt domeſtic grief; and that diſappointed proſpects afforded him an oſtenſible and ſufficient cauſe of complaint.

The paſſages reſpecting *Philander*, *Narciſſa*, *Lucia*, and *Lorenzo*, have been applied to his ſon-in-law, his daughter-in-law, his wife, and his ſon. It is probable, that he had his wife and daughter-in-law in view for the characters of *Lucia* and *Narciſſa*; but all the circumſtances relating to *Philander*, do not appear to ſuit his ſon-in-law. He thus deplores his loſs in an apoſtrophe to death.

Inſatiate archer! could not one ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft ſlew *thrice*, and *thrice* my peace was ſlain;
And *thrice*, ere *thrice* yon moon had fill'd her horn.

It is probable, from the following circumſtances, that, in theſe three contradictory lines, the poet complains more than the father-in-law, the friend, or the widower.

When Young married Lady Elizabeth Lee, ſhe had a ſon and two daughters living by her former huſband. The ſon was an officer; he married, and died ſoon after, leaving no child. The eldeſt daughter was married to Mr. Temple, ſon of Lord Palmerſton. She fell into a declining ſtate of health, and was accompanied by her mother, &c. to the ſouth of France, and died at Lyons, on her way to Nice, in 1736, within a year after her marriage, and only ſeventeen years old. It is more than poetically true, that Young accompanied her to the Continent.

I flew, I ſnatched her from the rigid north,
And bore her nearer to the ſun.

Her funeral was attended with the difficulties painted in ſuch animated colours in *Night Third*. She was ſecretly buried in the King's Garden at Montpelier. "The ſpot, a little gloomy grove, is known—I ſaw it," ſays Lord Gardenſtone; "it is indeed a *doleful ſhade*." After her death, the remainder of the party paſſed the enſuing winter at Nice. Mr. Temple married again, and left a ſon by his ſecond wife, a daughter of Sir John Barnard's, who, in 1757, ſucceeded to his grandfather's title. He died in 1740, and the poet's wife ſeven months after, in 1741. How could the *inſatiate archer* thrice ſlay his peace in theſe three perſons, "ere thrice the moon had fill'd her horn!"

From the great friendſhip which conſtantly ſubſiſted between Mr. Temple and Young, as well as from other circumſtances, Mr. Croft ſeems to be of opinion, that Mr. Temple was the perſon whom he lamented under the name of *Philander*. It is not, however, very probable, that ſo young a man as Mr. Temple muſt have been, ſhould have been the friend of *twenty years*, whom the poet mourned. Beſides, *Philander* died before Mrs. Temple.

Narciſſa follows ere his tomb is cloſ'd, &c.

Perhaps thoſe paſſages reſpecting *Philander*, which do not appear to ſuit Mr. Temple, may be found applicable to Mrs. Temple's brother, the officer, who died before her; and may, with more probability be reckoned the third victim over whom Young has hitherto been pitied, for having to pour the midnight ſorrows of his religious poetry.

Lady Elizabeth left her youngeſt daughter under the care of Young, with whom ſhe lived till her marriage with Major Haviland, whom ſhe accompanied to Ireland, and lived but a ſhort time after.

Mr. Croft has taken much pains to prove, that the character of *Lorenzo*, applied to the poet's ſon in the "Biographia," could not be meant for him; nor, indeed, does it ſeem poſſible. Mr. Frederick Young was not born till June 1733. In 1741, this *Lorenzo*, this finiſhed infidel, this father, to whoſe education vice had, for ſome years, put the laſt hand, was only *eight* years old. *Lorenzo* is evidently a feigned character; and the readers of the *Night Thoughts* are much indebted to Mr. Croft, "for diſcovering that no ſuch character ever yet diſgraced human nature, or broke a father's heart."

This report, ſo open to contradiction, and ſo impoſſible to be true, ſeems to have ariſen from an unhappy miſunderſtanding between Young and his ſon; whoſe boyiſh follies, it is ſaid, "caſt a gloom over the evening of his father's days," and, at laſt, brought "his gray hairs with ſorrow to the grave."

On this accuſation, and on the charge advanced in the "Biographia," of his having been forbidden his college at Oxford for miſbehaviour, Mr. Croft obſerves, "From juvenile follies who is free? But whatever the "Biographia" chooſe to relate, the ſon of Young experienced no diſmiſſion from his college, either laſting or temporary. Yet, were nature to indulge him with a ſe-

cond youth, and to leave him, at the ſame time, the experience of that which is paſt, he would probably ſpend it differently—who would not? He would certainly be the occaſion of leſs uneaſineſs to his father. But, from the ſame experience, he would certainly, in the ſame caſe, be treated differently by his father.

"Young was a poet: poets, with reverence be it ſpoken, do not make the beſt parents. Fancy and imagination ſeldom deign to ſtoop from their heights; always ſtoop unwillingly to the low level of common duties.

"But the ſon of Young would ſooner, I know, paſs for a *Lorenzo*, than ſee himſelf vindicated at the expence of his father's memory; from follies which, if it may be thought blameable in a boy to have committed them, it is ſurely praiſeworthy in a man to lament, and certainly not only unneceſſary, but cruel in a biographer to record.

"The famous *De mortuis nil niſi bonum*, always appeared to me to ſavour more of female weakneſs than of manly reaſon. He that has too much feeling to ſpeak ill of the dead (who, if they cannot defend themſelves, are at leaſt ignorant of his abuſe), will not heſitate, by the moſt wanton calumny, to deſtroy the quiet, the reputation, and the fortune of the living. Yet cenſure is not heard beneath the tomb, any more than praiſe. *De mortuis nil niſi verum——De vivis nil niſi bonum*, would be nearer to the truth."

The elaborate zeal Mr. Croft exhibits in defence of his injured friend, does equal credit to his genius and humanity: but the traits and reſemblances in the picture of *Lorenzo*, were not ſufficiently ſtrong to render ſo much induſtry and effort neceſſary to prevent our miſtaking it for a family likeneſs.

Of the *Night Thoughts*, all, except the *ſeventh* and *eighth*, are inſcribed to great, or to growing names—Mr. Onſlow, Lord Wilmington, the Duke of Portland, the Earl of Litchfield, Mr. Pelham, and the Duke of Newcaſtle.

The fourth *Night* was addreſſed, by "a much-indebted muſe," to the Honourable Mr. Yorke, the late Lord Hardwicke, who meant to have laid the muſe under ſtill greater obligations, by the living of Shenfield in Eſſex, if it had become vacant.

The five firſt *Nights* have been peruſed, perhaps, more eagerly and more frequently than the reſt. *Philander* and *Narciſſa*, are often mentioned and often lamented. He ſeems, perhaps, to dwell with more melancholy on the death of *Philander* and *Narciſſa*, than of his wife. When he got as far as the ſixth or ſeventh, his original motive for taking up the pen was anſwered; his grief was naturally either diminiſhed or exhauſted. We ſtill find the ſame pious poet; but we hear leſs of *Philander* and *Narciſſa*, and leſs of the mourner whom he loved to pity.

By theſe extraordinary poems, written after he was ſixty, it was the deſire of Young to be principally known. He intituled the four volumes which he publiſhed himſelf, *The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts*. From theſe he excluded many of his writings; but the rejected pieces contained nothing prejudicial to the cauſe of virtue, or of religion.

In them he would only appear, perhaps, in a leſs reſpectable light as a poet; and though deſpicable as a dedicator, he would not paſs for a worſe Chriſtian, or for a worſe man. This enviable praiſe, which cannot be claimed by every writer, is due to the author of the *Night Thoughts*.

Notwithſtanding the farewell which he ſeemed to have taken in the *Night Thoughts*, of ambition, he relapſed into politics. In 1745, he wrote *Some Thoughts, occaſioned by the Preſent Juncture, inſcribed to the Duke of Newcaſtle*. This political poem might be called a *Night Thought*. Indeed it was originally printed as the concluſion of the *Night Thoughts*, though he omitted it in his works.

Prefixed to the ſecond edition of "Rowe's Devout Meditations," is a letter from Young, addreſſed to Archibald Macaulay, Eſq., thanking him for the books; which, he ſays, "he ſhall never lay far out of his reach; for a greater demonſtration of a ſound head, and a ſincere heart, he never ſaw."

In 1753, his tragedy of *The Brothers*, when it had lain by him above thirty years, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane. The plot is taken from the hiſtory of Macedonia, in the reign of the laſt Philip. The two characters of *Demetrius* and *Perſeus*, are well drawn, and the conteſt before their father, in the third act, is a fine piece of oratory; but their ſpeeches are, in a great meaſure, tranſlations from Livy. The play itſelf, though the profits were generouſly beſtowed on the Society for the Propagation of the Goſpel, was but coldly received, being undrammatical in its conduct, and imperfect in its

cataſtrophe. This latter defect is acknowledged in his own epilogue, which was never uſed; the place of it being ſupplied by one furniſhed by Mallet, at the inſtigation of Garrick. Some indelicate alluſions in it to the author's charity, gave juſt offence. Young was much offended by it; nor would he ſuffer it to be printed at the end of his piece.

The profits of *The Brothers*, he hoped, would amount to a thouſand pounds. In his calculation he was deceived; but, by the bad ſucceſs of his play, the ſociety was not a loſer. He made up the ſum he originally intended, from his own pocket. While it failed to increaſe his reputation for genius, it added to the character of his humanity.

His next publication was, *The Centaur not fabulous, in ſix Letters to a Friend, on the Life in Vogue.* In the third letter, is deſcribed the death-bed of the "gay, young, noble, ingenious, accompliſhed, and moſt wretched *Altamont.*" His laſt words were: "My principles have poiſoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, and my unkindneſs has murdered my wife." The character of *Altamont* bears no little reſemblance, in the perfection of wickedneſs, to the *Lorenzo* of the *Night Thoughts.* Report has been accuſtomed to call *Altamont* Lord Euſton.

In 1756, Dr. Warton dedicated the firſt volume of his admirable "Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," to Young; who "appears," ſays Mr. Croft, "in his old age, to have bartered for a dedication an opinion entertained of his friend, through all that part of life, when he muſt have been beſt able to form opinions."

"I know not," ſays an intelligent writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. LII. p. 71, "why it ſhould be ſuppoſed, becauſe Dr. Warton dedicated his "Eſſay" to Young, that, therefore, he muſt either have changed his opinion of Pope, or have *bartered* his opinion for a dedication. He was neither greedy of praiſe, nor was he reduced to the neceſſity of *bartering* any thing to procure it. The compliment paid him, I have no doubt, was a *voluntary* compliment."

In 1758, he again became a dedicator, and publiſhed *A Sermon, preached before their Majeſties at Kenſington*, addreſſed to the King. If he compoſed many ſermons, he did not oblige the public with many.

The following letter, from Secker to Young, dated July 8. 1758., given by Mr. Croft, ſerves to ſhow at what a late period of life the author of the *Night Thoughts* ſolicited preferment.

"I have long wondered, that more ſuitable notice of your great merit hath not been taken by perſons in power. But how to remedy the omiſſion, I ſee not. No encouragement hath ever been given me to mention things of this nature to his Majeſty; and, therefore, in all likelihood, the only conſequence of doing it, would be weakening the little influence, which elſe I may poſſibly have on ſome other occaſions. Your fortune and your reputation, ſet you above the need of advancement; and your ſentiments above that concern for it, on your own account, which, on that of the public, is ſincerely felt by your, &c."

The neglect of Young is, by ſome, aſcribed to his having attached himſelf to the Prince of Wales, and to his having preached an offenſive ſermon at St. James's. It is ſaid, however, that he had two hundred a-year in the late reign, by the patronage of Walpole; and that whenever any one reminded the King of Young, his only anſwer was, "he has a penſion."

One obſtacle muſt have ſtood not a little in the way of that preferment, after which his whole life ſeems to have panted. Though he took orders, he never entirely ſhook off politics. By this conduct, if he gained ſome friends, he made many enemies. Beſides, in the latter part of his life, he was fond of holding himſelf out for a man retired from the world. He who retires from the world, will find himſelf in reality deſerted as faſt, if not faſter, by the world. Young ſeems to have been taken at his word. Notwithſtanding his frequent complaints of being neglected, no hand was reached out to pull him from that retirement, of which he declared himſelf enamoured.

In 1759, he employed his pious pen for almoſt the laſt time, in doing juſtice to the death-bed of Addiſon, in a *Letter, on Original Compoſition*, addreſſed to Richardſon, the author of "Clariſſa." His chief inducement to write it, was, as he confeſſes, that he might "erect a monumental marble to the memory of an old friend." In this lively letter, Pope is ſeverely cenſured for his "fall from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the ſpheres, into childiſh ſhackles and tinkling ſounds; for putting Achilles into petticoats a ſecond time." But we are told, that our Engliſh Homer talked over an epic plan with Young a few weeks before his death. In the

poſtſcript, he writes to Richardſon, that he will ſee, in his next, how far Addiſon is an original. But no other letter appears.

In 1761, his friend Lord Melcombe, not long before his death, ſent him an "Ode," which he called "The Muſe's Lateſt Spark," accompanied by a letter; in which he ſays, "if you are willing that our friendſhip ſhould be known when we are gone, you will be pleaſed to leave this among thoſe of your papers that may poſſibly ſee the light by a poſthumous publication."

At the acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty, his name was ſtruck out from the liſt of Court-Chaplains; but he was almoſt immediately after, upon the death of Dr. Hales, appointed Clerk of the Cloſet to the Princeſs-Dowager of Wales.

In 1762, he publiſhed *Reſignation, in two parts*, and *A Poſtſcript to Mrs. B———*, 4to. It was written at the requeſt of Mrs. Montague, the famous champion of Shakſpeare, and is addreſſed to the Hon. Mrs. Boſcawen, the Admiral's widow, to teach her reſignation under the affliction cauſed by the death of her huſband. Notwithſtanding he adminiſtered conſolation to his own grief in blank verſe—"verſe unfallen, uncurſt; verſe reclaimed, re-inthroned in the true language of the gods;" he comforted Mrs. Boſcawen in rhyme.

While the poet and the Chriſtian were applying this comfort, Young had himſelf occaſion for comfort, in conſequence of the ſudden death of Richardſon, who was engaged in printing the firſt edition of the poem. He laments him as a friend, and has given ſome ſketches of his genius.

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings,
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair.
Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond imparts,
To him preſented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

To *Reſignation* was prefixed an apology for its appearance; to which more credit is due, than to the generality of ſuch apologies, from Young's unuſual anxiety, that no more productions of his old age ſhould diſgrace his former fame.

"This was not intended for the public: there were many and ſtrong reaſons againſt it, and are ſo ſtill; but ſome extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away (a few copies were printed, and given to the author's friends), being got into the printed papers; it was thought neceſſary to publiſh ſomething, leſt a copy ſtill more imperfect than this ſhould fall into the preſs: and, it is hoped, that this unwelcome occaſion of publication may be ſome excuſe for it."

It muſt be owned, that the reaſons were ſufficient for reprinting the poem; but then it may be aſked, why did he ever ſuffer ſo imperfect a performance to paſs through the preſs? He ſhould have conſidered that true obſervation of Horace:

Semel emiſſum, volat irrevocabile verbum.

With great propriety, too, he might have anſwered the importunity of his friends, in the language of the ſame poet, who had not then ſeen many more than half the years of Young:

Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quæris
Mæcenas iterum antiquo me includere ludo?
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens——

The *Reſignation* was the laſt publication which Young gave to the world. From this time, the infirmities of age rendered him incapable of performing any duty; and he ſuffered himſelf to be in pupilage to his houſekeeper Mrs. Hallows, whoſe aſcendency in his family is ridiculed with more ill-nature than wit, in a novel publiſhed by Kidgell, in 1755, called "The Card," under the name of *Mrs. Fuſby*. Young is characteriſed under the name of *Dr. Elwes*.

Of Mrs. Hallows, the writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," above quoted, tells us, that ſhe was the daughter of a Rector of All-Hallows, Hertford; and that, upon the marriage of Miſs Caroline Lee, ſhe was invited by Young, who knew her family, to his houſe; that ſhe had ſome fortune of her own, perhaps very ſmall, as her father left many children; that ſhe was advanced in years, and was a woman of piety, improved by reading; and that ſhe was always treated by him and by his gueſts, even thoſe of the higheſt rank, with the politeneſs and reſpect due to a gentlewoman.

"Of the domeſtic manners, and petty habits of the author of the *Night Thoughts*," Mr. Croſt writes Dr. Johnſon, September 1780.: "I hoped to have given you an account from the beſt authority; but who ſhall dare to ſay, to-morrow I will be wiſe or virtuous; or, to-morrow I will do a particular thing? Upon inquiring for his houſekeeper, I learned that ſhe was buried two days before I reached the town of her abode."

It appears from the epiſtolary correſpondence of Mr. Jones, his curate, and executor, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. liii. p. 283. that the laſt years of his life were embittered by the unhappy economy of his family. The letters are well authenticated, and not incurious. If they diſcover the foibles of a great man, they illuſtrate a part of his perſonal hiſtory; and Mr. Croſt has well remarked that we ought to ſay *De mortuis nil niſi verum—De vivis nil niſi bonum.*

"The old gentleman here," ſays Mr. Jones, in a letter to his friend in London, dated Welwyn, July 25. 1762., "ſeems to me to be in a pretty odd way of late, moping, dejected, ſelf-willed, and as if ſurrounded with ſome perplexing circumſtances. There is much myſtery in almoſt all his temporal affairs, as well as in many other of his ſpeculative opinions. There is thought to be an irremoveable obſtruction to his happineſs within his walls, as well as another without them; but the former is the more powerful, and likely to continue ſo. He has this day been trying anew to engage me to ſtay with him. No lucrative views can tempt me to ſacrifice my liberty or my health to ſuch meaſures as are propoſed here."

"You remember," he writes his friend, St. Neots, Hunts, Auguſt 28. 1762., "what I ſuggeſted to you about my reſolution of leaving Welwyn, of which I had given very early notice to the worthy Doctor, that he might have ſufficient time to provide. After repeated trials, and repeated diſappointments, though ſeven or eight offered, he thought proper to apply to me anew; and though lucrative motives could not, earneſt importunities did prevail with me at laſt to cheer up his dejected heart, by promiſing to continue with him for ſome time longer at leaſt. By the way, I privately intimated to you, the Doctor is, in various reſpects, a very unhappy man. Few know ſo much of him as I do in theſe reſpects, and have often obſerved with concern. If he would be adviſed by ſome who wiſh him well, he might be happy, though his ſtate of health is lately much altered for the worſe."

"The miſmanagement too well known," he writes his friend, Welwyn, January 1. 1763., "unhappily continues, and, ſtill more unhappily, ſeems to be increaſing, to the grief of friends, and, I need not ſay, to the ridicule of others, who are not a few. Penuriouſneſs and obſtinacy are two bad things; and a diſregard to the general judgment and friendly wiſhes of the wiſer part of mankind, another. There ſeems to be no hope, ſo long as the aſcendency is ſo great."

"My ancient gentleman here," he writes his friend, Welwyn, September 4. 1764., "is ſtill full of troubles, which moves my concern, though it moves only the ſecret laughter of many, and ſome untoward ſurmiſes in diſfavour of him and his houſehold. The loſs of a very large ſum of money, 200 l., is talked of, whereof this vill and neighbourhood are full. Some diſbelieve, others ſay it is no wonder, where about eighteen, or more ſervants, are ſometimes taken and diſmiſſed in the courſe of a year. The gentleman himſelf, is allowed by all to be far more harmleſs and eaſy in his family than ſome one elſe, who hath too much the lead in it."

Of his laſt illneſs, the following account is given by Mr. Jones, in a letter to his friend, dated Welwyn, April 2. 1765.: "As ſoon as I got home, I inquired after Dr. Young, and found that he had gone through very great pains ſince I left him; and the pains return pretty frequently. Dr. Cotton of St. Albans, and Dr. Yates of Hertford, meet at his houſe every day, on conſultation. I find that opiates are frequently adminiſtered to him, I ſuppoſe to render him leſs ſenſible of his pain. His intellects, I am told, are ſtill clear; though what effect the frequent uſe of opiates may by degrees have upon him, I know not. I am pretty much of his ſon's ſentiments as to this, *viz.* that thoſe ingredients, if for ſome time longer continued, may have an ill effect upon the brain. Having mentioned this young gentleman, I would acquaint you next, that he came hither this morning, having been ſent for, as I am told, by the direction of Mrs. Hallows. Indeed, ſhe intimated to me as much herſelf. And, if this be ſo, I muſt ſay it is one of the moſt prudent acts ſhe ever did, or could have done, in ſuch a caſe as this, as it may prove a means of preventing much confuſion. I

have had some little discourse with the son. He seems much affected, and, I believe, really is so. He earnestly wishes his father may be pleased to ask after him. For, you must know, he has not yet done this, nor is, in my opinion, likely to do it. And it has been said farther, upon a very late application made to him on the behalf of his son, he desired that no more might be said to him about it. Mrs. H. has fitted up a suitable apartment in the house for Mr. Young, where, I suppose, he will continue till some farther event. I heartily wish the ancient man's heart may grow tender towards his son; though, knowing him so well, I can scarce hope to hear such desirable news. He took to his bed yesterday, about eleven in the forenoon, and has not been up since. I called soon after my coming home, but did not see him: he was then in a dose."

Of his death, which happened April 5. 1765., in the eighty-fourth year of his age, the following account is given by Mr. Jones, in a letter to his friend, dated Welwyn, April 13. 1765.: "I have now the pleasure to acquaint you, that the late Dr. Young, though he had for many years kept his son at a distance, yet has now, at last, left him all his possessions, after the payment of certain legacies. So that the young gentleman, who bears a fair character, and behaves well, as far as I can hear or see, will, I hope, soon enjoy, and make a prudent use of a very handsome fortune. The father, on his death-bed, and since my return from London, was applied to, in the tenderest manner, by one of his physicians, and by another person, to admit the son into his presence, to make submission, entreat forgiveness, and obtain his blessing. As to an interview with his son, he intimated, he chose to decline it, as his spirits were then low, and his nerves weak: with regard to the next particular, he said, "I heartily forgive him;" and, upon mention of the last, he gently lifted up his hand, and gently letting it fall, pronounced these words—"God bless him!" After about a fortnight's illness, and bearing excessive pains, he expired a little before eleven of the clock, in the night of Good Friday last, the 5th instant, and was decently buried yesterday, about six in the afternoon, in the chancel of this church, close by the remains of his lady, under the communion-table. The clergy, who are the trustees for his charity-school, and one or two more, attending the funeral, the last office at interment being performed by me.

"I know it will give you pleasure to be farther informed, that he was pleased to make respectful mention of me in his will, expressing his satisfaction in my care of his parish, bequeathing to me a handsome legacy, and appointing me one of his executors, next after his sister's son [Mr. Harris], a clergyman of Hampshire, who this morning set out for London, in order to prove the will in Doctor's Commons. So that, much according to my wishes, I shall have little or nothing to do, in respect of executorship."

In his will, dated February 1760., he desires of his executors, *in a particular manner*, that all his manuscript-books, and writings whatever, might be burned, except his book of accounts. In a codicil, dated September 1764., he made it his dying entreaty to his housekeeper, to whom he left 1000*l*., "that all his manuscripts might be destroyed as soon as he was dead, which would greatly oblige her deceased *friend*." The legacy was not more than might be due to one whom he had never degraded by paying her wages. She did not, however, strictly comply with his last injunctions, in destroying his manuscripts. He left also a legacy to his "*friend* Henry Stephens, a hatter at the Temple-Gate," who went before him.

The same humility which had marked a hatter and a housekeeper for his *friends*, had before bestowed the same title on his footman, in an *Epitaph in Welwyn Church-yard, upon James Barker*, dated 1749.

The author of that *Epitaph* is not without a stone to mark the place of his dust. Though he inscribed no monument to the memory of his lamented wife, yet the piety of his son has erected a monument, in Welwyn church, to the memory of his parents, with the following inscription; which "contains," says Mr. Croft, "none of that praise, which no marble can make the bad or the foolish merit; which, without the direction of a stone or a turf, will find its way, sooner or later, to the deserving:"

M. S.
Optimi parentes,
EDWARDI YOUNG, LL. D.
Hujus ecclesiæ rect.

Et Elizabethæ
Fæm. prænob.
Conjugis ejus amantiſſimæ.
Pio et gratiſſimo animo
Hoc marmor poſuit
F. Y.
Filius ſuperſtes.

In the edition of Young's works, publiſhed during his life, in 4 vols, 12mo, ſeveral pieces, which he judged to be of a temporary nature, or of inferior merit, were omitted. After his death, a fifth volume was publiſhed, with the deſign of completing his works. But ſeveral pieces, and ſome of conſiderable length, were omitted. Theſe were collected in an additional volume, making the ſixth, in 1778. The contents are—*Epiſtle to Lord Lanſdowne*, 1712; *Imperium Pelagi, a Naval Lyric*, 1730; *The Foreign Addreſs*, 1734; *Reflections on the Public Situation of the Kingdom*, 1745; *Miſcellanies* [in verſe]. *viz. on Michael Angelo's famous piece of the Crucifixion*; To Mr. Addiſon, on the Tragedy of *Cato*; *A Letter to Mr. Tickell, on the Death of Mr. Addiſon*, 1719; *Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerc, killed at Carthagena*, 1740; *Miſcellanies in Proſe, viz. Epitaph on Mr. James Barker*, 1749; *Oratio de Bibliotheca Codringtoniana, habita in Sacello Coll. Omn. Amn.* 1716; *A Diſcourſe on Lyric Poetry*; *A Sermon preached before the King at Kenſington, June* 1758; *Preface* to "Mrs. Rowe's Friendſhip on Death;" *Dedications* to the *Laſt Day*, to *Vanquiſhed Love*, to the *Paraphraſe on Job*, to *Buſiris*, and the *Revenge*. *The Merchant, an Ode on the Britiſh Trade and Navigation*, is mentioned alſo in the contents as a ſeparate poem, though it ſeems only a ſecond title to the *Lyric*, or, perhaps, only a part of it; and that more was intended, ſeems probable from its being ſtyled *Ode the Firſt*. The *Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerc*, is improperly dated 1740. Lord Aubrey was killed at Carthagena, March 24. 1740-1. The epitaph, therefore, could not be written, at ſooneſt, till the year after. The ſecond line of the ſecond couplet is, on the monument, expreſſed thus—*O'er dauntleſs loyal*, &c. The volume concludes with "ſome thoughts on reading Mr. Young's *Laſt Day*," in a letter to Mrs. Rowe, by Dr. Bowden, a worthy phyſician and ingenious poet of Frome, the friend of Mrs. Rowe, Lord Orrery, &c.

His *Poetical Works* have been frequently reprinted in 4 vols 12mo, and in 3 vols 8vo, 1792. Of the *Night Thoughts*, the editions are too numerous to be ſpecified. The edition in 8vo 1794, is ornamented with engravings, and illuſtrated with notes by Mr. de Coetlogon. A French tranſlation of the *Night Thoughts*, by M. le Tourneur, was publiſhed in 2 vols 8vo, 1769. "Obſervations on the Night Thoughts," by Mr. Pratt, appeared in 8vo, 1776.

Of the private habits, and domeſtic manners of Young, whoſe great genius, abilities, and piety, placed him in the foremoſt rank of literature for almoſt half a century, curioſity will require more ample information than is to be found in the few ſcattered notices which the diligence of his biographers has collected, or the zeal and veneration of his friends have ſupplied.

Singularity is ſaid to have predominated in his moſt juvenile practices. The late Dr. Ridley remembered a report current at Oxford, that, when he was compoſing, he would ſhut up his windows, and ſit by a lamp, even at mid-day; and that ſkulls, bones, and inſtruments of death, were among the ornaments of his ſtudy. Thus encouraging the habitual gloom that hung over his imagination, it ſoon became peopled with the phantoms of diſcontent. He indulged an early luxury in deſcribing the miſeries of a world, that did not immediately forward his deſigns and gratify his expectations. It has been ſaid, that if he had been a biſhop, he would never have written the *Night Thoughts*. But he was far advanced in the pathethic ſtrains of complaint, at a time when hope is warm in the boſom of other men; and had he attained the mitre, a diſappointment in the primacy might have produced the ſame effects on a mind which ſeems to have been endued with much ſenſibility, and to have been depreſſed with temporary obſtructions of his proſpects, which every man ſtruggling through life naturally expects to meet with; and, if he cannot ſurmount them, does not think himſelf juſtified in retiring to the cloiſter, or the hermitage. It cannot be ſuppoſed, that his diſpoſition brightened up when he had ſuffered from real diſappointments, and the weight of years ſat heavier upon him. His diſcourſe, even to the laſt, it is ſaid, was rather expreſſive of a reſtleſs than a ſettled mind. In the character of Young, much of that melancholy caſt of mind may be obſerved which is ever attendant upon genius, but at the ſame time ſo tempered by the ſober tints of ſcience and philoſophy, that it ſeldom breaks in upon the province of judgment and right ratioci-

nation. The melancholy of Young was so repressed by the chastening hand of reason and education, as never to infringe upon the duties of life. The spirit, the energy of his soul, his rational and sublime piety, powerfully with-held the accession of a state of mind so inimical to the rights of society.

It is generally known that Young, after his first sleep, spent the greatest part of the night in meditation, and in the composition of his works; and that he had only to *transcribe* them when he rose, which was at an early hour. Every night he read prayers to his family, and every morning when there was no public service.

While his health permitted him to walk abroad, he preferred a solitary ramble in his churchyard, to exercise with a companion on a more cheerful spot. He was moderate in his meals, and rarely drank wine, except when he was ill; being (as he said) unwilling to waste the succours of sickness on the stability of health.

After a slight refreshment, he retired to bed at eight in the evening, although he might have guests in his house, who wished to prolong his stay among them to a later hour. He lived at a moderate expence, rather inclining to parsimony than profusion, and yet continued anxious for increase of preferment, after it could have added nothing to his enjoyments; for he expended annually little more than half of his income.

"He appeared," says the writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," above quoted, Vol. LII, p. 72. "neither as a man of sorrow," nor yet as "a fellow of infinite jest." The dignity of a great and a good man appeared in all his actions and in all his words. He conversed on religious subjects with the cheerfulness of virtue. His piety was undebased by gloom or enthusiasm; he was regular in the performance of all its duties, both in public and in private. I have been told that, before his time, divine service was performed only on Sunday morning, but he likewise read prayers in the afternoon, and on Wednesdays, Fridays, and all holidays."

"In his domestic character, he was as amiable as he was venerable in the Christian. His politeness was such as I never saw equalled; it was invariable; to his superiors in rank, to his equals, and to his inferiors, it differed only in the degrees of elegance. I never heard him speak with roughness to his meanest servant; yet he well knew how to keep up his dignity, and, with all the majesty of superior worth, to repress the bold and the forward. In conversation upon lively subjects, he had a brilliancy of wit which was peculiar to himself. I know not how to describe it, but by saying, that it was both heightened and softened by the great and the amiable qualities of his soul. I have seen him ill, and in pain, yet the serenity of his mind remained unruffled: I never heard a peevish expression fall from his lips; nor was he, at such times, less kindly and politely attentive to those around him, than when in the company of strangers, who came only to visit him for the first time."

"Dr. Young," says Dr. Warton, who knew him well, "was one of the most amiable and benevolent of men; most exemplary in his life, and sincere in his religion: nobody ever said more brilliant things in conversation. The late Lord Melcombe informed me, that when he and Voltaire were on a visit to his Lordship at Eastbury, the English poet was far superior to the French, in the variety and novelty of his *bon-mots* and repartees: and Lord Melcombe was himself a good judge of wit and humour, of which he had a large portion."

Tscharner, a noble foreigner, in a letter to Count Haller, says, he has lately spent four days with Young at Welwyn, where he tastes all the ease and pleasure man can desire. "Every thing about him shows the man; each individual being placed by rule. All is neat without art. He is very pleasant in conversation, and extremely polite."

"That domestic grief," says Mr. Croft, "is, in the first instance, to be thanked for these ornaments to our language [*The Night Thoughts*], it is impossible to deny. Nor would it be common hardiness to contend, that worldly discontent had no hand in these joint productions of poetry and piety. Yet I am by no means sure that, at any rate, we should not have had something of the same colour from Young's pencil, notwithstanding the liveliness of his satires. In so long a life, causes for discontent, and occasions for grief, must have occurred. It is not clear to me that his muse was not sitting upon the watch for the first which happened. *Night Thoughts* were not uncommon to her, even when first she visited the poet; and, at a time when he himself was remarkable,

neither for gravity nor gloominess. In his *Last Day*, almost his earliest poem, he calls her *the melancholy maid*;

——————— whom dismal scenes delight
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night.

" When Young was writing a tragedy, Grafton is said by Spence to have sent him a human skull with a candle in it as a lamp; and the poet is reported to have used it.

" Still, is it altogether fair to dress up the poet for the man, and to bring the gloominess of the *Night Thoughts* to prove the gloominess of Young; and, to show that his genius, like the genius of Swift, was, in some measure, the sullen inspiration of discontent?

" From them who answer in the affirmative, it should not be concealed, that, though *Invisibilia non decipiunt* appeared upon a deception in Young's grounds, and *ambulantes in horto audierunt vocem Dei*, in a building in his garden, his parish was indebted to the good humour of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, for an assembly and a bowling-green.

" Of Young, an anecdote which wanders among readers, it is not true, that he was Fielding's Parson Adams. The original of that famous painting was William Young, who was a clergyman, [author of the Latin and English Dictionary.] Yet, the facility with which this report has gained belief in the world, argues, were it not sufficiently known, that the author of the *Night Thoughts*, bore some resemblance to Adams. It is known, that, during some part of his life, Young was abroad; and, that he once wandered into the camp, with a classic in his hand, which he was reading intensely, and had some difficulty to prove that he was only an absent poet, and not a spy.

" The attention which Young bestowed upon the perusal of books, is not unworthy imitation. When any passage pleased him, he appears to have folded down the leaf. On those passages he bestowed a second reading. But the labours of man are too frequently vain. Before he returned to much of what he once approved, he died. Many of his books which I have seen, are, by those notes of approbation, so swelled beyond their real bulk, that they would hardly shut."

His extemporaneous wit and colloquial talents, have been much extolled; but, from the few specimens of his unpremeditated acuteness, and successful pleasantry which are preserved, it would seem, that his powers of delighting were, in great measure, confined to his pen. The following anecdotes are distinguished by their novelty and importance.

Young, walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies (one of whom was Lady Elisabeth Lee), a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him, " Tell him," says Young, " I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, and the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate, when, finding resistance was vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven:
Like him I go, and yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Young, in the early part of his life, was fond of music, and touched the German flute with much taste. Being once on the Thames with some ladies, he played them several tunes, and then put the flute in his pocket. Some officers rowing by just as he ceased playing, one of them rudely asked why he left off, " For the same reason that I began;" replied Young, " to please myself." One of them immediately told him, that if he did not continue playing, he would directly throw him into the river. His female friends began to be much alarmed; and Young, on their account, played till they reached Vauxhall, where both parties spent the evening. Young had marked his man, and took an opportunity, in one of the dark walks, to tell the officer, that he expected him to meet him at such a place in the morning, to give him a gentleman's satisfaction; and, that he chose swords for the weapons. The officer was surprised on their meeting, to see Young advance towards him with a large horse pistol, with which he told him he would instantly shoot him through the head if he did not dance a minuet.

After ſome difficulties, he complied; the officer felt how impertinent he had been, and acknowledged the juſtice of the treatment he had met with.

One Sunday, preaching in office at St. James's, he found, that though he ſtrove to make his audience attentive, he could not prevail; upon which his pity for their folly got the better of all decorum, and he ſat back in the pulpit, and burſt into a flood of tears.

The writings of Young may be diſtinctly conſidered, as compriſing eſſays, plays, and poems. As an eſſayiſt, his *Centaur not Fabulous* and his *Conjectures on Original Compoſition*, are his moſt conſiderable productions. Of the one, it muſt be confeſſed, that though its general tendency is favourable to religion and morality, the pictures it exhibits of *the life in vogue*, are often overcharged, and the diction, though ſometimes animated and energetic, is commonly inflated and affected, or harſh and ſevere. Of the other, though the ſtyle is vitiated by affectation, and the expreſſion is ſometimes hyperbolical, the ſentiments are frequently bold, original, penetrating, brilliant, and ſublime. Though he deſpair "of breaking through the frozen ocean of age and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought and brightneſs of expreſſion, which ſubjects ſo polite require;" yet it ſhows no marks of exhauſted genius. It is more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourſcore.

As a dramatiſt, he has not been ſucceſsful in imitating the beauties of art, with the energies of natural fire and ſpirit. He is, without doubt, ſuperior to his contemporaries, Rowe and Congreve, in ſtrength and warmth of conception; but he is inferior to them in elegance and neatneſs of diction, beauty of cadence, correctneſs, chaſtity, and regularity. None of his dramas, except *The Revenge*, are in poſſeſſion of the ſtage. Though they are animated, brilliant, and claſſical; though they paint, in glowing language, the fury of rage and revenge, and the agonies of jealouſy, love, and deſpair; yet, it muſt be confeſſed, their beauties are diſgraced by puerile rant and conceit, and, occaſionally, by fuſtian and bombaſt. In Carey's "Chrononhotonthologos," his dramatical eccentricities are pourtrayed in caricature, particularly the violent ſpeech on the blow, which furniſhed a plot to *The Revenge*. Bombardinian, the general, on receiving a box on the ear from his royal maſter, breaks out into the moſt furious hyperbole; calls on the ſun and moon to put themſelves into eclipſe; bids hills, dales, ſeas, and cities, run together, and into chaos pulverize the world, becauſe Bombardinian hath received a blow.

As a poet, his compoſitions diſcover more fancy than judgment, more originality and invention, than correctneſs of taſte and variety and extent of knowledge. He poſſeſſed, as Addiſon ſays of Lee, true poetic fire, though clouded and obſcured by thick volumes of ſmoke. But he has merit of the higheſt kind. He is an original, though an unequal writer. It would be difficult to point out a ſingle line or expreſſion that he has borrowed from any other Engliſh writer. His defects and beauties are alike his own. Of the epigrammatic tenor of his *Satires*, there is no example; nor was he indebted to any poet, ancient or modern, for the plan of his *Night Thoughts*. The lyric muſe has always been peculiarly unfavourable to him. He has ſome of the greateſt beauties, and ſome of the greateſt abſurdities which Engliſh poetry affords. The general character of his verſification is that of harſhneſs and ruggedneſs, though many paſſages may be produced as exceptions.

Of his earlier poetical productions, his *Laſt Day*, *Vanquiſhed Love*, and *Paraphraſe on Job*, have deſervedly obtained the greateſt popularity. They have all their brighter paſſages. In the *Laſt Day*, and the *Paraphraſe* in particular, there are ſome admirable lines. But they are in general ſtiff, unpleaſing, and incorrect. Inſtead of endeavouring to ſupport the glow of imagery, he ſeems rather ſedulous to gather the ornaments of wit; and thus, while he aims at the fancy, he miſſes the heart.

His *Univerſal Paſſion* was publiſhed before Pope's Satirical Epiſtles made their appearance; and has therefore the merit of giving the lead to that kind of writing. It contains much juſt ſatire, good verſe, and laughable humour. The country 'ſquire, who welcomes his friend with a thump upon the back; the coffee-houſe beau, who values himſelf upon the learning of his heels; and the lady on horſeback, who whiſtles ſweet her diuretic ſtrains, are juſtly conceived, and happily expreſſed. But its character is debility—it wants point and terſeneſs. The ſatiriſt, as Swift has juſtly ſaid, ſhould have either been more angry or more merry. He has the fault of Seneca, of Ovid, of Cowley; a profuſion and an unſeaſonable application of wit. A lover of originality, he did not regard models. Had he endeavoured to imitate Juvenal and Perſius, he would have avoided this fault.

Thofe great maſters were too much engroſſed by the importance of their ſubjects, to fall into the puerility of witticiſm. There is ſomething in the verſification, which a good ear does not approve.

For his *Night Thoughts*, that ſpecies of compoſition which he may be ſaid to have created, that maſs of the grandeſt and richeſt poetry which human genius has ever produced, the applauſe which he has received is unbounded. "The unhappy bard, whoſe griefs in melting numbers flow, and melancholy joys diffuſe around," has been ſung by the profane, as well as the pious. It is to this work, begun when

He long had buried what gives life to live,
Firmneſs of nerve, and energy of thought,

that he deſerves, and will continue to deſerve his reputation. He appears to have been conſcious of its merit, when he called his collected compoſitions *The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts*. It may not improperly be conſidered as a good poetical contraſt to Thomſon's "Seaſons." One delighted as much to exhibit the gloomy, as the other the cheerful face of things. In the article of ſublimity, it may vie with "Paradiſe Loſt itſelf," though in every other reſpect it would be abſurd to attempt a compariſon between them. The beauties of the *Night Thoughts* are numerous, and its blemiſhes are not few. Among its diſtinguiſhing excellencies, are the ſpirit of ſublime piety and ſtrict morality, which breathes through the whole; dignity of thought and language, bold and lively deſcriptions, proper and well ſupported ſimiles, and ſtriking repetitions, or breaks in the expreſſion. Among its principal faults, are the unneceſſary repetition of the ſame ideas and images, redundancy of metaphor, bombaſt, and extravagant ideas and expreſſions; crowded and ill-choſen epithets, alluſions drawn out beyond their proper bounds; a puerile play on words, the uſe of groſs and inelegant images or terms, and negligence in the harmony of verſification. Its principal excellence, the preſent writer apprehends to be—elevation and dignity of thought and expreſſion; its capital defect—elevation and dignity purſued into extravagance or bombaſt. It abounds in unnatural flights of fancy, is often obſcure, and ſometimes unintelligible; and the poet, occaſionally, perplexes both himſelf and the reader, in a playſome purſuit of trifling figures, allegories, and alluſions, not always apt. Yet, with all its faults, it irreſiſtibly ſeizes the mind of the reader, arreſts his attention, and powerfully intereſts him in the midnight ſorrows of the plaintive bard; it has a merit which no production, but thoſe of real genius, ever poſſeſſes; with ſcarce any facts or incidents to awaken curioſity, it ſpeaks to the heart through the medium of the imagination; it inſtructs, but does not fatigue us; it amuſes, but never is languid.

The pathetic and ſublime paſſages in the *Night Thoughts*, are familiar to the general readers of poetry. Amidſt the profuſion of beauties which may be produced, his deſcription of *Death* from his ſecret ſtand, noting down the follies of a Bacchanalian ſociety, the epitaph upon the departed world; the iſſuing of *Satan* from his dungeon on the day of judgment, are diſtinguiſhed by great ſtrength and boldneſs of invention, and riſe, in many parts, to the terrible and ſublime. The ſimile of the *traveller*, with which *The Conſolation* opens, is highly pleaſing, ſtriking, and beautiful. His view of the nature and faculties of an immortal ſoul, *of different natures, marvelloufly mixed*, clogged by the finite and periſhable materials of its houſe of clay, is profound, ſtriking, comprehenſive, and, what in him is rare, cloſely comprehenſive. His arguments in favour of infinite duration in a future ſtate, though not logically concluſive, are beautifully poetic.

O ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight,——
Could ye ſo rich in rapture fear an end;
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.

Who does not regret, that ſuch a powerful though gloomy advocate for religion and morality, ſhould degrade himſelf by proſtituting his poetry to the ſervile purpoſes of adulation; or that his addiction to licentious flattery ſhould have induced him to dreſs up his patron in the attributes of a Being, whoſe greatneſs and whoſe goodneſs admit of no approximation!

Wits ſpare not heaven, O Wilmington! nor thee.

His *Reſignation* was repreſented on its firſt appearance, as a ſtriking inſtance of the feneſcence of genius. It has never obtained much popularity; though the ſentiments are ſtrongly characteriſtic of their author, and many of them are beautiful and new. The ſtyle alſo is like that of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, but the reſemblance is rather in its blemiſhes than its beauties. Here is the ſame fondneſs for antitheſes, the ſame hunting down of figures, and lowneſs of metaphors, that are to be found in his other poems, but little of their ſtrength or harmony remains. His ex-

changing the ſolemn plaintive ſpecies of verſe, peculiar to himſelf, for the eaſy meaſure of lyric poetry, was an unfortunate determination. Of his ſmaller poems, the *Epiſtles to Pope*, and the *Epitaph on Lord Aubry Beauclerc*, are entitled to particular commendation. Of thoſe puerile trifles, his *Odes*, *Sea-Piece*, *&c.* in which words over-power ideas, and loyalty triumphs at the expence of imagination, the preſent writer is no admirer.

Yet, excepting his licentious flattery, which appears in the body of his works, as well as in his fulſome dedications, a few of his tragical rants, his poetical flights into the obſcure, and the imbecilities of his age, which his friends ought to have ſuppreſſed, Young is entitled to the rare but important praiſe of not having left a line, which, for moral or religious reaſons, on his death-bed, he could wiſh to have eraſed.

"If the friendſhip, with which Dr. Young honoured me," ſays Dr. Warton, "does not miſlead me, I think I may affirm, that many high ſtrokes of character in his *Zanga*, many ſentiments and images in his *Night Thoughts*, and many ſtrong and forcible deſcriptions in his *Paraphraſe on Job*, mark him for a ſublime and original genius. Though, at the ſame time, I am ready to confeſs, that he is not a correct and equal writer, and was too often turgid and hyperbolical."

"Among moral and didactic poets, Dr. Young is of too great eminence," ſays Dr. Blair, "to be paſſed over without notice. In all his works, the marks of ſtrong genius appear. His *Univerſal Paſſion* poſſeſſes the full merit of that animated conciſeneſs of ſtyle, and lively deſcription of characters, which I mentioned, as particularly requiſite in ſatirical and didactic compoſitions. Though his wit may often be thought too ſparkling, and his ſentences too pointed, yet the vivacity of his fancy is ſo great as to entertain every reader. In his *Night Thoughts*, there is much energy of expreſſion; in the three firſt there are ſeveral pathetic paſſages, and ſcattered through them, all happy images and alluſions, as well as pious reflections occur; but the ſentiments are frequently over-ſtrained and turgid, and the ſtyle is too harſh and obſcure to be pleaſing."

"There is in the *Night Thoughts*," ſays Mr. Boſwell, "a power of the *pathetic* beyond almoſt any example that I have ſeen. He who does not feel his nerves ſhaken, and his heart moved by many paſſages in this extraordinary work, particularly by that moſt affecting one, which deſcribes the gradual torment ſuffered by the contemplation of an object of affectionate attachment, viſibly and certainly decaying into diſſolution, muſt be of a hard and obſtinate frame.

"To all the other excellencies of the *Night Thoughts*, let me add the great and peculiar one, that they contain not only the nobleſt ſentiments of virtue and the immortality of the ſoul; but the *Chriſtian ſacrifice*, the *divine propitiation*, with all its intereſting circumſtances and conſolations to "a wounded ſpirit," ſolemnly and poetically diſplayed in ſuch imagery and language, as cannot fail to exalt, animate, and ſooth the truly pious. No book whatever can be recommended to young perſons, with better hopes of ſeaſoning their minds with vital religion, than Young's *Night Thoughts*."

His poetical character is delineated by Dr. Johnſon with impartiality and preciſion.

"Of Young's poems it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner: one of his pieces has no great reſemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are ſometimes ſmooth, and ſometimes rugged; his ſtyle is ſometimes concatenated, and ſometimes abrupt; ſometimes diffuſive, and ſometimes conciſe. His plan ſeems to have ſtarted in his mind at the preſent moment, and his thoughts appear the effect of chance, ſometimes adverſe, and ſometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgment.

"He was not one of the writers whom experience improves, and who obſerving their own faults become gradually correct. His poem on the *Laſt Day*, his firſt great performance, has an equability and propriety, which he afterwards either never endeavoured or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean, yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a ſucceſſion of images divides and weakens the general conception; but the great reaſon why the reader is diſappointed, is, that the Laſt Day makes every man more than poetical, by ſpreading over his mind a general obſcurity of ſacred horror, that oppreſſes diſtinction, and diſdains expreſſion.

"His ſtory of *Jane Gray* was never popular. It is written with elegance enough, but *Jane* is too heroic to be pitied.

" The *Univerſal Paſſion* is indeed a very great performance. It is ſaid to be a ſeries of epigrams: but if it be, it is what the author intended: his endeavour was at the production of ſtriking diſtichs and pointed ſentences; and his diſtichs have the weight of ſolid ſentiment, and his points the ſharpneſs of reſiſtleſs truth

" His characters are often ſelected with diſcernment, and drawn with nicety; his illuſtrations are often happy, and his reflections often juſt. His ſpecies of ſatire is between thoſe of Horace and Juvenal; and he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of Juvenal with greater variation of images. He plays, indeed, only on the ſurface of life; he never penetrates the receſſes of the mind, and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhauſted by a ſingle peruſal; his conceits pleaſe only when they ſurpriſe.

" To tranſlate he never condeſcended, unleſs his *Paraphraſe on Job* may be conſidered as a verſion; in which he has not, I think, been unſucceſsful; he indeed favoured himſelf, by chooſing thoſe parts which moſt eaſily admit the ornaments of Engliſh poetry.

" He had leaſt ſucceſs in his lyric attempts, in which he ſeems to have been under ſome malignant influence: he is always labouring to be great, and at laſt is only turgid.

" In his *Night Thoughts* he has exhibited a very wide diſplay of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and ſtriking alluſions; a wilderneſs of thought, in which the fertility of fancy ſcatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verſe could not be changed for rhyme but with diſadvantage. The wild diffuſion of the ſentiments, and the digreſſive ſallies of imagination, would have been compreſſed and reſtrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactneſs, but copiouſneſs; particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that aſcribed to Chineſe plantation, the magnificence of vaſt extent and endleſs diverſity.

" His laſt poem was the *Reſignation;* in which he made, as he was accuſtomed, an experiment of a new mode of writing, and ſucceeded better than in his *Ocean* or his *Merchant*. It was very falſely repreſented as a proof of decaying faculties. There is Young in every ſtanza, ſuch as he often was in his higheſt vigour.

" It muſt be allowed of Young's poetry, that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy or ſelection. When he lays hold of an illuſtration, he purſues it beyond expectation, ſometimes happily, as in his parallel of *Quickſilver* with *Pleaſure*, which is very ingenious, very ſubtle, and almoſt exact; but ſometimes he is leſs lucky, as when, in his *Night Thoughts*, having dropped it into his mind, that the orbs, floating in ſpace, might be called the cluſter of creation, he thinks on a cluſter of grapes, and ſays, that they all hang on the great vine, drinking the " nectareous juice of im-" mortal life."

" His conceits are ſometimes yet leſs valuable. In the *Laſt Day*, he hopes to illuſtrate the re-aſſembling of the atoms that compoſe the human body at the " Trump of Doom," by the collection of bees into a ſwarm at the tinkling of a pan.

" The Prophet ſays of Tyre, that " her Merchants are Princes." Young ſays in his *Merchant*

Her Merchants Princes, and each *deck a Throne.*

Let burleſque try to go beyond him.

" He has the trick of joining the turgid and familiar: to buy the alliance of Britain, " Climes " were paid down." Antitheſis is his favourite. " They for kindneſs hate;" and " becauſe ſhe's " right ſhe's ever in the wrong."

" His verſification is his own; neither his blank nor his rhyming lines have any reſemblance to thoſe of former writers; he picks up no hemiſtichs, he copies no favourite expreſſions; he ſeems to have laid up no ſtores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous ſuggeſtions of the preſent moment. Yet I have reaſon to believe that, when once he had formed a new deſign, he then laboured it with very patient induſtry, and that he compoſed with great labour, and frequent reviſions.

" His verſes are formed by no certain model: for he is no more like himſelf in his different productions than he is like others. He ſeems never to have ſtudied proſody, nor to have had any direction but from his own ear. But with all his defects, he was a man of genius and a poet."

THE WORKS OF YOUNG.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

Now let the Athieſt tremble; thou alone
Can bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never muſt return.
Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.
When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horror view'd the deſert waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all eternity to view?
But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human kind;
By ſtricter rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll. }
Oxon. } T. WARTON.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,
HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his towering muſe,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.
Thus did the muſes ſing in early times,
Ere ſkill'd to flatter vice and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous ſongs alone,
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant ſtate,
They ſoothe the wanton pleaſures of the great:
And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.
So the rich ſoil of India's blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores, [ſight,
Where ſerpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
Theſe purer thoughts from groſs alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe allurements, while they pleaſe deſtroy;
But bliſs reſembling that of ſaints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pleaſure read
"Of future judgment, and the riſing dead; [thrown
"Of time's grand period, heaven and earth o'er-
"And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan."
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore,
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

T. TRISTRAM.

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION.

And muſt it be as thou haſt ſung,
Celeſtial bard, ſeraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, muſt they decay?
On nature's ſelf deſtruction prey?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou canſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall Newton's ſyſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or thee?
Through life we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And ſure, thy plan was well deſign'd,
To cure this madneſs of the mind;
Firſt, beyond time our thoughts to raiſe;
Then laſh our love of tranſient praiſe.
In both, we own thy doctrine juſt;
And fame's a breath, and men are duſt.

1736. J. BANCKS.

THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

" Venit ſumma dies." ——VIRG.

BOOK I.

" Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
" Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
" Terra tremit: fugère feræ! et mortalia corda
" Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor." VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of ſtate;
With Britain's hero * ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's ancient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendours of the Britiſh crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumberous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
Here foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent feeds,
Hold kings, and kingdom's fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? The labouring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year controul:
They ſhine through time, with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period riſe, and that decay:
So *vaſt*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So *bright*, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how ſacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be fought in vain:
The tract forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne;
Time ſhall be ſlain, all nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

* *The Duke of Marlborough.*

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sins forbid not) other Annes;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;
(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shake)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars bend;
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh powerful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Though God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind:
None are supinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.
If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Nor proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threatening lance in vain!
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.
Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flows the terrors of that day I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.
The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.
Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair;
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.
Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watery worlds to sink, or swell:
Around her some their splendours to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? Who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming sea to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil to paint that day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heavens! how the good man trembles!—
And is there a Laſt Day? and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom!
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow:
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting vine,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty, ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe,
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!
What equals this? And ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.
For ever then my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And fluſh my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning power ſuſpend;
In ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;
When now the foaming ſurges, toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguiſh, melt away;
Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep:
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound, [ſound;
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth re-
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurpriſe;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wondering eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely through the paths of death.
Two wondrous days and nights through coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and ſands he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

BOOK II.

—— Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν
Λείψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονται.
PHOCYL.

"—— We hope, that the departed will riſe
" again from the duſt: after which, like
" the gods, they will be immortal."

Now man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;

Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh, adventure coſt,
In wide eternity I dare be loſt.
The muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I liſt my voice, and ſing to *human kind*:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join, [mine.
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare,
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains, to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long-committed duſt.
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head, the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and complete the frame.

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great ſoul farewell.
Obſcure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Though realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each fragrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.

So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings and wild meanders play, [end,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wanderings
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.

The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
Or 'midſt the burning planets wondering ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid:
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate;
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.

Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.

That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, though great, or wiſe, or juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarch's tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtyles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded threatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and, at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulf, and fiends on every ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.

Here greatneſs proſtrate falls, there ſtrength gives place,
Here lazars ſmile, there beauty hides her face.
Chriſtians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans ſtand
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe whoſe pious bounties unconfin'd
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that homage ſhow
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illuſtrious * names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;

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* *Weſtminſter Abbey.*

† *Founders of New-College, Corpus Chriſti, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.*

Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great re-
To bless a people, and oblige a crown. [nown
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! Oh, how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who some few years ago was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow, can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when every fire
And every star shall languish and expire?
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought;
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *love divine*.

But oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent!
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days;
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands.
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *fall*, another, *stand*;
Whole rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Canuæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fate's decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare!"
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth;
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou choose?
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in world's of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creats, supports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*;
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty that form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd,
Virtue, *dominion*, *praise*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, Knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of Justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array: [shell,
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of *him* in Beth'lem born;

A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted, gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the ſodder'd beaſt?
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe, [low?
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd be-
And was't enough to bid the ſun retire?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou, or thy priſoner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight,
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe,
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' Eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh, formidable glory! dreadful bright!
Reſulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn! unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say, (not to make the *ſun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of prayer?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O thou! whoſe balance does the mountains
" weigh,
Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watery worlds to
" flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy power, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to thee:
" Reign'd o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh, may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden ſpring with flowery pride?
" Who calls forth ſummer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old winter lay her honours down!
" Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
" Not Europe's abitreſs of peace and war.
" May ſea and land, and earth and heaven be join'd,
" To bring th' Eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of thy dread vengeance ſhake my
ſoul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majeſty *Divine!*
" Through every ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our powerful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt great Anne *thy* ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
" Open with prayer the conſecrated day;
" Tune thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve; but with the ſetting ſun
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
" And ſhow all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of Day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its founder keep!
" Canſt thou not ſhake the centre? Oh! controul
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me with equal firmneſs to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.

" O may I pant for thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in eternity's deep boſom lies!
" At the great day of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal book* unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat;
" My light, my life, my God, my Saviour ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of thee."

BOOK III.

" Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
" Ardeat; et mundi moles operoſa laboret."
OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next preſume to ſing: What yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the muſe or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heaven opening, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden prayer,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And every groan is loaden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Shouldſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended intereſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched ſelf alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How would it wound? What millions wouldſt thou give
For one more trial, one more day to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the ſun; but ſtill of this deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in every face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts time's brighteſt annals grace;
Who founded ſects; crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt? all undiſtinguiſh'd? no-where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace ſound?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd;
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd---
Aloft, the ſeats of biſs their pomp diſplay
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the victor God.
Horrors, beneath, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;

A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad fulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moft dreadful to furvey,
And roars outrageous for the deftin'd prey.
The fons of light fcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer prefs heaven's everlafting throne.
Such is the fcene; and one fhort moment's fpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!---I tremble as I write;
The whole creation fwims before my fight:
I fee, I fee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diftant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My foul recoils at the ftupendous woe;
That woe, thofe pangs, which from the *guilty* breaft,
In thefe, or words like thefe, fhall be expreft.
" Who burft the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer fave,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caft me out into the wrath of God;
" Where fhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only fong; black fire's malignant light,
" The fole refreftment of the blafted fight.
" Muft all thofe powers, heaven gave me to fupply
" My foul with pleafure, and bring in my joy,
" Rife up in arms againft me, join the foe,
" *Senfe, reafon, memory*, increafe my woe?
" And fhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! muft I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiftence* only meafure *pain*?
" What! no reprieve, no leaft indulgence given,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is love extinguifh'd in the fource of love?
" Bold that I am, did heaven ftoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranfom feal?
" Have I not been induftrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obftinately broke?
" Purfued, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deftruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguifh'd love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, roufe the flackening flame;
" Juft is my lot—but oh! muft it tranfcend
" The reach of time, defpair a diftant end?
" With dreadful growth fhoot forward, and arife,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies! [found?
" *NEVER!* where falls the foul at that dread
" Down an abyfs how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, (I ftill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thoufand thoufand fathoms ftill remain;
" My plunge but ftill begun—And this for fin!
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But ftill increas'd the fenfelefs happy mafs,
" Flow'd in the ftream, or fhiver'd in the grafs?
" Father of mercies! why from filent earth
" Didft thou awake, and curfe me into birth,
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
" Puſh into being a reverſe of thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery! [keep
" The beaſts are happy; they come forth, and
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away?
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young.
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame
" Powerful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſued!
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
" And this, *my Help! my God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
" And canſt thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs?
" Calling thee Father, in a ſea of fire?
" Or pouring blaſphemies at thy deſire?
" With mortals anguiſh wilt thou raiſe *thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canſt toſs the planets to and fro,
" Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is caſt away.
" Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
" Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:
" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame;
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of thy name.
" Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, great *God*, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt;
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Incloſs'd with horrors, and tranſfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praiſe.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chooſe a leſs, but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds, in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And ſpiry flames dart through the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: It ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.

Show me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heaven ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel, ſay where ran proud Aſia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte Libya? Where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's ſix days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one *ſoul*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have you not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurpriſes through all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heaven's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.

Think deeply then, O man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *ſun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *minor*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait;
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one *eternal* day.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION; OR, VANQUISHED LOVE.

IN TWO BOOKS.

" Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."

VIRG.

BOOK I.

" ——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
" Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula pal-
" mas."

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous ſcenes above the ſky,
My muſe deſcend: indulge my fond deſire;
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious liſts of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Virtue is beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes ſuch bright objects ſtill more bright,
And *fortune* ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light:
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this iſle adorn,
Ere Ormond, or her glorious queen was born:
When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treaſon not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the ſummit of imperial ſtate,
With equal mind ſuſtain'd the ſtroke of fate.
But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reaſon fortify his heart?
At once ſhe longs, and is afraid to *know:*
Now ſwift ſhe moves, and now advances ſlow,
To find her lord; and finding paſſes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares ſhe meet his eye;
Leſt that unmaſk'd, in ſpeechleſs grief, diſcloſe
The mournful ſecret of his inward woes.
Thus after ſickneſs doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin ſhuns the glaſs.
At length with troubled thought, but look ſerene,
And ſorrow ſoften'd by her heavenly mien,
She claſps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle and ſweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily or the blooming roſe.
" Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is loſt;
" What far outſhines a crown, we ſtill may boaſt;
" A mind compos'd; a mind that can diſdain
" A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
" Nothing is loſs that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal; and return above;
" Above, where no diſtinction ſhall be known
" 'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne,
" And him who baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
" Shone forth in all the ſplendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the difference here below;
" I lately was a queen; I ſtill am ſo,
" While Guilford's wife: thee rather I *obey*,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
" When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
" Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miſs in empire, add in love—
" Your god-like ſoul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
" Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."
Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whoſe boding boſom fear'd

A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head:
Too juſt, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—forgive him, if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In ſpace confin'd, the muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
Now ſilent wander'd through his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And every tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.

That happy moon, which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night,
Which ſaw him fold her yet untaſted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
Empire and love! the viſion of a day.

Thus, in the Britiſh clime, a ſummer-ſtorm
Will oft the ſmiling face of heaven deform;
The winds with violence at once deſcend, [bend;
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the foreſt
A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the cheerful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors riſe:
For pomp and ſplendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts each morn invade the lover's breaſt,
Each night, a ruffian locks the queen to reſt.

Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortune's, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty power divine!
"'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs is thine;
"With honour to light up the name unknown,
"Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
"In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
"And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
"I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
"And if my piety may claim thy care;
"If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
"And tumult of a court, a future ſtate;
"O favour, when thy mercy I implore
"For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!
"'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free!
"If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me.
"Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
"And in a guilty land to ſpeak thy praiſe!
"O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
"Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
"If *theſe* are ſafe, I'll think my prayers ſucceed,
"And bleſs thy tender mercies, whilſt I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid juſtice, ruſh'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to complain:
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her reſt;
Soft ſlumber gently creeping through her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is re-enthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſts rung;
Low at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies;
Our priſoner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in cities had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouſe,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and was no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind, well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams: in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main;
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!

Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtic joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom ev'n from doubts and fears;
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of *cares*;

No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her *deareſt father* ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſt Indian of his care beguile.
In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs,
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: to weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, ſhe recommends;
Unmov'd herſelf: her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her care—
But Guilford; who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her ſoul onward from the ſeats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That heaven ſhe ſeeks will be her Guilford's ſhield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh! mortals, ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!
A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.
Celeſtial patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now *ſhe* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.
Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
The ſword is drawn: The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the zealot's heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
Alas! ſhould Guilford too—when now ſhe's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart and dry her tears!
Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows and the damps away:
But, like a gloomy ſtorm at once to ſweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair:
Slow, like a ghoſt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace;
A dying paleneſs ſat upon his face.
Back ſhe recoil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
Her eyes the anguiſh of her heart confeſs'd;
Struck to the ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound;
And ſunk, a breathleſs image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the ſky's o'ercaſt,
At firſt but ſhudders in the feeble blaſt;
But when the winds and weighty rains deſcend,
The fair and upright ſtem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its ſnowy leaves are ſhed,
And ſtrew with dying ſweets their native bed.

BOOK II.

"Hic pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis?"
VIRG.

Her Guilford claſps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath,
To tapers thus, which by a blaſt expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, reſtores the fire:
She rear'd her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light,
And Guilford too, or ſhe had loath'd the ſight:
Her *father's* death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her *own*,
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will, have leave to groan:
Ah! Guilford, ſhe began, and would have ſpoke;
But ſobs ruſh'd in, and every accent broke:
Reaſon itſelf, as guſts of paſſion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew.
So the youth loſt his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding ſurface fell:
The ſcatter'd features ſlid into decay,
And ſpreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the ſoft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight beſtow;
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair: ſunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,

With ill-diſſembled grief; " My life, forbear!
" You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear;
" Did you not chide my grief? Repreſs your own:
" Nor want compaſſion for *yourſelf* alone:
" Have you beheld, how, from the diſtant main,
" The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
" And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore;
" There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more;
" Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
" Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chaſe;
" They ſound, and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear;
" Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
" Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay;
" And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
" Why ſhould you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis moſt unkind;
" Your *own* you bore with an unſhaken mind:
" And which, can you imagine, was the dart
" That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
" I cannot live without you; and my doom
" I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.—
" And are again your tears profuſely ſpilt!
" Oh! then, my kindneſs blackens to my guilt;
" It foils itſelf, if it recall your pain;
" Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
" The load which fate impoſes, you increaſe;
" And help Maria to deſtroy my peace."
But, oh! againſt himſelf his labour turn'd;
The more he comforted, the more ſhe mourn'd:
Compaſſion ſwells our grief; words ſoft and kind
But ſoothe our weakneſs, and diſſolve the mind:
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams; nor her's alone,
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore, when ſhe, ſo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ſtate;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd? [treat,
'Tis now the queen's command, they both re-
So weep with dignity, and mourn in ſtate:
The forms the *decent* miſery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch ſhe would deſtroy,
A ſpacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim creſcent in a clouded ſky:
It ſheds a quivering melancholy gloom,
Which only ſhows the darkneſs of the room.
A ſhining ax is on the table laid;
A dreadful ſight! and glitters through the ſhade.
In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd;
A ſcene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
A ſcene that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; " I deſpiſe
" An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
" Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down;
" But where's the Charles, or Diocleſian where,
" Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
" Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
" In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
" And, through th' unclouded cryſtal of thine eye,
" The heavenly treaſures of the mind to ſpy!
" Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
" And my ſoul wanders through immortal joys!
" Give me the world, and aſk me, Where's my
" bliſs?
" I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This.*
" And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no
more;
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wondering, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!
Oh! let thoſe *tremble*, who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who, but Guilford, could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
From flowery meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call, your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.
Was ever ſuch a mournful, moving ſight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Iſis and her Thames, one ſtream they flow:
Now they ſtart wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair:
Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
They ruſh at once; they fling their cares behind,
And claſp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A ſhort deluſion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts muſt bleed again."
Meantime, the queen new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they ſhould *only* bleed,
A prieſt is ſent; who, with inſidious art,
Inſtills his poiſon into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it: Hanging on the breaſt,
He from his childhood was with Rome poſſeſt.
When now the miniſters of death draw nigh,
And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,
The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
Beſpoke her thus: " Grieve not; 'tis in your
" power
" Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour."
Her boſom pants; ſhe draws her breath with pain;
A ſudden horror thrills through every vein;
Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent;
And her ſoul trembles for the great event.
The prieſt proceeds: " Embrace the faith of
" Rome,
" And ward your own, your lord's, and father's
doom.
Ye bleſſed ſpirits! now your charge ſuſtain;
The paſt was eaſe; now *firſt* ſhe ſuffers pain.
Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death? muſt ſhe
Bid Guilford bleed?—It muſt not, cannot, be.
It *canact* be! But 'tis the Chriſtian's praiſe,
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature; and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What though our feeble ſinews ſcarce impart
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vigorous *youth* can break,
And a chill blaſt the hardy *warrior* ſhake,
Yet are we ſtrong: Hear the loud tempeſt roar;
From eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no more;

The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raise our humble names;
'Tis *our* Jehovah fills the heavens; as long
As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair.
Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then, brightening, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unkown;
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms——"
Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man!
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*: he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul express:
"Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
"And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!
"Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
"In pity to thyself, forget the past!
"Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
"Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear:
"Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
"Empires were vile, and fate could give no more;
"That to *continue*, was its utmost power,
"And make the future like the present hour,
"Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword
"Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
"Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),
"And stain his honour with a *traitor's* name.
"*This* might perhaps be borne without remorse;
"But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
"Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
"Through cruel torment to the grave descend?
"His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
"Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground?
"But he to you has ever been severe;
"Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew near;
Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring:
Downward he cast a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly spoke,
"Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
"That ax can only rob *me* of a day;
"For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
"And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain?
"When you shall know a mother's tender name,
"My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky!
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love and human interest bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind;
As round the generous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreathes his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His poisonous tail, and stings her as she flies!
While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltering on the ground,
Three heedless trunks, of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd;
The lifted ax assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale?
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal.
She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pious state:
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky:
"Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
"I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great*;
"I joy I cannot save you; and have given
"Two lives, much *dearer* than my own to heaven,
"If so the queen decrees* :—But I have cause
"To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
"And there is mercy still, for you, in store:
"With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
"He shot his sting in *that* farewell embrace;
"And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
"Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress,
"Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
She, smiling, says, "My victory's complete:
"And tell your queen, I thank her for the blow,
"And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:
"A poor return I leave in England's crown,
"For everlasting pleasure and renown:
"Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
"Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

* *Here she embraces them.*

LOVE OF FAME, THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

" —— Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generoſis."——Hor.

PREFACE.

These ſatires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conſcious of the leaſt malevolence to any particular perſon through all the characters; though ſome perſons may be ſo ſelfiſh as to engroſs a general application to themſelves. A writer in polite letters ſhould be content with reputation; the private amuſement he finds in his compoſitions; the good influence they have on his ſeverer ſtudies; that admiſſion they give him to his ſuperiors; and the poſſible good effect they may have on the public; or elſe he ſhould join to his politeneſs ſome more lucrative qualification.

But it is poſſible, that ſatire may not do much good: men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abuſed by others: It is much to be *feared*, that miſconduct will never be chaſed out of the world by ſatire; all therefore that is to be ſaid for it is, that miſconduct will *certainly* be never chaſed out of the world by ſatire, if no ſatires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compoſitions. Ethics, Heathen and Chriſtian, and the Scriptures themſelves, are in a great meaſure a ſatire on the weakneſs and iniquity of men; and ſome part of that ſatire is in verſe too: nay, in the firſt ages, philoſophy and poetry were the ſame thing; wiſdom wore no other dreſs: ſo that I hope theſe ſatires will be the more eaſily pardoned that misfortune by the ſevere. If they like not the faſhion, let them take them by the weight; for ſome weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay, hiſtorians themſelves may be conſidered as ſatiriſts, and ſatiriſts moſt ſevere; ſince ſuch are moſt human actions, that to *relate* is to expoſe them.

No man can converſe much in the world, but at what he meets with, he muſt either be inſenſible, or grieve, or be angry, or ſmile. Some paſſion (if we are not impaſſive) muſt be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reaſonable and virtuous man. Now to ſmile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think moſt eligible; as it hurts ourſelves leaſt, and gives vice and folly the greateſt offence: and that for *this* reaſon; becauſe what men aim at by them, is generally public opinion and eſteem; which truth is the ſubject of the following ſatires; and joins them together, as ſeveral branches from the ſame root: an unity of deſign, which has not, I think, in a ſet of ſatires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the miſconduct of the world, will in a great meaſure eaſe us of any more diſagreeable paſſion about it. One paſſion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reaſon; whatever ſome may teach: For to reaſon we owe our paſſions: had we not reaſon, we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs: and the *cauſe* ſeems not to be the natural cure of any *effect*.

Moreover, laughing ſatire bids the faireſt for ſucceſs: the world is too proud to be fond of a ſerious tutor; and when the author is in a paſſion, the laugh generally, as in converſation, turns againſt him. This kind of ſatire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy, Horace is the beſt maſter: he appears in good humour while he cenſures; and therefore his cenſure has the more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from judgment, not from paſſion. Juvenal is ever in a paſſion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The laſt of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal in part of the ſixth ſatire (where the occaſion moſt required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined *both* the Roman ſatiriſts with great ſucceſs; but has too much of Juvenal in his very ſerious Satire on Woman, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critic of our own, commends Boileau's cloſeneſs, or, as he calls it, *preſſneſs*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault ſhould be imputed to him.

There are ſome proſe ſatiriſts of the greateſt delicacy and wit; the laſt of which can never, or ſhould never, ſucceed without the former. An author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himſelf; which are

bad advocates for reputation and ſucceſs. What a difference is there between the *merit*, if not the *wit*, of Cervantes and Rabelais! The laſt has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jeſt; but the genius and the ſcholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converſe with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for ſome ſervices; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taſte, as judges of compoſition: Nature has wiſely formed us with an averſion to it; and he that ſucceeds in ſpite of it, is * "aliena venia, quam ſua "providentia tutior."

Such wits, like falſe oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), ſhould ſet up for reputation among the *weak*, in ſome Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the *wiſe* will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal ſucceſs: for though ambiguities are the *firſt* excellence of an impoſtor, they are the *laſt* of a wit.

Some ſatirical wits and humouriſts, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately; which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence; and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the Birth of Love: one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern *poetry*. Love, ſays he, is the ſon of the Goddeſs of Poverty, and the God of Riches: he has ſent from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building caſtles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and diſtinction: from his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant begger of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable from him. This addition may be made, *viz.* That poetry, like love, is a little ſubject to *blindneſs*, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments and honours; that ſhe has her ſatirical *quiver*; and laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration of her *father's* family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother's* relations.

However, this is not *neceſſity*, but *choice*: were wiſdom her governeſs, ſhe might have much more of the father than the mother; eſpecially in ſuch an age as this, which ſhows a due paſſion for her charms.

* *Val. Max.*

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

" —— Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam
" Virtutis."——Juv. Sat. x.

My verſe is ſatire; Dorſet, lend your ear,
And *patroniſe* a muſe you cannot *fear*.
To poets ſacred is a Dorſet's name:
Their wonted paſſport through the gates of fame;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a glory round the ſhelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the *miſtreſs* we purſue;
Others are fond of fame, but fame of you.

Inſtructive ſatire, true to virtue's cauſe!
Thou ſhining *ſupplement* of public *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's ſkilful hand;
When the *law* ſhows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-ſea treaſures are not brought to light;
When *churchmen* Scripture for the claſſics quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's *grace* to *wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue ſpent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying ſinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chaſe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall panegyric reign, and cenſure ceaſe?

Shall poeſy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications waſh an Æthiop white,
Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch for nature's boaſt,
On whom praiſe ſhines, as *trophies* on a *poſt*?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours ſpread,
And ſcatter roſes on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And *ſatiriſe* with nothing—but their *praiſe?*

Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorſet, Dryden, Rocheſter, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addiſon, is fled;
Congreve, who crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits ſmiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find,
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * Roman's ſhining path to tread,
And ſharply *ſmile* prevailing folly dead?

* *Horace.*

Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the ſtriſe, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.
What will not men attempt for *ſacred praiſe?*
The *love of praiſe*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows, in every heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modeſt* ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in ſenates, ſqueaks in maſquerades.
Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountain's of the dead;
Nor ends with *life;* but nods in ſable *plumes*,
Adorns our *herſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud?* The *pimp* is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims borne
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *ſteer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wiſhful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book:
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy ſign,
Meant to betray dull ſots to wretched wine.
If at his title T——— had drop'd his quill,
T——— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But T——— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a *ſcribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious ſome a claſſic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While A's *depos'd*, and B with pomp *reſtor'd*.

Some, for *renown*, on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both ſtrive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *gloſs* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond coſt a man ſo *dear?*
Polite diſeaſes make ſome ideots *vain;*
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whoſe praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonſus his Creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep:
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been bed.

This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe; and give a judge the ſpleen,
By *this* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *love of fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of Britiſh fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorſet's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Though for the firſt all Weſtminſter ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all Greſham intercede.

Begin. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He ſtands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd *valiant* or *diſcreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his father's from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in ſame's glorious chaſe;
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, though deſcended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *boneſt* men, and *wiſe;*
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lies*.

They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of their *diſcharge*.
Dorſet, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, ſhine.

Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the muſe muſt own,
We want not fools to buy that Briſtol ſtone.
Mean ſons of earth, who, on a South-ſea tide
Of full ſucceſs, ſwam into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purſe of gold at Anſtis' gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhow their ſhame the more.
Thoſe governments which *curb* not evils, *cauſe!*
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

Belus with ſolid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound;
But *builds* himſelf a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſtate!
In coſt and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;
And Burlington, thy taſte is not ſo true.
The pile is finiſh'd; every toil is paſt;
And full perfection is arriv'd at laſt;
When, lo! my lord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to *ſtrangers* and to *duns*.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?

In ſmaller compaſs lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique ſtatues, are his flame:
Not Fountaine's ſelf more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come (rude men profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, ſirs, he cries; I'll ſooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for Engliſh bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *buſto's* laugh:
His daughter ſtarves; but * Cleopatra's faſe.
Men, overloaded with a large eſtate,
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you're *curious*, when we ſwear you're *mad*.
By your revenue meaſure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *ſenſe*.
No man is bleſs'd by *accident* or *gueſs*;
True *wiſdom* is the price of *happineſs*:
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage;
And our *youth* only lays up ſighs for *age*.
But how, my muſe, canſt thou reſiſt ſo long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting theme: The *court* affords
Much food for ſatire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of *pride?*"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *diſgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their raviſh'd ſight:
Some lords it bids *reſign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moſes', into ſerpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as divers, for renown; and boaſt,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours loſt.
But againſt reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin,
The boaſt of merely being *out*, or *in*.
What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, ſtrive
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *deſert* was underſtood:
And all the fortunate were *wiſe* and *good*.
Hence aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
And ſtifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dreſt by † Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* ſuit and *public* face:
Their ſmiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.
What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conſcious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern, park, aſſembly, maſk, and play,
Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of ſops! that ſaunter of the town!
Call it *diverſion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *ſloic*-like ſupport,
Without one ſigh, the *pleaſures* of a court.

* *A famous ſtatue.*
† *A famous taylor.*

Courts can give nothing, to the *wiſe* and *good*,
But ſcorn of pomp, and love of ſolitude.
High ſtations *tumult*, but not *bliſs*, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a ſting,
Which makes a ſwain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and ſhow;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind ſerene,
And guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcene;
No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care,
No well-bred hate, or ſervile grandeur, *there*:
There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt;
The *ſenſe* is raviſh'd, and the *ſoul* is bleſt;
On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows;
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.
But ſome, *untaught*, o'erhear the whiſpering rill,
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure, blockheads ſtill:
Nor ſhoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the *drawing-room*.
The *ſquire* is *proud* to ſee his courſers ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolytus (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a Chriſtmas-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praiſe? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Juſt Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypſy *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.
Here breathe, my muſe! and then thy taſk renew!
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.
Fewer lay-atheiſts made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates;
Ladies, whoſe love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scrope diſcreetly bend;
And fewer *ſhocks* a ſtateſman gives his *friend*.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his ſtrain,
At Bath, in *ſummer*, chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly *whiſtles* as the *waters* paſs?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and ſuch only, might exhauſt my theme:
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad,
For who can *write* ſo faſt as men run *mad?*

SATIRE II.

My muſe, proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain ſatire calls for *ſenſe* in every line:
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage;

And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.
So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Though hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in purſuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *ſylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make Paul † Diack riſe.
From morn to night has Florio gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape! What hue! Was ever nymph ſo fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat, bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſiſter's fate
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came and miſs'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas cruſh'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."
But all men want *amuſement*; and what crime
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they ſoar;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower!
A ſhort-liv'd flower; and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
The gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonſon, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end deſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chaſe for *ſport* alone, and not for *game*.
If ſo, ſure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo ſign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuch's are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition ſhown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought*;
And to this coſt another muſt ſucceed,
To pay a ſage, who *ſays* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has ſeen;
But leaves to Cheſterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *ſenſe*.
O Stanhope, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The *promiſe* of a long-illuſtrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt *honour!* and the fineſt *taſte!*
Accept this verſe; if ſatire can agree
With ſo conſummate an *humanity*.
By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulence may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte*, his ſenſe;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He ſpares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.
What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jeſter*, when the joke's *unkind*.
Since Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my firſt ſatire ſweetly reprimand:
If that a *juſt* offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a *fool*, or *knave*?

* *This refers to the firſt ſatire.*
† *The name of a tulip.*

* *Letters ſent to the author, ſigned Marcus.*

For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou was either, I ne'er knew before:
I knew thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who;*
No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through:
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing *well:*
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own.*
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons, disappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits,* some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools;*
Through spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less,*
Quite zealous in the ways of *heavines;*
To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake.*
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"*He's a wit.*"
Poor *negroes,* thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say, they're *devilish white.*

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief!* one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn;*
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son;
And by heaven's *blessing* thinks himself *undone,*
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *lisp;* another, *not* to see:
Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand? [pride,
Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will pursue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two.*

Crassus, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the sage support.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new.*"
Is't not enough the blackhead scarce can read,
But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits.*

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain;*
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *sot.*
I find the *fool,* when I behold the *screen;*
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Chesterfield, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face?*
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother,* is undone?

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth a fame; for fame alone, the *beau.*
Of late at White's was young Florello seen!
How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain.*

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *silver lace.*
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls,* his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-sworn ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous *watch case,* though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience,* solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels.*

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent:*
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out*."

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim:*
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *lown* and the *fopling* are the same.

* *Milton.*

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you purſue;
Then both club nonſenſe and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *ſentiments* divide,
You vent your ſpleen as monkies when they paſs,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glaſs;
While both are *one:* and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.
" But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries:
" Of all thy ſpecies art thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor ſhalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *thee.*
O thou myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?
Know *fame* and *fortune* both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt;
I'm nearer death in *this* verſe than the *laſt:*
What then is to be done? Be wiſe with ſpeed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what ſo fooliſh as the chaſe of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

Long, Dodington, in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll aſk for *three:*
For whoſe the preſent glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend;*
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raiſe my verſe, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays;
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold deſpair;
Or, if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch who *run in debt* for their diſgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring ſome new materials, and what's old
New caſt with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe;
And from four critics vindicate the muſe.
" Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feaſt!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *deſtroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than thoſe who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius, muffled in his fable cloak,
Like an old druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as *boding*, cries,
" Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors ſage, who through Parnaſſus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a ſurer gauge,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage;*
Since his great anceſtors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtleſs muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look;*
Another judges, for he *bought the book;*
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to *ſleep.*
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticiſm* waſte:
The genius of a *diſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
And *eat* their way to *fame;* with anxious thought
The *ſalmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſineſs of their lives, that is—*to dine.*
Half of their precious day they give the *feaſt;*
And to a kind *digeſtion* ſpare the reſt.
Apicius, here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to ſettle their renown.
Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their *bills of fare;*
In thoſe choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.
To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thouſand lords, *behind their backs.*
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;

And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men *forge the patents* that create them sots.
As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them; for 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See, Tityrus, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkies* for your mirth?
Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houses* some; nay, houses that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beautcous *wife*;
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.
Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.
To show the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too?
Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprise.
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, "he's exact in great."
"My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of faults."
"But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he must confess;
"But not a soul to give our arms success."
"Ah! That's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise? [back,
"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;
"All say, 'twas madness; nor dare I deny;
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee*;
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.
Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;
Enough to keep *two shoes* on Sunday clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer:
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come:
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
If *merit* sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possest:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and lothes a feast;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakspeare's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that English is their mother tongue.
To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of *politeness* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.
Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy *master* serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve,

Thou to his name haſt ſplendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worſhip* ſeen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme, an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To ſee the *fifty churches* at a ſtand.
And that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See commons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
In ſolomn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterpriſe is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-ſtrings!*
Though bold theſe truths, thou, muſe, with truths like theſe,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt *tribunals*, bend an awful brow,
How terrible it were to common ſenſe,
To write a *Satire* which gave none *offence?*
And, ſince from *life* I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure *me!*
The fool and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſt with pliant, though but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd medeſty, and real impudence:
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face;
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

Round ſome fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs:
So ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms fates without ambition weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's aſſerter, and the people's friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the muſe;
Thy ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won,
The jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;
Chremes, for airy penſions of *renown*,
Devotes his ſervice to the ſtate and crown;
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Though Britain's thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine, providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of ſtate.
You ſmile, and think *this* ſtateſman void of uſe;
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce;
Since *apes* can roaſt the choice Caſtanian *Nut*,
Since *ſteeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the ſenate "Not content" can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.
What makes *him* model realms, and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible, and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with reverence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.
Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the ſun ſhines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
Such uſeful *inſtruments* the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark:
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his *pulſe* decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.
C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks ſo; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of ſome for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.

Narciſſus the Tartarian *club* diſclaims;
Nay, a free-maſon, with ſome terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the church, or play:
He makes no noiſe in parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *viſit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean;*
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleneſs* beyond belief,
Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place;
As ſure as *cards*, he to th' *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narciſſus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.
To counterpoiſe this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular* and *odd;*
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear *antipodes;*
Through pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill.*
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S—ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and Suſſex is the worſt of friends;
They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh, if you ſurpriſe them in the *right;*
If they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Queenſberry is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that's *out.*
His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
Though wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhown
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own.*
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than Sloane the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* enhances,
And Aſhmole's baby houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joſeph *never* wore!
He ſhows, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin.
"Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
"Since that great *plague* that ſwept as many more,
"Was ever year unbleſt as *this?* he'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new *butterfly!*"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
Unhappy l——y! how came *you* to pleaſe?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chaſe is much the ſame:
Warm in purſuit, he *levées* all the great,
Staunch to the foot of *title* and *eſtate:*
Where'er their *lordſhips* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *ſhadows*, lag behind;
He *ſets* them ſure, where'er their *lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun;*
As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance, from place to place,
The * Dane is more familiar with his grace.
Who'd be a *cruteh* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſpering ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a *glaſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes *it* leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better eaſe;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, "Chimney ſweep," or drive a *plough?*
With terms like theſe, how mean the tribe that *cloſe!*
Scarce meaner they, who terms like theſe *impoſe.*
But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold:
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:
For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
"Boyle ſhines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
"Pelham's magnificent; but I can write,
"And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That *fame's* unwholeſome taken without *meat*,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat:*
Grown *lean*, and *wiſe*, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his *wit.*
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner's* loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a *poſt?*
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends ſirloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat?*
What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel *proſe-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A *proſtitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will you ſing, though uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd?*
Defunct by Phœbus' laws beyond redreſs,
Why will your *ſpectres* haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that *excreſcence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will ſprout, although the poet's *dead.*

* *A Daniſh Jig of the Duke of Argyll.*

All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg;*
A dedication is a *wooden leg;*
A barren Labeo, the true *mumper's* fashion,
Exposes *borrow'd brats* to move *compassion.*
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my *friend.*
" Is 't then a crime to *write?*"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear:*
For some, though few, there are, large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is studious to restore;
And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.
But, ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess *alive!*
Fame's *reversion*, in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell.*
That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags;*
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags.*
Not only the low born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold;*
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescued candles' ends, who rais'd a sum,
And starves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb.*
A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land.*
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown.*
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made:*
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain.*
" Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
Just is his title—for he will not *fight:*
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place:*
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.
Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid:*
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy:*
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak;
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

" O fairest of creation! last and best! [cell'd,
" Of all God's works! Creature in whom ex-
" Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
" Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
" How art thou lost!"— MILTON.

Nor reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings:*
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair;*
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye;*
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh.* [blame;
The sex we honour, though their faults we
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair———! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee;*
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more *fair*, than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Installments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger!) pews.
Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize.*
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
'Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,

She reads the *pſalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In — Cleopatra, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.
Nor far beneath her in *renown* is ſhe,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whoſe *manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows—" that her great-grandfather is dead."
A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn—*to bear*:
In that the ſkill of converſation lies;
That *ſhows*, or *makes* you both polite and wiſe.
Xantippe cries, " Let nymphs who nought can ſay
" Be loſt in ſilence and reſign the day;
" And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
" By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs!"
Through *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain:
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt *intimates* the lady's diſcontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
But keen Xantippe, ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and compoſing *tea*:
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly like echo, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate!
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*!
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *folly's* errands as we vainly roam, [home?
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chaſe,
We preſs coy fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *ſatiety* and *fierce deſire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.
The *ſylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *maſter* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barbarous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *managl'd ſteed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *fair*.
More than *one* ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it through th' admiring throng;
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong!
Graceful as John, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
Seſoſtris like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance ſhe's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe's fair*.
Had lovely Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe:
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes*.
But hold, ſhe cries, lampooner! have a care;
Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I'm fair?
O no: ſee Stella: her *eyes* ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe*,
Nor is 't a ſanction for *impertinence*.
Sempronia lik'd her man; and well ſhe might
The youth in perſon, and in parts, was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of every of virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd:
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own;
Their bliſs the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, *three-ſcore*.
The fatal ſequel I, through ſhame, forbear:
Of pride and *avarice* who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd, bring ſincere delights;
But fools create themſelves new appetites:
Fancy and pride ſeek things at vaſt expenſe,
Which reliſh not to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
When *ſurfeit*, or *unthankfulneſs*, deſtroys,
In *nature's* narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,

In *fancy's* airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.
Lemira's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always ſo:
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night:
"I've known my lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in June:
"And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight park is ſovereign for a *cold:*
"With *colics*, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigeſtions*, ſupper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Muſt women have a *doctor*, or a *dance?*
Though ſick to death, *abroad* they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home:*
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill.*
Alas, my heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
"Late ſitting-up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? "Becauſe 'twas *night.*"
Did ſhe then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
"No, all alone, her *prayers* ſhe rather choſe;
"Than be that *wretch* to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes with the *faſhionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body's wiſe.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five.*
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *black;* and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted laſs;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet Laura's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe us *leſs.*
To deck the female cheek, he only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the *lily* and the *roſe.*
How gay *they* ſmile! ſuch bleſſings *nature* pours,
O'erſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flowers, and ſpreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſert trace,
And *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?

But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chooſe.
Such Fulvia's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite;
Where ſilver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels' abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.
Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way; [ſtray;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we
Stiff oppoſition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choke our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.
O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offſpring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace:*
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and inſure the *next;*
There too the muſes ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian Eaſtbury! I owe to thee.
There ſport the muſes; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are ſaid to ceaſe.
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On Durfey's poeſy, and Bunyan's proſe:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, though ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs:
Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
"Well, ſure, we were ſo happy *yeſterday!*
"And then that charming party for *to-morrow!*"
Though, well ſhe knows, 'twill languiſh into ſorrow:
But ſhe dares never boaſt the *preſent* hour;
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For ſuch is or our weakneſs, or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is *our own.*
Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like *quickſilver*, is *bright* and *coy;*
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill;

* *Lap dog.*

If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?
As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle (says Strephon) makes thee weep?
"Ah, barbarous man! (she cries) how could you
"—sleep?"
Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste!*
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal love let man then never swear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair*;
Nor praise, nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the *will*.
There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phyllis demands eternal love at *least*.
Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my *all*, my *mistress*, and my *friend!*
What day next week th' *eternity* shall *end?*
Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love*;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a *box* the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance:
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To —— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The modes she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress?*
But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
And *gratis* clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *fine-cure:*
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet;*
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.
What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *sew* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O! how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee;*
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower!*
The *young* and *gay* declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise:*
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it *promises*—and *pays*.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more* is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now; anon* we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *sun;*
And yet in female scales a fop out-weighs,
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.
The *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;

She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the Alps—that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
My fan! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconic* ſtyle;
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather *ſees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help, oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather *ſtarve*:
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf! ah cruel fate!
That Roſalinda can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) againſt the *poiſon* of their eyes.
Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame?
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name*.
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhows a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to ſwear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the the Chriſtian ſyſtem, is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady?* pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men*.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind.
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern *taſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
But adoration! give me ſomething *more*,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threeſcore*:
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O! how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks through ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his ſpade the *ſexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd *ſprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but *herſelf* is old.
Her grizzled locks aſſume a *ſmirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll aſk her *bleſſing*, but can't aſk her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herſelf) at *ninety-nine*.
O! how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent Portia! *Her* gray hairs *engage*;
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* ſhine.
That, and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
Till, naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid;
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.
If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe:

Then please the *Best*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *simple* manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *show* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst:
To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire;
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promise bliss *to come*.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable
THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

"Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem." HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."—
I know her not.—"Your reason's somewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
"Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
"Then steal great names, to shield them from the town:
"Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
"To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:
"Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.
"Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
"When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.
Lavinia is *polite*, but not *profane*;
To church as constant as to Drury-lane.
She decently, *in form*, pays heaven its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed.
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to *speak*;
Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny.
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.
Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reserve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh,
"Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
"Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian bard,
"Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear;"
First *make your will*, and then *converse* with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence;
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight;
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*;
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad*.
Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.
Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.
Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint:
Her soul superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.
Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs; [ers.
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant pray-
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
The rude *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

* *Shakspeare.*

If Tullia had been bleſt with *half* her ſenſe,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But ſince ſhe can make *error* ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accompliſhments undone:
With ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modeſty*:
Let man *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.
For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
To make themſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
Leſbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain ſhe's *proud* of ſecret innocence;
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
Mira endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign, but on her huſband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"How charming this!"—The pleaſure laſted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and ſtrong:
At laſt he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in ſtore!
How tedious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more!
She tries a thouſand arts; but none ſucceed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure—*indeed*;
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her huſband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.
Anxious Melania riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulouſly ſhrill.
"You went laſt night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it falſe. "Not go! that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *ſame*.
Her lover muſt be *ſad*, to pleaſe her ſpleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breaſt,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the reſt;
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.
And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair:
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe'd ſtare?
How would Melania be ſurpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the caſe is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* becauſe the ſoul is *ſeen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace: [*bear*;
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can
Some, none *reſiſt* though not exceeding fair.
Arpaſia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be *tir'd* by her own excellence.

"Folks are ſo awkward! things ſo unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's ſhock'd where'er ſhe goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heaven by its favour has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe *can't* be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, though blooming in thy ſpring?
Thou *ſhining, frail, ador'd*, and *wretched* thing;
Old age *will* come; diſeaſe *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may ſoon decay:
But grant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes;
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the ſoul let virtues ſhine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.
Julia's a manager; ſhe's born for rule;
And knows her *wiſer* huſband is a *fool*;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But, if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her *own* breakfaſt ſhe'll *project a ſcheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
Preſides o'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign;
By nature born to *ſoothe*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a ſhare of folly lies:
Why will they be ſo *weak* as to be *wiſe*?
Syrena is for ever in extremes.
And *with a vengeance* ſhe commends, or blames,
Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her *judgment* juſt, her *ſentence* is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe's right, ſhe's ever in the wrong.
Brunetta's wiſe in actions, great, and rare:
But ſcorns on *trifles* to beſtow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Becauſe th' occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it ſmall appear;
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.
Go breakfaſt with Alicia, there you'll ſee,
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree:
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs, is aſide.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by queen Beſs's maidens might be miſt;
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female *fiſt*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For Harvey, the firſt *wit* ſhe cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the firſt *toaſt*, for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female ſleven* is an odious ſight.

Fair Iſabella is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear ſelf* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe'll ſay,
" Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown;
Our *own* as ſurely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
Whom praiſe we *moſt?* the virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches whom in ſecret we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rivals rais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;
And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all:*
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.
But Clio thus: " What! railing without end?
" Mean taſk! how much more generous to com-
" mend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *inſtructor*, and *example* too.
" Daphnis," ſays Clio, " has a charming eye:
" What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
" Aſpaſia's ſhape indeed—But then her air—
" The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
" Almeria's wit has ſomething that's divine;
" And wit's enough—how few in all things ſhine!
" Selina ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
" Who was it ſaid Selina's near threeſcore?
" At Lucia's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
" The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
" His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
" In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
" But then—ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, Hortenſia ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to paſs?—She dy'd laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
Indeed *that's* needleſs, if *ſuch praiſe* prevail.
And whence ſuch praiſe? our virulence is thrown
On *other's* fame, through fondneſs for our *own*.
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns?*
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the verieſt *cit;*
And quite as much deteſted as a *wit*.

Can gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom*, from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
That happineſs which great ones often ſee.
With rage and wonder, in a low degree:
Themſelves unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate;*
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy would be due to large expenſe.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lie!*
A *decent competence* we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*.
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;
To *ſee* their treaſures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
Through *ſecret* ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.
But ſatire is my taſk; and theſe deſtroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, Germain:
But our *invectives* muſt deſpair ſucceſs;
For, next to *praiſe*, ſhe values nothing leſs.
What picture's yonder, looſen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Aſturia, that affected dame?
The brighteſt forms, through *affectation*, fade
To ſtrange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is ſeen
What you, who *labour* at perfection mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you *muſt* pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine:
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *love of fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What *ſhades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,

And I recommend the more to mortal taste;
Scandal's the sweetner of a *female* feast.
But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting naiads call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie!
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who fuck'd the poison from her husband's wound.
Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy severer rage,
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives;*
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no foul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?
What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see!
And misses, *ancient* in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, such profuse expence;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times;
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell;*
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listen less to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare; since nature's birth,
Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own,
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in town.
O, how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with shame at thought of being *good!*
For what will Artimis the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a satire, who defy the skies.
Atheists are few: most nymphs a godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From Atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady's* soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose—
Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose,
The *pure!* the *just!* and set up in his stead
A deity that's perfectly *well bred*.
" Dear Tillotson! be sure the best of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen;
" Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
" Poor Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
" Let priests do something for their one in ten;
" It is their *trade;* so far they're honest men.
" Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
" And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black;*
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *unfith'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:*
" Did ever mortal write like a Rochefoucault?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face?*
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She then that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrille has * murder'd sleep.
" Poor K—p! cries Livia! I have not been there
" These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.

* *Shakspeare.*

Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
I less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gay assembly's gaye'r room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contrived* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills:
Inweighs at Heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal* and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see (strange sight!), amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to Heaven alone.
See her eyes start: cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckoll'd by *spadille*:
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O! scene of horror, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich Atrides splendid heir,
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?
What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my lady *play'd*.
But wanders not my satire from her theme!
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
'Twas first a *vain devotion* to the *made*;
Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honour of our times,
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.
If sin you must, take nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse to soothe your pride:
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient power!
Can nothing *ravish*, but a *golden shower*?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize;
Must Cupid learn to *punt*, e'er he can *please*?
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste*?
Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the *marry'd*?—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—*mate*.
Flavia, at lovers false, *wetouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *zeal* delights inspire the fair;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed:
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the *sole*.
The charm begins! to yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*!
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
She smil'd, *indefirous* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.
Thus * the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

"Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus."
VIRG.

On this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known;
To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.

* *Milton.*

How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse!) who bolder phrenzy choose;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd *hosts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What wasted *countries!* and what crimson *seas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero like, can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.

When, after battle, I the field have seen [men;
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were
A *nation* crush'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!

How guilty these! yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way:
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait: and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Versus is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport;
And even denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.

The love of fame in its *effects* survey'd,
The muse has sung! he now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest:
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence Gi'don rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;

And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollia *might* have been.
Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into *coxcombs* burniſhes our *fools*;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride ſways the ſoul?
(For, though in all not equally, ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my ſtrains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* uſher'd it to light.
Ambition in the *truly noble mind*,
With ſiſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt* and *ſhame*, by her laſt conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her *love of fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The God and mortal in the comic ſcene *.
Falſe Julius, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No maſk in *baſeſt minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears:
All I have ſung are inſtances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye *vain!* deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the *falſe* ſublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* vindicates, and *wiſdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate;
Our *purpoſe* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where public *bleſſings* public *praiſe* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'ſt thou be *fam'd?* Have thoſe high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though *ſcandal* ſhould enſue.
Behold a prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *fame*:
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and *noiſe* are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *ſudden* foe to ſplendor and applauſe;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.
From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the Rhone and ſounding Po; there ſhine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.
In Brunſwick ſuch a ſource the muſe adores,
Which public bleſſings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with ſuch a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd ſatire into praiſe.
Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves* *.
Ev'n ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.
Thus, *nature's ſelf*, ſupporting *man's* decree,
Styles Britain's ſovereign, ſovereign of the *ſea*.
While *ſea* and *air*, great Brunſwick! ſhook our ſtate,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd by fear
Of *ever* loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus ſlept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long ſince inur'd to wake,
And out-watch every ſtar for Brunſwick's ſake;
By thwarting paſſions toſs'd, by cares oppreſt,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart deſpel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raiſe, or huſh, the *civil* ſtorm.

* *Amphitryon.*

* *The king in danger by ſea.*

OCEAN; AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING; AND A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK myſelf obliged to recommend to you a conſideration of the greateſt importance; and I ſhould look upon it as a great happineſs, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could ſee the foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſary a work, as the increaſe and encouragement of our ſeamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the ſervice of their country, as oft as occaſion ſhall require it: A conſideration worthy the repreſentatives of a people great and flouriſhing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the caſe of Greenwich Hoſpital, that care may be taken, by ſome addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable proviſion for the ſupport and maintenance of our ſeamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the ſervice of their country.

[SPEECH, *Jan.* 27. 1727-8.]

TO THE KING.

OLD Ocean's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly-Britiſh theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's king.

To gods and kings,
The poet ſings;
To kings and gods the muſe is dear;
The muſe inſpires
With all her fires;
Begin, my ſoul! thy bold career.

From awful ſtate,
From high debate,
From morning-ſplendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd
From plans of bleſſings and renown;

Great monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
othee I ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
With proud deſign
In verſe to ſhine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

The Roman ode
Majeſtic flow'd;
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſtrong;
In ſenſe, and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a northern iſle;
Late time ſhall know
The north can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to ſmile.

The work is done!
The diſtant ſun
His ſmile ſupplies! exalts my voice!
Through earth's wide bound
Shall George reſound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

Since then the main
Sublimes my ſtrain,
To whom ſhould I addreſs my ſong?
To whom but thee?
The boundleſs *ſea*,
And grateful muſe to George belong.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail ſubject new!
As Britain's dye,
Reſerv'd by the Pierian maid.

Durſt Homer's muſe,
Or Pindar's, chooſe
To pour the billows on his ſtring?
No, both defraud
The tuneful god;
Scarce more ſublime, when Jove they ſing.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pauſe, and now freſh muſic ſpring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now ſweep,
And fetch the ſound from every ſtring.

Now numbers riſe,
Like virgin's ſighs;
The ſoft Favonians melt away;
As from the north
Now ruſhes forth
A blaſt, that thunders in my lay.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your ſtrokes repeat;
At every ſtroke the work refines!

How muſic charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

Since years will fly,
And pleaſures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life laſts,
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning fate, and fickle chance;

Nor life is long;
But ſoon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid ſhore;
We make, at leaſt,
Of *bad* the *beſt*,
If in life's phantom, fame, we ſoar.

Our ſtrains divide
The laurel's pride;
With thoſe we liſt to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And ſhare the bleſſings which we give.

What hero's praiſe
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
" Juſtice ſincere,
" And courage clear,
" Riſe the two columns of his throne.

" How form'd for ſway!
" Who look, obey;
" They read the monarch in his port.
" Their love and awe
" Supply the law;
" And his own luſtre makes the court;

" But ſhines ſupreme,
" Where heroes flame;
" In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
" By godlike arts
" Enthron'd in hearts,
" Our boſom-lord o'er wills preſides."

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's ſons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded proſpect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As ſteps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with eaſe, aſcend.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in kings.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines, and ſhines *alone*?
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the ſun, 'tis Britain's throne.

Our monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like Britiſh oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

Beneath them lies,
With liſted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While intereſt wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

At his proud foot
The ſea pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence wealth and ſtate,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

How imperfect ſoever my own compoſition may be, yet am I willing to ſpeak a word or two of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to ſhow that I have, at leaſt, ſome idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myſelf poet enough entirely to rely on inſpiration for my ſucceſs in it.

To our having, or not having this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as alſo the modeſty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in ſpeaking of it I ſhall ſhow how it unavoidably comes to paſs, that *bad* poets, that is, poets in general, are eſteemed, and really *are*, the moſt vain, the moſt irritable, and moſt ridiculous ſet of men upon earth. But poetry in its own nature is certainly

" —Non hos quæſitum munus in uſus."
VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *muſt*: and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how ſhort or improper ſoever, will be looked on fondly by him; becauſe it is all pure gains, and more than he promiſed to himſelf; and becauſe he has no teſt, or ſtandard in his judgment, with which to chaſtiſe his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and becauſe more refined, therefore more difficult, and becauſe more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have ſaid, the ſource of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity conſequentially flows that great ſenſibility of diſreſpect, that quick reſentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every ſpark, and juſtly marks them out for the " genus irritabile" among mankind. And from this combuſtible temper, this ſerious anger for no very ſerious things, things looked on by moſt as foreign to the important points of life, as conſequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As ſoon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonſon's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

" —Concordes animæ—dum nocte prementur;
" Heu! quantum inter ſe bellum, ſi lumina vitæ
" Attigerint, quantas acies, ſtragemque ciebunt!
" Qui Juvenes! quantas oſtentant, aſpice, vires.
" Ne, pueri! ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella.
" Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
" Syderio flagrans clypeo, et cœleſtibus armis,
" Projice tela manu, ſanguis meus!
" Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipſe Typhœus
" Arduus, arma tenens; non te Meſſapus et Uſens,
" Contemptorque Deûm Mezentius." VIRG.

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however ſucceſsful he is, will yet be *modeſt*; becauſe to riſe up to that idea, which he propoſed for his model, is almoſt, if not abſolutely, impoſſible.

Theſe two obſervations account for what may ſeem as ſtrange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they ſhow us why good writers have the loweſt, and bad writers the higheſt, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their proportionable degrees of modeſty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good underſtanding makes a tolerably juſt judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worſe, for forming to himſelf a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his peruſal of it.

The ode, as it is the eldeſt kind of poetry, ſo it is more ſpirituous, and more remote from proſe than any other, in ſenſe, ſound, expreſſion, and conduct. Its thoughts ſhould be uncommon, ſublime, and moral; its numbers full, eaſy, and moſt harmonious; its expreſſion pure, ſtrong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other poems; its conduct ſhould be rapturous, ſomewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connection, which gives form and life to *ſome* compoſitions, takes away the very ſoul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and ſelect thought, are indiſpenſable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the moſt pitiful error a pen can commit.

" Muſa dedit Fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum."

And as its ſubjects are ſublime, its writer's genius ſhould be ſo too; otherwiſe it becomes the meaneſt thing in writing, viz. an involuntary burleſque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the ode, a little to ſtartle ſome apprehenſions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to miſtake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taſte in their judgments; and, like perſons of a tender ſight, they look on bright objects, in their natural luſtre, as too glaring; what is moſt delightful to a ſtronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Ariſtotle or Euclid, to ſome critics has appeared as mad; and muſt appear ſo to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine ſpirit. Dwarf-underſtandings, meaſuring others by their own ſtandard, are apt to think they ſee a monſter, when they ſee a man.

And indeed it ſeems to be the amends which nature makes to thoſe whom ſhe has not bleſſed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable miſtake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehenſions and reliſh.

Judgment, indeed, that maſculine power of the mind, in ode, as in all compoſitions, ſhould bear the ſupreme ſway; and a beautiful imagination, as its miſtreſs, ſhould be ſubdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the faireſt offſpring of the human mind.

But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful miſtreſs, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judg-

ment, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the leſs it is ſuſpected of it, it ſhows the more maſterly conduct, and deſerves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It muſt be very enterpriſing; it muſt, in Shakſpeare's ſtyle, have hair-breadth 'ſcapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deſerve the applauſe of the *real* judge, unleſs it renders itſelf obnoxious to the miſapprehenſions of the *contrary*.

Such is Caſimire's ſtrain among the moderns, whoſe lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might juſtly be much admired, if any thing more than the ſweetneſs of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the diſadvantages of a northern proſe tranſlation, is ſtill admirable; and, Cowley ſays, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great maſters of Lyric poetry among Heathen writers. Pindar's muſe, like Sachariſſa, is a ſtately, imperious, and accompliſhed beauty; equally diſdaining the uſe of art, and the fear of any rival; ſo intoxicating that it was the higheſt commendation that could be given an ancient, that he was not afraid to taſte of her charms;

"Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus;"

a danger which Horace delares he durſt not run.

Anacreon's muſe is like Amoret, moſt ſweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms; inſpiring complacency, not awe; and ſhe ſeems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which ſhe cannot *find*.

Sappho's muſe, like Lady ——, is paſſionately tender, and glowing; like oil ſet on fire, ſhe is *ſoft*, and *warm*, in exceſs. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; time has ſwallowed the reſt; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was diſſolved at her banquet, may be eſteemed (as was that jewel) a ſufficient ornament for the goddeſs of beauty her ſelf.

Horace's muſe (like one I ſhall not preſume to name) is correct, ſolid, and moral; ſhe joins all the *former*, in the juſteſt proportions and degrees; ſuperadding a felicity of dreſs entirely her own. She moreover is diſtinguiſhable by this particularity, That ſhe abounds in *hidden* graces, and *ſecret* charms, which none but the diſcerning can diſcover; nor are any capable of doing full juſtice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the ſame time, an inconteſtable proof of refinement in their own underſtandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I muſt add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no compoſition of this kind. Its chief beauty conſiſts in adapting the numbers moſt happily to the variety of the occaſion. Thoſe by which he has choſen to expreſs Majeſty, (viz.)

Aſſumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres,

are choſen in the following Ode, becauſe the ſubject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewiſe, I choſe the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleaſure. Nor can I account for the pleaſure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the writer muſt take care that the difficulty *is* overcome. That is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſtent with as perfect ſenſe, and expreſſion, as could be expected if he was free from that ſhackle. Otherwiſe, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleaſure to the reader, nor, conſequently, reputation to the poet.

To ſum the whole: Ode ſhould be peculiar, but not ſtrained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obſcure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which ſhould be moſt harmonious, without the leaſt ſacrifice of expreſſion, or of ſenſe. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, ſomewhat of an original ſpirit ſhould be, at leaſt, attempted; otherwiſe the poet, whoſe character diſclaims mediocrity, makes a ſecondary praiſe his ultimate ambition; which has ſomething of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the beſt Imitations, as men from the moſt animated pictures of them. Nor is what I ſay at all inconſiſtent with a due deference for the great ſtandards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it; for doubtleſs their example is on my ſide in this matter. And we ſhould rather imitate their example in the general motives and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themſelves. This is a diſtinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a diſtinction of conſequence. For the firſt may make us their equals; the ſecond muſt pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmoſt ſucceſs. But the firſt of theſe prizes is not ſo readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too maſſy for eaſy carriage are not ſo liable to the thief.

The ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their ſubjects; which were generally national and great. My ſubject is, in its own nature, noble; moſt proper for an Engliſhman; never more proper than on this occaſion; and (what is ſtrange) hitherto unſung.

If I ſtand not abſolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the ſpirit of ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "Muſic "alone, ſometimes, makes an excellent ode,"

"Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;"

if there is any thought, enthuſiaſm, and picture, which are as the body, ſoul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope ſmaller faults will meet indulgence for the ſake of the de-

ſign, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be ſaid, in general, that great ſubjects are above being nice; that dignity and ſpirit ever ſuffer from ſcrupulous exactneſs; and that the minuter cares effeminate a compoſition. Great maſters of poetry, painting, and ſtatuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and juſtly; for a truly-maſculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

" Grandis oratio haberet majeſtatis ſuæ pondus."
PETRON.

A poem, like a criminal, under too ſevere correction, may loſe all its ſpirit, and expire. We know it was Faber imus, that was ſuch an artiſt at a hair or a nail. And we know the cauſe was

" Quia ponere totum
" Neſcius." HOR.

To cloſe; If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I muſt own, that thoſe who have ſtrength of mind ſufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *ſeverer* ſtudies, I deſpair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and ſtrengthened by variety; and he that ſometimes is ſporting with his pen, is only taking the moſt effectual means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of hiſtory; from which I could cite very celebrated inſtances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I ſhould condemn myſelf, who am ſo little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

" Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their
" hands." PSAL. xcviii.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of flocks and green!
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
And liſtening pines nod o'er my head:

In proſpect wide,
The boundleſs tide!
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling ſeas
Dance on, in meaſure, to the ſhore.

Who ſings the ſource
Of wealth and force?
Vaſt field of commerce and big war;
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors ſwell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What, none aſpire?
I ſnatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave reſounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my ſong reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conſpire
With voice and ſhell to liſt it high;

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair;
Their verdant treſſes pour behind.
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Britons' ſtrain;
As Tritons' ſtrong, as Syrens' ſweet.

Through nature wide,
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure, or ſurpriſe;
When all ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene!
How dreadful, when the billows riſe.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And huſh'd in peace
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread,
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſeas!
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

When ruſhes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head;

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now, centre-deep deſcend the brave;

Now, toſs'd on high
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the towering wave!

Now, ſpins around
In whirls profound;
Now, whelm'd; now, pendant near the clouds;
Now, ſtunn'd, it reels
Midſt thunder's peals;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the ſhrouds.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends once more the ſeas and ſkies;
No ſpace between
Thy boſom green,
O deep! and the blue concave, lies.

The northern blaſt,
The ſhatter'd maſt,
The ſyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking ſpout,
The ſtars gone out,
The boiling ſtreight, the monſters ſhock.

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Thoſe terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chaſe of honeſt gain or fame.

The ſtars are bright
To cheer the night,
And ſhed, through ſhadows temper'd fire;
And Phœbus flames
With burniſh'd beams,
Which ſome adore, and all admire.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by theſe?
Bright Thetis! thou art not outſhone;
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears them as thy own.

There, ſet in green,
Gold-ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

Thoſe clouds, whoſe dyes
Adorn the ſkies,
That ſilver ſnow, that pearly rain;
Has Phœbus ſtole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

The gaudy bow,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the watery woof was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale luſtre throws;
The wealth immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore.
The tempeſts riſe,
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains
"Ah! cruel thirſt of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

Thou watery waſt
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er?
Thy proudeſt foam
Muſt know its home;
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

Gold pleaſure buys;
But pleaſure dies,
Too ſoon the groſs fruition cloys:
Though raptures court,
The ſenſe is ſhort;
But virtue kindles living joys;

Joys felt alone!
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which time and fortune's arrows miſs;
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Though fates reſiſt,
And unprecarious endleſs bliſs!

The ſoul refin'd
Is moſt inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And virtue is the child of ſenſe.

The virtuous mind
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The ſhaken ball,
Nor planets fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous paſſions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end ſo great,
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the *main*,
Which towering roſe
With George to cloſe,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a grand deſign;

That voice ſhall rear
Yon **fabric fair*,
As nature's roſe at the *divine*.

When nature ſprung,
Bleſt angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly,
Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

From boiſterous ſeas,
The lap of eaſe
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns ſwell! wide gates unfold!

So ſleeps the grain,
In foſtering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove deſcend;
Then burſts the root!
The verdures ſhoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

Here, ſoft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempeſt ſafe aſhore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleaſing ſhadows o'er.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſtening youth to martial rage.

The ſtory done,
Their ſetting ſun,
Serenely ſmiling down the weſt,
In ſoft decay,
They drop away;
And honour leads them to their reſt.

Unhappy they!
And falſely gay!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long enjoyment is diſtreſs.

What charms us moſt,
Our joy, our boaſt,
Familiar, loſes all its gloſs;
And gold refin'd
The fated mind
Faſtidious turns to perfect droſs.

When, after toil,
His native ſoil
The painting mariner regains,
What tranſport flows
From bare repoſe!
We reap our pleaſure from our pains.

Ye warlike ſlain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding ſheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

What powerful charm
Can death diſarm?
Your long, your iron ſlumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

Our joy ſo proud,
Our ſhout ſo loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear:
And ſee, they rouſe!
Their awful brows,
Deep-ſcar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

With ſpiral ſhell,
Full-blaſted, tell
That all your watery realms ſhould ring;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs and Britain's king.

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The Britiſh flag ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's ſtrong growth,
And our bold natives hardy mind;
Sure Heaven beſpoke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a maſter to mankind.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſts fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Our grandeur boaſts,
And Britain's pleaſure ſpeaks aloud.

Now big with war
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now ſumptuous ſpoils
Of foreign ſoils
Pours in the boſom of our land.

Hence Britain lays
In ſcales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as ſhe frowns
Or ſmiles, on crowns
A night or day of glory ſprings.

Thus Ocean ſwells
The ſtreams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or elſe withdraws
The mighty cauſe,
And leaves their famiſh'd channels dry.

How mix'd, how frail,
How ſure to fail,

* *Greenwich.*

Is every pleaſure of mankind!
A damp deſtroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind

For who can gaze
On reſtleſs ſeas,
Unſtruck with life's more reſtleſs ſtate?
Where all are toſs'd,
And moſt are loſt,
By tides of paſſion, blaſts of fate?

The world's the main,
How vex'd! how vain!
Ambition ſwells, and anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiſeleſs ſhore, unruffled homes!

The public ſcene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me to deſpiſe!
The world few know,
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience riſe.

All tender ſenſe
Is baniſh'd thence,
All maiden nature's firſt alarms
What ſhock'd before
Diſguſts no more,
And what diſguſted has its charms.

In landſcapes green
True bliſs is ſeen,
With innocence, in ſhades, ſhe ſports;
In wealthy towns
Proud labour frowns,
And painted ſorrow ſmiles in courts.

Theſe ſcenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To fortune's arrows bar'd my breaſt,
Till wiſdom came;
A hoary dame!
And told me pleaſure was in reſt.

" O may I ſteal
" Along the vale
" Of humble life, ſecure from foes!
" My friend ſincere,
" My judgment clear,
" And gentle buſineſs my repoſe.

" My mind be ſtrong
" To combat wrong!
" Grateful, O King! for favours ſhown!
" Soft to complain
" For others' pain,
" And bold to triumph o'er my own!

" (When Fortune's kind)
" Acute to find,
" And warm to reliſh every boon,
" And wiſe to ſtill
" Fantaſtic ill,
" Whoſe frightful ſpectres ſtalk at noon.

" No fruitleſs toils,
" No brainleſs broils,
" Each moment levell'd at the mark!
" Our day ſo ſhort
" Invites no ſport;
" Be ſad and ſolemn when 'tis dark.

" Yet prudence ſtill
" Rein thou my will!
" What's moſt important make moſt dear!
" For 'tis in this
" Reſides true bliſs;
" True bliſs, a deity ſevere!

" When temper leans
" To gayer ſcenes,
" And ſerious life void moments ſpares,
" The ſylvan chace
" My ſinews brace!
" Or ſong unbend my mind from cares!

" Nor ſhun, my ſoul!
" The genial bowl,
" Where mirth, good-nature, ſpirit, flow!
" Ingredients theſe
" Above to pleaſe
" The laughing gods, the wiſe below.

" Though rich the vine,
" More wit than wine,
" More ſenſe than wit, good-will than art,
" May I provide!
" Fair truth, my pride!
" My joy, the converſe of the heart!

" The gloomy brow
" The broken vow,
" To diſtant climes, ye gods, remove!
" The nobly-ſoul'd
" Their commerce hold
" With words of truth, and looks of love!

" O glorious aim!
" O wealth ſupreme!
" Divine benevolence of ſoul!
" That greatly glows,
" And freely flows,
" And in one bleſſing graſps the whole!

" Prophetic ſchemes,
" And golden dreams,
" May I unſanguine caſt away!
" Have what I have,
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the preſent day!

" My hours my own,
" My faults unknown,
" My chief revenue in content!
" Then leave one beam
" Of honeſt fame,
" And ſcorn the labour'd monument!

" Unhurt my urn,
" Till that great turn
" When mighty nature's ſelf ſhall die;
" Time ceaſe to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sunk in the ocean of eternity."

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS LORD PARKER, BARON OF MACCLESFIELD,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN, &c. &c.

My Lord,

Though I have not the honour of being known to your Lordſhip, I preſume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themſelves in poſſeſſion of, as being the only method they have of making their way to perſons of your Lordſhip's high ſtation, without ſtruggling through multitudes for acceſs. I may poſſibly fail in my reſpect to your Lordſhip, even while I endeavour to ſhow it moſt; but if I err, it is becauſe I imagined I ought not to make my firſt approach to one of your Lordſhip's exalted character with leſs ceremony than that of a dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to ſuffer more from the malice of its enemies than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjuſt that your Lordſhip ſhould hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you poſſeſs all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occaſion to celebrate thoſe ſublime qualities, of which a whole nation is ſenſible, were it not inconſiſtent with the deſign of my preſent application. By the juſt diſcharge of your great employments, your Lordſhip may well deſerve the prayers of the diſtreſſed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your Royal Maſter. This indeed is a reaſon why every good Briton ſhould applaud your Lordſhip; but it is equally a reaſon why none ſhould diſturb you in the execution of your important affairs by works of fancy and amuſement. I was therefore induced to make this addreſs to your Lordſhip, by conſidering you rather in the amiable light of a perſon diſtinguiſhed for a refined taſte of the polite arts, and the candour that uſually attends it, than in the dignity of your public character.

The greatneſs and ſolemnity of the ſubjects treated of in the following work, cannot fail in ſome meaſure to recommend it to a perſon who holds in the utmoſt veneration thoſe ſacred books from which it is taken; and would at the ſame time juſtify to the world my choice of the great name prefixed to it, could I be aſſured that the undertaking had not ſuffered in my hands. Thus much I think myſelf obliged to ſay, that if this little performance had not been very indulgently ſpoken of by ſome, whoſe judgment is univerſally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your Lordſhip. I am ſenſible that I am endeavouring to excuſe one vanity by another; but I hope I ſhall meet with pardon for it, ſince it is viſibly intended to ſhow the great ſubmiſſion and reſpect with which I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant,

Edward Young.

Thrice happy Job long liv'd in regal ſtate,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous eaſt a prince ſo great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills ſucceed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The ſword wide-waſting, the reproachful tongue,
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more!
A change ſo ſad what mortal here could bear?
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he preſt,
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his breaſt.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;

In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of reverence to their distress so great!
Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensued.—When, lo! heaven interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
(They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke:
Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the world's Creator what is just?
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious *earth?*
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hosannahs rung,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's numerous *kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a bason for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
"Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
"And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."
Hast thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whose worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light?* In what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when thou was by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!
Are mists begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost?*
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desart spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?
Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow;
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.
To check the shower, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruffet plains;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
Hast thou e'er seal'd my wintery skies, and seen
Of *hail* and *snows* my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms at my command
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.
Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nation, and denounce, from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *ſtars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupply their force? 140
Canſt thou the ſkies benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain;
Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.
Doſt thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn; 150
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?
Who did the *ſoul* with her rich powers inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night? 160
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
What then, Chaldean ſire, was thy ſurpriſe!
Thus thou, with trembling heart and down-caſt eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
"My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
"And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke. 170
Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake; 180
Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When this is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſtand,
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.
Fond man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
What worlds haſt thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd? 190
When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who in the ſtupid oſtrich has ſubdued
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky: 200
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed,
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.
How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day; 210
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the hawk to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind;
The ſun returning, ſhe returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
Though ſtrong the hawk, though practis'd well to fly,
An eagle drops her in a lower ſky; 220
An eagle, when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift,
So high in air, and ſet her on the cliff,
Where far above *thy* world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey,
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey? [o'er
She feaſts her young with blood; and, hovering
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* gore. 230
Know'ſt thou how many moons, by me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain goat, and foreſt hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade;
And find a home in each delightful ſhade. 240
Will th' tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.
Didſt thou from ſervice the wild-aſs diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large, 250
Through the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threatening driver, and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike horſe! didſt thou inveſt
With thunder his robuſt diſtended creſt? 260

No fenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart, advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly lion ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw.
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
Now ſhrieks and dying groans the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.
Mild is my Behemoth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and ſhut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic and his armed jaw
Give the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire,
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again.

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:
With ſlender hair Leviathan command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might:
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on me, among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand valleys fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills:
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own;
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And dar'ſt thou with the world's great Father vie,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my large Leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wondrous ſize.
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale!
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
And, marſhall'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great ſuperior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
Large is his front; and when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.
In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence deſies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His paſtimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.

His *like* earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes every ſwoll'n, diſdainful heart, ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.

Then the Chaldean eas'd his labouring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
" Thou canſt accompliſh all things, Lord of Might:
" And every thought is naked to thy ſight.
" But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
" Oft have I heard of thine almighty power;
" But never ſaw thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of Life I ſee,
" Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to thee.
" Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt thine anger more:
" Man is not made to *queſtion*, but *adore*."

NOTES ON THE PARAPHRASE.

Book of Job.] It is diſputed amongſt the critics who was the author of the Book of Job; ſome give it to Moſes, ſome to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, ſome arguments occurred to me which favour the former of thoſe opinions; and becauſe I do not find them mentioned by any one elſe, I have flung them into the following notes, where little elſe is to be expected.

Ver. 1.] The Almighty's ſpeech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphraſe in this little work, is by much the fineſt part of the nobleſt and moſt ancient poem in the world. Biſhop Patrick ſays, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whiſper. In order to ſet this diſtinguiſh'd part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and ſubſequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; ſo that this piece is a ſort of epitome of the whole Book of Job.

I uſe the word *paraphraſe*, becauſe I want another which might better anſwer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and tranſpoſed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *ſun*, and other parts, are entirely added: thoſe upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more ſuitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myſelf, find the reaſons for the great liberties I have indulged myſelf in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which ſhows that they contribute much to the ſublime. This ſpeech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogations ſeems, indeed, the proper ſtyle of majeſty incenſed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a perſon execute himſelf, does from a common execution; for he that aſks the guilty a proper queſtion, makes him, in effect, paſs ſentence on himſelf.

Ver. 41.] The Book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after-practice of the Greek ſtage, when there happened "dignus vindice no-" dus"), is fictitious; but is fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any ſince. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. chap. xix. Ezek. chap. i. &c. Hence is he ſaid to "dwell in thick darkneſs: and have his way in the "whirlwind."

Ver. 69.] There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of "Let there be light," &c. ſo much only, as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moſes is author of the Book of Job.

Ver. 191.] Another argument that Moſes was the author is, that moſt of the creatures here are Egyptian. The reaſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω, à κόραξ, Ælian, l. ii. c. 48, is "to aſk earneſtly." And ſince there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecies, thoſe probably are meant in that place.

Ver. 195.] There are many inſtances of this bird's ſtupidity: let two ſuffice. *Firſt*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of ſight:

" Stat lumine clauſo
" Rideñdum revoluta caput, creditque latere
" Quæ non ipſa videt." CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them, draw the ſkin of an oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that Heliogabulus had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve, that our judicious, as well as ſublime author, juſt touches the great points of diſtinction in each creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcribed. A *likeneſs* is loſt in too much deſcription, as a *meaning* often in too much illuſtration.

Ver 205.] Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

" Vaſta velut Libyæ venantûm vocibus ales
" Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
" Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
" Pulverulenta volat." CLAUD. in Eutr.

Ver. 206.] Xenophou ſays, Cyrus had horſes that could overtake the goat and the wild aſs; but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

Ver. 207.] Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there ſhut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun, is true: " Expandit colores adverſo maximè ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant." PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

Ver. 219.] Thuanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its ſwiftneſs, made it their ſymbol for the wind; for which reaſon we may ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow *above-mentioned*, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Ver. 227.] The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that when ſhe is ſo high in air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creature he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a naturaliſt as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

Ver. 231.] The meaning of this queſtion is, Knoweſt thou the *time* and *circumſtances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. Pliny obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called ſeſelis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect. Pſ. xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things, may ſtyle our author a naturaliſt.

Ver. 259.] The deſcription of the horſe is the moſt celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critic on it in the *Guardian*. I ſhall therefore only obſerve, that in this deſcription, as in other parts of this ſpeech, our *vulgar tranſlation* has much more ſpirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the moſt poetic and exalted ſenſe, ſo that moſt commentators, even on the Hebrew itſelf, fall beneath it.

Ver. 289.] Purſuing their prey by night, is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion. Pſ. cvi. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which ſignifies " the hunter by " moon-ſhine."

Ver. 322.]
" Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuetos anhelam
" Ferre ſitim Pythen, amnemque avertere pon-
" to." STAT. Theb. v. 349.

" Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
" Flumina," &c. CLAUD. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole ſeem too much for an eaſtern poet, though ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard in this place for a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

Ver. 323.] The taking of the crocodile is moſt difficult. Diodorus ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Auguſtus conquered Egypt, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, " Nemo antea religavit."

Ver. 339.] This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when ſated with fiſh, to come aſhore and ſleep among the reeds.

Ver. 353.] The crocodile's mouth is exceedingly wide. When he gapes, ſays Pliny, " ſit totum os." Martial ſays to his old woman,

" Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
" Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta."

ſo that the expreſſion here is barely juſt.

Ver. 364.] This too is nearer truth than that at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets venture to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him:

" Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ig-
" nem."

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

Ver. 377.] " His eyes are like the eye-lids of " the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians ſtole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator I have ſeen mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the Egyptians ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moſes, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already, that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are Egyptian; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo; they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moſes, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largeſt works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is ſo natural an expectation, that ſome commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and the whale, though the deſcriptions in our author will not admit of it: but Moſes being, as we may well ſuppoſe, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily miſchiefs and ravages around him; it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

ON DR. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION OF PART OF JOB.

By Dr. Cobden.

THE poem, which originally great,
Had long ſuſtain'd poor Job's unhappy fate,
Fallen from its grandeur, clad in mean array,
And in the duſt of proſe inglorious lay;
Like him now ſhines, with former greatneſs bleſt,
And in its native majeſty confeſs'd.

MICELLANIES.

ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Who is ſaid to have ſtabbed a Perſon that he might draw it more naturally *.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring artiſt cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouſe up every pang repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we ſee is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
How will poſterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Soul's Coll. Oxon.

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY.

AN *Epilogue*, through cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' ſhade;
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus may behold.
Perſeus ſurviv'd indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome ſwift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart,
When, robb'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So ſad the ſcene! what then muſt Perſeus feel,
To ſee Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:
To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe,
From ſuch a ſource!—An emperor's embrace!
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and, what is worſe,
He well *deſerv'd* and *felt*, the coward's curſe;
Unpity'd, ſcorn'd, inſulted his laſt hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vaſſal's power:
His pale cheek reſted on his ſhameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſoothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling ſhares his fate:
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations aſk—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime purſue,
So public bleſſings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, ſhout—auſpicious fortune bleſs!
And cry, Long live—*Our title to ſucceſs!*

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK *,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1740.

WHILST Britain boaſts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble ſhall compel the brave to weep:

* *Though the report was propagated without the leaſt truth, it may be ſufficient ground to juſtify a poetical fancy's enlarging on it.*

* *Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eight ſon of the Duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the ſons of King*

As men, as Britons, and as ſoldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntleſs, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his ſoul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inſpires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
And Spain ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no more.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

If fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honeſt man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deſerves the greateſt.
An example
Which ſhone through all the clouds of fortune,
Induſtrious in low eſtate,
The leſſon and reproach of thoſe above him.
To lay this little ſtone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The poliſh'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL.

Occaſioned by the Death of the Right Honourable Joſeph Addiſon, Eſq. 1719.

" --- Tu nunc eris alter ab illo." VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
Fair Iſis' ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
Loſt from her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to ſing:
A darling theme! once powerful to inſpire,
And now to melt, the muſes' mourniful choir:
Now, and now firſt, we freely dare commend
His modeſt worth, nor ſhall our praiſe offend.
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And raviſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
See, ſee, ſhe cry'd, old Maro's muſe appears,
Wak'd from her ſlumber of two thouſand years;

Her finiſh'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers ſings
All read tranſported his pure claſſic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.
The ſtate, when now his riſing fame was known,
Th' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one, for ſcenes of action ſtrong,
Should let a life evaporate in ſong.
As health and ſtrength the brighteſt charms diſpenſe,
Wit is the bloſſom of the ſoundeſt ſenſe:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inſpir'd,
With quickneſs pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conſcious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themſelves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they eſteem a gay but worthleſs power,
The ſlight amuſement of a leiſure hour;
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majeſtic wiſdom wears the bright diſguiſe.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly ſhe toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greateſt excellence of thought could boaſt,
In action, too, have been diſtinguiſh'd moſt:
This Sommers knew, and Addiſon ſent forth
From the malignant regions of the north,
To be matur'd in more indulgent ſkies,
Where all the vigour of the ſoul can riſe;
Through warmer veins where ſprightlier ſpirits run,
And ſenſe enliven'd ſparkles in the ſun.
With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave,
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.
Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wondering gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſs'd,
To ſee her fervours rivall'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurpriſe was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.
Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the muſe is fond to name,
And kindles, conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright!
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhows th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpris'd, her fruitful branches ſee;
Or, orange-like, till his auſpicious time
It grew indeed, but ſhiver'd in our clime:

Charles the Second. He was born in the year 1711; *and, being regularly bred to the ſea ſervice, in* 1731 *he was appointed to the command of his majeſty's ſhip the Ludlow Caſtle; and he commanded the Prince Frederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthagena, March* 24, 1741. *This young nobleman was one of the moſt promiſing commanders in the king's ſervice. When on the deſperate attack of the caſtle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the ſaid harbour, he loſt his life, both his legs being firſt ſhot off. The proſe part of the Inſcription on his monument, was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones of Oxford; who alſo wrote a poem on his death, printed in her Miſcellanies,* 8vo, 1752.

He firſt the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her uſe.
When looſe from public cares the grove he ſought,
And fill'd the leiſure interval with thought,
The various labours of his eaſy page,
A chance amuſement, poliſh'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could ſcarce invent,
Who durſt to frame a world by accident.
What he has ſung, how early, and how well,
The Thames ſhall boaſt, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more ſublime remains in ſtore,
Since ſuch his talents, that he ſung no more.
No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
Making the ſea, than curbing her proud wave.
Nought can the genius of his works tranſcend,
But their fair purpoſe and important end;
To rouſe the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To ſteel the patriot in great Brunſwick's cauſe;
With virtue's charms to kindle ſacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliſs above.
Where had'ſt thou room, great Author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal ſoul? [brought
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs ſo ſtrong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal eſſence think ſo well?"
But why ſo large in the great writer's praiſe?
More lofty ſubjects ſhould my numbers raiſe;
In him (illuſtrious rivalry) contend
The ſtateſman, patriot, Chriſtian, and the friend!
His glory ſuch, it borders on diſgrace
To ſay he ſung the beſt of human race.
In joy once join'd, in ſorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verſe, thy mournful due;
Thou farther ſhalt the ſacred theme purſue;
And, as thy ſtrain deſcribes the matchleſs man,
Thy life ſhall ſecond what thy muſe began.
Though ſweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who ſtrives not for that excellence he draws,
Is ſtain'd by fame, and ſuffers from applauſe.
But haſte to thy illuſtrious taſk; prepare
The noble work well truſted to thy care,
* The gift bequeath'd by Addiſon's command,
To Craggs made ſacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The ſcatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him ſo true, ſo truly lov'd,
In life diſtinguiſh'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
In generous anguiſh o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleaſure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal ſuſpend?
Think not, O patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Thoſe cares ſuſpended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country ſhown;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addiſon.

* *The publication of his works.*

REFLECTIONS

ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

ADDRESSED TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1745.

Holles! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than power.
Great things are ſmall when greater riſe to view.
Though ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public cares,
Diſdain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong,
Which peradventure may puſh by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counſels leſs mature!
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine abſent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatneſs prove its title to be great.
'Tis power's ſupreme prerogative to ſtamp
On other's minds an image of its own.
Bend the ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem
The ſtream that ſweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'ſt give life to virtue's cauſe;

Let not the ties of perſonal regard
Betray the nation's truſt to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our ſtreets with blaſphemies reſound,
Nor lewdneſs whiſper where the laws can reach:
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom of our ſires,
Turn ſatires on their ſunk degenerate ſons,
The baſtards of their blood! and ſerve no point
But, with more emphaſis to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine ſupport.
Such deeds the miniſter, the prince, adorn;
No power is ſhown but in ſuch deeds as theſe:
All, all is impotence but acting right; [power?
And where's the ſtateſman but would ſhow his
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy ſecond care
To grace thy country, and ſupport the throne:
Though this ſupported, that adorn'd ſo well,
A throne ſuperior our firſt homage claims;
To Cæſar's Cæſar our firſt tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes ſpecious wrong
And ſplendid ſacrilege of all beſide:
Illuſtrious followers; we muſt firſt be juſt;
And what ſo juſt as awe for the Supreme?
Leſs fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Leſs Loyola's diſguis'd, all aping ſons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
You ſavage mountaineers are tame to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters ſend forth the laws,
And break to reaſon's yoke their wild carcers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though ſome ſeem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and intereſts
ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coloſſus, towering ſtands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though ſuch high cares ſhould call as call'd of late;
The cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjuſt
The rival intereſts and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for ever;
Sublimeſt theme; and needful as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!)
Thus every ſtateſman thought that ever—*dy'd.*
There's inſpiration in a fable hour,
And death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His graſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Aſſiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more,
On what, then, ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt right to judge; then chooſe; then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.—
Theſe, theſe are politics will ſtand the teſt,
When finer politics their maſters ſting,
And ſtateſmen fain would ſhrink to common men.
Theſe, theſe are politics will anſwer now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſmen ſwell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme,
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Cloſe-leagued with an invincible ally,
Which honeſt counſels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this,
A parliament, ſo principled, will ſink
All ancient ſchools of empire in diſgrace,
And Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud fame's ſuperior ſong.
Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!---there's noble magic in the ſound.
O what illuſtrious images ariſe!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By ſea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our father's brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial ſpoils!
Ye ſcenes!---aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
Let me, at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vaniſh? Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay.
Strangers!---I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulſe: the noble pulſe of war
Beats to that ancient meaſure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes ſlain.
No more our great forefathers ſtain our cheeks
With bluſhes; their renown our ſhame no more.
In military garb, and ſudden arms,
Up ſtarts Old Britain; croſiers are laid by;
Trade wields the ſword, and agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
And leſs like gods fit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends,
With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix diſplay'd
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they
ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the reateſt ſaints

Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themſelves with earth content:
What modeſty!---ſuch virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe hearts from hell!
And ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting, [ſcrap'd
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
One that has ſuck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, liberty, and truth?
Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain ſtill:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!
Nature's anointed empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant ſource
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ſet high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
From which eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair! [awe!
This ſmall iſle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with
Which ſays to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, not farther!"---Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our anceſtors' great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-Britiſh deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiouſly profan'd,
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle,
Cut from the continent, that world of ſlaves;
This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
In a receſs from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard;
And dedicated, long, to liberty, [life!
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom, of civil
This temple of ſtill more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew truth's heavenly ſtamp,
And (riſing both in luſtre and in weight)
With her bleſs'd maſter's unmaim'd image ſhine;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword,
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, Albion's crimes?
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes?
Where are her foes moſt fatal? Bluſhing truth,
"In her friends' vices,"---with a ſigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unſhaken ſtands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If heaven reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?---Aid their aim,
But be the revolution---in our hearts! [hark,
Would'ſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and every future ſtorm?
Give it that baleſt which alone has weight
With him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt:
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength;
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.
Aſk you, "What mean I?"---The moſt obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd, diſarm'd
Of aid from him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from him by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom---
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakneſs ſoils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heaven commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not ſtrong is human ſtrength;
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of heaven."
O Britain! often reſcued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace!
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow,
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy truſt repoſe in a far ſtronger guard;
In him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could ſtrengthen; ruin'd, could reſtore.
How oft, to tell what arm defends thine iſle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds ſnatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war deſpair'd?
How oft has providential ſuccour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt;
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?

But wherefore aſk we, when a true reply [events
Would ſhock too much? Kind heaven! avert
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been
wav'd
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm.
"That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous thought!
Or pious coward's pulpit-cuſhion'd dream;
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays reaſon eagle-eyed?
Nay, what ſays common ſenſe, with common care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
" Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
" From politics, to build the public peace,
" The baſis is the manners of the land.
" When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
" But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
" With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
" The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
" The ſcent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
" The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them
back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
" Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
" Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
" Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
" Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In ranks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil preſſes, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong
To duty, double duty, are the great!
And are there Samſons that can burſt them all?
Yes; and great minds that ſtand in need of none,
Whoſe pulſe beats virtues, and whoſe generous
blood
Aids mental motives to puſh on renown,
In emulation of their glorious ſires,
From whom rolls down the conſecrated ſtream.
Some ſow good ſeeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some curſed tares, like Satan in the text:
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothic hero * riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable from lower ſtill)
A foe who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
And blood illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſeys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror through the
breaſt,
Through every generous breaſt where honour
reigns,
Through every breaſt where honour claims a ſhare!
Yes, and through every breaſt of honour void!
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire
To fight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of time
Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deify'd by half mankind,
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook,
Thoſe names ador'd, a nuiſance! or forget!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye,
But nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixt, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand or fall by the decree.
What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpris'd?—Yet why ſur-
priſ'd?—
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given!
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the north,
While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event,
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is, now, conteſted by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By fate's own iron pen I ſaw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

" Ye ſtates! and empires! nor of empires leaſt,
" Though leaſt in ſize; hear, Britain! thou whoſe
" Whoſe final lot is in the balance laid, [lot,
" Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales,
" Nor know'ſt thou which will win.—Know then
from me,
" As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
" State-miniſters, as upright or corrupt,
" Are balm or poiſon in a nation's veins;
" Health or diſtemper; haſten or retard
" The period of her pride, her day of doom:
" And though, for reaſons obvious to the wiſe,

* *The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.*

" Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men,
" Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
" 'Tis fix'd! by fate irrevocably fix'd!
" Virtue and vice are empire's life and death."
Thus it is written—Heard you not a groan?
Is Britain on her death-bed?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes—But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who rule!
With reverence read; with ſtedfaſtneſs believe;
With courage act as ſuch belief inſpires;
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe. [baſe,
While deep beyond your monument's proud
In black oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein;
Quench every ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the proſligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded ſelf's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers—of the ſtateſman's creed.
Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this creed of ſtates
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,
The Chriſtian creed. Are you ſurpris'd?—Attend;
And on the ſtateſmen's build a nobler name.
This punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore muſt believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exiſt,
What is it but an argument of ſenſe,
Or rather demonſtration, to ſupport
Our feeble faith—" That they who ſtates compoſe,
" That men who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
" Shall meet like meaſure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, ſimilarly deals
With ſtates and perſons, or he were not God;
What means a rectitude immutable?
A pattern here of univerſal right.
What, then, ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as prieſts:
Writ ſacred ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; theſe pronounce his
doom,
Thus (what might ſeem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True maſters there are better ſcholars here,
Who travel hiſtory in queſt of ſchemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
May there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Chriſtians on their road:
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on gold;
May be ſurpris'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen found but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What's the next world? A ſupplement of this;
Without it, Juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as Right
Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too.
His prophecy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.
What hence reſults? a truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:
" Religion crowns the ſtateſman and the man,
" Sole ſource of public and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own, and therefore will,
And praiſe and preach it too:—and when that's
done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What highland pole axe half ſo deep can wound?
But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inſpir'd),
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns riſe in my ſupport;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and ſacred, drown the muſe,
Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening
ſong.
Still farther, Holles! ſuffer me to plead
That I ſpeak freely, as I ſpeak to thee.
Guilt only ſtartles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wiſe.
Thus what ſeem'd my preſumption is thy praiſe.
Praiſe, and immortal praiſe, is virtue's claim;
And virtue's ſphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm;

Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every British breast, true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my Lord! with that which all should close
And all begin, and strike us every hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd.—
The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;
Less glorious far bright nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of moral day?
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend
Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns)
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year; [awe
Where statesmen and their monarchs, (names of
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

THE COMPLAINT: OR, NIGHT THOUHTS.

PREFACE.

As the occasion of this poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; so the method pursued in it, was rather *imposed*, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than *meditated* or *designed*. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT I.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW,

Speaker of the House of Commons.

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy *sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd despondingthought
From wave to wave of *fancied* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The *day* too short for my distress; and *night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and *darkness!* solemn sisters! twins
From ancient *night*, who nurse the tender thought!
To *reason*, and on *reason* build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave; [fall
The grave, your kingdom: *There* this frame shall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval *silence*, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O thou, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of *nature* and of *soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death*;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *conduct* than my *song*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine!*

And can eternity belong to me,
Poor penſioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how auguſt,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How paſſing wonder he who made him ſuch!
Who centred in our make ſuch ſtrange extremes!
From different natures marvellouſly mix'd,
Connection exquiſite of diſtant worlds!
Diſtinguiſh'd *link* in being's endleſs chain!
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, ſully'd, and abſorp'd!
Though ſully'd and diſhonour'd, ſtill divine!
Dim miniature of greatneſs abſolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of duſt!
Helpleſs immortal! inſect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myſelf,
And in myſelf am loſt! at home a ſtranger,
Thought wanders up and down, ſurpris'd, aghaſt,
And wondering at her *own:* How reaſon reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly diſtreſs'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately tranſported and alarm'd!
What can preſerve my life, or what deſtroy?
An angel's arm can't ſnatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis paſt conjecture; all things riſe in proof:
While o'er my limbs *ſleep's* ſoft dominion ſpread,
What though my ſoul fantaſtic meaſures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathleſs woods; or down the craggy ſteep
Hurl'd headlong, ſwam with pain the mantled pool;
Or ſcal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic ſhapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaſeleſs flight, though devious, ſpeaks her nature
Of ſubtler eſſence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her groſs companions fall.
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims my ſoul *immortal;*
Ev'n ſilent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal heaven huſbands all events;
Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loſs deplore that are not loſt?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel diſtreſs? Are *angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in duſt, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderneſs let heavenly pity fall
On me, more juſtly number'd with the dead.
This is the deſert, *this* the ſolitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the ſad *cypreſs* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty ſhades!
All, all on earth, is *ſhadow,* all beyond
Is *ſubſtance;* the reverſe is folly's *creed:*
How ſolid all, where change ſhall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the veſtibule;
Life's theatre as yet is ſhut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the maſſy bar,
This groſs impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of exiſtence free
From *real* life; but little more remote
Is *he,* not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, ſlumbering in his ſire.
Embryos we muſt be till we burſt the ſhell,
Yon ambient azure ſhell, and ſpring to life,
The life of gods, O tranſport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celeſtial hopes without one ſigh.
Priſoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wiſhes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there
Where *ſeraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, faſt by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambroſial cluſtering glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the juſt,
Where momentary ages are no more! [pire!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death, ex-
And is it in the flight of threeſcore years
To puſh eternity from human thought,
And ſmother ſouls immortal in the duſt?
A ſoul immortal, ſpending all her fires,
Waſting her ſtrength in ſtrenuous idleneſs,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At ought this ſcene can threaten or indulge,
Reſembles *ocean* into tempeſt wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this cenſure? It o'erwhelms myſelf!
How was my heart incruſted by the world!
O how ſelf-fetter'd was my grovelling ſoul,
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In ſilken thought, which reptile *fancy* ſpun,
Till darken'd *reaſon* lay quite clouded o'er
With ſoft conceit of endleſs comfort *here,*
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the ſkies!
Night-viſions may befriend: (as ſung above)
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dream'd
Of things impoſſible! (Could ſleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of ſtable pleaſures on the toſſing wave!
Eternal ſunſhine in the ſtorms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapeſtries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endleſs perſpective!
Till at death's toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myſelf undone.
Where now my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobwebb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *ſpider's* moſt attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliſs; it breaks at every breeze.
O ye bleſt ſcenes of permanent delight!
Full above meaſure! laſting beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliſs is bliſs.
Could you, ſo rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghaſtly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadiſe the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
The baleful influence of whoſe giddy dance
Sheds ſad viciſſitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *beſt,*
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.

Each *moment* has its fickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower ſphere
Of ſweet *domeſtic* comfort, and cuts down
The faireſt bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
Bliſs! ſublunary bliſs!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treaſon to divine decree!
A bold invaſion of the rights of heaven!
I claſp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miſs'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the ſtars.
The ſun himſelf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
And one day thou ſhalt pluck him from his ſphere.
Amid ſuch mighty plunder, why exhauſt
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark ſo *mean?*
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me?*
Inſatiate archer! could not *one* ſuffice? [ſlain!
Thy ſhaft flew *thrice;* and *thrice* my peace was
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliſs! from *fortune's* ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! not *virtue's* ſure,
Self-given, *ſolar* ray of ſound delight.
In every vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Through the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
Led ſoftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night,
Led like a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleaſing *paſt;*
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays,
And finds all deſert *now*, and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And every pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain?* or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me,
The *ſingle* man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In *this* ſhape, or in *that*, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children than ſure heirs of *pain.*
War, famine, peſt, volcano, ſtorm, and fire,
Inteſtine broils, *oppreſſion*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
God's image diſinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a ſun was made.
There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lop'd away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour ſav'd,
If ſo the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *diſeaſe*, (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hoſpitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for ſad admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of pleaſure: ſince in pains
You rue more modiſh viſits, viſit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion over you: but ſo great
Your impudence, you bluſh at what is right.
Happy! did ſorrow ſeize on *ſuch* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance,
And puniſhment the guiltleſs, and alarm,
Through thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard falling cruſhes him to death.
Not *happineſs* itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt
From that for which we doat, *felicity!*
The *ſmoothe ſt* courſe of nature has its pains;
And *trueſt* friends, through error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hoſtilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to figh.
A part how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a *waſte*,
Rocks, deſerts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death.
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of *man.*
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire; where deep *troubles* toſs;
Loud *ſorrows* howl, invenom'd *paſſions* bite,
Ravenous *calamities* our vitals ſeize,
And threatening *fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who ſorrow for *myſelf!*
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope: to teach us to be *kind.*
That, nature's *firſt*, *laſt* leſſon to mankind;
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels.
More generous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *ſecond* channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *world!* thy much indebted tear:
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldſt; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The ſalutary cenſure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch!* by blindneſs thou art bleſt;
By dotage dandled to perpetual ſmiles.
Know, *ſmiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
Miſfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay;
She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity,

To ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs.
Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* ſings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to ſecure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is ſacred to the ſtorm:
Stand on thy guard againſt the *ſmiles* of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not diſcharge from care;
And ſhould alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cauſe* and *conſequence;*
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chaſtiſe her joys,
Leſt, while we claſp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worſe than *ſimple* miſery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like boſom friendſhips to reſentment ſour'd,
With rage envenom'd riſe againſt our peace.
Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than an *immortal* baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſenchanted earth
Loſt all her luſtre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! thou poor, pale piece
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
From yeſterday! Thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition fluſh'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. *Death's* ſubtle ſeed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foreſight is *conditionally* wiſe;
Lorenzo! wiſdom into folly turns
Oft, the firſt inſtant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *preſent* moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomſday, drown the *next;*
We penetrate, we propheſy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be *now;*
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this *perhaps,*
This *peradventure,* infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,
As we the fatal ſiſters could out-ſpin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had beſpoke his ſhroud:
Nor had he cauſe; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe!
As ſudden, though for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a *ſlow ſudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate ſurpriſe!
Be wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
If not ſo frequent, would not this be ſtrange?
That 'tis ſo frequent, *this* is ſtranger ſtill.

Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel: and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their *future* ſelves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fates,* to *wiſdom* they conſign;
The thing they can't but *purpoſe,* they *poſtpone;*
'Tis not in *folly,* not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human *wiſdom,* to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that through every ſtage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Unanxious for *ourſelves;* and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our *fathers* were more wiſe.
At *thirty* man *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool;
Knows it at *forty,* and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to *reſolve;*
In all the magnanimity of thought
Reſolves; and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.

And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where, paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing,* no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel;*
So dies in human hearts the thought of death,
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were ſtrange!
O my full heart!—But ſhould I give it vent,
The longeſt night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* liſten to my *midnight* ſong.

The ſprightly *lark's* ſhrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's ſharpeſt thorn hard preſſing on my breaſt,
I ſtrive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The ſullen gloom, ſweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the ſtars to liſten: every ſtar
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through diſtant ages: wrapt in ſhade,
Priſoner of darkneſs! to the ſilent *hours,*
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and ſteal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.

Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your ſtrain!
Or *his*, who made Mænoides our *own*.
Man too he ſung: *immortal* man I ſing;
Oft burſts my ſong beyond the bounds of life;
What, *now*, but immortality can pleaſe?
O had *he* preſs'd his theme, purſued the track,
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I ſink, and ſung *immortal* man!
How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcued me!

NIGHT II.

ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"*WHEN the cock crew, he wept*"—ſmote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: That power, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouſe ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of *heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he ſees the light;
He that is born, is liſted; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves it leaſt.—On *other* themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt they need. Themes too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's duſt. He *thus*, though dead,
May ſtill befriend—what themes? *time's wondrous price*,
Death, *friendſhip*, and Philander's *final ſcene*.
So could I touch theſe themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite diſengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impreſs
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory—doſt thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says thy *life* the ſame?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they deſire.
Where is that thirſt, that avarice of time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inſpires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *time!* than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wiſe.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are ſquander'd, *wiſdom's* debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Inſidious *death!* ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the priſoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in deſpair!
That *time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My ſickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my ſtrain.
For what calls *thy* diſeaſe, Lorenzo? not
For *Eſculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *time*, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*Theſe* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, Lorenzo, 'tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon, in the ſoul *immortal*,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when medicines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
As lands and cities with their glittering ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there?
Will toys amuſe? No: Thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time?—Its loſs we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads *time's* numerous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like *trifles* on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee*?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *propos'd* virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the bleſt art of turning all to gold;
This, the *good* heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute from the pooreſt hours;
Immenſe revenue! every moment *pays*,
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy power;
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed admits reſtraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important *time* through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've loſt a day*"—the prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome, ſay rather, lord of human race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind,
So ſhould all ſpeak: So *reaſon* ſpeaks in all:
From the ſoft whiſpers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For reſcue from the *bleſſing* we poſſeſs?
Time the ſupreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels ſmile.
Who murders time, he cruſhes in the birth

A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjuſt to nature and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs, thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To laſh the lingering moments into ſpeed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs *art!* our furious charioteer
(For *nature's* voice unſtifled would recal),
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of abſurdity!
Leiſure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement;
The next amuſement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! priſons hardly frown,
From hateful *time* if priſons ſet us free.
Yet when *death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe optics (from his folly falſe)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills;
To nature juſt, their *cauſe* and *cure* explore.
Not ſhort heaven's bounty, boundleſs our expence;
No niggard nature; men are prodigals.
We *waſte*, not *uſe* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *us'd* is life,
And *bare exiſtence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince *time* was given for uſe, not waſte,
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure: waſte, a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unſeen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heaven deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack; the rack of *reſt*,
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.
Here then the riddle mark'd above unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wreſtle, with *great nature's plan;*
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, ſhall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourſelves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our boſom-broil;
We puſh *time* from us, and we wiſh him back:
Laviſh of luſtrums, and yet fond of life;
Life we think long, and ſhort; *death* ſeek, and ſhun:
Body and ſoul, like peeviſh man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How taſteleſs! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when paſt, they haunt us ſtill;
The ſpirit walks of every day deceas'd;
And ſmiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *paſt*,
And time *poſſeſt*, both pain us, what can pleaſe?
That which the Deity to pleaſe ordain'd,
Time *us'd*. The man who conſecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honeſt aim,
At once he draws the ſting of life and death;
He *walks with nature;* and her paths are peace.
Our error's cauſe and cure are ſeen: See next
Time's *nature*, *origin*, *importance*, *ſpeed;*
And thy great *gain* from urging his career.—
All-ſenſual man, becauſe untouch'd, unſeen,
He looks on *time* as nothing. Nothing elſe
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—time's a god.
Haſt *thou* ne'er heard of *time's* omnipotence;
For, or *againſt*, what wonders he can do!
And *will:* To ſtand blank *neuter* he diſdains.
Not on *thoſe terms* was *time* (heaven's ſtranger!) ſent
On his important embaſſy to man.
Lorenzo! no: On the long-deſtin'd hour,
From everlaſting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, riſing in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *time* was born),
By godhead ſtreaming through a thouſand worlds;
Not on *thoſe terms*, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's myſterious orb
Was *time* cut off, and caſt beneath the ſkies:
The ſkies, which watch him in his new abode,
Meaſuring his motions by revolving ſpheres;
That horologe machinery divine. [play,
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children,
Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:
Or rather as unequal plumes, they ſhape
His ample pinions, ſwift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient reſt,
And join anew *eternity* his ſire;
In his *immutability* to neſt,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd
(Fate the loud ſignal ſounding), headlong ruſh
To *timeleſs* night and chaos, whence they roſe.
Why ſpur the ſpeedy? why with levities
New wing thy ſhort, ſhort day's too rapid flight?
Know'ſt thou, or what thou doſt, or what is done?
Man flies from *time*, and *time* from man; too ſoon
In ſad divorce this double flight muſt end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo, then
Thy ſports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a ſtate
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* ſhroud,
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *death* his ſopperies? Then well may *life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow ſhine.
Ye *well-array'd!* ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil nor ſpin
(As ſiſter lilies *might*), if not ſo wiſe
As Solomon, more ſumptuous to the ſight!

Ye *delicate!* who nothing can ſupport,
Yourſelves moſt inſupportable! for whom
The winter roſe muſt blow, the ſun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; ſilky ſoft
Favonius breathe ſtill ſofter, or be chid;
And other worlds ſend odours, ſauce, and ſong,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd a miſery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivell'd o'er by ſenſe;
For rattles, and conceits of every caſt,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a ſhort winter's *day*—ſay, ſages, ſay,
Wit's oracles! ſay, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where ſuch expedients fail?

O treacherous *conſcience!* while ſhe ſeems to ſleep
On *roſe* and *myrtle*, lull'd with ſyren ſong;
While ſhe ſeems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *appetite* the ſlacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—ſee, from behind her ſecret ſtand,
The ſly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the groſs *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable ſpy,
Liſtening, o'erhears the whiſpers of our camp:
Our dawning purpoſes of heart explores,
And ſteals our embryos of iniquity.
As all rapacious uſurers conceal
Their doomſday-book from all-conſuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence moſt ſevere, ſhe treats
Us ſpendthrifts of ineſtimable *time;*
Unnoted, notes each moment miſapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of braſs
Writes our whole hiſtory; which *death* ſhall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *judgment* publiſh; publiſh to more worlds
Than this; and endleſs age in groans reſound.
Lorenzo, *ſuch* that *ſleeper* in thy breaſt!
Such is her ſlumber; and her vengeance *ſuch*
For ſlighted counſel; *ſuch* thy future peace!
And think'ſt thou ſtill thou canſt be wiſe *too ſoon?*
But why on *time* ſo laviſh is my ſong?
On this great *theme* kind *nature* keeps a ſchool,
To teach her ſons herſelf. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And ſhall we kill each day? If *trifling* kills;
Sure *vice* muſt butcher. O what heaps of ſlain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* deſtroy'd
Is *ſuicide*, where more than *blood* is ſpilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—labours *more?*
And is there in creation what, amidſt
This tumult univerſal, wing'd diſpatch,
And ardent energy, ſupinely yawns?
Man ſleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whoſe fate,
Fate irreverſible, entire, extreme,
Endleſs, hair-hung, breeze-ſhaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
All elſe is in alarm! *man*, the ſole cauſe
Of this ſurrounding ſtorm! and yet he ſleeps,
As the ſtorm rock'd to reſt.—Throw *years* away!
Throw *empires*, and be blameleſs Moments ſeize;
Heaven's on their wing: A moment we may wiſh,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* ſtand
ſtill,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period paſt, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, *more* than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yeſterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man *awake;*
His ardour ſuch, for what *oppreſſes* thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *yeſterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raiſe, adorn,
And reinſtate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not ſhare its predeceſſor's fate;
Nor, like its elder ſiſters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and ſtain us deeper ſtill?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?

Where ſhall I find *him?* Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I ſee glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footſteps by the riſing flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, ſhed
Protection; now, are waving in applauſe
To that bleſt ſon of foreſight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *to-morrow!*
Whoſe *work is done;* who triumphs in the *paſt;*
Whoſe *yeſterdays* look backwards with a ſmile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! paſt hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our proſpect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like paſſion for eternals quencht;
All reliſh of realties expir'd;
Renounc'd all correſpondence with the ſkies:
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingleſs our deſire;
In ſenſe dark-priſon'd all that ought to ſoar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the duſt;
Diſmounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbiſh of the world.
The world, that gulf of ſouls, immortal ſouls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the diſtant ſkies, and triumph there
On thrones, which ſhall not mourn their maſters
chang'd;
Though we from *earth; ethereal*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man,
Who venerate themſelves, the world deſpiſe.
For what, gay friend! is this *eſcutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night;
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the ſhroud?
Life's little ſtage is a ſmall eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we ſigh; and while
We ſigh, we ſink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at diſtance? No: he has been on thee,
And given ſure earneſt of his final blow.
Thoſe hours that lately ſmil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghaſtly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing diſembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee ſmall renown.
The reſt are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee;*
The ſun is darkneſs, and the ſtars are duſt.
'Tis greatly wiſe to talk with our paſt hours;
And aſk them, what report they bore to heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their anſwers form what men *experience* call;
If *wiſdom's* friend, her beſt; if not, worſt foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
"And by ſucceſs are tutor'd to deſpair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *muſt* be ſo.
Who knows not this, though gray, is ſtill a child.
Looſe then from earth the graſp of fond deſire!
Weigh anchor, and ſome happier clime explore.
Art thou ſo moor'd thou canſt not diſengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future ſcenes?
Since by *life's* paſſing breath, blown up from earth,
Light as the ſummer's duſt, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull maſs, increaſe the trodden ſoil,
And ſleep, till earth herſelf ſhall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their ſmall world o'erthrown)
We, ſore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And riſe to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the ſkies!)
As man's deſpotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a ſtrong alarm?
Warning, far leſs than that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
Should not each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which ſtruck,
O'er midnight howls, the proud Aſſyrian pale,
Ere-while high-flufht with inſolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
"And, while it laſts, is emptier than my ſhade."
Its ſilent language ſuch: nor need'ſt thou call
Thy *magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Doſt aſk, *How? Whence?* Belſhazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer; ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurſe devours.
But here, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies;
That *ſolar ſhadow*, as it meaſures life,
It life reſembles too: life ſpeeds away
From point to point, though ſeeming to ſtand ſtill.
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time:
As *thoſe* are uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet:
So *thoſe*, but when more glorious *reaſon* ſhines.
Reaſon ſhould judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
That ſedentary ſhadow travels hard.
But ſuch our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
'Tis later with the wiſe than he's aware:
A Wilmington goes ſlower than the ſun:
And all mankind miſtake their time of day;
Ev'n age itſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's deſcent
We ſhut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the ſpring;
And turn our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
Man muſt *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He ſcarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
One diſappointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
The diſappointment of a promis'd hour.
On *this*, or ſimilar, Philander! thou
Whoſe mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
And cool'd our paſſions by the breezy ſtream!
How often thaw'd and ſhorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that ſtruck out latent truth,
Beſt found, ſo fought; to the *recluſe* more coy!
Thoughts diſentagle paſſing o'er the lip;
Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonſenſe for a ſong;
Song, faſhionably fruitleſs; ſuch as ſtains
The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *paſſion* fires;
Chiming her ſaints to Cytherea's fane.
Know'ſt thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendſhip, *wiſdom* and *delight;*
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Haſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good ſenſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been too!
deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross;
When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And ruſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool,
In *contemplation* is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *converſe* unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation's* field;

Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and *emulation's* ſpur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude;
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, *contemplation* raves:
And *nature's* fool, by *wiſdom* is undone.
Wiſdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of *happineſs?*
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy.
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts: it calls for *two;*
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never pluckt by *one.*
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves, deſcending in a line,
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intenſe is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial *happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent heaven—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in *paſſion's* flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *reaſon;* paſſion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—Entenders us for ever:
Of *friendſhip's* faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From *friendſhip*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious ſurviver of old *time* and *death;*
From friendſhip, thus, that flower of heavenly ſeed;
The wiſe extracts earth's moſt Hyblean bliſs,
Superior wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this Elyſian *flower?*
Abroad they find, who cheriſh it at *home.*
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies faſten on the *great,*
None clings more obſtinate than fancy fond
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the waſture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high-borne ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the *great*, and the *coquet*, throw out
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no leſs of ours, when ſuch the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhip? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.
What if (ſince daring on ſo nice a theme)
I ſhow thee friendſhip delicate as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reſerve will wound it; and *diſtruſt*, deſtroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But ſince friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend, deliberate with thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the choſen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world:
"A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."
So ſung he (angels hear that angels ſing!
Angels from friendſhip gather half their joy)
So ſang Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow ſolute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip's the wine of life; but friendſhip *new*
(Not ſuch was his) is neither ſtrong nor pure.
O for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide,
All feculence of falſehood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues riſing in his ſoul,
As cryſtal clear, and ſmiling as they riſe!
Here nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart,
High-flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare!
On earth how *loſt!*—Philander is no more.
Think'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much, but now I love him more.
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their gloſſy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold:
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever ſoul aſcended. Had he dropp'd,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew, I then had wrote
What friends might flatter, prudent foes forbear,
Rivals ſcarce damn, and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I muſt; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies,
And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt affecting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Chriſtian;* to the bluſh of wit
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The *death-bed* of the juſt, is yet undrawn
By mortal hand! it merits a divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever *there,*
There, on a poſt of honour and of joy.
Dare I preſume then?—but Philander bids,

And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I ſtruck, as ſtruck the ſoul beneath
Aërial *groves* impenetrable gloom;
Or in ſome mighty *ruin's* ſolemn ſhade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born duſt*,
In vaults, thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or at the midnight *altar's* hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pauſe—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No; it is his ſhrine:
Behold him there juſt riſing to a god. [fate
The chamber where the good man meets his
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by this, deſpair your cure.
For *here* reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *diſſimulation* drops her maſque
Through life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here real and apparent are the ſame.
You ſee the *man:* you ſee his hold on heaven,
If ſound his virtue, as Philander's ſound. [friends
Heaven waits not the laſt moment; owns her
On this ſide death, and points them out to men,
A lecture ſilent, but of ſovereign power!
To vice confuſion, and to virtue peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death!
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he ſeverely frown'd on thee.
" No warning given! Unceremonious fate!
" A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joy!
" A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
" A reſtleſs bed of pain! a plunge opaque
" Beyond conjecture! feeble *nature's* dread!
" Strong *reaſon's* ſhudder at the dark unknown!
" A ſun extinguiſh'd! a juſt-opening grave!
" And, Oh! the laſt, laſt, what? (can words expreſs?
" Thought reach it?) the laſt—*ſilence* of a friend!"
Where are thoſe horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *ſingly* ſhock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now.*
Through nature's wreck, through vanquiſh'd agonies, [gloom)
(Like the ſtars ſtruggling through this midnight
What gleams of joy! what more than human peace!
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all;
Richer than *Mammon's* for his ſingle heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*,
His ſoul ſublime, and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burn'd within us at the ſcene;
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mix'd tears of grief, of joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians adore! and *Infidels* believe!
As ſome tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the ſun, illuſtrious, from its height;
While riſing vapours, and deſcending ſhades,
With damps and darkneſs drown the ſpacious vale;
Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by deſpair,
Philander thus auguſtly rears his head
At that black hour, which general horror ſheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *peace*, and heavenly *hope*, and humble *joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies,
With incommunicable luſtre bright.

NIGHT III.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

" Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere
" manes." VIRG.

FROM *dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *reaſon*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment ſworn,
I keep my aſſignation with my woe.
O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble fallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude to be alone.
Communion ſweet! communion large and high!
Our *reaſon*, *guardian angel*, and our *God!*
Then neareſt theſe when others moſt remote;
And all ere long ſhall be remote *but* theſe.
How dreadful *then* to meet them all alone,
A ſtranger! unacknowledg'd, unapprov'd!
Now woo them, wed them, bind them to thy breaſt;
To win thy wiſh, creation has no more.
Or if we wiſh a *fourth*, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal, dangerous the deſire!
Take Phœbus to yourſelves, ye baſking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head,
And reeling through the wilderneſs of joy;
Where *ſenſe* runs ſavage, broke from *reaſon's* chain,
And ſings falſe peace, till ſmother'd by the pall:
My fortune is unlike; unlike my ſong;
Unlike the deity my ſong invokes.
I to *day's* ſoft-ey'd ſiſter pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now firſt implor'd in ſuccour to the *muſe.*
Thou, who didſt lately borrow * Cynthia's form
And modeſtly forego thine own! O thou,
Who didſt thyſelf at midnight hours inſpire!
Say, why not Cynthia patroneſs of ſong?
As thou her creſcent, ſhe thy character
Aſſumes; ſtill more a goddeſs by the change.
Are there demurring wits who dare diſpute
This revolution in the world *inſpir'd?*
Ye train Pierian! to the *lunar* ſphere,
In ſilent hour, addreſs your ardent call
For aid immortal; leſs her brother's right.

* *At the Duke of Norfolk's maſquerade.*

She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain;
A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heaven!
What title, or what name, endears the most?
Cynthia! Cyllené! Phœbe! or dost hear
With higher gust fair Portland of the skies!
Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast
Of thy first votary, but not thy last,
If, like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;
A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul
'Twas *night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp
Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each others heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for him:
Seizes the faithless alienated tear,
Or shares it ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
And make distress, distraction. Oh, Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent and pain, a menace and a blow,
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen than of prey.
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark,)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious. All its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy; this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and present it to the skies, as all
We guess of heaven: and *these* were all her own.
And she was mine; and I was—*was!*—most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery!

As bodies grow more ponderous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy,
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me!
Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight,
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun: the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies not so fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives,
In morn and evening dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (*mine* excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew ambitious of her hand,
Which often crept your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile *at* him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.
So man is made; nought ministers delight
By what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe! [divine,
Rapture! Bold man! who tempt'st the wrath
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While *here*, presuming on the rights of heaven.
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—
Thought repell'd
Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears! strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion steel'd;
While *nature* melted, *superstition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead, and *this* denied a grave,

Their ſighs incens'd; ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *tiger* ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For, oh! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
While *ſinful fleſh* relented, *ſpirit* nurſt
In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
The *fainted ſpirit* petrify'd the breaſt;
Deny'd the charity of duſt, to ſpread
O'er duſt! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What ſuccour? What reſource?
With pious ſacrilege, a grave I ſtole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With ſoft-ſuſpended ſtep, and muffled deep
In midnight darkneſs, *whiſper'd* my laſt ſigh.
I *whiſper'd* what ſhould echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whoſe tomb ſhould pierce the ſkies.
Preſumptuous fear! How durſt I dread her foes,
While nature's loudeſt dictates I obey'd?
Pardon neceſſity, bleſt ſhade! of grief
And indignation rival burſts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the ſavage land her ſacred duſt;
Stamp'd the curs'd ſoil; and with humanity
(Denied Narciſſa) wiſh'd them all a grave.
Glows my reſentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how ſacred! Sacred is the duſt
Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This heaven-aſſum'd majeſtic robe of earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vaſt expanſe
With azure bright, and cloath'd the ſun in gold.
When every paſſion ſleeps that can offend;
When ſtrikes us every motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour *uncontroul'd*,
That ſtrongeſt curb on inſult and ill-will;
Then, ſpleen to *duſt?* the duſt of innocence?
An angel's duſt?—This Lucifer tranſcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the ſtrife of malice, but of pride;
The ſtrife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
For leſs than this is ſhocking in a race
Moſt *wretched*, but from ſtreams of mutual love;
And *uncreated*, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment *loſt*,
By fate reſorb'd, and ſunk in endleſs night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Moſt horrid! 'mid ſtupendous, highly ſtrange!
Yet oft his courteſies are ſmoother wrongs;
Pride brandiſhes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye ſtars!
And thou, pale moon! turn paler at the ſound;
Man is to man the ſoreſt, ſureſt ill.
A previous blaſt foretells the riſing ſtorm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they diſembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And ſmoke betrays the wide conſuming fire:
Ruin from man is moſt conceal'd when near,
And ſends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign ſaves all beings, but himſelf,
That hideous ſight, a *naked* human heart.
Fir'd is the muſe? And let the muſe be fir'd:
Who not enflam'd, when what he ſpeaks, he feels,
And in the nerve moſt tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
He felt the truths I ſing, and I in him.
But he, nor I, feel more: paſt ills, Narciſſa!
Are ſunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that ſwarm'd
O'er thy diſtinguiſh'd fate, and, cluſtering there
Thick as the locuſts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumſtance with aſpics arm'd?
An aſpic, each! and all, an Hydra woe:
What ſtrong Herculean virtue could ſuffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *diſtinct* diſtreſs;
And each diſtreſs, diſtinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief ſtill more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone ſuch obſequies deplore;
They make mankind the mourner; carry ſighs
Far as the fatal *fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayeſt thought of gayeſt age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that huſh'd Cimmerian vale,
Where *darkneſs*, brooding o'er unfiniſh'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That ſubterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balſamic truths and healing ſentiments,
Of all moſt wanted, and moſt welcome, *here*.
For gay Lorenzo's ſake, and for thy own,
My ſoul! "The fruits of dying friends ſurvey;
"Expoſe the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give death his eulogy; thy fear ſubdue;
"And labour that firſt palm of noble minds,
"A manly ſcorn of terror from the tomb."
This harveſt reap from thy Narciſſa's grave.
As poet's feign'd from Ajax' ſtreaming blood
Aroſe, with grief inſcrib'd, a mournful flower;
Let wiſdom bloſſom from my mortal wound.
And *firſt*, of dying friends; what fruit from theſe?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chaſe our *thoughtleſſneſs*, *fear*, *pride* and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainleſs ardors; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wiſe.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to ſmooth
Our rugged paſs to death; to break thoſe bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Croſs our obſtructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as *ſafe*, our port from every ſtorm.
Each friend by fate ſnatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us ſtoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own deceaſe,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,

Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the numerous *ills* that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on *orts*, and *glean* their former field.
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—With labouring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To forfeit on the *fame*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery [seen?
For change, though sad? To see what we have
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a fatter year,
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
Ill ground, and worse connected! load, not life!
The *rational* soul kennels of excess!
Still-streaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.
Such of our *fine-ones* is the wish refin'd!
So would they have it; elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
But such examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worse? to cling to this rude rock,
Barren *to them* of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulf, that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
This *bugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted shrew*;
And, what will more surprise, Lorenzo! gives
To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change;
And straightens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear; thou'lt blush to disbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste: the cuckow-seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
But what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
To donting *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays,
On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live,
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame;
While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure?
And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates; and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
"He sins against *this* life, who slights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their favourite know?
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like some fair humourists, life is most enjoy'd,
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd:
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the *barren rock?* the *painted ſhrew?*
Where now, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round?*
Have I not made my triple promiſe good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying ſcene,
Whoſe worth ambiguous riſes, and declines?
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *night*
Aſſiſts me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herſelf, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* luſtre from a higher ſphere.
When groſs guilt interpoſes, labouring earth,
O'erſhadow'd, mourns a deep eliplſe of joy;
Her joys, at brighteſt, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory diſtant: oh Lorenzo!
A good man, and an angel! theſe between
How thin the barrier! what divides their fate!
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment ſtill;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what Philander was, and claim the ſkies.
Starts timid nature at the gloomy paſs?
The *ſoft tranſition* call it; and be cheer'd:
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the beſt, is pious, brave, and wiſe;
And may itſelf *procure*, what it *preſumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange competition!*"—True, Lorenzo, ſtrange!
So little *life* can caſt into the ſcale,
Life makes the ſoul dependent on the duſt;
Death gives her wings to mount above the ſpheres.
Through chinks, ſtyl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;
Death burſts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the diſembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils, *nature* ſhall not feel;
Life, ills ſubſtantial, *wiſdom* cannot ſhun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that ſon of heaven!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, impriſon'd, pain'd?
By *death* enlarg'd, enobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; *life* the ſoul.
"Is *death* then guiltleſs! How he marks his way
"With dreadful waſte of what deſerves to ſhine!
"Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
"With various luſtres *theſe* light up the world,
"Which *death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment juſt:
The ſage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles theſe; more barbarous *life* the *man*.
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death, of the ſpirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliſs has *life* to boaſt, till death can give
Far greater; *life's* a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Lorenzo! bluſh at *fondneſs* for a *life*
Which ſends celeſtial ſouls on errands vile,
To cater for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards,
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, juſtly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feaſt! a ſoul, a ſoul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! bluſh at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repoſe in feſtive bowers,
Where nectars ſparkle, angels miniſter,
And more than angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,
And eterniſe, the birth, bloom, burſts of bliſs.
What need I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and *diſeaſe*; diſeaſe, though long my gueſt;
That plucks my nerves, thoſe tender ſtrings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That call my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reaſon and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreathe triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Luſt and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corroſive, cures importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O death! is thine.
Our day of diſſolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harveſt rich
And ripe: what though the ſickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death's* deep diſmal groan,
Are ſlender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
But O! the laſt the former ſo tranſcends,
Life dies compar'd: *Life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counſellor, who man inſpires
With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who reſcues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the reſcued crowns!
Death, that abſolves my birth; a curſe without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *ſource*, and *ſubject*, ſtill ſubſiſt unhurt;
One, in my ſoul; and one, in her great Sire;
Though the four winds were warring for my duſt.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Though priſon'd there, my duſt too I reclaim,
To duſt when drop proud nature's proudeſt ſpheres)
And live *entire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wiſh to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall, we riſe, we reign!
Spring from our fetters; faſten in the ſkies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our ſight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden loſt.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When ſhall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When ſhall I *die?*—when ſhall I live for ever?

NIGHT IV.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

Containing our only Cure for the Fear of Death; and proper Sentiments of that Ineſtimable Bleſſing.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

A MUCH-INDEBTED muſe, O Yorke! intrudes.
Amid the ſmiles of fortune, and of youth,

Thine ear is patient of a ſerious ſong.
How deep implanted in the breaſt of man
The dread of death! I ſing its ſovereign cure.
Why ſtart at death? Where is he? Death ariv'd,
Is paſt; not come or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *ſenſation* fails; black-boding man
Receives, not *ſuffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error's* wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
And ſhelter in his hoſpitable gloom.
I ſcarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: the wiſeſt cannot tell.
Should any born of women give his thought
Full range on juſt *diſlike's* unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the *beſt*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards* ſpotted, or as Ethiops dark;
Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature;
(How immature, Narciſſa's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endleſs pain;
His heart, though bold, would ſicken at the ſight,
And ſpend itſelf in ſighs for *future* ſcenes.
But grant to life (and juſt it is to grant
To *lucky* life) ſome perquiſites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of ſweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleaſing *reflections* on parts well ſuſtain'd,
Or purpoſ'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
Toſs *fortune* back her tinſel, and her plume,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
A new world riſes, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a ſpruce band! arrive,
To puſh me from the ſcene, or hiſs me there,
What a pert race ſtarts up! the ſtrangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worſt: Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long;
Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice),
My very maſter knows me not.—
Shall I dare ſay, peculiar is the fate?
I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever preſſing dims the ſight,
And hides behind its ardour to be ſeen.
When in his courtiers ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And ſqueeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refuſal! canſt thou wear a ſmoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death*:
Twice told the period ſpent on ſtubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I beſiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little leſs;
Embittering the poſſeſt: Why wiſh for more?
Wiſhing, of all employments, is the worſt;
Philoſophy's reverſe; and health's decay!
Were I as plump as ſtall'd theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to this ſhade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-ſea dream,
Wiſhing is an expedient to be poor.
Wiſhing, that conſtant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And ſimpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Bleſt be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt, beneath this humble ſhed.
The world's a ſtately bark, on dangerous ſeas,
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms:
And meditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill;
Purſue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager *ambition's* a fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt, of noiſy men,
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing, and purſued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in, "Here he lies,"
And "duſt to duſt," concludes her nobleſt ſong.
If this ſong lives, poſterity ſhall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church or ſtate;
Some avocation deeming it—to die,
Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudeſt laugh of hell.
O my coevals! remnants of yourſelves!
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, ſhall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and cloſer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched ſoil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be ſtill ſtretch'd out,
Trembling at once with eagerneſs and age?
With avarice and convulſions graſping hard?
Graſping at air! for what has earth beſide?
Man wants but little; nor that little long;
How ſoon muſt he reſign his very duſt,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* ruſh on numerous ills;
And ſoon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miſs ſuch numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And ſtricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
I ſtill ſurvive: and am I fond of life,
Who ſcarce can think it poſſible I live?
Alive by miracle! or what is next,

Alive by Mead! if I am ſtill alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmneſs of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *ſhallow* than *impure*
And *vapid; ſenſe* and *reaſon* ſhow the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the duſt.
O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial ſun!
Whoſe all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkneſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The duſt I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the ſpirit of the golden day,
And triumph in exiſtence; and could know
No motive, but my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
A riſe in bleſſing! with the *patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I truſt in thee, and know in whom I truſt;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
Though *nature's* terrors *thus* may be repreſt;
Still frowns grim *death;* guilt points the tyrant's ſpear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And ſmil'd unſmitten: ſmall my cauſe to ſmile!
Death's admonitions, like ſhafts upwards ſhot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They ſtrike our hearts, the deeper is their wound.
O think how deep, Lorenzo! here it ſtings:
Who can appeaſe its anguiſh? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my ſight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy—with grief that *healing hand* I ſee;
Ah, too conſpicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On *high?*—What means my phrenzy? I blaſpheme;
Alas, how *low!* how far beneath the ſkies!
The ſkies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet ſtill it *bleeds;*
Draw the dire ſteel—ah no! the dreadful bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail ſupports
The falling univerſe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth—
Darkneſs is his curtain, and his bed the duſt;
When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heaven itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not his.*
He ſeiz'd our dreadful right; the load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thouſand worlds *ſo* bought, were bought too dear;
Senſations *new* in angels boſoms rife;
Suſpend their ſong; and make a pauſe in bliſs.
O for *their* ſong, to reach my lofty theme!
Inſpire me, *night!* with all thy tuneful ſpheres;
Whilſt I with ſeraphs ſhare ſeraphic themes,
And ſhow to men the dignity of man;
Leſt I blaſpheme my ſubject with my ſong.
Shall *Pagan* pages glow celeſtial flame,
And *Chriſtian* languiſh? on our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: my heart, awake!
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this,*
"Expended deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths,* which burſt the tenfold night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
Of endleſs day: to feel, is to be ſir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, which awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul tranſgreſſion dips in ſevenfold night!
How our hearts tremble at thy love immenſe!
In love immenſe, inviolably juſt!
Thou, rather than thy *juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Didſt ſtain the *croſs;* and work of wonders far
The greateſt, that thy deareſt far might bleed.
Bold thought! ſhall I dare ſpeak it, or repreſs?
Should man more *execrate,* or *boaſt,* the guilt
Which rous'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love inflam'd? [arms,
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-ſtretch'd
Stern *juſtice* and ſoft-ſmiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majeſty, thy throne,
When ſeem'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
Or *that,* or *man,* inevitably loſt;
What, but the *fathomleſs* of thought divine,
Could labour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
And reſcue *both?* both reſcue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wondrous deed! or ſhall I call it *more?*
A wonder in omnipotence itſelf!
A myſtery no leſs to gods than men!
Not *thus,* our infidels th' eternal draw,
A God all o'er, conſummate, abſolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They ſet at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himſelf,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praiſe:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjuſt.
Ye brainleſs wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worſe for mending! waſh'd to fouler ſtains!
The ranſom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Heaven's inexhauſtible, exhauſted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to caſt the mighty ſum:
Its value vaſt, ungraſp'd by minds *create,*
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme.*
And was the ranſom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you.*
The ſun beheld it---no, the ſhocking ſcene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;
Not ſuch as *this;* not ſuch as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature ſhudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipſe (without
Oppoſing ſpheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didſt thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or ſtart
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his bleſſed head; o'erwhelm'd his croſs; [womb,
Made groan the centre; burſt earth's marble
With pangs, ſtrange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;

Heaven wept, that men might ſmile! heaven bled, that man
Might never die! ——
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*.
What heart of ſtone but glows at thoughts like theſe?
Such contemplations mount us; and ſhould mount
The mind ſtill higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To reſt from wonders? other wonders riſe;
And ſtrike where'er they roll: my ſoul is caught:
Heaven's ſovereign bleſſings, cluſtering from the croſs,
Ruſh on her, in a throng, and cloſe her round,
The priſoner of amaze!—in his bleſt *life*
I ſee the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*,
And in his great *aſcent* the *proof* ſupreme
Of immortality.—And did he riſe?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He roſe! he roſe! he burſt the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlaſting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who ſlew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whoſe glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers moſt illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then ſhall *man* ſuſtain?
Oh the burſt gates! cruſh'd ſting! demoliſh'd throne! [heaven!
Laſt gaſp of vanquiſh'd death. Shout earth and
This *ſum of good* to man. *Whoſe* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I roſe; then firſt *humanity*
Triumphant paſt the cryſtal ports of light,
(Stupendous gueſt!) and ſeiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er ſince, 'tis blaſphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality [ration
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heaven's du-
Unalienably ſeal'd to this frail frame,
This child of duſt—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all laviſh of ſtrange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundleſs bliſs.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Chriſtian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas. ſmall cauſe for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a cloſe of woe?
Where, then, my boaſt of immortality?
I boaſt it ſtill, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd,
'Tis guilt alone can juſtify his death;
Nor that, unleſs his death can juſtify
Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent ſight.
If, ſick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted ſpear
(A ſpear deep-dipt in blood!) which piere'd his
And open'd there a font for all mankind, [ſide,
Who ſtrive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, ſubdues the *fear of death*.

And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure?
And at each ſtep, let higher wonder riſe!
" Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
" Through means that ſpeak its value infinite!
" A pardon bought with blood! with blood di-
" vine!
" With blood divine of him I made my foe!
" Perſiſted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
" Bleſt, and chaſtis'd, a flagrant rebel ſtill!
" A rebel, 'midſt the thunders of his throne!
" Nor I alone! a rebel univerſe!
" My ſpecies up in arms! not one exempt!
" Yet for the feuleſt of the foul, he dies,
" Moſt joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepeſt guilt!
" As if our race were held of higheſt rank;
" And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, every heart! and every boſom burn!
O what a ſcale of miracles is here!
Its loweſt round, high planted on the ſkies;
Its towering ſummit loſt beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful aſcent, with equal praiſe!
Praiſe! flow for ever (if aſtoniſhment
Will give thee leave): my praiſe! for ever flow;
Praiſe ardent, cordial, conſtant, to high heaven
More fragrant, than Arabia ſacrific'd,
And all her ſpicy mountains in a flame.
So dear, ſo due to heaven, ſhall *praiſe* deſcend,
With her ſoft plume (from *plauſive* angels wing
Firſt pluck'd my man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praiſe* the perquiſite of every paw,
Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh, love of gold! thou meaneſt of amours!
Shall *praiſe* her odours waſte on virtue's dead,
Embalm the baſe, perfume the ſtench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by waſhing Æthiops fair,
Removing filth, or ſinking it from ſight,
A ſcavenger in *ſcenes*, where *vacant* poſts
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apoſtate *praiſe!* thou vagabond!
Thou proſtitute! to thy firſt love return,
Thy firſt, thy greateſt, once unrival'd theme.
There flow redundant; like Meander flow,
Back to thy fountain; to that parent Power,
Who gives the tongue to ſound, the thought to ſoar,
The ſoul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtleſs beneath whoſe dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celeſtial ceaſeleſs ſing:
To proſtrate angels, an amazing ſcene!
O the preſumption of man's awe for man!
Man's Author! End! Reſtorer! Law! and Judge!
Shine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, heaven's meridian glory, but thy ſmile?
And ſhall not praiſe be thine, not human praiſe?
While heaven's high hoſt on *hallelujahs* tive?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My ſoul in praiſe to him, who gave my ſoul,
And all her infinite of proſpect fair,

Cut through the ſhades of hell, *great love!* by thee
O moſt adorable! moſt unador'd! [end?
Where ſhall that praiſe begin, which ne'er ſhould
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applauſe!
How is *night's* ſable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What *wiſdom* ſhines! what *love!* this midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profuſion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! O tell me, mighty mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *ſun*, or aſk the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I queſtion loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds he furious *ſtorms* in ſtreighten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean theſe queſtions?—Trembling I retract;
My proſtrate ſoul adores the *preſent* God:
Praiſe I a diſtant Deity? He tunes [tains:
My voice (if tun'd): the nerve, that writes, ſuſ-
Wrapt in his being, I reſound his praiſe:
But though paſt *all* diffus'd, without a ſhore,
His eſſence; *local* is his throne (as meet),
To gather the diſperſt (as ſtandards call
The liſted from afar): to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his ſons,
Since *finite* every nature but his own.
The nameleſs *He*, whoſe nod is *nature's* birth;
And *nature's* ſhield, the ſhadow of his hand;
Her diſſolution, his ſuſpended ſmile!
The great *Firſt-Laſt!* pavilion'd high he ſits,
In darkneſs from exceſſive ſplendor borne,
By gods unſeen, unleſs through luſtre loſt.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks down
On all that ſoars; and ſpans immenſity. [view,
Though *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to
Boundleſs creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majeſty:
And ſhall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in duſt and ſin, the theme of Heaven?
Down to the centre ſhould I ſend my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants luſtre for my lay;
Goes out in darkneſs: if, on towering wing,
I ſend it through the boundleſs vault of ſtars!
The ſtars, though rich, what droſs their gold to *thee*,
Great, good, wiſe, wonderful, eternal King!
If to thoſe *conſcious ſtars* thy throne around,
Praiſe ever-pouring, and imbibing bliſs;
And aſk their ſtrain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their ſublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted ſtill, their higheſt rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vaſt appointments reach it not: they ſee
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for heaven's ſuperior praiſe!
Firſt-born of Ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to ſee the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here;*
And ſome *did* envy; and the reſt, though gods,
Yet ſtill gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the duſt againſt the ſkies)
They leſs would *feel*, though more adorn, my theme,
They ſung *creation* (for in that they ſhar'd);
How roſe in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great ſuperior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption;* they juſt gave the key:
'Tis thine to raiſe, and eternize, the ſong;
Though human, yet divine; for ſhould not *this*
Raiſe man o'er man, and kindle ſeraphs *here?*
Redemption! 'twas creation more ſublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the ſkies;
Far *more* than labour---It was *death* in heaven.
A truth ſo ſtrange! 'twere bold to think it true;
If not far bolder ſtill to diſbelieve! [heaven?
Here pauſe, and ponder: was there death in
What then on earth? On earth, which ſtruck the blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who?---O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!
How counterpois'd his origin from duſt!
How counterpois'd, to duſt his ſad return!
How voided his vaſt diſtance from the ſkies!
How near he preſſes on the ſeraph's wing!
Which is the ſeraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonſtrates, through the thickeſt cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the ſon of heaven!
The *double* ſon; the made, and the re-made!
And ſhall heaven's double property be loſt?
Man's double madneſs only can deſtroy.
To man the bleeding croſs has promis'd *all;*
The bleeding croſs has ſworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace ſhall he deny?
O ye! who, from this *rock of ages*, leap,
Apoſtates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what conſolation ſtrong,
Whatever winds ariſe, or billows roll,
Our intereſt in the maſter of the ſtorm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd nature's ruins *ſmile;*
While vile apoſtates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyſelf. All wiſdom centres there;
To none man ſeems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire:
How long ſhall human nature be *their* book,
Degenerate mortal! and *unread* by thee?
The beam dim *reaſon* ſheds ſhows wonders there;
What high contents! Illuſtrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which diſplays at full
Our human height, ſcarce ſever'd from divine,
By heaven compos'd, was publiſh'd on the *croſs.*
Who looks on that, and ſees not in himſelf
An awful ſtranger, a terreſtrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting ſoul
Catches ſtrange fire, eternity! at thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What ſeem'd a chaos, ſhines a glorious world,

Or, what a world, and Eden ; heighten'd all !
It is another ſcene ! another ſelf !
And ſtill another, as time rolls along ;
And that a *ſelf* far more illuſtrious ſtill.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in ſhades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keeneſt ray,
What evolutions of ſurpriſing fate !
How nature opens, and receives my ſoul
In boundleſs walks of raptur'd thought ! where gods
Encounter and embrace me ! What new births
Of ſtrange adventure, foreign to the ſun ;
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot !
Is this extravagant ? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be juſt :
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him :
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals ; one ſpirit pour'd
From ſpirit's awful fountain : pour'd himſelf
Through all their ſouls ; but not in equal ſtream,
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' aſpiring God,
As his wiſe plan demanded ; and when paſt
Their various trials in their various ſpheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into himſelf again ;
His throne their centre, and his ſmile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to ſing,
Though yet *unſung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?
Angels are men of a ſuperior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial mountains wing'd in flight ;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And ſlippery ſtep, the bottom of the ſteep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praiſe ;
While *Here*, of corps ethereal, ſuch enroll'd,
And ſummon'd to the *glorious Standard* ſoon,
Which flames eternal crimſon through the ſkies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtleſs of their kin,
Yet abſent ; but not abſent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles ; Raphael ſung
Our triumphs ; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign : and are theſe, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? and thou (ſhame burn
The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?
Religion's All. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left,
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next ;*
Religion ! the ſole voucher man is man ;
Supporter ſole of man above himſelf ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! an After-ſtate !
Here is firm footing ; *here* is ſolid rock !
This can ſupport us ; all is ſea beſides ;
Sinks under us ; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate, diſcharg'd,
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elyſian proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load ;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;
So joys the ſoul, when, from inglorious aims,
And ſordid ſweets, from ſeculence and froth
Of ties terreſtrial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To *Reaſon's* region, her own element,
Breathes hope immortal, and affects the ſkies.
Religion ! thou the ſoul of happineſs ;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee ! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt truths ; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſting ;
There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul ;
There, nothing but *compulſion* is forborn.
Can love allure us ; or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the ſun ;
He ſighs—the ſigh earth's deep foundation ſhakes.
If in his love ſo terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd ? his tenderneſs on fire ?
Like ſoft, ſmooth oil, outblazing other fires ?
Can prayer, can praiſe, avert it ?—Thou, my *All !*
My theme ! my inſpiration ! and my crown !
My ſtrength in age ! my riſe in low eſtate !
My ſoul's ambition, pleaſure, wealth !—my world !
My light in darkneſs ! and my life in death !
My boaſt through time ! bliſs through eternity !
Eternity, too ſhort to ſpeak thy praiſe !
Or fathom thy profound of love to man !
To man of men the meaneſt, ev'n to me ;
My ſacrifice ! my God ! what things are theſe !
What then art thou ? by what name ſhall I call thee ?
Knew I the name devout archangels uſe,
Devout archangels ſhould the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd ; thouſands more ſublime,
None half ſo dear as that which though unſpoke,
Still glows at heart : O how omnipotence
Is loſt in love ! Thou great Philanthropiſt
Father of angels ! but the friend of man !
Like Jacob, fondeſt of the younger born !
Thou, who didſt ſave him, ſnatch the ſmoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood !
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to diſtreſs !
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth ! to favour, and confound ;
To challenge, and to diſtance all return !
Of laviſh love ſtupendous heights to ſoar,
And leave praiſe panting in the diſtant vale !
Thy right, too great, defrauds thee of thy due ;
And ſacrilegious our ſublimeſt ſong.
But ſince the naked *will* obtains thy ſmile,
Beneath this monument of praiſe *unpaid*,
And future life ſymphonious to my ſtrain,
(That nobleſt hymn to heaven !) for ever lie
Entomb'd my *fear of death* ! and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but thy frown.
Whom ſee I yonder, ſo demurely ſmile ?
Laughter a labour, and might break their reſt.
Ye quietiſts, in homage to the ſkies !
Serene ! of ſoft addreſs ! who mildly make
An unobtruſive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence ! who *halt* indeed ;
But, for the bleſſing, *wreſtle* not with heaven !
Think you my ſong too turbulent ? too warm ?
Are *paſſions*, then, the pagans of the ſoul !

Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers;
Oh for an humbler heart! and prouder song!
Thou, my much injur'd theme! with that soft eye
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.
Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach;
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung:
High heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *death* (now stingless) like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present!* when shall I thy shrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark, incarcerated *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* band
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command:
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wise;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.
See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *touch!*
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and sovereign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heaven through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *nature?* and thy God's renown.
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms
The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb.
Dost ask me when? When he who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this my fancy thrown remote; and rise
Dark doubts between the promise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read nature! nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian*; preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind *nature* cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves
From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.
Why disbelieve? Lorenzo!—"*Reason* bids,
"All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-sacred *reason?* source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; life dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed Cross, by fortune stamp'd
On passive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
No; *reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head,
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reason pursu'd is *faith;* and, unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, that, or our *faith* is *right*,
Or *reason* lies, and heaven design'd it *wrong:*
Absolve we this? What, then, is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason *yours:*
'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
'Tis *reason's* injur'd rights his wrath resents;

Tis *reason's* voice obey'd his glories crown;
To give loft *reason* life, he pour'd his own:
Believe, and fhow the reafon of a man;
Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reaſon's* wounds alone thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal ſting. [due
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*,
To thoſe, who puſh our *antidote* aſide;
Thoſe boaſted friends to *reaſon*, and to *man*,
Whoſe fatal love ſtabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
Theſe pompous ſons of *reaſon* idoliz'd
And vilified at once; of *reaſon* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* through all their camp reſounds,
They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reaſon, on the point
Of philoſophic wit, *call'd* Argument;
And, then, exulting in their taper, cry,
" Behold the ſun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals?* O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of thee.
As wiſe as Socrates, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime renown)
As wiſe as Socrates, might juſtly ſtand
The definition of a modern fool.
A Chriſtian is the higheſt ſtyle of man:
And is there, who the bleſſed Croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot from his diſhonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit, deſponding of their charge,
More ſtruck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
Ye ſold to ſenſe! ye citizens of earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happieſt man:
" He calls his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
" And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
" Meets the ſame welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
" Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
" But holds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
" Till nature dies, and judgment ſets him free;
" A freedom far leſs welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's higheſt prize her lateſt hour;
That hour, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a poſt, comes on in full career:
How ſwift the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years!
Thrown down the gulf of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: eternity is all;
And whoſe eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs!
For ever baſking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.

O give it leave to ſpeak; 'twill ſpeak ere long,
Thy leave unaſk'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While uſeful its advice, its accent mild,
By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is depoſed with man's *laſt hour;*
An honeſt hour, and faithful to her truſt:
Truth, eldeſt daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his counſel when he made the worlds;
Nor leſs, when he ſhall judge the worlds he made;
Though ſilent long, and ſleeping ne'er ſo ſound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppreſs'd with toys,
That heaven-commiſſion'd hour, no ſooner calls,
But, from her cavern in the ſoul's abyſs,
Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
The goddeſs, burſts in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and ſeverely pains.
Dark *dæmons* I diſcharge, and Hydra ſtings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is hell:
Juſt definition! though by ſchools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruſe this parſon'd page,
And truſt, for once, a prophet, and a prieſt;
" Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die.*"

NIGHT V.

THE RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

Lorenzo! to recriminate is juſt.
Fondneſs for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praiſe.
Praiſe no man e'er deſerv'd, who fought no more.
As juſt thy *ſecond charge.* I grant the *muſe*
Has often bluſh'd at her degenerate ſons,
Retain'd by *ſenſe* to plead her filthy cauſe;
To raiſe the low, to magnify the mean,
And ſubtilize the groſs into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'Twas given to make a *civet* of their ſong
Obſcene, and ſweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our ſwine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obſcure the cauſe.
We wear the chains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride.*
Theſe ſhare the man; and theſe diſtract him too;
Draw different ways, and claſh in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the ſtars;
But *pleaſure*, lark-like, neſts upon the ground.
Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, *pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once:* a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *ſenſe* can't riſe to *reaſon's* taſte;
In ſubtle *ſophiſtry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon *new*, that ſtoops
To ſordid ſcenes, and meets them with applauſe.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone to looſe;
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delude
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgment*, ſhocks no more;

That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curs'd art! wipes off th' indebted blush
From nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.
All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can powers of genius exercise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?
But let not these inexpiable strains
Condemn the muse that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
To visit being universal there,
And being's source, that utmost flight of mind!
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *syrens* only? Do not angels sing?
There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *prose*,
Her younger sister; haply, not more wise.
Think'st thou, Lorenzo! to find pastimes here?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale:
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade:
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker still
In melancholy dip'd, embrowns the whole.
Yet this, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the smile!
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
And, feeling, give assent; and their assent
Is ample recompense; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor mistake;
Think not unintroduc'd I force my way;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
Where all the language *harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse:
A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise;
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.
O thou! bless Spirit! *whether* the supreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, though future; prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne some delegated power,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burst
From fam'd Castalia: nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.
By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroul'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels, light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of providence stretch'd out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason's* reign,
And *virtue's* too; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!

We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heaven,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and *thinks* down her charms.
What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say,
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the clustering thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade;
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere; from that *first* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence descends
Urania, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*,
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wandering thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart! Narcissa's tomb!
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood!
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink: to be the *fame*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusty region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd, but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream;
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Ineffimable gain.) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.
If wisdom is our lesson, (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficients in thy school are made
Than *genius* or *proud learning* e'er could boast.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on others wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
With mix'd manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd, and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *servant's* wealth encumber'd *wisdom* mourns.
And what says *genius?* "*Let the dull be wise.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boast where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense;*
Considers *reason* as a leveller;
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool than wit.
But *wisdom* smiles when humbled mortals weep.
When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower,
Her seed celestial then glad *wisdom* sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, Narcissa, welcome my *relapse;*
I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Though natives of this coarse penurious soil:
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.
These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb;

And, peradventure, of no fading flowers. [fcend?
Say on what themes fhall puzzled choice de-
" Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
" *Why* men decline it; *fuicide's* foul birth;
" The various *kind of grief;* the *faults of age;*
" And *death's dread character*—invite my fong."
And firft th' importance of our end furvey'd.
Friends counfel quick difmiffion of our grief:
Miftaken kindnefs! our hearts heal *too foon.*
Are *they* more kind than *he* who ftruck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And baniih peace, till *nobler gueits* arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endlefs peace?
Calamities are *friends:* as glaring *day*
Of thefe unnumber'd luftres rob our fight,
Profperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how bleft, who, fick of gaudy fcenes,
(Scenes apt to thruft between us and ourfelves!)
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Beneath *death's* gloomy, filent, cypreis fhades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaftic ray,
To read his monuments, to weigh his duft,
Vifit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo! read with me Narciffa's ftone;
(Narciffa was thy favourite) let us read
Her *moral* ftone! few doctors preach fo well;
Few orators fo tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can ftrike; and yet in them we fee
Faint images of what we *here* enjoy.
What caufe have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations feize when *fear* is laid afleep;
And ill foreboded is our ftrongeft guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humbler fhrine,
Truth, radiant goddefs! fallies on my foul,
And puts *delufion's* dufky train to flight;
Difpels the mifts our fultry *paffions* raife
From objects low, terreftrial, and obfcene;
And fhows the *real* eftimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever faw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue's* rifing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thoufand lies.
Truth bids me look on men as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for as the fummer's duft,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviiible, feel things remote,
Am preient with futurities; think nought
To man fo foreign as the joys *poffeft'd,*
Nought fo much his as thofe beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* light;
Pale *world'y wifdom* lofes all her charms;
In pompous promiie, from her fchemes profound,
If future fate fhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unfubftantial, fleeting blifs!
At the firft blaft it vaniihes in air.
Not fo *celeftial:* wouldft thou know, Lorenzo,
How differ *worldly wifdom* and *divine?*
Juft as the waning and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly* wifdom every day;
And every day more fair her *rival* fhines.
When *later,* there's lefs time to play the fool.
Soon our old term for wifdom is expir'd,
(Thou know'ft fhe calls no council in the grave:)
And everlafting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wifdom wafts us to the fkies.
As worldly fchemes refembles Sibyl's leaves,
The good man's days to Sibyl's books compare,
(In ancient ftory read, thou know'ft the tale,)
In price ftill rifing, as in number lefs,
Ineftimable quite his final hour.
For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Infolvent worlds the purchafe cannot pay.
" Oh! let me die his death!" all nature cries:
" Then live his life."—All nature faulters there;
Our great phyfician daily to confult,
To commune with the *grave,* our only cure.
What grave prefcribes the beft?—A friend's;
and yet
From a friend's grave how foon we difengage!
Even to the deareft, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends raviih'd from us? 'Tis to bind,
By loft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reafon,* too fupine,
Or mifemploy'd, fo rarely faftens *there.*
Nor reafon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it is life's chief *end.*
Is death, that ever-threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only fure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected gueft?
Nay, though invited by the loudeft calls
Of blind *imprudence,* unexpected ftill?
Though numerous meffengers are fent before
To warn his great arrival. What the cauie,
The wondrous cauie, of this myfterious ill?
All heaven looks down aftoniih'd at the fight.
Is it that life has fown her *joys* fo thick,
We can't thruft in a fingle care between?
Is it that life has fuch a fwarm of *cares,*
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it that *time* fteals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is fo like *yefterday,* it cheats;
We take the lying fifter for the fame.
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the fame brook none ever bath'd him twice;
To the fame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the fame; the fame we think
Our life, though ftill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much,* irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the fea. Or fhall we fay
(Retaining ftill the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a veffel on the ftream?
In life embark'd, we fmoothly down the tide
Of *time* defcend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconfcious of the gliding wave,
Till on a fudden we perceive a fhock;
We ftart, awake, look out; what fee we there?
Our brittle bark is burft on Charon's fhore.
Is this the cauie *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment,* by the *will* ftruck blind,
That domineering miftrefs of the foul!
Like *him* fo ftrong, by Dalilah the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns ftartled *reafon* back

From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd
By nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd in life's most smiling hour,
The *good man* would repine, would *suffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! rise,
And drown in your less execrable yell
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide!
An *island* in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
The sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing in Eden might prevail,
And proves it is thy folly, not thy fate.
The soul of man, (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *soul*) a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* suspicious, *earth's* enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge
On *immortality* her godlike taste, [*there*.
There take large draughts, make her chief banquet
But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of *earth* for guests that came from *heaven*;
Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full,
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement, though fast barr'd
By laws divine and human, guarded strong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest *nature* or *dire guilt* can raise,
And moted round with fathomless *destruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, Britons! is the *cause*, to you unknown,
Or worse o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness, but the madness of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred *nature's* murder on their own,
Because they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate his end.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of *wisdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or o'er our dying friends in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in every clock
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own:
How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
To melt him down like wax, and then impress,
Idelible, *death's* image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all,
As the tide rushing rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.
Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh*?
Or study'd the philosophy of *tears*?
(A science yet unlectur'd in our schools!)
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny rivulets to their springs.
Our funeral tears from different causes rise,
As if from separate cisterns in the soul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret heard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fate of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn, in proof, that something they could love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *show*.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians draw
Their fable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiſcretion, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;
Knows not it ſpeaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all ſorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *ſorrow's* pang, the birth of endleſs joy.
But *theſe* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the ſummer ſtorm,
And full as ſhort! The cruel *grief* ſoon tam'd,
They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale;
Far as the deep reſounding knell, they ſpread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wiſdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by *death*
Are ſpent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flouriſh ſtill more fair,
When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning, *there*, her *true ſupport*,
Though there thrown down her true ſupport to learn.
Without heaven's aid, impatient to be bleſt,
She crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the ſtately cedar's arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, forſworn embraces, clings anew,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before,
In all the fruitleſs fopperies of life:
Preſents her *weed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's head* on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the deſtin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making ſmiles,
And blanching ſables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clariſſa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not ſuch, Narciſſa, my diſtreſs for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy ſacred tomb,
To ſacrifice to wiſdom. What waſt thou?
"*Young*, *gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
(Heaven knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy death.
A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, firſt, thy *youth*. What ſays it to gray hairs!
Narciſſa, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew,
She ſparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, *age* ſevere
Old worn-out vice ſets down for virtue fair;
With graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
That youth chaſtis'd ſurpaſſing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
As if, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead preſcription from the grave;
Deathleſs, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathleſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill:
We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death entrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves in that juſt mirror ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *muſt*,
And *ſoon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell diſſent;
Folly ſings ſix, while *nature* points at twelve.
Abſurd *longevity!* More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more traſh of every kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when reliſh fails?
Object, and *appetite*, muſt club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that ſtrike us from *without*,
While *nature* is relaxing every ſtring?
Aſk *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the ſoul, when this life's rattles ceaſe,
Has nothing of more manly to ſucceed?
Contract the taſte immortal; learn ev'n now
To reliſh what *alone* ſubſiſts hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wiſh* to die.
That wiſh is *praiſe*, and *promiſe*; it applauds
Paſt life, and promiſes our future bliſs.
What weakneſs ſee not children in their ſires?
Grand-climacterical abſurdities!
Gray-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How ſhocking: it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our firſt childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
Peace and *eſteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wiſdom* gives the *firſt*; the *laſt*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wiſe*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.
No wiſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this ſide the grave.
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
Enough to live in tempeſt, die in port;
Age ſhould fly concourſe, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will* ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconſider'd* too, a dreadful ſcene!
All ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaſte;
This art would waſte the bitterneſs of death

The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* deſtroys.
A diſaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkneſs on the ſoul,
Which ſleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.
Doſt aſk, Lorenzo, why ſo warmly preſt,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear, [chine,
The thought of death? That thought is the ma-
The grand machine! that heaves us from the duſt,
And rears us into men. That thought, ply'd home,
Will ſoon reduce the ghaſtly *precipice*
O'er-hanging hell, will ſoften the deſcent,
And gently ſlope our paſſage to the grave;
How warmly to be wiſh'd! What heart of fleſh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackeſt brand of cenſure bold,
(So ſpeak a language *too well* known to thee)
Would ar a moment give its *all* to chance,
And *ſtamp* the die for an eternity?
Aid me, Narciſſa! aid me to keep pace
With *deſtiny*; and ere her ſciſſars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my ſlumbering *reaſon* to ſend forth
A thought of obſervation on the foe;
To ſally; and ſurvey the rapid march
Of his ten thouſand meſſengers to man;
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *nature* ſign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Muſt I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a ſelf-ſurvivor every year.
Man, like a ſtream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a deſtroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his; my *yeſterday*;
The bold invader ſhares the *preſent* hour.
Each moment on the former ſhuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decreaſe;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waſte that inſtant they take fire.
Shall we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to paſs,
Which comes to paſs each moment of our lives?
If fear we muſt, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *ſtrength* and *ardour*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtleſs of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude viſitant!) knocks hard at your dull ſenſe,
And with its thunder ſcarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in every place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental fires!
A brother tomb to tell you ye ſhall die.
That death you *dread* (ſo great is nature's ſkill)
Know, you ſhall *court* before you ſhall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you ſit;
In wiſdom ſhallow; pompous ignorance!
Would you be ſtill more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *ſenſe*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indiſpenſable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *ſcience* for diſtinguiſh'd names,
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculation ſhines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All caſts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together ſhook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *ſarcaſtic*, and inſults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countleſs multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *diſappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our ſorrow, greater our ſurpriſe.
Like other tyrants, *death* delights to ſmite,
What, ſmitten, moſt proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy ſupreme,
To bid the wretch ſurvive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his ſhroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens tomb:
Me thine, Narciſſa!—What though ſhort thy date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which anſwers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name;
The man of wiſdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methuſalems may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flattering tombs!
Narciſſa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counſel too?
That, like the Jews fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles inſtruction; ſuch as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill-known to thee, Lorenzo! *This* thy vaunt:
"Give death his due, the wretched, and the old;
"Ev'n let him ſweep his rubbiſh to the grave;
"Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
"But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'ſt him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "That fartheſt from the *fear*,
"Are often neareſt to the *ſtroke* of fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,
Glad ſpirits ſparkled from Narciſſa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,
For *this* offence, as treaſon to the deep
Inviolable ſtupor of his reign,
Where *luſt*, and turbulent *ambition*, ſleep,
Death took ſwift vengeance. As he life deteſts,
More life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By conqueſt, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heaven's decree,

To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end. [ſo
Thus runs death's dread commiſſion: "Strike, but
"As moſt alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *ſtratagem* delights him, and *ſurpriſe*,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim; [moſt.
And, where leaſt fear'd, there conqueſt triumphs
This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears aſleep?
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconfeſt in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* aſſumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns:
Though maſter of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew.
Like Nero, he's a ſidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guiſe;
Quite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath,
His diſarray'd oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
His ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence
In his familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
Such, on Narciſſa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
To *ſmile*; ſuch peace has innocence in death!
Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
I've ſeen, or dreamt I ſaw, the tyrant *dreſs*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
Say, muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
And ſhow Lorenzo the ſurpriſing ſcene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.
'Twas in a circle of the *gay*, I ſtood.
Death would have enter'd; *nature* puſh'd him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſt*
The ſage; for *death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *uſurer*
His meagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *ſpendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic air,
Well-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of coſtly linen, tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.
His crooked bow he ſtraiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly ſhafts in Myra's eye.
The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out-ſallies on adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* ſuffice; ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleaſure's* footſteps round the world;
When *pleaſure* treads the path, which *reaſon* ſhuns.
When, againſt *reaſon*, *riot* ſhuts the door,
And *gaiety* ſupplies the place of *ſenſe*,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight howl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is baniſh'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt him turns the key; and bids him ſup
With their progenitors—He drops his maſk;
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire.
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurpriſe,
From his black maſk of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than ſimple conqueſt*, in the fiend?
And now, Lorenzo, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore thou be fit;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And *fate* ſurpriſe thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from thee the precious *uſe* of life.
Early, not ſudden, was Narciſſa's fate.
Soon, not ſurpriſing, *death* his viſit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her ſight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that miſſes it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conſpir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happineſs
(If happineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge through ſuch a ſhining ſhield?
That ſhining ſhield *invites* the tyrant's ſpear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And ſtrongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death's* ambition,
To cull his victims from the faireſt fold,
And ſheath his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliſs,
Set up in oſtentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toſs'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble ſtate,
How often have I ſeen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our evening's ſigh!
As if her bounties were the ſignal given,
The flowery wreathe to mark the ſacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the deſtin'd prey.
High fortune ſeems in cruel league with *fate*.
Aſk you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;

Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo ſtill for the ſublime
Of life? To hang his airy neſt on high,
On the ſlight timber of the topmoſt bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *death* at equal diſtance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins juſt where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happineſs *deny'd?*
Lorenzo! no: 'Tis happineſs *diſdain'd.*
She comes too meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
And calls herſelf *content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *tranſport*, and *content* our ſcorn.
Ambition turns, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempeſt*, in her ſtead;
A *tempeſt* to warm *tranſport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal ſtate admits,
Life's modeſt joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
And all our ecſtaſies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And ſince thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
As late I drew *death's* picture, to ſtir up
Thy wholeſome fears; now, drawn in contraſt, ſee
Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hope's to reprimand.
See, high in air the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
Unlocks her caſket, ſpreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All ruſh rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
Prieſts o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to ſnatch the golden ſhower.

Gold glitters moſt, where *virtue* ſhines no more;
As ſtars from abſent ſuns have leave to ſhine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennel'd from the priſons, and the ſtews,
Pour in, all opening in their idol's praiſe;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morſel on morſel ſwallow down unchew'd,
Untaſted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous ſtill.
Sagacious all, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
And bold to ſeize the greateſt. If (bleſt chance!)
Court zephyrs ſweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place or power,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates ſurvey.
With aim miſ meaſur'd, and impetuous ſpeed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent wiſh far off,
Through fury to poſſeſs it: *Some* ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *ſome*, by ſudden blaſts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in boſoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To *ſome* it ſticks ſo cloſe, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *ſome* (unhappy rivals!) ſeize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and ſmiles:
Smiles too the goddeſs; but ſmiles moſt at thoſe,
(Juſt victims of exhorbitant deſire!)
Who periſh at their own requeſt, and whelm'd
Beneath her load of laviſh grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers ſlain,
The number ſmall, which happineſs can bear.
Though *various* for a while their fates; at laſt
One curſe involves them all: at death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loſs,
And mourn, in juſt proportion to their ſtore.

And *death's* approach (if orthodox my ſong)
Is haſten'd by the lure of *fortune's* ſmiles.
And art thou ſtill a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou ſtill rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
A blow, which while it executes, alarms;
And ſtartles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
The ſun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the ſtrong ſtrokes of labouring hinds ſubdued,
Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conſcious foreſt trembles at the ſhock,
And hill, and ſtream, and diſtant dale reſound.

Theſe high-aim'd darts of *death*, and theſe alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, ſuſpended in mid air,
Or near heaven's *archer*, in the zodiac hung,
(So could it be) *ſhould* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A conſtellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempeſtuous wave;
Nor ſuffer them to ſtrike the common rock,
" From greater danger, to grow more ſecure,
" And, wrapt in happineſs, forget their fate."

Lyſander, happy paſt the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aſpaſio: ſhe was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were bleſt:
All who knew envy'd: yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finiſht happineſs?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her ſtately dome
Roſe on the founding beach. The glittering ſpires
Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore:
So break thoſe glittering ſhadows, human joys.
The faithleſs morning ſmil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecſtaſies, at eve.
The riſing ſtorm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.
She felt it ſeen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd without the furious ocean's aid,
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhares his tomb.
Now, round the ſumptuous bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough ſailor paſſing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears ſuffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The *diſtant* train of thought I took to ſhun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*Theſe* died together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narciſſa! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou waſt only *near* me; not *myſelf*.
Survive *myſelf?*—*That* cures all other woe.

Narciſſa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the ſoft commerce! O the tender ties,
Cloſe-twiſted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the ſoul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *ſuch* friends part,
'Tis the ſurvivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT VI.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of Immortality.

PART I.

Where, among other things, Glory, and Riches, are particularly conſidered.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY PELHAM, FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASUREY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in diſpute about religion than this. The diſpute about religion, and the practice of it, ſeldom go together. The ſhorter, therefore, the diſpute the better. I think it may be reduced to this ſingle queſtion, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our diſputes are mere amuſements, or trials of ſkill. In this caſe, *truth*, *reaſon*, *religion*, which give our diſcourſes ſuch pomp and ſolemnity, are (as will be ſhown) mere empty ſound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very ſerious about eternal conſequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, uneſtabliſhed, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the *real* ſource and ſupport of all our infidelity; how remote ſoever the particular objections advanced may ſeem to be from it.

Senſible appearances affect moſt men much more than *abſtract reaſonings*; and we daily ſee *bodies* drop around us, but the *ſoul* is inviſible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be conceived by thoſe that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the ſad intereſt that ſouls ſhould not ſurvive! The heathen world confeſſed, that they *rather* hoped, than firmly *believed* immortality! And how many heathens have we ſtill amongſt us! The ſacred page aſſures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the goſpel: but by how many is the goſpel rejected, or overlooked! From theſe conſiderations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the ſentiments of ſome particular perſons,—I have been long perſuaded that moſt, if not all our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patronize) are ſupported in their deplorable error, by ſome doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am ſatisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immorality, are not far from being Chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conſcious eternal pain or happineſs will certainly be his lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, inquire after the ſureſt means of eſcaping one, and ſecuring the other. And of ſuch an earneſt and impartial inquiry, I well know the conſequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this moſt fundamental truth, ſome plain arguments are offered: arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irreſtible; and ſuch as I am ſatisfied will have great weight with all who give themſelves the ſmall trouble of looking ſeriouſly into their own boſoms, and of obſerving, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily paſſes round about them in the world. If ſome arguments ſhall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are ſubmitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the *moſt* important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is indiſputed for this reaſon *only*; viz. becauſe, where the leaſt pretence to reaſon is admitted, it muſt for ever be indiſputable. And of conſequence no man can be betrayed into a diſpute of that nature by *vanity*; which has a principal ſhare in animating our modern combatants againſt other articles of our belief.

SHE * (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narciſſa, left the ſcene;
Nor ſudden, like Philander. What avail?
This ſeeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancy'd medicine heightens the diſeaſe.
The longer known, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy preſſure's ſtill increaſing weight,
From hardeſt hearts, confeſſion of diſtreſs.
O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it ſo)
With diſmal *doubt*, and ſable *terror*, hung:
Sick *hopes*, pale lamp its only glimmering ray:
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *ſelf-love* itſelf to flatter, there,
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically ſad!
How oft I ſaw her dead, while yet in ſmiles!
In ſmiles ſhe ſunk *her* grief to leſſen *mine*.
She ſpoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By ſlow, and ſilent, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
In his pale progreſs gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly ſiege; in ſpite of art,
Of all the balmy bleſſings nature lends
To ſuccour frail humanity. Ye ſtars!
(Not now *firſt* made familiar to my ſight)
And thou, O moon! bear witneſs, many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down by ſore attention to the ſhock,

* *Referring to Night* V.

By ceaſeleſs depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful poſt
Of obſervation! darker every hour!
Leſs dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my ſoul ſhudder'd at futurity;
When, a moment's point, th' important die,
Of life and death ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wiſh'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedneſs and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the paſs, and barr'd from *real life.*
Where dwells *that* wiſh moſt ardent of the wiſe?
Too dark the ſun to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
Too low to reach it; *death*, great *death* alone,
O'er ſtars and ſun, triumphant lead us there.
Nor dreadful our *tranſition;* though the mind,
An artiſt at creating ſelf-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *ſat.*
Our ſketch all random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.
Death, and his image riſing in the brain,
Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;
Fear ſhakes the pencil; *fancy* loves exceſs;
Dark *ignorance* is laviſh of her ſhades;
And *theſe* the formidable picture draw. [riſe;
But grant the worſt; 'tis paſt; new proſpects
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that ſuſpend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapſe, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the ſoul unfated with her theme.
Its *nature, proof, importance*, fire my ſong.
O that my ſong could emulate my ſoul!
Like her immortal. No!—the ſoul diſdains
A mark ſo mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endleſs ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm* inſpire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In ſtronger thread of brighter colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how *black*, how *brittle here!*
How ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! Our beſt deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our higheſt joys
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how *great*
To mingle intereſts, converſe amities,
With all the ſons of *reaſon*, ſcatter'd wide
Through habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of univerſal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! to riſe in ſcience, as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
No myſtery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs, and from duſt, to *ſuch* a ſcene!
Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home;
From earth's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquiſite viciſſitude of fate!
Bleſt abſolution of our blackeſt hour!
Lorenzo, theſe are thoughts that make man Man,
The wiſe illumine, aggrandize the great,
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod *we* tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* purſuits,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,
Through the long viſto of a thouſand years,
To ſtand contemplating our diſtant ſelves,
As in a magnifying mirror ſeen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To propheſy our own futurities;
To gaze in thought on what all thought tranſcends!
To talk with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as deſert,
Ourſelves th' aſtoniſh'd talkers and the tale!
Lorenzo, ſwells thy boſom at the thought?
The ſwell becomes thee: 'Tis an honeſt pride.
Revere thyſelf:—and yet thyſelf deſpiſe.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit.* Take good heed,
Nor be thou modeſt, where thou ſhould'ſt be proud;
That almoſt univerſal error ſhun.
How *juſt* our pride, when we behold *thoſe* heights!
Not thoſe *ambition* paints in air, but thoſe
Reaſon points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how juſt!
When mount we? When theſe ſhackles caſt? When quit
This cell of the creation? This ſmall neſt,
Stuck in a corner of the univerſe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-ſpun air?
Fine-ſpun to ſenſe; but groſs and feculent
To ſouls celeſtial; ſouls ordain'd to breathe
Ambroſial gales and drink a purer ſky;
Greatly triumphant on *time's* farther ſhore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud ſcience deep,
Ye born of earth! on what you can confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The guſt, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praiſe and ſhare?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the ſick!
Diſtemper'd bodies! and diſtemper'd minds!
In an *eternity*, what ſcenes ſhall ſtrike!
Adventures thicken! novelties ſurpriſe!

What webs of wonder ſhall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven!
And light th' Almighty's footſteps in the deep,
How ſhall the bleſſed day of our diſcharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And ſtraiten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguiſhable thirſt in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there*,
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately ſeen in ſhades,
And, in thoſe ſhades, by fragments only ſeen,
And ſeen thoſe fragments by the *labouring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illuſtrious and entire,
Its ample ſphere, its univerſal frame,
In full dimenſions, ſwells to the ſurvey;
And enters at one glance, the raviſh'd ſight.
From ſome ſuperior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reſide)
How ſhall the ſtranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vaſt ocean of unbounded ſpace,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the cryſtal waves of ether pure,
In endleſs voyage, without port! The *leaſt*
Of theſe diſſeminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers theſe ſurpaſs,
Huge, as leviathan, to that ſmall race,
Thoſe twinkling multitudes of little life,
He ſwallows unperceiv'd? *ſtupendous* theſe!
Yet what are theſe ſtupendous to the *whole!*
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our viens;
So vaſt the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exuberant ſource! perhaps, I wrong thee ſtill.
If admiration is a ſource of joy,
What tranſport hence; yet this the leaſt in heaven.
What *this* to that illuſtrious robe *he* wears,
Who toſt this maſs of wonders from his hand,
A ſpecimen, an earneſt of his power?
'Tis to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meaneſt floweret to the ſun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this ſun of heav'n?
This bliſs ſupreme of the ſupremely bleſt?
Death, only death, the queſtion can reſolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! ſolid happineſs
So diſtant from its ſhadow chas'd below.
And chaſe we ſtill the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we ſtill for ſublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, ſpider-like, ſpin out our precious all,
Our *more* than vitals ſpin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of ſubtle thought, and exquiſite deſign;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name;* a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner ſtill!) inſtead of graſping air
For ſordid *lucre*, plunge we in the mire? [gain,
Drudge, ſweat, through every ſhame, for every
For vile contaminating traſh; throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt matur'd to gold?
Ambition, avarice; the two *dæmons* theſe,
Which goad through every ſlough our human herd,
Hard travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches ſtoop! How ſteep they climb!
Theſe *dæmons* burn mankind; but moſt poſſeſs
Lorenzo's boſom, and turn out the ſkies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity!*
And why not in an atom on the ſhore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the ſun?
Glory and wealth! have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it ſurpriſe thee? Be thou then ſurpris'd;
Thou *neither* know'ſt: their *nature* learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *theſe ſubjects* ſeem,
What cloſe connection ties them to my theme.
Firſt, what is *true* ambition? The purſuit
Of glory, nothing *leſs* than man can ſhare.
Were they as vain as gaudy minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of ſelf-applauſe,
Their arts and conqueſts *animals* might boaſt,
And claim their *laurel* crowns as well as we;
But not *celeſtial. Here* we ſtand *alone;*
As in our form diſtinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our ſtature is our ſhame:
And man ſhould bluſh, his forehead meets the ſkies.
The *viſible* and *preſent* are for brutes,
A ſlender portion: and a narrow bound!
Theſe *reaſon*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unſeen;*
The vaſt unſeen! the future fathomleſs!
When the great ſoul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving groſs *nature's* ſediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offſpring quits
The ſage and hero of the fields and woods,
Aſſerts his rank, and riſes into man.
This is ambition: this is *human* fire.
Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?
Genius and *art*, ambition's boaſted wings,
Our boaſt but ill deſerve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If theſe alone
Aſſiſt our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er ſo high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright and baſe,
Of towering talents, and terreſtrial aims;
Methinks I ſee, as thrown from her high ſphere,
The glorious fragments of a ſoul immortal,
With rubbiſh mix'd, and glittering in the duſt.
Struck at the ſplendid, melancholy ſight,
At once *compaſſion* ſoft, and *envy* riſe—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are ſhining inſtruments
In falſe ambition's hand, to finiſh faults
Illuſtrious, and give infamy renown.
Great *ill* is an atchievment of great *powers.*
Plain ſenſe but rarely leads us far aſtray.
Reaſon the means, *affections* cauſe our end;
Means have not merit, if our end amiſs.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applauſe. [wiſe
Right ends, *and* means, make wiſdom: Worldly-
Is but *half*-witted, at its higheſt praiſe,

Let *genius* then deſpair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *ſtation:* What is ſtation high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boaſts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and miniſters are awful names;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a ſupple knee,
To beings pompouſly ſet up, to ſerve
The meaneſt ſlave; *all more* is merit's due,
He ſacred and inviolable right
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to ſuperior *worth;*
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majeſty.
Let the *ſmall ſavage* boaſt his ſilver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, deſcending fairly from his ſires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And ſouls in *ermin* ſcorn a ſoul without?
Can *place* or leſſen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies ſtill, though perch'd on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own ſtature, builds himſelf:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids:*
Her monuments ſhall laſt, when Egypt's fall.
Of theſe ſure truths doſt thou demand the cauſe?
The cauſe is lodg'd in *immortality.*
Hear, and aſſent. Thy boſom burns for power;
What ſtation charms thee? I'll inſtall thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before?*
Then thou before waſt ſomething leſs than man.
Has thy new poſt betray'd thee into pride?
That treacherous pride betrays the dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *ſtaffs* or *ſtrings* can raiſe.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkneſs ſoars,
From blindneſs bold, and towering to the ſkies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man;
An angel's ſecond; nor his ſecond, long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling ſtring,
But faintly ſhadows an immortal ſoul,
With empire's ſelf, to pride, or rapture, fir'd.
If nobler motives miniſter no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'Tis more;
It makes the poſt ſtand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honeſt man;
Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, though diſgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendant on a maſter's ſmile.
Other ambition *nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it moſt abſurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a ſwathe, *at firſt*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, *at laſt*, a turf, or ſtone;
To whom, *between*, a world may ſeem too ſmall.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *juſt* ambition, to the grand reſult,
The *curtain* fall; *there*, ſee the buſkin'd chief
Unſhod behind this momentary ſcene;
Reduc'd to his own ſtature, low or high,
As vice or virtue, ſinks him, or ſublimes;
And laugh at this fantaſtic mummery,
This antic prelude of groteſque events,
Where dwarfs are often ſtilted, and betray
A littleneſs of ſoul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread ſacrifice
To *Chriſtian* pride! which had with horror ſhock'd
The darkeſt *pagans* offer'd to their gods.
O thou *moſt Chriſtian* enemy to peace;
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the ſword reluctant, gladly ſheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a ſcaffold to the ſkies.
Why *this* ſo rare? Becauſe forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day, [nounce
Which ſits as judge; that day, which ſhall pro-
On all our days, abſolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never ſhut thy thought againſt it;
Be *levees* ne'er ſo full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet.*
That friend conſulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell the fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that *ambition?* Then let flames *deſcend*,
Point to the centre their inverted ſpires,
And learn humiliation from a ſoul,
Which boaſts her lineage from celeſtial fire.
Yet *theſe* are they the world pronounces wiſe;
The world which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And caſts *new* wiſdom: ev'n the grave man lends
His ſolemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wiſdom for parts is madneſs for the whole.
This ſtamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wiſeſt weak, the richeſt poor,
The moſt ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it leſs than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his ſoul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite miſtakes her road,
And downwards pores, for that which ſhines above,
Subſtantial happineſs, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
We leap at ſtars, and faſten in the mud;
At glory graſp, and ſink in infamy.
Ambition! powerful ſource of good and ill!
Thy ſtrength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When diſengag'd from earth, with greater eaſe,
And ſwifter flight tranſports us to the ſkies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curſe; it is our chain, and ſcourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie.
Cloſe-grated by the ſordid bars of *ſenſe;*
All proſpect of eternity ſhut out;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er ſet free.
With error in *ambition* juſtly charg'd,
Find we Lorenzo wiſer in his *wealth?*
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to ſet thee right?
Where thy *true treaſure?* Gold ſays, "Not in me."
And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;

India's infolvent; ſeek it in thyſelf,
Seek in thy naked ſelf, and find it there;
In *being* ſo deſcended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, ſky-guided, ſky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *ſenſes*, which inherit earth, and heavens;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taſte to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landſcape of the world,
At a ſmall inlet which a grain might cloſe,
And half create the wondrous world they ſee.
Our *ſenſes*, as our *reaſon*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, ſtill.
Objects are but th' occaſion; ours th' *exploit*;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake
Man makes the matchleſs image man admires.
Say, then, ſhall man, his thoughts all ſent abroad,
Superior wonders in himſelf forgot,
His admiration waſte on objects round,
When heaven makes him the ſoul of all he ſees?
Abſurd! not rare ſo great, ſo mean is man.
What wealth in *ſenſes* ſuch as theſe! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer ſcene
Than *ſenſe* ſurveys! In *memory's* firm record,
Which, ſhould it periſh, could this world recal
From the dark ſhadows of o'erwhelming !
In colours freſh, originally bright,
Preſerve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that ſovereign power!
Which *ſenſe* and *fancy* ſummons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the maſs thoſe *underlings* import,
From their materials ſifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *ſcience*, *government*, and *law*;
The ſolid baſis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (ſad exception!) ſet aſide,
Strikes out, with maſter hand, a copy fair
Of *his* idea, whoſe indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliſs.
What *wealth* in ſouls that ſoar, dive, range around,
Diſdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extenſive, hear
Th' Almighty *fiat*, and the *trumpet's ſound!*
Bold, on creation's outſide walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er ſhall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to riſe!
Souls that can graſp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impoſſible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endleſs growth,
In quenchleſs *paſſions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chooſe, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches riſe!)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundleſs bliſs!
Aſk you what *power* reſides in feeble man
That bliſs to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
Virtue, our preſent peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural eſtate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure ſure; its income is divine.
High-built abundance, heap on heap, for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then make a richer ſcramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulſe, which leaps ſo long
Almoſt by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbiſh from diſploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverſe; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New maſters court, and call the former fool
(How juſtly!) for dependence on their ſtay.
Wide ſcatter, firſt, our playthings; then our duſt?
Doſt court abundance for the ſake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy ſelf-defeated ſcheme:
Riches enable to be richer ſtill;
And, *richer ſtill*, what mortal can reſiſt?
Thus wealth (a cruel taſk-maſter!) enjoins
New toils, ſucceeding toils, an endleſs train!
And murders peace, which taught it firſt to ſhine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whoſe proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the ſtings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both Indies cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content,
Much wealth is corpulence, if not diſeaſe;
Sick, or encumber'd, is our happineſs.
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where heaven can give no more!
More, like a flaſh of water from a lock,
Quickens our ſpirits' movement for an hour;
But ſoon its force is ſpent, nor riſe our joys
Above our native temper's common ſtream.
Hence diſappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wiſe are privy to the lie.
Much learning ſhows how little mortals *know*;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy*;
At beſt, it babies us with endleſs toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to duſt.
As monkeys at a mirror ſtand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they ſo plainly ſee;
Thus men, in ſhining riches, ſee the face
Of happineſs, nor know it is a ſhade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wiſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
How few can reſcue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reaſon* ſmiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! A *being*
Of ſuch inherent ſtrength and majeſty,
Not worlds poſſeſt can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure: which holds on its glorious courſe,
When thine, O *nature*! ends; too bleſt to mourn
Creation's obſequies. What treaſure, *this!*
The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.
Immortal! Ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!

Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning still where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a *Deity!*
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave:*
The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?
The meanest slave thy *sovereign* glory shares.
Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love,
Immortal! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.
Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!
O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity!*
A glorious and a *needful* refuge, *that*
From vile imprisonment, in abject view.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains, abasement, emptiness,*
The soul can *comfort, elevate,* and *fill.*
That only, and that amply this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *these*, and *these* their lustre lose;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all atchieves;
Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *immortality's* full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost!
Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *eternity's* vast round.
To that stupendous view when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.
Enthusiastic this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by by *man* been done.
Who beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave *unblest*, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine!
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?
In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world so close about them;
They see no farther than the clouds; and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till stumbling at a straw in their career, [song?
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and
Are there, Lorenzo? Is it possible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock of its ineftimable gem?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
Shall know their treasure; treasure *then* no more.
Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother in its birth
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And with revers'd ambition strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through th' opposing
powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night; darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves?*
To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath
But argues or endears an after-scene?
To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire?*
All things proclaim it *needful;* some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure.*
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *heaven*, and *earth*, and *man.* Indulge a few
By nature, as her *common habit* worn;
So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
Thou, whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun;
Aid; while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in *man:*
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the Great *Immutable*, to man

Speaks wiſdom; is his oracle ſupreme;
And he who moſt conſults her, is moſt wiſe.
Lorenzo, to his heavenly Delphos haſte;
And come back all-immortal, all-divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; ſtars riſe, and ſet, and riſe;
Earth takes th' example. See, the ſummer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambroſial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with froſt, and turbulent with ſtorm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away:
Then melts into the ſpring: Soft ſpring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the ſouth
Recalls the *firſt*. All, to re-flouriſh, fades;
As in a wheel all ſinks, to re-aſcend.
Emblems of man, who paſſes, not expires.
With this minute diſtinction, emblems juſt,
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* ſoars. Th' aſpiring ſoul,
Ardent and *tremulous*, like flame, aſcends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vaſt maſs, and ſhall for ever roll.
No ſingle atom once in being, loſt,
With change of counſel chargeſt the Moſt High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be!
Matter immortal? And ſhall *ſpirit* die?
Above the nobler, ſhall leſs noble riſe?
Shall man alone, for whom all elſe revives,
No reſurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be ſown in barren ground,
Leſs privileg'd than grain on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliſs of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period by the ſpleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death's* ſingle unredeem'd?
If nature's *revolution* ſpeaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder ſtill.
Look nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her ſcale aſcends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts into parts reciprocally ſhot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here dormant matter waits a call to life;
Half-life, half-death, join there; here life and ſenſe;
There ſenſe from reaſon ſteals a glimmering ray;
Reaſon ſhines out in man. But how preſerv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? thoſe realms of bliſs,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthly part,
And part ethereal; grant the ſoul of man
Eternal; or in man the ſeries ends,
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;
Check'd *reaſon* halts; her next ſtep wants ſupport;
Striving to climb, ſhe tumbles from her ſcheme;
A ſcheme *analogy* pronounc'd ſo true;
Analogy, man's ſureſt guide below.
Thus far, *all nature* calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careleſs of the call,
Falſe atteſtation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reaſon, rather than renounce
The duſt belov'd, and run the *riſk* of heaven?
O what indignity to deathleſs ſouls!
What treaſon to the majeſty of man!
Of man *immortal!* Here the lofty ſtyle:
"If ſo decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
"Let earth diſſolve, yon ponderous orbs deſcend,
"And grind us into duſt. The *ſoul* is ſafe;
"The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
"As towering flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
"O'er devaſtation, as a gainer, ſmiles;
"His charter, his inviolable rights,
"Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's impotence,
"Death's pointleſs darts, and hell's defeated
"ſtorms."
But theſe chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
The glories of the world thy ſevenfold *ſhield*.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And ſuperlunary felicities,
Thy boſom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn thoſe glories that inchant againſt thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
If wiſe, the cauſe that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious!* let us mount together
(To mount, Lorenzo, never can refuſe);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What ſeeſt thou? Wondrous things!
Terreſtrial wonders, that eclipſe the ſkies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!
Loaded by man for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withſtand;
What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains ſumptuous cities ſwell,
And gild our landſcape with their glittering ſpires.
Some mid the wondering waves majeſtic riſe;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions raviſh'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or ſouthward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
Shows us half heaven beneath its ample bend.
Hid through mid air, *here* ſtreams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers *there*, laid by in baſons, ſleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vaſt oceans join
Through kingdoms channell'd deep from ſhore to ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes his face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable ſcenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword?
See fields in blood; here navel thunders riſe;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-ſea, furious waves! Their roar amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O main!
"Thus far, nor farther; *new* reſtraints obey."
Earth's diſembowell'd! meaſur'd are the ſkies!

Stars are detected in their deep recefs!
Creation widens! vanquifh'd *nature* yields!
Her fecrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, fpirit, power!
And now, Lorenzo! raptur'd at this fcene,
Whofe glories render heaven fuperfluous! fay,
Whofe footfteps thefe?—*Immortals* have been here.
Could lefs than fouls immortal this have done?
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of fouls immortal;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confefs
Thefe are *ambition's* works: and thefe are great:
But *this*, the leaft immortal fouls can do;
Tranfcend them all—but what can thefe tranfcend?
Doft afk me what?—one figh for the *diftreft*.
What then for *infidels?* A *deeper* figh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think ought *great* below!
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
All that it crowns. Here ceafe we: but ere long,
More powerful *proof* fhall take the field againft thee,
Stronger than death, and fmiling at the tomb.

NIGHT VII.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of Immortality.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners of France. A land of *levity* is a land of *guilt*. A *ferious mind* is the native foil of every virtue; and the fingle character that does true honour to mankind. The *foul's immortality* has been the favourite theme with the *ferious* of all ages. Nor is it ftrange; it is a fubject by far the moft intereffing and important that can enter the mind of man. Of higheft moment this fubject always *was*, and always *will be*. Yet this its higheft moment feems to admit of *increafe* at this day; a fort of *occafional* importance is fuperadded to the *natural* weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding *Night*, be juft. It is there fuppofed, that all our *infidels*, whatever fcheme, for argument's fake, and to keep themfelves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable error, by fome doubts of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And the more I confider this point, the more I am perfuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the diftruft of a *futurity* is a ftrange error; yet it is an error into which *bad* men may *naturally* be diftreffed. For it is impoffible to bid defiance to final ruin, without fome refuge in imagination, fome prefumption of efcape. And what prefumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compafs of human thought. And thefe are—That either God *will* not, or *can* not punifh. Confidering the divine attributes, the *firft* is too grofs to be digefted by our ftrongeft wifhes. And fince *omnipotence* is as much a divine attribute as *holinefs*, that God *can not* punifh, is as abfurd a fuppofition, as the former. God certainly can punifh as long as wicked men exift. In non-exiftence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, confequently, non-exiftence is their ftrongeft wifh. And ftrong wifhes have a ftrange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almoft, incredible. And fince on *this* member of their *alternative*, there are fome very fmall *appearances* in their *favour*, and none at all on the *other*, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimæra, to fave themfelves from the fhock and horror of an *immediate* and *abfolute* defpair.

On reviewing my fubject, by the light which *this* argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to purfue it, as it appeared to me to ftrike directly at the main root of *all* our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, purfued at large; and fome arguments for immortality, new at leaft to me, are ventured on in them. There alfo the writer has made an attempt to fet the grofs abfurdities and horrors of *annihilation* in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elfewhere.

The gentlemen, for whofe fake this attempt was chiefly made, profefs great admiration for the wifdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not fincere! If they were fincere, how would it mortify them to confider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by *thofe* whom they fo much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their fhare, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the moft guarded, difpaffionate, and compofed: yet this great maftor of temper was angry; and angry at his laft hour; and angry with his friend; and angry at for what deferved acknowledgement; angry for a right and tender inftance of true friendfhip towards him. Is not this furprifing? What could be the caufe? The caufe was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for *immortality:* for his friend afking him, with fuch an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he fhould depofite his remains?" it was refented by Socrates, as implying a difhonourable fuppofition, that he could be fo mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himfelf, that was *not immortal*.

This fact well confidered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illuftrious example, to fhare his glory: and, confequently, it would incline them to perufe the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I defire; and that, for *their* fakes: for I am perfuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel muft, neceffarily, receive fome advantageous impreffions from them.

July 7. 1744.

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HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call,
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the ſoul to ſenſe of future ſcenes?
Deaths ſtand, like Mercuries, in every way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldſt make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So ſoon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the ſun, in fairer day to riſe;
The grave, his ſubterranean road to bliſs.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it ſo;
Through various parts our glorious ſtory runs;
Time gives the preface, *endleſs age* unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.
This, earth and *ſkies* * *already* have proclaim'd.
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what God fortels (who ſpeaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) ſhall dare deny?
If *nature's* arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and ſtronger read in *man*.
If man ſleeps on, untaught by what he *ſees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels*?
He, whoſe blind thought futurity denies,
Unconſcious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himſelf;
Who reads his boſom, reads immortal life;
Or, *nature*, there, impoſing on her ſons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lie*.

Why *diſcontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable conſumption of our peace!
Reſolve me, why the *cottager* and *king*,
He whom ſea-ſever'd realms obey, and he
Who ſteals his whole dominion from the waſte,
Repelling winter blaſts with mud and ſtraw,
Diſquieted alike, draw figh for figh,
In fate ſo diſtant, in complaint ſo near?
Is it, that things *terreſtrial* can't content?
Deep in rich paſture, will thy flocks complain?
Not ſo; but to their maſter is deny'd
To ſhare their ſweet *ſerene*. Man, ill at eaſe,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
Poor in abundance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
Sighs on for ſomething *more*, when *moſt* enjoy'd.
Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not ſo; thy paſture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *inſtinct*, though perhaps, debauch'd
By *ſenſe*, his reaſon ſleeps, nor dreams the cauſe.
The cauſe how obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in diſguiſe;
And diſcontent is *immortality*.
Shall ſons of ether, ſhall the blood of heaven,
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable *here*
With brutal acquieſcence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no! they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners*, diſtreſs'd, ſhall ſigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the figh:
Man's miſery declares him born for bliſs;
His *anxious* heart aſſerts the truth I ſing,
And gives the *ſceptic* in his head the *lie*.
Our heads, our hearts, our *paſſions*, and our
powers,
Speak the ſame language; call us to the ſkies;
Unripen'd *theſe* in this inclement clime,
Scarce riſe above conjecture and miſtake;
And for this land of trifles *thoſe* too ſtrong
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human life:
What prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm?
Meet objects for our *paſſions*, heaven ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: Bleſt Heaven! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliſs!
O for a bliſs *unbounded!* far beneath
A ſoul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to periſh immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reaſon progreſſive, *inſtinct* is complete;
Swift *inſtinct* leaps; ſlow *reaſon* feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to live coëval with the ſun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning ſtill;
Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half unlearnt.
Men periſh in advance, as if the ſun
Should ſet ere noon, in *eaſtern* oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *dim*, *illuſtrious* to compare,
The ſun's *meridian* with the *ſoul* of man.

* *Night the Sixth.*

To man, why, ſtep-dame *nature!* ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy maſter-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man muſt die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *dread?*
Why curſt with foreſight? Wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
His *immortality* alone can tell;
Full ample fund to balance all amiſs,
And turn the ſcale in favour of the juſt!
His *immortality* alone can ſolve
The darkeſt of *enigmas*, human *hope;*
Of all the darkeſt, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All *preſent* bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than *deſpair.*
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for eaſe.
Poſſeſſion, why more taſteleſs than *purſuit?*
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſh'd, why, the grave of bliſs?
Becauſe in the *great future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardour ſhould purſue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* ſets,
By ſecret and inviolable ſprings;
And makes his hope his ſublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungery ſtill;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for ſomething *new*
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He *will* deſcend. He ſtarves on the *poſſeſt.*
Hence, the world's maſter, from ambition's ſpire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank ſty why wallow'd empire's ſon
Supreme? Becauſe he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was *ambition* in deſpair.
Old Rome conſulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
With more ſucceſs, the flight of *hope* ſurvey;
Of reſtleſs hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon ſits,
To fly at all that riſes in her ſight;
And, never ſtooping, but to mount again
Next moment, ſhe betrays her aim's miſtake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There ſhould it fail us (it muſt fail us there,
If *being* fails) more mournful riddles riſe,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in myſtery.
Why *virtue?* Where its praiſe, its being, fled?
Virtue is true ſelf-intereſt purſued:
What true ſelf-intereſt of *quite*-mortal man?
To cloſe with all that makes him happy *here.*
If vice (as ſometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *ſovereign* good.
In *ſelf-applauſe* is virtue's golden prize;
No ſelf-applauſe attends it on *thy* ſcheme:
Whence ſelf-applauſe? From conſcience of the right.
And what is right, but means of happineſs?
No means of happineſs when *virtue* yields;
That baſis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin every *virtuous joy.*
The rigid guardian of a blameleſs heart,
So long rever'd, ſo long reputed wiſe,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run,
Why beats thy boſom with illuſtrious dreams
Of ſelf-expoſure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterpriſe, and glorious death?
Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!
Seize, ſeize the plank thyſelf, and let her ſink:
Thy *country!* what to thee?—The *Godhead*, what?
(I ſpeak with awe!) though he ſhould bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is ſpilt,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preſerve thy being; diſobey.
Nor is it diſobedience: know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's ſubſequent command,
His firſt command is *this:*—"Man, love thyſelf."
In this alone, free-agents are *not* free.
Exiſtence is the baſis, bliſs the prize;
If *virtue* coſts exiſtence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law *ſupreme,*
Black ſuicide; though nations, which conſult
Their gain, at thy expence, reſound applauſe.
Since *virtue's* recompence is doubtful *here,*
If man dies wholly, well may we demand
Why is man *ſuffer'd* to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain is man *enjoin'd?*
Why to be good in vain is man *betray'd?*
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breaſt,
By ſweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whiſpers *nature* lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind *inſtinct* (which aſſumes the name
Of ſacred conſcience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reaſon* made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wiſeſt* loudeſt in her praiſe?
Can man by *reaſon's* beam be led aſtray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God?*
Since virtue *ſometimes* ruins us on earth,
Or *both* are true, or man ſurvives the grave.
Or man ſurvives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boaſt ſupreme, a wild abſurdity.
Dauntleſs thy ſpirit; cowards are thy ſcorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy ſcorn is juſt.
The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares ruſh on death—becauſe he cannot die.
But if man loſes all when life is loſt,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *daring* infidel (and ſuch there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought,)
Of all earth's madmen moſt deſerves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, ſcience, all we love,
And all we praiſe; for *worth*, whoſe noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher ſtyle,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers,
Dream we that luſtre of the *moral* world
Goes out in ſtench, and rottenneſs the cloſe?
Why was he wiſe to *know*, and warm to *praiſe*,
And ſtrenuous to *tranſcribe*, in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be that fate,
Juſt when the lineaments began to ſhine,
And dawn the Deity, ſhould ſnatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The ſkies alarm, leſt *angels* too might die?
If human ſouls, why not angelic too,

Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God
O'er ghastly ruin frowning from his throne!
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
The next lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes;*
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw,
Wisdom and *worth* how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and *worth* are sacred names; rever'd
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not *compassion'd* too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, *inflicted* both
To make us but more wretched: *Wisdom's* eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And *worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted *humbles* us the more.
Thou wilt not patronise a scheme that makes
Weakness and *vice* the refuge of mankind.
"Has virtue then no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear bought*,
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
Virtue and vice are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious, or for small reward?
Who virtue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' *unfading* crown, her soul inspires;
'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treacheries, and the *world's* assaults:
On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
Truth inconteStable! in spite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heaven's signet stamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all; what find we? *Knowledge*, *love*:
As light and heat essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And *why*, *if souls* expire?
How little lovely *here?* How little known?
Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil;
And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
Why starv'd on earth our *angel* appetites,
While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome fill?
Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in savage sport,
Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
Which reaps but pain from seeming claims so fair?
In future age lies no redress? And shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made!
The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *weep;*
The man who merits most must most complain:
Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
What the worst *perpetrate*, or best *endure?*
This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless power;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, powers, appetites, heaven suits in all;
Nor, *nature* through, e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is *man* the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of heaven,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect, and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *lord.*
If such is man's allotment, *what* is heaven?
Or own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All *order*. Go, mock majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
Through every scene of *sense* superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs;
Mankind's peculiar! *reason's* precious dower!
No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in every field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang:
Their *ill* no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins and ends their woe: they die but *once;*
Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from *eternity.*
O sole, and sweet solution! that unties
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on *nature's* beauteous face dispels,
Restores bright *order*, casts the brute beneath,
And re-enthrones us in supremacy
Of joy ev'n *here:* admit immortal life,
And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reversion: *Hope* exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heaven our reward—for heaven enjoy'd *below.*
Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn *heart?*—For *there*
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *will* alone rebels.
What in that stubborn heart if I should find
New unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, *pleasure*, and the *love of gain!*
Canst thou suspect that *these*, which make the soul
The *slave* of earth, should own her *heir* of heaven?
Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*
Our immortality, should prove it *sure?*
First then *ambition* summon to the bar.
Ambition's *shame*, *extravagance*, *disgust*,
And *inextinguishable nature*, speak.
Each much *deposes;* hear them in their turn.
Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame!*
How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;
And why? Because *immortal.* Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul;
Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;

Bids it aſcend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim
Which ſtoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us in tremendous judgment ſit
Far more than man, with *endleſs* praiſe, and blame.
Ambition's *bourdleſs appetite* out-ſpeaks
The verdict of its *ſhame*. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,
One age is poor applauſe; the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time muſt echo, worlds unborn reſound.
We wiſh our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too.
Inſtinct points out an intereſt in hereafter;
But our blind *reaſon* ſees not *where* it lies;
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And in itſelf a ſhadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd Cæſar at his height,
Diſguſted. This *third* proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt; between
The paſſion and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At *ſuch* ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? Becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can ambition a *fourth* proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three;
Yet quite o'erlook'd by ſome *reputed* wiſe.
Though diſappointments in ambition *pain*,
And though ſucceſs *diſguſts*, yet ſtill, Lorenzo,
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts;
By nature planted for the nobleſt ends.
Abſurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given;
More prais'd than ponder'd; ſpecious, but unſound;
Sooner that hero's *ſword* the world had quell'd
Than *reaſon* his ambition. Man *muſt* ſoar.
An obſtinate activity within,
An inſuppreſſive ſpring, will toſs him up
In ſpite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd ſlave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of ſtraw,
Echo the proud Aſſyrian in their hearts,
And cry, "Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Becauſe *immortal* as their lord;
And ſouls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething great, the glitter or the gold,
The praiſe of mortals, or the praiſe of heaven.
Nor abſolutely vain is *human* praiſe,
When human is ſupported by *divine*.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himſelf;
Pleaſure and *pride* (bad maſters!) ſhare our hearts,
As love of *pleaſure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race,
The love of *praiſe* is planted to protect
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it but the *love of praiſe* inſpires,
Matures, refines, embelliſhes, exalts,
Earth's happineſs? From *that* the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The baſis on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* leſs in debt
To praiſe, thy ſecret ſtimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit ſhould we miſs!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praiſe is the ſalt that ſeaſons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirſt of applauſe is virtue's *ſecond* guard;
Reaſon her firſt; but reaſon wants an aid;
Our *private* reaſon is a flatterer;
Thirſt of applauſe calls *public* judgment in,
To poiſe our own, to keep an even ſcale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a *fifth* proof ariſes, ſtronger ſtill:
Why this ſo nice conſtruction of our hearts?
Theſe delicate moralities of *ſenſe*,
This *conſtitutional* reſerve of aid
To ſuccour virtue when our *reaſon* fails,
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And oft the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of diſciplines, and pains, unpaid) muſt die?
Why freighted-rich to daſh againſt a rock?
Were man to periſh when moſt fit to live,
O how miſ-ſpent were all theſe ſtratagems,
By ſkill divine enwoven in our frame!
Where are heaven's holineſs and mercy fled?
Laughs heaven at once at *virtue* and at *man?*
If not, why *that* diſcourag'd, *this* deſtroy'd?
Thus far *ambition*. What ſays *avarice?*
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *thine:*
"The wiſe and wealthy are the ſame,"—I grant it.
To ſtore up treaſure with inceſſant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his higheſt praiſe.
To this great end keen *inſtinct* ſtings him on.
To guide that inſtinct, *reaſon*, is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treaſure lies:
But, reaſon failing to diſcharge her truſt,
Or to the deaf diſcharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind *induſtry*,
Gall'd by the ſpur, but ſtranger to the courſe,
(The courſe where ſtakes of more than gold are won)
O'erloading with the cares of diſtant age,
The jaded ſpirits of the *preſent* hour,
Provides for an *eternity* below.
"*Thou ſhalt not covet*," is a wiſe command;
But bounded to the wealth the ſun ſurveys:
Look farther, the command ſtands quite revers'd,
And *avarice* is a virtue moſt divine.
Is *faith* a refuge for our *happineſs?*
Moſt ſure; and is it not for *reaſon* too?
Nothing *this* world unriddles but the *next*.
Whence inextinguiſhable thirſt of gain?
From inextinguiſhable life in man:
Man, if not meant by *worth* to reach the *ſkies*,
Had wanted wing to fly ſo far in *guilt*.
Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,
Yet ſtill their root is *immortality:*
Theſe its wild growths, ſo bitter and ſo baſe,
(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their poiſonous lee,

And make them ſparkle in the bowl of *bliſs*.
See, the *third witneſs* laughs at bliſs remote,
And falſely promiſes an Eden here:
Truth ſhe ſhall ſpeak for once, though prone to lie,
A common cheat, and *pleaſure* is her name.
To pleaſure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now *firſt* thy *real* friend.
Since nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of happineſs (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
Why ſhould the joy moſt poignant *ſenſe* affords
Burn us with bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
Thoſe heaven-born bluſhes tell us man *deſcends*,
Ev'n in the zenith of his *earthly* bliſs:
Should *reaſon* take her infidel repoſe,
This honeſt *inſtinct* ſpeaks our lineage high;
This inſtinct calls on darkneſs to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the ſtalls.
Our *glory* covers us with noble *ſhame*,
And he that's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
The man that bluſhes is not quite a *brute*.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
Pleaſure is good, and man for pleaſure made;
But pleaſure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleaſure, which neither *bluſhes*, nor *expires*.
The witneſſes are heard; the cauſe is o'er;
Let *conſcience* file the ſentence in her court,
Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey:
Thus ſeal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.
" Know, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
" 'Tis *immortality* your nature ſolves;
" 'Tis *immortality* decyphers man,
" And opens all the myſteries of his make.
" Without it half his *inſtincts* are a riddle;
" Without it all his *virtues* are a dream,
" His very *crimes* atteſt his dignity;
" His fateleſs thirſt of *pleaſure*, *gold*, and *fame*,
" Declares him born for bleſſings *infinite*:
" What leſs than infinite makes un-abſurd
" *Paſſions*, which *all* on earth but more inflames?
" Fierce paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd to *this* ſcene,
" Stretch'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our neſt,
" Far, far beyond the worth of all below.
" For *earth* too large, preſage a nobler flight,
" And evidence our title to the *ſkies*."
Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whoſe conſtitution dictates to your pen, [hell!
Who, cold yourſelves, think ardour comes from
Think not our paſſions from *corruption* ſprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings;
That is their *miſtreſs*, not their *mother*. All
(And juſtly) *reaſon* deem divine: I ſee,
I feel a grandeur, in the *paſſions* too,
Which ſpeaks their high deſcent, and glorious end;
Which ſpeaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In Paradiſe itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
Ere Adam fell; though wiſer in their aim,
Like the proud Eaſtern, ſtruck by Providence,
What though our *paſſions* are run mad, and ſtoop
With low, terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On traſh, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, through their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *theſe* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd),
When *reaſon* moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.
But grant their phrenſy laſts; their phrenſy fails
To diſappoint *one* providential end,
For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were *reaſon* ſilent, boundleſs *paſſion* ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens all;
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it *ſure*.
Conſider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre through the human ſphere;
Conſider man as *mortal*, all is dark,
And wretched; *reaſon* weeps at the ſurvey.
The learn'd Lorenzo cries, " And let her weep,
" Weak *modern* reaſon: *Ancient* times were wiſe.
" *Authority*, that venerable guide,
" Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
" (And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
" Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glittering through their romantic wiſdom's page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Fable is flat to theſe high-ſeaſon'd fires!
They leave th' extravagance of ſong below.
" Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
" The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
" A bed of roſes, or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, this! As *doctrine*, it was ſtrange:
But not, as *prophecy*; for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs *Chriſtians* need not feign.
The *Chriſtian* truly triumpli'd in the flame:
The *Stoic* ſaw, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himſelf,
To find the bold adventures of his thought,
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lie in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? Thoſe towering thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights?—From *inſtinct*, and from *pride*.
The glorious *inſtinct* of a deathleſs ſoul,
Confuſ'dly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In *luſt's* dominion, and in *paſſion's* ſtorm,
Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,
Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reaſon* diſbeliev'd,
Pride, like the Delphic prieſteſs, with a ſwell,
Rav'd nonſenſe, deſtin'd to be *future* ſenſe,
When life *immortal*, in full day, ſhould ſhine;
And *death's dark ſhadows* fly the goſpel ſun.
They ſpoke, what nothing but *immortal* ſouls
Could ſpeak; and thus the truth they queſtion'd, prov'd.
Can then *abſurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
Speak man *immortal?* All things ſpeak him ſo.

Much has been urg'd: and doſt thou call for more?
Call; and with endleſs queſtions be diſtreſs'd,
All unreſolvable, if *earth* is all.
" Why life, a moment; infinite, deſire?
" Our wiſh, eternity? Our home, the grave?
" Heaven's *promiſe* dormant lies in human *hope;*
" Who *wiſhes* life immortal, proves it too.
" Why happineſs purſued, though never found?
" Man's thirſt of happineſs declares *it is,*
" (For nature never gravitates to nought);
" That thirſt unquench'd declares *it is not here.*
" *My* Lucia, *thy* Clariſſa, call to thought;
" Why *cordial friendſhip* rivetted ſo deep,
" As hearts to pierce at firſt, at parting rend,
" If friend, and friendſhip, vaniſh in an hour?
" Is not this torment in the maſk of joy?
" Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *ſenſe?*
" Why *paſt*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
" And putting all our *preſent* joys to death?
" Why labours *reaſon? inſtinct* were as well;
" Inſtinct far better; what can *chooſe*, can *err:*
" O how *infallible* the thoughtleſs brute!
" 'Twere well his *Holineſs* were half as ſure.
" *Reaſon* with *inclination*, why at war?
" Why ſenſe of *guilt?* why *conſcience* up in arms?"
Conſcience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And boſom-council to decline the blow.
Reaſon with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here:
Thus on—theſe, and a thouſand pleas uncall'd,
All *promiſe*, ſome *enſue*, a ſecond ſcene;
Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all things elſe moſt *certain;* were it *falſe.*
What *truth* on earth ſo precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will enſue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope:*
The future of the preſent is the ſoul:
How *this* life groans, when ſever'd from the *next!*
Poor mutilated wretch, that diſbelieves!
By dark diſtruſt his being cut in two,
In *both* parts periſhes; *life* void of joy,
Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain!
Couldſt thou perſuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wiſhes; how ſhould I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguiſh, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *deſpair*,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blaſts the ſoul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's ſyſtem true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run.
" *Grief* from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere while.
" The future *vaniſh'd!* and the preſent *pain'd!*
" Strange import of unprecedented ill!
" Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
" Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
" From where ſond *hope* built her pavilion high,
" The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
" To night! To *nothing*, darker ſtill than night!
" If 'twas a *dream*, why wake me, my worſt foe,
" Lorenzo! boaſtful of the name of friend!
" O for deluſion! O for error ſtill!
" Could vengeance ſtrike much ſtronger than to plant
" A *thinking* being in a world like this,
" Not ever-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
" More curſt than at the *fall?*—The ſun goes out
" The thorns ſhoot up! What thorns in every thought!
" Why ſenſe of better? It imbitters worſe.
" Why ſenſe? why life? If but to ſigh, then ſink
" To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
" Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe from what was wont
" To flatter moſt, high *intellectual powers.*
" *Thought, virtue, knowledge!* bleſſings, by *thy* ſcheme,
" All poiſon'd into pains. Firſt, *knowledge*, once
" My ſoul's ambition, *now* her greateſt dread.
" To *know myſelf*, true wiſdom?—No, to ſhun
" That ſhocking ſcience, parent of deſpair!
" Avert thy mirror: if I ſee, I die.
" *Know my Creator?* Climb his bleſt abode
" By painful ſpeculation, pierce the veil,
" Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
" And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
" Obtruding life, with-holding happineſs!
" From the full rivers that ſurround his throne,
" Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
" Man gaſping for one drop, that he might ceaſe
" To curſe his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
" Ye ſable clouds! ye darkeſt ſhades of night!
" Hide *him*, for ever hide him, from my thought,
" Once all my comfort; ſource, and ſoul of joy!
" Now leagu'd with furies, and with * *thee*, againſt me.
" *Know his atchievements?* Study his renown?
" Contemplate this amazing univerſe,
" Drop from his hand, with miracles replete!
" For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
" To find one miracle of *mercy?*
" To find the being, which alone can *know*
" And *praiſe* his works, a blemiſh on his praiſe?
" Through nature's ample range, in thought to ſtroll.
" And ſtar fat *man*, the ſingle mourner there,
" Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death?
" Knowing is ſuffering: and ſhall *virtue* ſhare
" The ſigh of *knowledge?*—Virtue ſhares the ſigh.
" By ſtraining up the ſteep of *excellent*,
" By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
" What gain ſhe, but the pang of ſeeing worth,
" *Angelic* worth, ſoon ſhuffled in the dark
" With every vice, and ſwept to *brutal* duſt?
" Merit is madneſs; virtue is a crime;
" A crime to *reaſon*, if it coſts us pain
" *Unpaid:* what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
" To think the moſt *abandon'd*, after days
" Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
" As *ſoft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
" *Duty! religion!*—Theſe, our duty done,
" Imply reward. *Religion* is miſtake.
" *Duty!*—There's none, but to repel the cheat.
" Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
" Who feign yourſelves the favourites of the ſkies:
" Ye towering hopes! abortive energies!
" That toſs and ſtruggle in my *lying* breaſt,
" To ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions there,

* *Lorenzo.*

" As I were heir of an *eternity*.
" Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
" Why travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
" As bounded as my being be my wiſh.
" All is inverted; *wiſdom* is a fool.
" *Senſe*, take the rein; blind *paſſion*, drive us on;
" And *ignorance*, befriend us on our way;
" Ye *new*, but *trueſt* patrons of our peace!
" Yes; give the *pulſe* full empire; live the *brute*,
" Since as the brute we die. The *ſum* of man,
" Of godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
" But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
" *Their* revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
" And ſafer too; *they* never poiſons chooſe.
" *Inſtinct* than *reaſon* makes more wholeſome meals,
" And ſends all-marring murmur far away.
" For *ſenſual* life *they* beſt philoſophiſe;
" *Theirs* that *ſerene* the *ſages* ſought in vain:
" 'Tis *man* alone expoſtulates with heaven;
" *His* all the *power* and all the *cauſe* to mourn.
" Shall *human* eyes *alone* diſſolve in tears?
" And bleed, in anguiſh, none but *human* hearts?
" The wide-ſtretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
" Surpaſſing *ſenſual* far, is all our own.
" In *life* ſo fatally diſtinguiſh'd, why
" Caſt in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death*?
" Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
" Why thunder'd this peculiar *clauſe* againſt us,
" *All-mortal and all-wretched*?—Have the ſkies
" Reaſons of ſtate their ſubjects may not ſcan,
" Nor *humbly* reaſon when they *ſorely* ſigh?
" *All-mortal and all-wretched!*—'Tis too much;
" Unparallel'd in nature; 'tis too much
" On being *unrequeſted* at thy hands,
" Omnipotent! for I ſee nought but *power*.
" And why ſee that? Why *thought*? To toil, and eat,
" Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no thought.
" What ſuperfluities are *reaſoning* ſouls!
" O give eternity! or thought deſtroy.
" But without thought our curſe were half unfelt;
" Its blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart;
" And *therefore* 'tis beſtow'd, I thank thee, *reaſon!*
" For aiding *life's* too ſmall calamities,
" And giving being to the dread of *death*.
" Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
" For *me*, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?
" Too much for *heaven* to make one emmet more?
" Too much for *chaos* to permit my maſs
" A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, *untormented* into *man*?
" Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
" Wretched capacity of frenzy, *thought!*
" Wretched capacity of dying *life!*
" *Life*, *thought*, *worth*, *wiſdom*, All (O foul revolt)
" *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" *Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too: O death!
" Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of heaven!
" Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more!
" Why in this thorny *wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there's no *promis'd land's* ambroſial bower,
" To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of heaven!
" To ſting us ſore, why *mock't* our miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *deſpair?*
" At ſtated periods, ſure returning, roll
" Theſe *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
" Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
" Their miſery's full meaſure?——Smiles with flowers,
" And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming *earth*,
" That man may languiſh in *luxurious* ſcenes,
" And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
" Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
" For *ſuch* delights! Bleſt *animals!* too wiſe
" To *wonder*; and too happy to *complain!*
" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful ſcene:
" Why not a dungeon dark for the *condemn'd?*
" Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den,
" For man to howl in? Why not his abode
" Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
" A Thebes, a Babylon, at vaſt expence
" Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders,
" As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
" Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high deſire;
" If, from her humble chamber in the duſt,
" While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire in- flames,
" The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
" And, round us, *death's* inexorable hand
" Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.
" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *death*,
" Once, I beheld the ſun; a ſun which gilt
" That fable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
" How the *grave's* alter'd! Fathomleſs, as hell!
" A *real* hell to thoſe who dreamt of heaven.
" Annihilation! How it yawns before me!
" Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *ſenſe*,
" The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
" An outcaſt from exiſtence! and this ſpirit,
" This all-pervading, this all-conſcious ſoul,
" This particle of energy divine,
" Which travels nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
" And viſits gods, and emulates their powers,
" For ever is extinguiſht. Horror! death!
" Death of *that* death I *fearleſs* once ſurvey'd!—
" When horror *univerſal* ſhall deſcend,
" And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
" How juſt this verſe! this monumental ſigh!"

Beneath the lumber of demoliſh'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbiſh of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common maſs
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *The ſons of heaven!*
The lords of earth! The property of worms!
Beings of yeſterday! and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos; *or to make*
Their happy tranſit into blocks *or* brutes,
Nor longer ſilly their Creator's *name.*

Lorenzo! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this hiſtory? If *ſuch* is man,

Mankind's hiſtorian, though divine, might weep
And dares Lorenzo ſmile!—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
At ſuch a ſcene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy boaſts, preſumptions, and diſplays,
And art though then a ſhadow? Leſs than ſhade?
A nothing? *Leſs* than nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taſte of *pleaſure* high?
Why patronize ſure death of every joy?
Charm *riches?* Why chooſe beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleaſure, avarice, perſuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They * lately *prov'd* the ſoul's ſupreme deſire.
What art thou made of? Rather, how unmade?
Great *nature's* maſter appetite deſtroy'd!
Is endleſs life and happineſs deſpis'd?
Or both wiſh'd, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverſe, eternal war with heaven!
Dar'ſt thou perſiſt? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of tranſitory forms,
Riſing and breaking millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantaſtic deity, blown up
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee:
O! ſpare this *waſte* of being half divine;
And vindicate th' *economy* of heaven.
Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bleſs:*
And ſhall it, then, ſtrike off the liſt of life,
A being bleſt, or worthy *ſo* to be?
Heaven ſtarts at an *annihilating* God.
Is that all *nature* ſtarts at, thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—The dying groan
Of *nature*, murder'd by the blackeſt guilt.
What deadly poiſon has thy nature drunk;
To nature undebauch'd no ſhock ſo great;
Nature's *firſt* wiſh is *endleſs happineſs;*
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies enclos'd
For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But, firſt, he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroyed.
If ſo; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkeſt are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of deſperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal poſture of the ſoul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At ſuch a birth, a birth ſo near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp ſo black a ſcheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to duſt?
There's nought (thou ſay'ſt) but one eternal flux
Of feeble effences, tumultuous driven
Through *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyſs.

* *In Night VI.*

Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's toſſing thought
Can reſt from terror, dare his fate ſurvey,
And boldly think it *ſomething* to be born?
Amid ſuch hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-ſuſtaining *baſe*,
All-realiſing, all-connecting *power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *deſtruction* to refund her ſpoil?
Command the grave reſtore her taken prey?
Bids death's dark vale its human harveſt yield,
And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of man,
True to the grand depoſit truſted *there?*
Is there no *potentate*, whoſe outſtretch'd arm,
When ripening time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from foul *devaſtation's* famiſh'd maw,
Binds *preſent, paſt*, and *future*, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating beings cluſtering round!
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by heaven's omnipotence *in ſmiles*,
Built (like a *pharos* towering in the waves)
Amidſt immenſe effuſions of his love!
An ocean of *communicated* bliſs!
An all-prolific, all-preſerving god!
This were a god indeed.—And ſuch *is* man,
As here preſum'd: he riſes from his fall.
Think'ſt thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleeps; each ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the *trumpet's* call,
As ſounding braſs collects us round heaven's throne,
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendour!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the ſoul this *outlet* to the ſkies,
In this vaſt veſſel of the univerſe,
How ſhould we gaſp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famiſh'd *hope* expire!
How bright *my* proſpect ſhines; how gloomy, *thine!*
A trembling world! and a devouring God!
Earth, but the ſhambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all ſtain'd with cauſeleſs maſſacres
Of countleſs millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *loſt*. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us ſhudder at the thoughts of *life*.
Who would be born to ſuch a phantom world,
Where nought ſubſtantial but our miſery
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our diſtreſs,
So ſoon to periſh, and revive no more?
The greater *ſuch* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, ſo far from *great* (and yet how great
It ſhines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a ſhadow; *conſciouſneſs*, a dream;
A dream, how dreadful! Univerſal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a ſpark
From non-exiſtence ſtruck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment ſure,
'Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding *night*,
His ſad, ſure, ſudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! doſt thou *feel* theſe arguments?
Or is there nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
How haſt thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?

How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this?
If *such* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cause of misery?
Retract, blaspheмer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the short result—
"*If man's immortal, there's a God in heaven.*"
But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets *my* soul at rest!
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart*.
So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"*What an old tale is this!*" Lorenzo cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.
Say, know'st thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole; *one* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor*.
For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the Supreme; nor his, a few;
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.
In this small province of his vast domain
(All *nature* bow, while I pronounce his name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end,
To rescue souls from death! *The soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The *soul's high price* is the *creation's key*.
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of every deed divine:
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design:
That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *natural*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
The former two but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mass* new-cast, forgot their *deeds renown'd*:
And angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair?*"
To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' Almighty, rising, his long Sabbath broke!
The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd;
On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travell'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders sacred nature stood control'd;
The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven;
And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still:
Guilt was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
Of all these truths thrice venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.
Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers
To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul
To take the vast idea: it denies
All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds!
Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hovering o'er this little brand of strife!
This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
In *man's*. His *single* interest blows the flame;
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
And tempest nature's universal sphere.
Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern,
Such foes implacable are *good*, and *ill*;
Yet man, vain man, would meditate peace between them.
Think not this fiction, "*There was war in heaven,*"
From heaven's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
Th' Almighty's out-stretch'd arm took down his bow,
And shot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires.
And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm?
He sleeps—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries?*
The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counsel *mortals* cause
In breasts divine! how little in their own!
Where'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me!
How happily this wondrous view supports
My former argument! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here!*
Why this exertion? Why this strange regard
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight;

Or ſtand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Becauſe immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This ſtrange regard of deities to duſt.
Hence heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes:
Hence, the ſoul's mighty moment in her ſight:
Hence, every ſoul has partiſans above,
And every thought a critic in the ſkies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And every guard a paſſion for his charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counſel o'er the fate of man.
Nor have the clouds thoſe gracious counſels hid;
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphaſis and awe,
He ſpoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard;
He ſpoke it loud, in thunder and in ſtorm.
Witneſs, thou Sinai! whoſe cloud-cover'd height,
And ſhaken baſis, own'd the preſent God;
Witneſs, ye *billows!* whoſe returning tide,
Breaking the chain that faſten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt and her menaces, to hell:
Witneſs, ye *flames!* th' Aſſyrian tyrant blew
To ſevenfold rage, as impotent, as ſtrong:
And thou, *earth!* witneſs, whoſe expanding jaws
Clos'd o'er **prefumption's* ſacrilegious ſons:
Has not each element, in turn, ſubſcrib'd
The *ſoul's high price*, and ſworn it to the wiſe?
Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, ſtrove
To ſtrike *this truth* through adamantine man?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is deluſion; *nature* is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from *reaſon's* keeneſt eye;
There's no conſiſtence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the ſun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate), or heaven
Is an immenſe, ineſtimable prize;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all—
And ſhall each *tey* be ſtill a match for heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a thouſand worlds to *cure?*
Lorenzo! thou haſt ſeen (if thine to ſee)
All *nature*, and her God (by nature's *courſe*,
And nature's courſe *controul'd*) declare for me;
The ſkies above proclaim, "*immortal* man!"
And, "man *immortal!*" all below reſounds.
The world's a ſyſtem of theology,
Read by the greateſt ſtrangers to the ſchools;
If *honeſt*, learned: and *ſages* o'er a plough.
Is not Lorenzo! then impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *reaſon*, or thy *ſenſe*; or, to *believe?*
What then is thy *unbelief?* 'Tis an exploit;
A ſtrenuous enterpriſe: to gain it, man
Muſt burſt through every bar of common ſenſe,
Of common ſhame, magnanimouſly wrong;
And what rewards the ſturdy combatant?
His prize, *repentance; infamy*, his crown.
But wherefore, *infamy?*—For want of *faith*,
Down the ſteep precipice of *wrong* he ſlides;
There's nothing to ſupport him in the *right*.

Faith in the future wanting is at leaſt
In *embryo*, every weakneſs, every guilt;
And ſtrong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country ſold, his father ſlain?
'Tis virtue to purſue our good ſupreme;
And his ſupreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, avarice, by the wiſe diſdain'd,
Is perfect *wiſdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-ſtone, covers all:
Theſe find employment, and provide for *ſenſe*
A richer paſture, and a larger range;
And *ſenſe* by right divine aſcends the throne,
When *virtue's* prize and proſpect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
Would heaven quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd?
"Has *virtue* charms?"—I grant her heavenly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *intereſt* wed;
Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality;*
That root deſtroy'd, they wither and expire.
A deity believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *puniſhments* make God ador'd;
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conſcience* all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his ſoul immortal,
Whate'er his boaſt, has told me, *He's a knave.*
His *duty* 'tis, to love himſelf *alone;*
Nor care though mankind periſh, if he ſmiles.
Who thinks ere long the man ſhall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; nought but *brute* ſurvives.
And are there ſuch?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loſs of being,
Being, the baſis of the Deity!
Aſk you the *cauſe?*—The cauſe they will not tell:
Nor *need* they: O the ſorceries of *ſenſe!*
They work this transformation on the ſoul,
Diſmount her, like the ſerpent at the fall,
Diſmount her from her native wing, (which ſoar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the duſt, and *crawl* in ſuch a thought.
Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *reaſon*, and of *hope!*
Erect in ſtature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleaſure, poſting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averſe to ſenſe!
Boaſters of liberty, faſt bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the ſhame!
More *ſenſeleſs* than th' *irrationals* you ſcorn!
More *baſe* than thoſe you rule! Than thoſe you pity,
Far more *undone!* O ye moſt infamous
Of beings, from ſuperior dignity!
Deepeſt in woe from means of boundleſs bliſs!
Ye curſt by bleſſings infinite! becauſe
Moſt highly favour'd, moſt profoundly loſt!
Ye motly maſs of *contradiction* ſtrong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your ſouls fly off
In exhalation ſoft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *againſt* you?
In the coarſe drudgeries and ſinks of *ſenſe*,
Your ſouls have quite worn out the make of heaven,

* *Korah, &c.*

By vice new-caſt, and creatures of your own:
But though you can *deform*, you can't *deſtroy*;
To *curſe*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.
Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere, rapt by miracle, by *reaſon* wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*.
To ſend the ſoul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole ſphere of man;
Of this vaſt univerſe to make the tour;
In each receſs of *ſpace* and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundleſs intereſts *there*,
Still moſt ambitious of the moſt remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the *ſyſtem*, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and ſuſtain'd, afford
An arch-like, ſtrong foundation, to ſupport
Th' incumbent weight of abſolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we preſs, we ſtand
More firm; who moſt *examine*, muſt *believe*,
Parts, like half-ſentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the ſenſe, and God is underſtood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, ſceptic! then reply.
This, *this*, is *thinking free*, a thought that graſps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, ſurvey this midnight ſcene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundleſs orbs,
Of human ſouls, one day, the deſtin'd range?
And what yon boundleſs orbs, to godlike *man?*
Thoſe numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And aſk more ſpace in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and ſtill leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *ſuch* a ſoul contract itſelf, to gripe
A point of no dimenſion, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is ſuch a point:
And, of *that* point, how *ſmall* a part enſlaves!
How ſmall a part—of *nothing*, ſhall I ſay?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treaſure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narciſſa fair, Philander gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my ſoul, and utters all I ſing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What ſays this *tranſportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And ſcorn this wretched ſpot they leave ſo poor.
Eternity's vaſt *ocean* lies before thee;
There, there; Lorenzo! thy Clariſſa ſails.
Give thy mind ſea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of ſouls *immortal*; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; ſpread thy ſails; call every wind;
Eye thy *great pole-ſtar*; make the land of life,
Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *laſt* far more ſevere.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the ſun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* ſubſiſts on higher food,
Triumphant in *his* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* ſun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in ſtubborn guilt)
'Tis *utter* darkneſs; ſtrictly *double* death.
We ſink by no *judicial* ſtroke of heaven,
But nature's *courſe*; as ſure as plumbets fall.
Since God, or man, muſt alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkneſs blend not in one ſphere)
'Tis manifeſt, Lorenzo! *who* muſt change.
If, then, that *double death* ſhould prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man ſhall be bleſt, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rationals*, heaven arms
With an illuſtrious, but tremendous, power
To counter-act its own moſt gracious ends;
And this, of ſtrict neceſſity, not choice;
That power deny'd *men*, *angels*, were no more
But paſſive engines, void of praiſe or blame.
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being bleſt, or wretched, as we pleaſe;
Elſe idle *reaſon* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliſs.
Heaven *wills* our happineſs, *allows* our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heaven but *perſuades*, almighty man *decrees*;
Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls:
And fall he *muſt*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful ſecret—That he lives for ever.
Why *this* to thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt,
Of ſecond life? But wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wiſh:
What ardently we wiſh, we *ſoon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wiſh'd;
And, when unwiſh'd, we *ſtrive* to diſbelieve.
"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *ſole* detection! Bluſh Lorenzo!
Bluſh for hypocriſy, if not for guilt.
The *future fear'd?*—An *infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? A *dream?* A *fable?*—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *ſtrong*,
Affords my cauſe an undeſign'd ſupport!
How *diſbelief* affirms what it denies!
"*It unawares, aſſerts immortal life.*"
Surpriſing! *infidelity* turns out
A *creed*, and a *confeſſion of our ſins*:
Apoſtates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo claſh no more;
Nor longer a *tranſparent* vizor wear.
Think'ſt thou, religion *only* has her maſk?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Pretend the worſt, and, at the bottom, *fail*.
When viſited by thought (thought *will* intrude),
Like him they ſerve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.
Is their hypocriſy ſo ſoul as this;
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What *deteſtation*, what *contempt*, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their eſcape
That Chriſtian candour they *ſtrive* hard to ſcorn:
If not for that aſylum, they might find
A hell on *earth*; nor 'ſcape a worſe *below*.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,
Instead of racking fancy to *refute*,
Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—
But shall I dare confess the dire result?
Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?
From *purer manners*, to *sublimer faith*,
Is nature's unavoidable ascent;
An *honest* deist, where the gospel shines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.
When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Christian* dwells, like * Uriel, in the sun;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;
And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
Of *that* bright sun, Lorenzo! scale the sphere;
'Tis easy. it invites thee; it descends
From heaven to woo, and waft thee whence it came:
Read and revere the *sacred page*; a page
Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce;
Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy,
'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In nature's ruins not one letter lost.
In proud disdain of what ev'n gods adore,
Dost smile?—Pour wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels and *men* assent to what I sing;
Wits smile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
How vicious hearts fume frenzy to the brain!
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert *infidelity* is *wit's* cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.
Lorenzo! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *this* is all, if *earth* a *final* scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*.
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Should'st thou be *good*—how infinite thy loss!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Blest scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which vice *only* recommends.
If so, *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*?
Annihilation! I confess in *these*.
What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song*?
Yet know, *its* † *title* flatters *you*, not *me*;
Yours be the praise to make *my* title good;
Mine to bless heaven, and triumph in *your* praise.
But since so pestilential your disease,
Though sovereign is the medicine I prescribe,
As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair:
But hope ere long my *midnight dream* will wake
Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise:
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that souls could die!
What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies;
Increase, and *enter* on the joys of heaven;
Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from above,
While angels shout—*an Infidel Reclaim'd!*
To close, Lorenzo! spire of all my pains,
Still seems it strange, that thou should'st live *for ever*?
Is it *less* strange, that thou should'st live *at all*?
This is a miracle; and *that* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou *art*: Then doubt if thou *shalt be*.
A miracle with miracles enclos'd,
Is man: and starts his faith at what is *strange*?
What less than wonders from the *wonderful*?
What less than miracles from God can flow?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for *him* to do:
Deny him—all is mystery besides;
Millions of mysteries! *each* darker far,
Than *that* thy wisdom would unwisely shun.
If *weak* thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So *weak* our *reason*, and so *great* our God,
What most surprises in the *sacred page*,
Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose.
To *faith* and *virtue*, why so backward, man?
From hence:—The *present* strongly strikes us all;
The *future* faintly; can we then be *men*?
If men, Lorenzo! the *reverse* is right.
Reason is man's peculiar: *Sense* the brute's.
The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense*;
The *future*, *reason's* empire unconfin'd:
On *that* expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
There builds her *blessing*! There expects her *praise*;
And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *man*.
And what is *reason*? Be she thus defin'd;
Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.
Oh! be a *man*; and strive to be a *god*.
"For what? (thou say'st) To damp the joys of "life?"
No; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
That tyrant, *hope*; mark how she domineers;
She bids us quit realities for dreams;
Safety and peace for hazard and alarm;
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize.
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* sits.
Though bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game;
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little stay,
Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;
What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!
Bliss, past *man's* power to paint it; *time's* to close!
This hope is earth's most estimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man;
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her *tears*; and *transport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,

* *Milton.*
† *The Infidel Reclaimed.*

Man's heart at once *inſpirits* and *ſerenes*;
Nor makes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
'Tis all our preſent ſtate can *ſafely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a *chaſtis'd* delight!
Like the fair ſummer evening, mild and ſweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his paradiſe below! 1471
A bleſt hereafter *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
Is all; our *whole* of happineſs: full proof,
I choſe no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
And know, ye foes to ſong! (well-meaning men,
Though quite forgotten * half your Bible's praiſe!
Important truths, in ſpite of *verſe*, may pleaſe:
Grave minds you praiſe; nor can you praiſe too much:
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the *grave* liſten;—and be *graver* ſtill.

NIGHT VIII.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR, THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

In which are conſidered the Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleaſure, with the Wit and Wiſdom of the World.

And has all nature then eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heaven and earth to plead againſt thee?
And is thy ſoul *immortal?*—What remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—Make immortal bleſt.
Unbleſt immortals!—What can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects *the world*;
There ſtows his treaſure; thence his title draws,
Man of the world (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In ancient days; and Chriſtian—in an age,
When men were men, and not aſham'd of heaven—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong:
To thee *the world how fair!* How ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay *pleaſure* ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be *theſe* my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy *wit* or *wiſdom* be forgot.
Common the theme; not ſo the ſong; if ſhe
My ſong invokes, Urania deigns to ſmile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the *man of earth* at once
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes where theſe ſparks of night, theſe ſtars ſhall ſhine
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things as they *are*
The bleſt behold;) and in one glory pour
Their blended blaze on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight;
A blaze—the leaſt illuſtrious object *there*.
Lorenzo! ſince *eternal* is at hand,
To ſwallow *time's* ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *higheſt?* O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,
What towering hopes, what ſallies from the ſun;
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous preſage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms, where a ſpirit burns,
Bound for eternity! In boſoms read
By *him*, who foibles in archangels ſees!
On human hearts *he* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's regiſter inrolls,
The riſe and progreſs of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! *That* the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo, thine?
This world! and this, unrivall'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of *pleaſure*, *grandeur*, *gold*,
Three *demons* that divide its realms betwecn them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball;
Till with the giddy circle ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious *promiſe* angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promiſe, their *ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail men, things! how momentary both!
Fantaſtic chaſe of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The *gay*, the *buſy*, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe! [waſtes,
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary
One buſtling, and one dancing into death.
There's not a day, but to the man of thought
Betrays ſome ſecret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of *buſineſs* tell us—"What are men;"
The ſcenes of *pleaſure*—"What is all beſide;"
There, others we deſpiſe; and *here*, ourſelves.
Amid *diſguſt* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The *proud* run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The *ſenſual*, in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The *grave*, of gold; the *politic*, of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
On the ſwift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then ingulf'd;
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair!
"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,

* *The poetical parts of it.*

Till enough learn'd the truths it would inſpire.
Shall truth be ſilent, becauſe folly *frowns?*
Turn the world's hiſtory; what find we there
But *fortune's* ſports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but like the knell
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſtening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *time;*
Sad tale; which high as paradiſe begins;
As if the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The *days*, his daughters, as they ſpin our hours
On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought
Oft in a moment ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each in her turn ſome tragic ſtory tells,
With now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes. [us;
Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive
Not one, but puts ſome cheat on all mankind:
While in their *father's* boſom, not yet *ours*,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promiſe much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'er wiſe, [year,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lies;
Nor owns itſelf a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joy goes out by one and one,
And leave poor man at length in perfect night;
Night darker than what *now* involves the pole.
O thou, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall
For gracious ends, and would'ſt that man ſhould mourn!
O thou, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and would'ſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, though leſs tranſient than her ſons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, ſolid; thou a dream.
They doat! on what? *Immortal views* apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joy! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled *ocean*, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it *muſt*. Of various rates they ſail,
Of enſigns various; all alike in this,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with hopes and fears,
In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious all to ſtorm;
And ſtormy the moſt general blaſt of life:
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
Or *virtue's* helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion driven,
And ſuffering more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where moſt he domineers,
With all his choſen *terrors* frowning round,
(Though lately feaſted high at * Albion's coſt),
Wide-opening, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
Too faithful mirror! how doſt thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The ſtrong reſemblance tempts me farther ſtill:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
By *moral truth*, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with ſanguine cheer, and ſtreamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and ſtar our friend;
All, in ſome darling enterpriſe embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artleſs hands,
Ruin's ſure perquiſite! her lawful prize!
Some ſteer aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full againſt wind and tide, *ſome* win their way;
And when ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
Though ſtrong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their fate:
They ſtrike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In ſtreſs of weather, *moſt: ſome* ſink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows cloſe;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a ſhort memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is ſeen no more:
One Cæſar lives; a thouſand are forgot.
How few, beneath auſpicious planets born,
(Darlings of providence! fond fate's elect!)
With ſwelling ſails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wiſhes freighted! yet e'en theſe,
Freighted with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They ſtill are men; and when is man ſecure?
As fatal *time*, as *ſtorm!* the ruſh of years
Beats down their ſtrength; their numberleſs eſcapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud ſucceſs
But plants *new* terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, juſt made their own.
Their neſt ſo deeply drown'd, and built ſo high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the ſtars.
Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and auguſt!
What are they?—The *moſt* happy (ſtrange to ſay!)
Convince *me* moſt of human miſery;
What are they? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow!*

* *Admiral Balchen, &c.*

More wretched, *then*, than e'er their ſlave *can* be;
Their treacherous bleſſings, at the day of need,
Like other faithleſs friends, unmaſk, and ſting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, *then*, what inſult of their pain!
If that ſole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
Takes comfort from their foaming billows' rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is this a *ſketch* of what thy ſoul admires?
"But here (thou ſay'ſt) the miſeries of life
"Are huddled in a group. A more diſtinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's ſtages: they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The beſt that can befal the beſt on earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother's* ſide:
Yes, on Florello look: a *father's* heart
Is tender, though the *man's* is made of ſtone;
The truth, through ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
Impreſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
Florello lately caſt on this rude coaſt
A helpleſs infant; now a heedleſs child;
To poor Clariſſa's throes, thy care ſucceeds;
Care full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
O'er thy foul's joy how oft thy fondneſs frowns!
Needful auſterities his will reſtrain;
As thorns fence-in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reaſon* cannot go alone;
But aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The taſk
Enjoin'd muſt diſcipline his early powers;
He learns to ſigh, ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our *nature* ſuch, with *neceſſary* pains,
We purchaſe proſpects of *precarious* peace:
Though not a *father*, this might ſteal a ſigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill);
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps encloſure, bounds into the world!
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more ſevere;
Its leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inſpir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ filial breed,
Welcome the modeſt ſtranger to their ſphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at diſtance, in his ſight)
And, in their hoſpitable arms, encloſe:
Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to *reaſon's* golden rule,
All weakneſs of *affection* quite ſubdued:
Men, that would bluſh at being *thought* ſincere,
And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well
As if, to them, *vice* ſhone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canſt thou bear a ſhocking ſight?
Such, for Florello's ſake, 'twill now appear:
See, the ſteel'd files of ſeaſon'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burniſh'd falſehood bright;
Deep in the fatal ſtratagems of peace;
All ſoft ſenſation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpoſe, in politeneſs, ſheath'd;
His friends eternal—during intereſt;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with every welfare, but their own;
As wife as Lucifer; and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through theſe (ſo common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel courſe he runs,
Stung out of all, moſt amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and ſmiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his ſpecies, wide diffus'd;
Noble preſumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenious truſt, and confidence of love.
Theſe claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will coſt him many a ſigh; till time, and pains,
From the ſlow miſtreſs of this ſchool, *experience*,
And her aſſiſtant, pauſing, pale, *diſtruſt*,
Purchaſe a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through ſerpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue ſhall come ſo cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If leſs than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a ſtrange kind of curs'd neceſſity
Brings down the ſterling temper of his ſoul,
By baſe alloy, to bear the current ſtamp,
Below call'd wiſdom; ſinks him into ſafety;
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where ſpecious titles dignify diſgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reaſon prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unſurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to ſchool;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wiſe,
His plan had practis'd, long before 't was writ.
The world's all *title-page*; there's no *contents*;
The world's all *face*? the man who ſhows his *heart*,
Is hooted for his nudities, and ſcorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a ſmile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankeſt venom foam'd through every vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he ſawn'd on every *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To ſuch proficients thou art half a ſaint.
In foreign realms (for thou haſt travell'd far)
How curious to contemplate two ſtate-rooks,
Studious their neſts to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromantics* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court ſweet-meats of their latent gall,
In fooliſh hope, to ſteal each other's truſt;

Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
For who can thank the man he cannot *see?*
Why so much cover! It defeats itself.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not men's hearts,
Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell.
I give him joy, that's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise;*
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st, 'Tis *needful:* it is therefore *right?*
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then
Escape that cruel *need?* Thou may'st, with ease;
Think no post *needful* that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So Pulteney thought: think better if you can.
But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still:
The world's no neuter; it will wound, or save;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, The world, well-known will make a *man:*
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to heaven,
Or make us *demons*, long before we die.
To show how fair the world, *thy* mistress, shines,
Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not *virtue's* self is deify'd on earth;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, *last*, and *least*, complain;
But if *they* sigh, can *others* hope to smile?
If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments!
Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envy'd state,
And *some* forgiveness, needs the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here.*
The world's sworn advocate, without a fee
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile replies;
" Thus far thy song is right; and all most own.
" Virtue *has her peculiar set of pains.*—
" And *joys peculiar* who to *vice* denies?
" If vice it is, with nature to comply:
" If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,
" To *check*, not *overcome* them makes a saint,
" Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
" *Pleasure*, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
Can *pride* and *sensuality* rejoice?
From purity of thought, all *pleasure* springs;
And, from an humble spirit, all our *peace.*
Ambition, pleasure! let us talk of these:
Of these, the porch, and academy, talk'd;
Of these, each following age had much to say:
Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once
He talks; for were the saint from either free?
Are these thy refuge?—No: these rush upon thee;
Thy vitals seize, and *vulture*-like, devour:
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of earth;
If *reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, first, thy *Caucasus*, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through mistake!
'Tis not ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee start, as H—— at his *Moor.*
Dost grasp at greatness? first, know what it is:
Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
By *fortune* stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch and his slave;—" A deathless soul,
" Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
" A Father God, and brothers in the skies;"
Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?
If still delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And with thy full blown brothers of the *world,*
Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
Thy slaves, and equals: how scorn cast on them
Rebounds on thee! if man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If *fortune* makes him so,
Beware the consequence: a maxim that,
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the *man* is lost;
Externals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast,
Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.
We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of *men?*
It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
When, through death's streights, *earth's* subtle serpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and his as us below.
Of fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive;
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds;
And let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory *fortune* lights,
And *death* puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of *real* greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys

Nought greater, than an honeſt, humble heart;
An humble heart, *his* reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious maſter of a name *unknown;*
Whoſe worth unrivall'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with men;
And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions, ſmiles!
As thou (now dark), before we part, ſhalt ſee.

But thy great ſoul this *ſkulking* glory ſcorns,
Lorenzo's ſick, but when Lorenzo's ſeen;
And, when he ſhrugs at public buſineſs, lies.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal;
Mankind the gazers, the ſole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praiſe againſt their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithleſs *fame* her whiſper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing *all?*
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praiſe,
Or, from an itch more ſordid, when he ſhines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and deſpiſe,
With modeſt laughter lining loud applauſe,
Which makes the ſmile more mortal to his fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty Cæſar), crown'd
With laurels, in full ſenate, greatly falls,
By *ſeeming* friends, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory, as we ſink in pride:
Where boaſting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, miſtaken beyond all miſtake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.

An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain:
All vice wants *hellebore;* but of all vice,
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In *fact*, the point, in *fancy* moſt purſued.
Who court applauſe, oblige the world in *this;*
They gratify man's paſſion to *refuſe.*
Superior honour, when *aſſum'd*, is *loſt;*
Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like Kouli Kan, in plunder of the proud.

Though ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the *world's* cauſe, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries—"Be, then, *ambition* caſt;
"Ambition's dearer far ſtands unimpeach'd,
"Gay *pleaſure!* proud *ambition* is her ſlave;
"For her, he ſoars at *great*, and hazards *ill;*
"For her he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
"And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her ſmile: [renzo!
"Who can reſiſt her charms?"—Or. *ſhould?* Lo-
What mortal ſhall reſiſt, where angels yield?
Pleaſure 's the miſtreſs of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleaſure 's the miſtreſs of the world below;
And well it was for man, that pleaſure charms;
How would all ſtagnate, but for *pleaſure's* ray!
How would the frozen ſtream of action ceaſe!
What is the pulſe of this ſo buſy world?
The love of *pleaſure:* that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and ſhuts out death from life.

Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleaſure's gay family hold all in chains:
Some moſt affect the black; and ſome, the fair;
Some honeſt *pleaſure* court; and ſome obſcene.
Pleaſures *obſcene* are various, as the throng
Of paſſions, that can *err* in human hearts;
Miſtake their objects, or tranſgreſs their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom all,
But when our *reaſon* licenſes delight
Doſt doubt, Lorenzo? Thou ſhalt doubt no more
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold!*
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner charms,
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleaſure* is the mark:
For her, the black aſſaſſin draws his ſword;
For her, dark ſtateſmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *ſingle* ſacrifice may fall;
For her the ſaint abſtains; the miſer ſtarves;
The Stoic proud, for *pleaſure*, pleaſure ſcorn'd;
For her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, ſhame, toil, danger, we defy;
And with an aim *voluptuous*, ruſh on death.
Thus univerſal her deſpotic power!

And as her empire wide, her praiſe is juſt.
Patron of pleaſure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleaſure I profeſs;
Pleaſure the purpoſe of my gloomy ſong.
Pleaſure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her ſtill, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleaſure is the flower;
And honeſt Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this ſounds harſh, and gives the *wiſe* offence;
If o'erſtrain'd wiſdom ſtill retains the *name.*
How knits *auſterity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praiſe*
Of *pleaſure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my ſoft reply;
Their ſenſes men *will* truſt: we can't impoſe;
Or, if we could, is impoſition right?
Own *honey ſweet;* but owning add this *ſting;*
"When mixt with poiſon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but *virtue* to be praiſ'd as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diſeaſe?
What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware!*"
Pleaſure, though not from virtue, *ſhould* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven:
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleaſure* is man's eldeſt born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wiſdom, her *younger* ſiſter, though more *grave*,
Was meant to *miniſter*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleaſure*, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo! thou her majeſty's renown'd,
Though uncouth counſel, learned in *the wo rld!*

Who think'ſt thyſelf a Murray, with diſdain
May'ſt look on me. Yet, my Demoſthenes!
Canſt thou plead *pleaſure's* cauſe as well as I?
Know'ſt thou her *nature, purpoſe, parentage?*
Attend my ſong, and thou ſhalt know them all;
And know thyſelf; and know thyſelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moſt abſtemious man alive.
Tell not Caliſta; ſhe will laugh thee dead;
Or ſend thee to her hermitage with L——.
Abſurd preſumption! Thou who never knew'ſt
A ſerious thought! ſhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being with a wiſh;
Or with the ſhout of grove'ling *appetite*
E'er ſmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An *art* it is, and muſt be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be loſt;
And leaves us perfect blockheads in our bliſs.
The clouds may drop down titles and eſtates;
Wealth may ſeek us; but *wiſdom* muſt be ſought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all elſe
We ſeek on earth!) 'tis never ſought in vain.
Firſt, *pleaſure's* birth, riſe, ſtrength, and grandeur, ſee.
Brought forth by *wiſdom*, nurſt by *diſcipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perſeverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majeſtic; round her throne,
Erected in the boſom of the juſt,
Each virtue liſted forms her manly guard.
For what are *virtues?* (Formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?
Why then commanded? Need mankind commands,
At once to *merit*, and to *make* their bliſs?—
Great Legiſlator! ſcarce ſo great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the tranſgreſſion lies the penalty;
And they the moſt indulge, who moſt obey.
Of *pleaſure* next the final cauſe explore;
Its mighty *purpoſe*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleaſure* came from heaven.
In aid to *reaſon* was the goddeſs ſent;
To call up all its ſtrength by ſuch a charm.
Pleaſure firſt ſuccours *virtue;* in return
Virtue gives *pleaſure* an eternal reign.
What but the pleaſure of food, friendſhip, faith,
Supports life *natural, civil,* and *divine?*
'Tis from the pleaſure of repaſt we live;
'Tis from the pleaſure of applauſe we pleaſe;
'Tis from the pleaſure of belief we pray
(All prayer would ceaſe, if unbeliev'd the prize):
It ſerves ourſelves, our ſpecies, and our God;
And to ſerve more, is paſt the ſphere of man.
Glide then for ever, pleaſure's ſacred ſtream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And noſters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but ſuch
As *muſt* be loſt, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
"*What mean I by thy fall?*"—Thou'lt ſhortly ſee,
While pleaſure's *nature* is at large diſplay'd;
Already ſung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Thoſe glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleaſure* violates, 'tis then a vice,
And vengeance too; it haſtens into pain.
From due refreſhment, life, health, reaſon, joy;
From wild exceſs, pain, grief, diſtraction, death;
Heaven's juſtice *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
What greater evil can I wiſh my foe,
Than his full draught of pleaſure, from a caſk
Unbroach'd by *juſt authority*, unguag'd
By *temperance*, by *reaſon* unreſin'd?
A thouſand demons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourſelves! uninjur'd *theſe*.
Drink deep; the deeper, then the more divine:
Angels are angels, from indulgence *there;*
'Tis unrepenting pleaſure makes a god.
Doſt think thyſelf a god from other joys?
A victim rather! ſhortly ſure to bleed.
The wrong *muſt* mourn: can heaven's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A ſelf-wrought happineſs unmeant by *him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an inſtrument, ordains from whence
Its diſſonance or harmony ſhall riſe.
Heaven bade the ſoul this mortal frame inſpire:
Bade virtue's ray divine inſpire the ſoul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.
"Is *virtue* then and *piety* the ſame?"
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's ſource;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digeſt;
They ſmile at piety; yet boaſt aloud
Good will to men; nor know they ſtrive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confute themſelves.
With *piety* begins all good on earth;
'Tis the firſt-born of rationality.
Conſcience, her firſt law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeleſs, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmoſt power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's ſake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some ſiniſter intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindeſt actions, he's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happineſs;
And yet ſtill more on piety itſelf.
A ſoul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the ſhocks of life;
The whirls of paſſion, and the ſtrokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inſpires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praiſe, the ſweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it ſweeter ſtill;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a ſtream
Of glory on the conſecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worſhips the *Great God*, that inſtant joins
The firſt in heaven, and ſets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when waſt thou at church *before?*
Thou think'ſt the ſervice long: but is it juſt?
Though juſt, unwelcome; thou hadſt rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muſe, to win thine ear,

Muſt take an air leſs ſolemn. She complies.
Good conſcience! at the ſound *the world* retires;
Verſe diſaffects it, and Lorenzo ſmiles;
Yet has ſhe her *ſeraglio* full of charms;
And ſuch as age ſhall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercaſt?
Amid her fair ones, thou the faireſt chooſe,
To chaſe thy gloom.—"Go, fix ſome weighty
"*truth*;
"Chain down ſome *paſſion*; do ſome *generous good*;
"Teach *ignorance* to ſee, or *grief* to ſmile;
"Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greateſt *foe*;
"Or with warm heart and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay ſtrong hold on *him* who made
"thee."
Thy gloom is ſcatter'd, ſprightly ſpirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unſtrung:
Doſt call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? wretched comforters!
Phyſicians! more than half of thy diſeaſe.
Laughter, though never cenſur'd yet as ſin,
(Pardon a thought that only *ſeems* ſevere)
Is half immortal: is it much indulg'd?
By venting ſpleen, or diſſipating thought,
It ſhows a *ſcorner*, or it makes a *fool*;
And ſins, as hurting others, or ourſelves.
'Tis *pride*, or *emptineſs*, applies the ſtraw;
That tickles little minds to mirth effuſe;
Of grief approaching, the portentous ſign!
The houſe of laughter makes a houſe of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monſtrous ſight;
A man *dejected* is a ſight as mean.
What cauſe for *triumph*, where ſuch ills abound?
What for *dejection*, where preſides a Power,
Who call'd us into being to be bleſt?
So grieve, as conſcious grief may riſe to joy;
So joy, as conſcious joy to grief may fall.
Moſt true, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray:
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene. [pence)
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own ex-
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſovereign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou and thine are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure? and the wonder of the wiſe!
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, thy *ſoul* alone at ſtake;
Alas!—Should men miſtake thee for a *fool*;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me, ſenſe *here* acts a double part,
And the true *critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.
But *theſe*, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt.
They, firſt, themſelves offend, who greatly pleaſe;
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heaven *ſells* all pleaſure: effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
And *glory* the victorious *laurel* ſpreads
O'er *pleaſure's* pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of *pleaſure* is a man of *pains*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſt.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought:
From thoughts full bent, and energy the *true*;
And that demands a mind in equal poiſe,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, ſecure itſelf an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threatening death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, *theſe*
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but *ſerious* joy.
Is joy the daughter of ſeverity?
It is:—yet far my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever;" it becomes a man;
Exalts, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever!" *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for every ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
Ill firmly to ſupport, *good* fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:
Yet *ſparing pledge: her* bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—"A rational repaſt,
"Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
"A military diſcipline of thought,
"To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field,
"And ever-waking ardour for *the right*."
'Tis *theſe* firſt give, then guard, a cheerful heart;
Nought that is *right* think little, well aware
What reaſon bids God bids; by *his* command
How aggrandis'd the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus *nothing* is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee inſipid all, but what is *mad*;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
"*Mad!*" (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
"Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
"I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* ſtill,
But look it be thine *own*: Is *conſcience* then
No part of nature? Is ſhe not *ſupreme?*
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then follow nature, and reſemble God.
When, ſpite of *conſcience*, pleaſure is purſu'd,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd;
And what's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n thee!
The *fact* thou know'ſt, but not perhaps the *cauſe*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heavenmix'd her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred intereſts with the ſtrings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf; and is it greater pain
Our *ſoul* ſhould murmur, or our *duſt* repine?
And one in their eternal war *muſt* bleed.
If one *muſt* ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd;

The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
Ask then the gout what torment is in guilt.
The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean:
Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
On past and future foragers for joy.
'Tis hers by retrospect through *time* to range,
And forward *time's* great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard then thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
With every lust that wars against his peace,
And sets him quite at variance with himself.
Thyself first know, then love: a *self* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *self* there is, as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,
Blest *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And godlike *magnanimity* destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—But, when virtue bids,
Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own self-love *extinct* or *blind*.

For what is *vice?* Self-love in a mistake;
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *virtue*, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread Power,
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A self-hate *now* scarce felt, *then* felt full sore
When being curs'd; extinction, loud implor'd;
And every thing preferr'd to what we *are*.

Yet *this* self-love Lorenzo makes his choice;
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd
By disaffection to the present hour!
Imagination wanders far afield:
The future pleases: why? The present pains—
"But that's a *secret*." Yes, which all men know,
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation restless roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;
What is it? 'Tis the cradle of the soul,
From *instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, *reason*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.

Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies, the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself is *folly's* character,
As *wisdom's* is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is *thy* good supreme;
Nor but in motion canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*.
The *true* is fix'd, and solid as a rock;
Slippery the *false*, and tossing as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself;
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels, all entitled to repose
On *him* who governs fate: though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven?
To lean on *him* on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from and go to heaven:
Hence are *they* studious of sequester'd scenes,
While noise and dissipation comfort *thee*.

Were all men happy, revelings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As *folly* might mistake for want of joy.
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial rising in the breast,
And permanent as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation, swelling high,
Which like land-floods impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fix'd state, a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss:
That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous draw back and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals nought immortal but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth, should *absolutely* reign,
And other joys ask leave for their approach,
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort, or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure;

If gain'd, dear bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore
Thy cargo bring, and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy still cruises when poor *sense* is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian shop,
Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires,)
With wanton art those fatal arrows form
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Would'st thou receive them, other thoughts there [are
On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.
In *this* is seen imagination's *guilt;*
But who can count her *follies?* She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence what disaster!—Though the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
Whose foot (ye gods!) though cloven, must be kiss'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
And poor *magnificence* is starv'd to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd, if *outward* things are great;
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
Pompous expences, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of *fortune* ever bless the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holiness*, and be reveng'd.
Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Or only contest, what deserves the name.
Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of *reason*, which, like Yorke,
Demurs on what it passes,) and defies
The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let heaven answer for the rest.
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that *obscure* his sublunary day,
But never *conquer:* ev'n the *best* must own
Patience and *resignation* are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars these;
But those of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt,
To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heaven in reversion, like the sun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
"This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:
"But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream,
"Or stem the tide heaven pushes through our veins,
"Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
"And lays his labour level with the *world?*"
Themselves men make their comment on mankind,
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus weakness to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the muse prescrib'd.
* Above, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
The *mortal man*, and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the *man immortal:* him I mean
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more, though bright, without a foil:
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw
What nothing less than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptr'd and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all *their* care, the future *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame, his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature, *his* exalt.
Mankind's esteem *they* court, and *he* his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of *false* felicities,
His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than *theirs:* where *they*

* *In a former Night.*

Behold a *ſun*, *he* ſpies a *Deity*;
What makes *them* only ſmile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* ſee *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* ſees;
An *empire* in *his* balance weighs a *grain*.
They things terreſtrial worſhip as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by as duſt,
That dims his ſight, and ſhortens his ſurvey,
Which longs in infinite to loſe all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aſide to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught beſides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipſe.
Himſelf too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks ſo great in man as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his intereſt, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their intereſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
Wrong *he* ſuſtains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor ſtoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart *their* character defends;
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praiſe.
With nakedneſs his innocence agrees;
While *their* broad foliage teſtifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where *his* full feaſt begins:
His joys *create*, *theirs* murder, future bliſs.
To triumph in exiſtence, *his* alone;
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* exiſtence is not yet begun.
His glorious courſe was, yeſterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life ſtill is ſweet.
But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breaſt——And whoſe is that high praiſe?
They yield to pleaſure, though they danger brave,
And ſhow no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they ſhow it, 'tis for glory ſhown;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
A cordial *his* ſuſtains, that cannot fail;
By pleaſure unſubdued, unbroke by pain,
He ſhares in that Omnipotence he truſts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his ſhield.
From magnanimity, all *fear* above;
From nobler recompenſe, above *applauſe*;
Which owes to man's *ſhort* out-look all its charms.
Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—"Where ſhines this miracle?
"From what root riſes this *immortal man*?"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
The root diſſect, nor wonder at the *flower*.
He follows nature (not like thee) and ſhows us
An uninverted ſyſtem of a man.
His *appetite* wears *reaſon's* golden chain,
And finds, in due reſtraint, its luxury.
His *paſſion* like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,
His *caution* fearleſs, and his *grief*, (if grief
The gods ordain) a ſtranger to deſpair.
And why?—Becauſe, affection, more than meet,
His wiſdom leaves not diſengag'd from heaven.
Thoſe ſecondary goods that ſmile on earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*.
They moſt the world enjoy, who leaſt admire.
His *underſtanding* 'ſcapes the common cloud
Of fumes, ariſing from a boiling breaſt.
His head is clear, becauſe his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflam'd.
The moderate movements of his ſoul admit
Diſtinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even ſcale;
Whence judgment ſound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double ſenſe, the *good* are wiſe;
On its own dunghill, wiſer than the world.
What, then, the world? It *muſt* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their *Creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life. [ſame)
Who think earth all, or (what weighs juſt the
Who care no farther, *muſt* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their *good ſupreme*,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall!
All ſhines to *them*, that for a ſeaſon ſhines.
Each act, each thought, *he* queſtions, "What its
"weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence?"
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has *habit's* firmneſs, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others ſlays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by heaven!
Stand by thy *ſcorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
For what art thou!—Thou boaſter! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad miſt, at diſtance, ſtrikes us moſt;
And like a miſt, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the ſkies,
By promiſe *now*, and by poſſeſſion *ſoon*,
(Too *ſoon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own.
From this thy juſt *annihilation* riſe,
Lorenzo! riſe to *ſomething*, by reply.
The world, thy client, liſtens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praiſe.
Canſt thou be ſilent? No; for *wit* is thine;
And wit talks *moſt*, when *leaſt* ſhe has to ſay,
And *reaſon* interrupts not her career.
She'll ſay—*That miſts above the mountains riſe*;
And, with a thouſand pleaſantries, amuſe;
She'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a duſt,
And fly conviction, in the duſt ſhe rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte?
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *ſenſe*;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe.
Pernicious, talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes *wine* inſpires
The lucky flaſh; and *madneſs* rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worſt;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique the more,
See *dullneſs*, blundering on vivacities,
Shakes her ſage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wiſdom*, awful wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! in ſenates, ſynods, ſought in vain;
Or, if *there* found, 'tis ſacred to the *few*;
While a lewd proſtitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriſer; *ſenſe* a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In *ſtates*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn Chriſtian, when the dull *believe?*
Senſe is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* expoſes, 'tis our *helmet* ſaves.
Senſe is the diamond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by *wit*, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of *good ſenſe*, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus, a *half*-Cheſterfield is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where Syrens ſit, to ſing thee to thy fate!
A *joy*, in which our *reaſon* bears no part,
Is but a *ſorrow* tickling, ere it ſtings.
Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know?—
And yet, we much muſt know her, to be *ſafe*.
To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulſe;
A dance of ſpirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our *thoughtleſs agitation's* idle child,
That mantles high, that ſparkles and expires,
Leaving the ſoul more vapid than before.
An *animal* ovation! ſuch as holds
No commerce with our *reaſon*, but ſubſiſts
On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well ſtrain'd;
A nice machine! ſcarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy ſyrens ſing no more,
Thy dance is done; the *demi-god* is thrown
(Short apotheoſis!) beneath the *man*,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell deſpair.
Art thou yet *dull enough* deſpair to dread,
And ſtartle at deſtruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A ſingle ſentence proof againſt the *world*;
"*Soul, body, fortune!* Every good pertain
"To one of theſe; but prize not all alike;
"The goods of fortune to the body's health,
"Body to ſoul, and ſoul ſubmit to God."
Wouldſt thou build laſting happineſs? Do this;
Th' inverted *pyramid* can never ſtand.
Is this truth doubtful? it outſhines the ſun;
Nay the ſun ſhines not, but to ſhow us this,
The ſingle leſſon of mankind on earth.
And yet—yet, what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers liſt againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd atchieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: As Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every ſail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh!
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie;
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either taſk! The moſt abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then for themſelves, the moment *reaſon* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repoſe)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I ſay? Some cannot ſit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhow us *what* their joy, by their deſpair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! blaſpheming eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.—But heaven denies
A cover to ſuch guilt; and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeking blade,
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The ſtrangling cord and ſuffocating ſtream;
The loathſome rottenneſs, and foul decays
From raging riot (flower ſuicides!)
And *pride* in theſe, more execrable ſtill!
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, theſe,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble ſong.
From *vice*, *ſenſe*, *fancy*, no man can be bleſt:
Bliſs is too great, to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the name.
O for a joy from *reaſon!* Joy from that,
Which makes man *man*; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more*: A *bounteous* joy! that gives,
And promiſes; that weaves with art divine,
The richeſt proſpect into preſent peace:
A joy *ambitious!* Joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far;
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which *death* ſhall double, *judgment* crown!
Crown'd higher, and ſtill higher, at each ſtage,
Through bleſt eternity's long day: yet ſtill,
Not more remote from *ſorrow*, than from *him*,
Whoſe laviſh hand, whoſe love ſtupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty duſt.

There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy preſence can improve my bliſs!
Affects not this the *ſages of the world?*
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity depending on an hour,
Makes *ſerious thought* man's wiſdom, joy, and praiſe.
Nor need you bluſh (though ſometimes your deſigns
May ſhun the light) at your deſigns on heaven:
Sole point! where *over-baſhful* is your blame.
Are you not *wiſe?*—You know you are: Yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous ſchemes, miſlaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aſide, if ſeen;
"Our ſchemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
"Is the ſole difference between wiſe and fool."
All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* ſcale;
What wonder, then, if *they* pronounce you *light?*
Is *their* eſteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my ſimple ſcheme of *common ſenſe:* [own.
Thus, ſave your fame, and make *two* worlds your
The world *replies* not;—but the world *perſiſts;*
And puts the *cauſe* off to the longeſt day,
Planning evaſions for the day of doom.
So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redreſs,
They then turn *witneſſes* againſt themſelves:
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wiſe to-morrow,
Haſte, Haſte! A man, by nature, is in haſte;
For who ſhall anſwer for another hour?
'Tis highly prudent, to make *one* ſure friend;
And that thou canſt not do, this ſide the ſkies.
Ye ſons of earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *verſe* you think from prieſtcraft ſomewhat free,
Thus, in an age ſo gay, the muſe plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in proſe)
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verſe
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praiſe.
But *praiſe* ſhe need not fear: I ſee my fate;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
Muſt die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted *page!* go forth among thy foes;
Go nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor ſhalt thou reſt
When thou art dead; in Stygian ſhades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne;
And bold blaſphemer of his friend—the world;
The world, whoſe legions coſt him ſlender pay,
And *volunteers* around his banner ſwarm;
Prudent, as Pruſſia, in her zeal for Gaul!
"Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,
But ſuch as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);
"The mother of true wiſdom is the *will;*"
The nobleſt *intellect*, a fool without it.
World-wiſdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and ſciences, in wars and peace;
But art and ſcience, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the *moſt* indulgence can afford;—
"*They wiſdom* all *can do, but—make thee wiſe.*"
Nor think this cenſure is ſevere on thee:
Satan, thy maſter, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT IX.

THE CONSOLATION.

Containing, among other things,

I. *A Moral Survey of the Nocturnal Heavens.*
II. *A Night-Addreſs to the Deity.*

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State.

"— Fatis contraria fata rependens."—VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day paſt
In painful ſearch of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates a while his labour loſt;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chaunts his ſonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due ſeaſon calls him to repoſe:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing with the reſt, the giddy maze,
Where *diſappointment* ſmiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the langour of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble ſhed;
Where future wandering baniſh'd from my thought,
And waiting patient the ſweet hour of reſt,
I chaſe the moments with a ſerious ſong.
Song ſooths our pains; and age has pains to ſooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breaſt, and *death's* dark ſhade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench'd th' ethereal fire;
Canſt thou, O *night!* indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then ſleep, my ſtrain!
Till haply wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and ſorrow, ceaſe;
To bear a part in everlaſting lays;
Though far, far higher ſet in aim I truſt,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here.*
Has not the muſe aſſerted *pleaſures pure*,
Like thoſe above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, haſt thou cauſe to triumph ſtill?
I think thou wilt forbear a boaſt ſo bold.
But if beneath the favour of miſtake,
Thy ſmile's ſincere; not more ſincere can be
Lorenzo's ſmile, than my compaſſion for him.
The ſick in *body* call for aid; the ſick
In *mind* are covetous of more diſeaſe;
And when at *worſt*, they dream themſelves quite *well.*
To *know* ourſelves diſeas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature's* bluſh by *cuſtom* is wip'd off,
And conſcience, deaden'd by repeated ſtrokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes;*
The curſe of curſes is, our curſe to love;
To triumph in the blackneſs of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepeſt jet),
And throw aſide our *ſenſes* with our *peace.*
But grant no guilt, no ſhame, no baſe alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unſully'd ſhone;
Yet ſtill it ill deſerves Lorenzo's heart.

No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy ſight,
But through the thin partition of an hour,
I ſee its ſables wove by *deſtiny*;
And *that* in ſorrow bury'd; *this* in ſhame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conſcience*, now ſo ſoft thou ſcarce canſt hear
Her whiſper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the laſt *year's* ſcene;
Their port ſo proud, their buſkin, and their plume?
How many *ſleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With luſtre, and with noiſe! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandiſh'd ſtill; nor ſhall the *preſent year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or ſpread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needleſs *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayeſt* ſcenes ſpeak man's mortality;
Though in a ſtyle more florid, full as plain,
As *mauſoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our nobleſt ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-ſtain'd canvas, or the featur'd ſtone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the ſcene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profeſt diverſions!*—cannot theſe eſcape?"—
Far from it: theſe preſents us with a ſhroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As ſome bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ranſack tombs for *paſtime*; from the duſt
Call up the ſleeping hero; bid him tread
The ſcene for our amuſement: how like gods
We ſit; and wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in bloſſom? Our lean ſoil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, ſhall we crawl on, nor know
Our preſent frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! ſuch the glories of the world!
What is the world itſelf? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the duſt that has not been alive?
The ſpade, the plough, diſturb our anceſtors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow ſurface ſhakes,
And is the cieling of her ſleeping ſons.
O'er devaſtation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns ſupport the dancer's heel.
The *moiſt* of human frame the ſun exhales;
Winds ſcatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
Earth repoſſeſſes part of what ſhe gave,
And the freed ſpirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our ſcatter'd ſpoils;
As nature wide our ruins ſpread: man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing buſt expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
The Roman, Greek? They ſtalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this uſeful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy ſunleſs realms,
O *death!* I ſtretch my view; what viſions riſe!
What triumghs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my ſight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unſubſtantial images of air!
The melancholy ghoſts of dead renown,
Whiſpering faint echoes of the world's applauſe,
With penitential aſpect as they paſs,
All point at earth, and hiſs at human pride,
The wiſdom of the *wiſe*, and prancings of the *great*.

But, O Lorenzo! far the reſt above,
Of ghaſtly nature, and enormous ſize,
One form aſſaults my ſight, and chills my blood,
And ſhakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I ſee the mighty ſhadow: oozy wreath
And diſmal ſea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, ſhe weeps her deſolated realms,
And bloated ſons; and, weeping, propheſies
Another's diſſolution ſoon in flames.
But like Caſſandra propheſies in vain;
In vain to many; not I truſt to thee.

For know'ſt thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counſel of the ſkies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime miniſters of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Diſtinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or ſuch their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they riſe, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundleſs rage;
When heaven's inferior inſtruments of wrath,
War, famine, peſtilence, are found too weak
To ſcourge a world for her enormous crimes,
Theſe are let looſe alternate: down they ruſh,
Swift and tempeſtuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irreſiſtible commiſſion arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to deſtroy,
And eaſe creation of the ſhocking ſcene.

Seeſt thou, Lorenzo! what depends *on* man?
The *fate* of nature; as *for* man her *birth*.
Earth's actors change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How muſt it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the deſtin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
See all the formidable ſons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once diſgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by ſtorm
This poor terreſtrial citadel of man.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Veſuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted maſs, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars ruſh; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her ploughſhare o'er creation!—while aloft,
More than aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was ſeen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *ſtars!*
Stars animate, that govern theſe of fire;
Far other *ſun!*—A ſun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlem! how unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet *be* it is; [pomp!
That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! what
In grandeur terrible, all heaven deſcends!
And gods ambitious, triumph in his train.

A ſwift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and diſgrace
The ſcene divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
And now all droſs remov'd, heaven's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether flame.
While (dreadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
Hell burſting, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
And ſtorms ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
In nature's courſe: the firſt in wiſdom's thought.
This ſtrikes, if aught can ſtrike thee; *this* awakes
The moſt ſupine; *this* ſnatches man from death.
Rouſe, rouſe, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the moſt momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my ſoul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inſpiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my ſubject is my muſe.

At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,
At midnight, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
From tenfold darkneſs; ſudden as the ſpark
From ſmitten ſteel; from nitrous grain the blaze.
Man, ſtarting from his couch, ſhall ſleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
All nature ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
Doſt thou not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
Her ſtrong convulſions, and her final groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we ſtood; Lorenzo! while thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where for ſhelter ſhall the guilty fly,
Where conſternation turns the *good man* pale?

Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *earth* roſe from *chaos*, man from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
As *thought* of thee!—and art thou *abſent* then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here; it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all; deputed conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *ſure*.
Why on himſelf ſhould man *void* judgment paſs?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her ſons?
Who *conſcience* ſent, her ſentence will ſupport.
And God above aſſert that God in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heaven opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to *know*;
Aſks, "*What is truth!*" with Pilate; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heaven!

Shall all but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! nor leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſinvolve the *moral* world, and give
To *nature's* renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing elſe; I ſee! I feel it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *deities*, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All baſking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought
No patron! interceſſor none! now paſt
The ſweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pauſe! no bound!
Inexorable all! and all, extreme!

Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaſpheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder ſcar'd:
Receives his ſentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *paſt*, now, ſeems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a ſtormy ſky, how roll
His baleful eyes; he curſes whom he dreads;
And deems it the firſt moment of his fall.

'Tis preſent to my thought!—and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *gueſs*
The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkneſs. But the *proceſs*, and the *place*,
Are leſs obſcure; for theſe may *man* inquire.
Say, thou great cloſe of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finiſher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! ſay, Where art thou?
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity?*
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
Theſe, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how beſt their powers ally'd,
May ſwell the grandeur, or diſcharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this faſt fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* burſting o'er his head;
His lamp, the ſun, extinguiſh'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkneſs, calls his ſons
From their long ſlumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To ſecond birth! contemporary throng!

Rous'd at one call, upſtarted from one bed,
Preſt in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee.*
Then (as a king depos'd diſdains to live)
He falls on his own ſcythe; nor falls *alone;*
His greateſt foe falls with him; *time*, and he
Who murder'd all *time's* offſpring, *death*, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful eternity! offended queen!
And her reſentment to mankind, how juſt!
With kind intent, ſoliciting acceſs,
How often has ſhe knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hoſpitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulſe, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while fouleſt foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* ſmile.
For, lo! her twice ten thouſand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners ſtreaming as the *comet's* blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in ſtorms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkneſs; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whoſe preceding ſcenes
Detain'd them cloſe ſpectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand reſult;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now pronouncing ſentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various ſentence paſt,
Aſſigns the ſever'd throng diſtinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambroſial: What enſues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The *goddeſs*, with determin'd aſpect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous ſize
Through deſtiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the cryſtal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, ſhe hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thouſand thouſand fathom; there to ruſt,
And ne'er unlock her reſolution more. [glooms,
The deep reſounds; and hell, through all her
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the ſkies!
O how unlike thoſe ſhouts of joy, that ſhake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings!
Nor ſtrange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* roſe,
To ſee *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
So well accompliſh'd! ſo divinely cloſ'd!
To ſee the mighty *dramatiſt's* laſt act
(As meet) in glory riſing o'er the reſt.
No fancy'd god, a god *indeed*, deſcends,
To ſolve all *knots;* to ſtrike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkeſt ſcenes of *time;*
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praiſe,
The charm'd ſpectators thunder their applauſe!
And the vaſt void beyond, applauſe reſounds.

What then am I?—
Amidſt applauding worlds,
And worlds celeſtial, is their found on earth,
A peeviſh, diſſonant, rebellious ſtring,
Which jars on the grand chorus, and *complains?*
Cenſure on *thee*, Lorenzo! I ſuſpend,
And turn it on *myſelf;* how greatly due!
All, all is *right;* by God ordain'd or done;
And who, but God, reſum'd the friends *he* gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, ſo long?
Complaining of his *favours*, *pain*, and *death?*
Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to ſave from *pain;* all puniſhment,
To make for *peace;* and death to ſave from *death;*
And ſecond death, to guard immortal life;
To rouſe the careleſs, the preſumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of ſouls another way;
By the ſame tenderneſs divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endleſs, in the ſkies.
Heaven gives us friends to bleſs the *preſent* ſcene;
Reſumes them, to prepare us for the *next.*
All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All diſcipline, *indulgence*, on the whole.
None are unhappy: *all* have cauſe to ſmile,
But ſuch as to themſelves that cauſe deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains;*
Error, in *acts*, or *judgment*, is the ſource
Of endleſs ſighs: We *ſin*, or we *miſtake;*
And *nature* tax, when falſe *opinion* ſtings.
Let impious grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then*, when grief puts in her claim,
Joy from the *joyous*, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidſt *ills*, corroborates, exalts;
'Tis joy and conqueſt; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in *ills*, delights
Heaven, earth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's ſhining ſcene;
Proſperity conceals his brighteſt ray;
As *night* to ſtars, *woe* luſtre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the ſtorm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An evergreen, that ſtands the northern blaſt,
And bloſſoms in the rigour of our fate.
'Tis a prime part of happineſs, to know
How much unhappineſs *muſt* prove our lot;
A part which few poſſeſs! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it miſery to be a *man;*
Who thinks *it is*, ſhall never be a *god.*
Some ills we wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.
What ſpoke *proud paſſion?*—" * Wiſh my being loſt?"
Preſumptuous! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
The triumph of my ſoul is—That I *am;*
And therefore that I *may* be—*what?* Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper ſtill;
Unfathomably deep our treaſure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and ſucceeding ſtill

* *Referring to the Firſt Night.*

New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull ſlumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praiſe.
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deſerv'd) by heaven's redundant love,
Made half adorable itſelf, adore;
And find, in adoration, endleſs joy!
Where thou, not maſter of a moment *here*,
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'ſt boaſt a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninſpir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from heaven's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *ſecure*.
Ills?—there are none:---*All-gracious!* none
from *thee;*
From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by *madneſs* on fair *liberty;*
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Firſt barr'd by *thine:* high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whoſe threats are *mercies*, whoſe injunctions, *guides*,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, *reaſon's* choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, *unavoidable reſults*
From nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this; fly that"---nor always tells the cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* ſurvey'd,
Aught elſe the name of wonderful retains)
What *rocks* are *theſe*, on which to build our truſt!
Thy ways admit no blemiſh; none I find;
Or this alone---"*That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to ſoften *cenſure's* hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peeviſh *grief's* complaint,
Who like a *demon*, murmuring from the duſt,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.---Supreme!
For *all* I bleſs thee; moſt, for the *ſevere;*
* *Her* death---*my own* at hand---the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;---but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthens what it ſtrikes; its wholeſome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join heaven's ſweet hallelujahs in thy praiſe,
Great ſource of good *alone!* How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain, death, gehenna*, ſave.
Thus, in thy world material, *mighty mind!*
Not that alone which *ſolaces*, and *ſhines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praiſe.
The *winter* is as needful as the *ſpring;*
The *thunder*, as the ſun; a ſtagnate maſs
Of vapours breeds a peſtilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying ſtorms;
The dread volcano miniſters to good.
Its ſmother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly ſcann'd;
And in their uſe, *eclipſes* learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for *ills* receiv'd;
Thoſe we call *wretched* are a choſen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my liſt of bleſſings infinite,
Stand this the foremoſt. "*That my heart has bled.*"
'Tis heaven's laſt effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bleſs, heaven quits us in deſpair.
Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reaſon abſolves the grief, which *reaſon* ends.
May heaven ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile!*
Such ſmiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinctions, from exceſs.
My change of *heart* a change of *ſtyle* demands;
The conſolation cancels the complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
And when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by view;
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end.
Though ſtill remote; ſo fruitful is my theme,
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *ſorrow* ſeen
In human ways; and much of *falſe* and *vain;*
Which none who travel this bad road, can miſs.
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept;
Of *love divine* the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man *immortal;* ſhow'd the *ſource of joy;*
The *grand tribunal* rais'd; aſſign'd the bounds
Of *human grief:* in *few*, to cloſe the whole,
The moral muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-ſtroke,
Of *moſt* our weakneſs needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on *earth*, or proſpect of the *ſkies.* [debt
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty
To be diſcharg'd: theſe thoughts, O night! are
thine;
From thee they came, like lovers ſecret ſighs,
While others ſlept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft ſliding from her ſphere,
Her ſhepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of thee.---And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal ſilence! where ſhall I begin?
Where end? Or how ſteal muſic from the ſpheres,
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtic night!
Nature's great anceſtor! *day's* elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortals, ſeen with awe!

* *Lucia.*

A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine, [out,
Thy flowing mantle form; and heaven through-
Voluminouſly pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy graudeurs (*nature's* moſt auguſt,
Inſpiring aſpect!) claim a grateful verſe;
And, like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcene.
And what, O man! ſo *worthy* to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſongs of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo *needful?* What ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain!
The ſoul of man, his face deſign'd to ſee
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has *here* a previous ſcene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of *heaven*.
Heaven's King! whoſe face unveil'd conſummates bliſs;
Redundant bliſs! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres;
While of thy works *material* the ſupreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong,
Looſe me from *earth's* enclofure, from the *ſun's Contracted* circle ſet my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſteps, to climb to thee.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to controul,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the *ſun*
Be ſeen at *midnight*, riſing in my ſong?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou whoſe heart,
Whoſe *little* heart is moor'd within a nook
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, I thy proſperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou *ſtranger* to the *world!* thy tour *begin:*
Thy tour through *nature's* univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On ſoaring ſouls, that fail among the ſpheres;
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles ſpacious *earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own he never was from *home* before!
Come, my * Prometheus, from thy pointed rock
Of *falſe* ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll *innocently* ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *ſtars;*
A theft that ſhall not chain but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern neſts of feather'd ſnows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
Where infant tempeſts wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which ſoon, perhaps, ſhall ſhake a guilty world;
Above miſconſtrued omens of the ſky,
Far-travell'd comets calculated blaze;
Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
Thy ſoul, till now contracted, wither'd, ſhrunk,
Blighted by blaſts of *earth's* unwholeſome air,
Will bloſſom *here;* ſpread all her faculties
To theſe bright ardours; every power unfold,
And riſe into ſublimities of thought.
Stars *teach* as well as *ſhine*. At *nature's* birth,
Thus their commiſſion ran—"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller?
The *ſtars* will light thee; though the *moon* ſhould fail.
Where are thou more benighted! more aſtray!
In ways immortal? The *ſtars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counſel, ſet thee right.
This proſpect vaſt, what is it?—Weigh'd aright
'Tis nature's ſyſtem of divinity,
And every ſtudent of the *night* inſpires.
'Tis *elder* ſcripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my *radius* (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various leſſons; ſome that may ſurpriſe
An unadept in myſteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in *her* ſchool,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on ſtar.
Bulls, lions, ſcorpions, monſters here we feign;
Ourſelves more monſtrous, not to ſee what here
Exiſts *indeed;*—a lecture to mankind.
What read we *here?*—Th' exiſtence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of ether! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the ſkies.
And whoſe eternity?—Lorenzo! *thine;*
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* ſprings the ſovereign cure
Of almoſt every vice; but chiefly *thine;*
Wrath, pride, ambition, and *impure deſire*.
Lorenzo! thou canſt wake at midnight too,
Though not on *morals* bent: *Ambition, pleaſure!*
Thoſe tyrants † for thee ſo lately fought,
Afford their harraſs'd ſlaves but ſlender reſt.
Thou to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the ſun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes!*
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt ſtage and ſtage, of riot, and cabal;

* *Night VIII.*

* *Night VIII.*

And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
To yonder ſtars: For other ends they ſhine,
Than to light revellers from ſhame to ſhame,
And thus be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of ſpace,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which ſet the living firmament on fire,
At the firſt glance, in ſuch an overwhelm
Of wonderful on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight,
Ruſhes Omnipotence?—To curb our *pride;*
Our *reaſon* rouſe, and lead it to that power,
Whoſe love lets down theſe ſilver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himſelf*,
And bind our *chaſte affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, leaſt alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heaven's coaſt with moſt applauſe,
An *humble*, *pure*, and *heaven'ly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inſpir'd:---And canſt thou gaze too long?
Nor ſtands thy *wrath*, depriv'd of its reproof,
Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each ſyſtem repreſent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlightening and enlighten'd! All, at once
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None ſins againſt the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unſelfiſh aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in nature, much leſs *conſcious* being,
Was e'er created ſolely for itſelf:
Thus man his *ſovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our ſupercilious race,
Thou moſt inflammable! Thou waſp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inſpected*, would be found
As rightly ſet, as are the ſtarry ſpheres;
'Tis *nature's* ſtructure, broke by ſtubborn *will*,
Breeds all that unceleſtial diſcord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
Canſt thou deſcend from converſe with the ſkies
And ſeize thy brother's throat?---For what---a *clod*,
An inch of *earth*? The *planet's* cry, "Forbear,"
They chaſe our double darkneſs; *nature's* gloom,
And (kinder ſtill!) our *intellectual* night.
And ſee, *day's* amiable ſiſter ſends
Her invitation in the ſofteſt rays
Of mitigated luſtre; courts thy ſight,
Which ſuffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the ſkies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain* and *joy* ſhe bribes thee to be wiſe.
Night opes the nobleſt ſcenes, and ſheds an awe,
Which gives thoſe venerable ſcenes full weight,
And deep reception in th' intender'd heart;
While light ſteeps through the darkneſs like a ſpy;
And darkneſs ſhows its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more than I this moment feel;
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wiſe!)
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love and admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! This diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!---what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night *ten thouſand* ſhine:
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns unnumbered, down the ſteep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *heart*.
My heart at once it humbles and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material offſpring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *him* who made it! worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe *more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy praiſe *divine!*---But though man drown'd in ſleep,
Withholds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his univerſal temple hung
With luſtres, with innumerable lights,
That ſhed religion on the ſoul; at once
The *temple* and the *preacher!* O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night!*
Devotion! daughter of aſtronomy!
An *undevout* aſtronomer is *mad*.
True; all things ſpeak a God; but in the ſmall,
Men trace out *him;* in great, *he* ſeizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye ſtars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
What are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in diſdain
Of limit built! built in the taſte of heaven!
Vaſt concave! ample dome! waſt thou deſign'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?---
Not ſo; that thought alone thy ſtate impairs,
Thy *lofty* ſinks, and ſhallows thy *profound*,
And ſtraightens thy *diffuſive;* dwarfs the whole,
And makes an univerſe an *orrery*.
But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O *Nature!* wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines at once are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſploſion diſſipates the clouds:
Shock'd ether's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelves. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods,

From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in *ſenſe;*
For, ſure to *ſenſe* they truly are divine;
And half abſolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unloſt, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their ador'd.
But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount?
And are there, then, Lorenzo! Thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and unexiſtent, are the ſame?
And if incomprehenſible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aſide
All meaſure in his work; ſtretch'd out his line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes),
Deep in the boſom of his univerſe,
Dropt down that *reaſoning* mite, that inſect, *man*,
To crawl and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?---
That man might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
For diſbelief of wonders in *himſelf.*
Shall God be leſs miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *myſteries* deſcend
From *un-myſterious?* Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than created, to the graſp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *him*, the *more* we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive *him*, God he could not be;
Or *be* not God, or *we* could not be *men.*
A God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's diſtance how immenſe! On *ſuch* a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing can *ſatisfy* but what *confounds;*
Nothing but what *aſtoniſhes* is *true.*
The ſcene thou ſeeſt, atteſts the truth I ſing,
And every ſtar ſheds light upon thy creed.
Theſe ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of heaven,
If but *reported*, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee the *romance* is true.
The grand of nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In *reaſon's* court, to ſilence *unbelief.*
How my mind, opening at this ſcene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the ſkies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo leſs admires!
Has the Great Sovereign ſent ten thouſand worlds
To tell us, *he* reſides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable receſs?
And dare *earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The ſumptuous, the magnific embaſſy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole.
Who ſees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *reaſon*, or a God adores?
Mankind was ſent into the world to *ſee:*
Sight gives the ſcience needful to their peace;
That obvious ſcience aſks *ſmall* learning's aid.
Wouldſt thou on metaphyſic pinions ſoar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel hiſtory's enormous round?
Nature no ſuch hard taſk enjoins: She gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make ſet upright, pointing to the ſtars,
As who ſhall ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
Too late to read this manuſcript of heaven,
When like a parchment ſcroll, ſhrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
Leſſon how various! Not the God alone,
I ſee his *miniſters;* I ſee, diffus'd
In radiant orders, eſſences ſublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heavenly liveries, diſtinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they ſtand, with wings outſpread,
Liſtening to catch the maſter's leaſt command,
And fly through *nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Chriſtian!* O'er each ſphere
Preſides an angel, to direct its courſe,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to diſcharge
Other high truſts unknown. For who can ſee
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,
For which *alone* inanimate was made,
More ſparingly diſpens'd? That nobler ſon,
Far liker the great ſire!—'Tis thus the ſkies
Inform us of ſuperiors numberleſs,
As much, in *excellence*, above mankind,
As above *earth*, in *magnitude*, the *ſpheres.*
Theſe, as a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thouſand demigods deſcend
On every beam we ſee, to walk with men,
Awful reflection! Strong reſtraint from ill!
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
From theſe ethereal glories *ſenſe* ſurveys.
Something, like magic, ſtrikes from this blue vault;
With juſt attention is it view'd? We feel
A ſudden ſuccour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herſelf does half the work of *man.*
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſarts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *nature's* ſtructure, or the ſcoop of *time;*
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n *theſe* an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n *theſe* infuſe.—But what of vaſt in *theſe?*
Nothing;—or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in *art!*—Vain *art!* Thou pigmy power!
How doſt thou ſwell and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhow thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,
Thy watery columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *capitals!* or thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding *g rdens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *temples* proud to meet their gods half-way!
Yet *theſe* effect us in no common kind.

What then the force of such superior scenes?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from this the Deity has built?
A *good man* seen, though silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, "*Hast thou seen the skies?*"
And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still *darker* by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *plots*, and foul *conspiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do!—Suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why *sleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepostrous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heaven;
Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
Were moon, and stars, for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wise*.
Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals liv'd
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
In theory sublime. O how unlike.
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on *earth*, and on her venom feed!
Those ancient sages, *human* stars! They met
Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd *obey'd*.
The *Stagirite*, and Plato, he who drank
The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
An area fit for gods and godlike men, [paths
They took their nightly round, through radiant
By seraphs trod; instructed; chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of *earth*;
Of hopes eternal kindled, *there*, the fire;
There, as in near approach, they glow'd and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themselves*.
Through *various virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
The *zodiac* of their learn'd, illustrious lives.
In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *approbrious* prayer! as much
Our *ardour* less, as greater is our *light*.
How monstrous this in *morals!* Scarce more strange
Would this *phænomenon* in nature strike,
A *sun*, that froze her, or a *star*, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world?
To these thou giv'st thy *praise*, give *credit* too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery:
That, wise it is to comprehend the whole:
That, *virtue*, rose from *nature*, ponder'd well,
The single base of *virtue* built to heaven:
That God, and *nature*, our attention claim:
That, *nature* is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the *sea*, reflected is the *sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
That, *mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims:
That, *boundless mind* affects a *boundless space*:
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man,
Such are their doctrines; *such* the *night* inspir'd.
And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison *here!*
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise.
What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo!
As *earth* the body, since, the *skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, the noble pasture of the *mind*;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, the breast-plate of the true high-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus, have we found a true astrology;
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
O that the *stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And rescued *monarchs* from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how generous in a foe!
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,

For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy *tutor:* Grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'st not what it is: how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
And what it *seems*, it *is*: *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more godlike, as *these* more divine.
And *more* divine than *these*, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a Paradise *unlost!*
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the *tree of life!*
For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taste;
No *flaming sword* denies our entrance *here;*
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever.*
Lorenzo! much of *moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *mathematic* glories of the skies,
Its number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, *chance* and *fate*,
Are left to finish his aërial towers;
Wisdom and *choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendor void of use;
Use rivals *beauty; art* contends with *power;*
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
The great economist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
And *newest* to the man that views it *most;*
For newer still infinite succeeds.
Then, these aërial racers, O how swift!
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
Orb above orb ascending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, enclos'd!
Wheel, within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream;
Though *seen*, we labour to believe it *true!*
What involution! what extent! what swarms
Of worlds, that laugh at *earth!* immensely great!
Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
What, then, the wondrous *space* through which they roll?
At once it quite ingulfs all human thought;
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.
Nor think thou feest a wild disorder here;
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! How soon are they dissolv'd
And set the seeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without error rove;
Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
To silence, by the presence of their Lord;
Or hush'd by his command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God and thine,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *his* praise,
But, since their *song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair *hieroglyphic* of *his* peerless power.
Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence;*
To *gods*, how great! how legible to *man!*
Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
Where are the pillars that support the skies?
What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?—
And so they are; in the high will of heaven,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if *such* the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all tost into the sea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest *ends?*
More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the sovereign nods,
Discharge high trusts of *vengeance*, or of *love;*
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?
Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!
A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* survey!
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end. [take
The boundless *space*, through which these rovers
Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought
Of boundless *time*. Thus, by kind *nature's* skill,
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the *sight:*
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
The *stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *insults* her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To *disappoint* it!—That is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,

Momentous, as the existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
And thou may'st read thy *soul immortal*, here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt-illuminated roof.
That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.
Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the sultan scorn.
He, wise as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world;
And thinks the *moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of *power*.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder *moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on *earth's* infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven?
Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *earth's* joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for *unseen*,
And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,
The *life* of life, the zest of worldly bliss:
All else on earth amounts—to what? To *this*:
"Bad to be *suffer'd*; blessings to be *left*:"
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.
Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze! —of gazing there is no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same *manna*, mingle earth and heaven.
How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
So distant (says the sage), 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at *nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever*: who can satiate sight
In *such* a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *ambition!*, boast thy boundless might
In conquest o'er the tenth-part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *miracle?*—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire on mankind;
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.
To common sense, great *nature's* course proclaims
A Deity; when mankind falls asleep,
A *miracle* is sent, as an alarm;
To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
Say, which imports more plentitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frighted *east*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's soft flowery vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater to *create*.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles;—resistless is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* unmiraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *spangles* here; the *fool* no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *nature* governs all?"
The *course* of *nature* is the *art* of God.
The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attest;
For say, could *nature nature's* course controul?
But, miracles apart, whose sees him not,
Nature's controller, author, guide, and end!
Who turns his eye on *nature's* midnight face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
"What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
"Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
"Who bow'd them flaming through the dark pro-
" found,
"Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
"Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And set the bosom of *old night* on fire?
"Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee, [man)
(For stars have fought their battles leagu'd with
"Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their
" names?
"Appoints their post, their marches, and returns
"Punctual at stated periods? who disbands
"These veteran troops, their final duty done,
"If e'er disbanded?"—He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
In *night's* inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *dividers of my time!* Ye bright
Accountants of my days, and mouths, and years,
In your fair kalendar distinctly mark'd!

Since that authentic, radiant register, [him;
Though man inspects it not, stands good against
Since *you*, and years, roll on, though man stands
still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *wisdom*; now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence; sweeps aside
The snares keen *appetite*, and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that gray head,
Whose *folly* would undo what *age* has done!
Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, thou,
Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an *index* fair as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.
Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they *are*, unalter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time*, *eternity*!
('Tis these, mist-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let *time* appear a *moment*, as it *is*;
And let *eternity's* full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.
When shall I see far more than charms me now?
Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel *earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her *apotheosis* in thee?
Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
To wake thy *dead devotion* was my point;
And how I bless *night's* consecrating shades,
Which to a *temple* turn an *universe*;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth!
In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray!
And what a God must dwell in such a fane!
O what a genius must inform the skies!
And is Lorenzo's salamander heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?
O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers,
On heaven's broad hearth! who burn, or burn
no more,
Who blaze, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears: assist my song;
Pour your whole influence; exercise this heart,
So long possess; and bring him back to *man*.
And is Lorenzo a demurer *still*?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame.
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,
A *faithless* heart, how despicably small!
Too streight, ought great, or generous, to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd with *self*!
And self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!

Instincts and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there; or *they* alone,
Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,
Where *order*, *wisdom*, *goodness*, *providence*,
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly great desire.
The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
Great, in its *wishes*; great in its *surveys*.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace.
A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth*;
Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.
As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is in approach to woe;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in *manhood*; let in *happiness*;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*.
Take God from *nature*, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;—
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy distress! how close thou art besieg'd!
Besieg'd by *nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!
Enclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of providence.
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason sets thee free!
This scene is heaven's indulgent violence:
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
What is earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *cause*,
Spite of these numerous, awful, *witnesses*,
And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they *did*; but *no* man *disbelieves*.
God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike
These gross, material organs; God by man
As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size;
Conception of design, how exquisite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
Each attribute of these *material* gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
Lorenzo! this may seem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
Of this great master moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or disinclin'd, to read it *there*?
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear;

'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, ſtruggle with the world.
Retire;—the *world* ſhut out;—thy thoughts call home:—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs:—
Lock up thy *ſenſes*;—let no *paſſion* ſtir;—
Wake all to *reaſon*;—let *her* reign alone;
Then, in thy *ſoul's* deep ſilence, and the depth
Of *nature's* ſilence, midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and ſhall inquire no more.
In nature's channel, thus the queſtions run.
"What am I? and from *whence?*—I nothing know,
"But that I *am*; and, ſince I *am*, conclude
"Something *eternal*: had there e'er been *nought*,
"*Nought* ſtill had been: *eternal* there *muſt* be.—
"But *what* eternal?—Why not *human race?*
"And Adam's anceſtor's without an end?—
"That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince every link
"Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
"Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole?*
"Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties riſe;
"I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
"Whence *earth*, and theſe bright *orbs?*—*Eternal* too?
"Grant *matter* was eternal; ſtill theſe *orbs*
"Would want ſome other father;—much deſign
"Is ſeen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
"*Deſign* implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
"*That* can't be from *themſelves*—or *man*; that art
"Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
"And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.—
"Who, *motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
"Shot through vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
"Who bid brute *matter's* reſtive lump aſſume
"Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
"Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
"Aſſerting its indiſputable right
"To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
"Has matter *none?* Then whence theſe glorious forms
"And boundleſs flights, from *ſhapeleſs*, and *repos'd?*
"Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
"Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
"In *mathematics?* Has it fram'd *ſuch* laws,
"Which but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?—
"If ſo, how each *ſage* atom laughs at me,
"Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man!*
"If art, to form; and counſel to conduct;
"And that with greater far, than human ſkill;
"Reſides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.—
"Grant, then, inviſible, eternal, mind;
"*That* granted, all is ſolv'd—But, granting that,
"Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
"Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
"A being without origin, or end!—
"Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
"Yet, why? on either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts;
"Subſiſt it *muſt*, in God, or *human race:*
"If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
"Indiſſoluble all?—Why chooſe it *there*,
"Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
"Reject it, where, that choſen, all the reſt
"Diſpers'd leave *reaſon's* whole horizon clear;
"This is not reaſon's dictate; *reaſon* ſays,
"Cloſe with the ſide where *one* grain turns the ſcale;
"What vaſt preponderance is here! can reaſon
"With louder voice exclaim---*Believe* a God?
"And *reaſon* heard, is the ſole mark of man.
"What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
"On any other ſyſtem! and how ſtrange
"To *diſbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief.*
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whoſe providential care
Through theſe bright orbs, dark centres darts a ray!
Of *nature* univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fixt ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant *earth!* Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The ſuburbs of creation? Where, the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence? Nothing's ſtrange abode!
Say, at what point of ſpace Jehovah dropp'd
His ſlacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and meaſur'd *infinite*, no more!
Where rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and ſays, to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
"I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
"The work accompliſh'd; the creation cloſ'd:
"Shout, all ye gods! nor ſhout ye gods alone;
"Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
"That reſts, or rolls, ye heights, and depths reſound!
"Reſound! reſound! ye depths, and heights, reſound!"
Hard are thoſe queſtions;—Anſwer harder ſtill.
Is *this* the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon of *power divine?*
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of diſtant *ſpace?*
Has *he* not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burſt
Of *night* primeval; barren, now, no more?
And *he* the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Thoſe *giant generations*, which diſport,
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd
In that *abyſs of horror*, whence they ſprung;
While *chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival *creation* raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of *nature* both the womb and grave!
Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too wide?
Is this *extravagant?*—No; this is *juſt*;
Juſt in *conjecture*, though 't were falſe in *fact.*
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high-thought of the Moſt High.
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?—
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.
Can man *conceive* beyond what God can *do?*
Nothing but *quite impoſſible* is *hard.*
He ſummons into being with like eaſe,

A whole *creation*, and a ſingle *grain*.
Speaks he the word? a thouſand worlds are born!
A thouſand worlds? there's ſpace for millions more;
And in what ſpace can his great *fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm *imagination*: why condemn?
Why not indulge ſuch thoughts, as ſwell our hearts
With fuller admiration of *that power*, [ſwell?
Who gives our hearts with ſuch high thoughts to
Why not indulge in *his* augmented praiſe?
Darts not *his* glory a ſtill brighter ray,
The leſs is left to *chaos*, and the realms
Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* ſtrays aghaſt;
And, though moſt *talkative*, makes no *report*?
Still ſeems my thought enormous? Think again;
Experience ſelf ſhall aid thy lame belief.
Glaſſes (that revelation to the ſight!)
Have they not led us in the deep diſcloſe
Of fine ſpun *nature*, exquiſitely *ſmall*,
And, though *demonſtrated*, ſtill *ill-conceiv'd*?
If then, on the reverſe, the mind would mount
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation *poiſe*?
Defect alone can err on ſuch a theme;
What is too great, if we the *cauſe ſurvey*?
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My ſoul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herſelf but at the centre ſtill!
I Am, thy name! *exiſtence*, all *thine own!*
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if ſtyl'd
"*The thin, the fleeting atmoſphere of God.*"
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What voice
Can anſwer to my wants, in *ſuch* aſcent,
As dares to deem one univerſe too ſmall?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of univerſal *nature*, as a ſpeck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair and glorious for its ſize,
But, elſewhere, far outmeaſur'd, far outſhone?
In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canſt thou not figure it, an *iſle*, almoſt
Too ſmall for notice, in the vaſt of being;
Sever'd by mighty ſeas of *unbuilt* ſpace
From other *realms*; from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Leſs *northern*, leſs remote from deity,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;
Where ſouls in excellence make haſte, put forth,
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen ſoon to gods?
Yet why drown *fancy* in ſuch depths as theſe?
Return, preſumptuous rover! and confeſs
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too ſmall.
Enjoy we not full ſcope in what is *ſeen*?
Full ample the dominions of the ſun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchleſs monarch, from his flaming throne,
Laviſh of luſtre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faſter than a thought could fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile was built;
And *he* alone, who built it, can deſtroy.
Beyond this *city*, why ſtrays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous inſtruction here!
What page of wiſdom is deny'd him? None.
If learning his chief leſſon makes him wiſe.
Nor is *inſtruction* here our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the ſkies,
Which warms our paſſions, proſelytes our hearts;
How eloquently ſhines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonſtrating great truths in ſtyle ſublime,
Though ſilent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praiſe.
Is *earth*, then, more infernal? has ſhe thoſe,
Who neither *praiſe* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er aſk'd the *moon* one queſtion; never held
Leaſt correſpondence with a ſingle ſtar;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*
Walking in brightneſs; or her train ador'd.
Their *ſublunary* rivals long have ſince
Engroſs'd his whole devotion; *ſtars* malign,
Which made the fond *aſtronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cauſe him to ſacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madneſs, call'd delight.
Idolater, more groſs than ever kiſs'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O thou, to whom belongs
All ſacrifice! O thou great Jove unfeign'd;
Divine Inſtructor! Thy *firſt* volume, *this*,
For *man's* peruſal; all in capitals!
In *moon*, and *ſtars* (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to ſeize the ſight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *underſtand*. 'Tis unconfin'd,
To *Chriſtian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In language univerſal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain
To thoſe that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from his huſk, ſtrike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the great mind, that ſpeaks!
Preface, and *comment*, to the *ſacred page!*
Which oft refers its reader to the ſkies,
As pre-ſuppoſing his firſt leſſon *there*,
And ſcripture ſelf a *fragment*, *that* unread.
Stupendous book of wiſdom, to the wiſe;
Stupendous book! and open'd, night! by thee.
By thee *much* open'd, I confeſs, O *night!*
Yet *more* I wiſh; but *how* ſhall I prevail?
Say, gentle *night!* whoſe modeſt, maiden beams
Give us a *new* creation, and preſent
The world's great picture ſoften'd to the ſight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent ſtill.
Say, thou, whoſe mild dominion's ſilver key
Unlocks our hemiſphere, and ſets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious ſtar of noon!
Canſt thou not draw a deeper ſcene?—And ſhow
The mighty Potentate, to whom belong
Theſe rich *regalia* pompouſly diſplay'd

To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on every side—
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste, [her,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?
Where blazes *his* bright court? Where burns *his* throne? [round
Thou know'st; for thou art near him; by thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where *he* dwells?
A *star* his dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find *him?*
These courtiers keep the secret of their king;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
For man's ascent; at once to *tempt* and *aid;*
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the *great* God of all.
In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car,
From *earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd *earth* recedes;
I pass the *moon;* and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote;*
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.
I pause at every *planet* on my road,
And ask for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of *earths* an army might be lost,
With the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
Amid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life, [*now?*
Through their wide empires!—What behold I
A wilderness of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods.
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am groveling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur on his works, whence *folly* sought
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher; [*him*)
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to
O where, Lorenzo! must the builder dwell?
Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?—Where is *earth?*—Nay, where art thou,
O *sun?*—Is the sun turn'd recluse?—And are
His boasted expeditions short to *mine?*—
To *mine*, how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, *untransplated*, never stray'd?
" O ye, as distant from my little home,
" As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
" Far from my native element I roam,
" In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
" What province this, of *his* immense domain,
" Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
" Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are
" you?
" A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
" By frequent visit from heaven's neighbouring
" realms,
" To secondary gods, and half divine?—
" Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
" Far other life you live, far other tongue
" You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
" Than man. How various are the works of God,
" But say, *what* thought? is *reason* here inthron'd!
" And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?
" Have you *two* lights? or need you no *reveal'd?*
" Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
" And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
" *Our* Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
" And ask their Adams—" *Who would not be*
" *wise?*"
" Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd?*
" And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer *scorn'd?*
" Is this your final residence? if not,
" Change you your scene, *translated?* or by *death?*
" And if by *death; what death?*—Know you *dis-*
" *ease?*"
" Or horrid *war?*—With war, this fatal hour,
" Europa groans (so call we a small field,
" Where kings run mad) In *our* world, death
" deputes
" *Intemperance* to do the work of *age;*
" And hanging up the quiver *nature* gave him,
" As slow of execution, for dispatch
" Sends forth *imperial* butchers; bids them slay
" Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before),
" And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
" Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
" With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god?*
" And *bloodshed* wash out every other stain?—
" But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter
" gross
" Your *spirits* clean, are delicately clad
" In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,
" Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
" The lot of man! How few of human race
" By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
" Self-war eternal! Is your painful day
" Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still
" Raw candidates at school? And have you those
" Who disaffect *reversions*, as with *us?*
" But what are *we?* You never heard of *man;*
" Or *earth*, the *bedlam* of the universe!
" Where *reason* (un-diseas'd with you) runs mad,
" And nurses *folly's* children as *her own;*
" Fond of the soulest. In the sacred mount
" Of *holiness*, where reason is pronounc'd

" *Infallible;* and *thunders*, like a god;
" Ev'n *there*, by *ſaints*, the demons are outdone;
" What *theſe* think wrong, our *ſaints* reſine to
" right;
" And kindly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
" Satan, inſtructed, o'er their *morals* ſmiles.—
" But *this*, how ſtrange to you, who know not
" *man!*
" Has the leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
" Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car?
" Paſt by you the good Enoch, on his road
" To thoſe fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
" Who bruſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere in his de-
" ſcent,
" Stain'd your pure cryſtal ether, or let fall
" A ſhort eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
" O! that the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad orb
" Athwart his way; nor reach'd his preſent home,
" Then blacken'd *earth* with footſteps foul'd in
" hell,
" Nor waſh'd in *ocean*, as from Rome he paſt
" To Britain's iſle; *too, too*, conſpicuous *there?*"
But this is all digreſſion: where is he,
That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkneſs? Where is he,
Who ſees creation's ſummit in a vale?
He, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but ſeek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
O for a teleſcope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on *earth!* or bleſt *above!*
Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your great Maſter's orb? His planets,
where?
Thoſe *conſcious* ſatellites, thoſe *morning-ſtars*,
Firſt-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd; raptur'd*, yet *ſerene;*
Paſt thought illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill approaching circles, ſtill *remote*,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal fire?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horizon!—And on what
High errands ſent?—Here *human* effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to *his* throne.
Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road.
Born in an age more curious than devout;
More fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
Than ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or *ſar*, or *angel*, for their guide,
Who worſhip God, ſhall *find* him. Humble *love*,
And not proud *reaſon*, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admiſſion, where proud *ſcience* fails.
Man's ſcience is the culture of his heart;
And not to loſe his plummet in the depths
Of *nature*, or the more profoand of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom *nature* (ill-attempted *here!*)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy *above;*
Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak) is *ſeen* in all!
In *man!* in *earth!* in more amazing *ſkies!*
Teaching this leſſon, *pride* is loth to learn—
" Not *deeply* to *diſcern*, not *much* to *know*,
" Mankind was born to wonder, and adore."
And is there cauſe for higher *wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! This;
Each of theſe ſtars is a religious houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe;
And heard *hoſannas* ring through every ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte; but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of *reaſon*, which to *virtues* riſe
Beneath *his* genial ray; and, if eſcap'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the ſkies.
And is *devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When beings, ſo ſuperior, homage *boaſt*,
And *triumph* in proſtration to the throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars?
Ethereal journeys, and, diſcover'd there,
Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand ways devout,
All *nature* ſending incenſe to the throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of our ſphere?
Opening the ſolemn ſources of my ſoul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming ſkies,
Nor ſee, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
Invites the muſe—Here turn we, and review
Our paſt nocturnal landſcape wide:—Then ſay,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burſt of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Muſt man exclaim, adoring, and aghaſt?
" O what a root! O what a branch, is here!
" O what a father! What a family! [tions,
" Worlds! ſyſtems! and creations!—And crea-
" In one agglomerated cluſter, hung, [hangs;
" * Great Vine! On thee, on thee the cluſter
" The filial cluſter! infinitely ſpread
" In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal
" life.
" Or, ſhall I ſay (for *who* can ſay enough?)
" A conſtellation of ten thouſand gems,
" And, O! of what dimenſion! of what weight!
" Set in one *ſignet*, flames on the right hand
" Of Majeſty Divine! The *blazing ſeal*,
" That deeply ſtamps, on all created *mind*,
" Indelible, *his* ſovereign attributes,
" Omnipotence, and love! *That*, paſſing bound;
" And *this*, ſurpaſſing that. Nor ſtop we *here*,
" For want of *power* in God, but *thought* in man.
" Ev'n *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us ſtill in debt:
" If *greater* aught, that greater all is thine,
" Dread ſire!—Accept this *miniature* of thee;
" And pardon an *attempt* from mortal thought.

* *John* xv. 1.

" In which archangels might have fail'd, un-
" blam'd."
How such ideas of th' Almighty's *power*,
And such ideas of th' Almighty's *plan*,
(Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
In *inconceivables* to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How *low* must *man* descend, when *gods* adore!
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
Did I not tell thee, " We would mount, Lo-
" renzo!
" And kindle our devotion at the *stars*?"
And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? And dost confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *smile*?
Lorenzo! *mirth* how miserable *here*!
Swear by the *stars*, by him who made them, swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *they*:
Then *thou*, like *them*, shalt shine; like *them*, shalt
rise
From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
By due gradation, *nature's* sacred law.
The *stars*, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—He can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From *darkness*, and *confusion*, took their birth;
Sons of *Deformity*! from fluid dregs
Tartarean first they rose to masses rude,
And then to spheres opaque, then dimly shone,
Then brighten'd, then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better; but, when *minds* ascend,
Progress in part depends upon *themselves*.
Heaven aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The *voluntary* little lessens more.
O be a *man*! and thou shalt be a *god*!
And *half self-made*!—Ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—Though high taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars,
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
Pride in *religion* is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *night*,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad *sin* makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.
Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of *matter's* grandeur, know one end is this,
To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it—
" Though *that* immensely great, still greater *he*,
" Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
" Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme;
" Can grasp *creation* with a *single* thought;
" *Creation* grasp, and not exclude its sire."—
To tell him farther—" It behoves him much
" To *guard* th' important, yet depending, fate
" Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:
" One single ray of *thought* outshines them all."—
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Rising, where *thought* is now deny'd to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.
Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee absolutely vain,
Vain, and far worse!—Think thou with dying
men;
O *condescend* to think as angels think!
O *tolerate* a chance for happiness!
Our nature such, ill choice ensues ill fate;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer!
Earth, turning from the *sun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his *God*, brings *endless* night;
Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How *deep* the darkness! and the groan how *loud*!
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchase! such his praise!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!
Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.
For think not thou hast heard all this from *me*;
My song but echoes what great *Nature* speaks.
What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spoke,
Thus speaks for ever:—" Place at nature's head
" A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
" Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
" But, above all, diffuses endless good;
" *To whom*, for sure redress, the wrong may fly;
" The vile for mercy, and the pain'd for peace;
" *By whom* the various tenants of these spheres,
" Diversify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
" Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
" Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
" At that blest fountain-head from which they
stream;
" Where conflict past redoubles present joy,
" And present joy looks forward on increase,
" And that on more; no period! every step
" A double boon! a *promise*, and a *bliss*."
How easy sits *this* scheme on human hearts!
It suits their make; it sooths their vast desires;
Passion is pleas'd, and *reason* asks no more;
'Tis rational! 'tis great!—But what is *thine*?
It darkens, shocks, excruciates, and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked both of help and hope,
Sinking from bad to worse; few years the sport
Of *fortune*; then the morsel of *despair*.
Say then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'st it well)
What *vice*?—Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of *common sense*.
How art thou hooted where the *least* prevails!
Is it *my* fault, if *these truths* call thee *fool*?
And thou shalt never be *miscall'd* by me.
Can neither *shame* nor *terror* stand thy friend?
And art thou *still* an infect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown; [all
Snatch'd thee from earth; escorted thee through

Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a God,
Through ſplendours of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of God;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to the throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt fermenting to mere *froth*,
And then ſubſiding into final *gall?*
To beings of ſublime, *immortal* make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy *more* ſhocking ſtill the more it *charms!*
And doſt thou chooſe what ends ere well begun,
And infamous as ſhort? And doſt thou chooſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe palate *glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,
Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.
O thou moſt awful being, and moſt vain!
Thy will how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Though dread eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs and woe in thy deſpotic breaſt,
Though heaven and hell depend upon thy choice,
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
Lorenzo! No; it cannot,—*ſhall* not be,
If there is force in *reaſon*, or in *ſounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *ſlumber* locks the general lip, and dreams
Through ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls *uninſpir'd*.
Attend—The ſacred myſteries begin—
My ſolemn *night-born* adjuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the *ſtars* gaze on this enchantment *new*,
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
" By *ſilence*, death's peculiar attribute;
" By *darkneſs*, guilt's inevitable doom;
" By *darkneſs*, and by *ſilence*, ſiſters dread!
" That draw the curtain round night's ebon throne,
" And raiſe ideas ſolemn as the ſcene!
" By night, and all of awful night preſents
" To *thought* or *ſenſe* (of awful much to both
" The goddeſs brings!) By theſe her trembling *fires*,
" Like Veſta's, ever-burning, and like *hers*
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate and pure!
" By theſe bright orators, that *prove*, and *praiſe*,
" And preſs thee to revere the Deity;
" Perhaps too aid thee, when rever'd a while,
" To reach *his throne;* as ſtages of the ſoul,
" Through which at different periods ſhe ſhall paſs;
" Refining gradual for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at every ſphere!
" By this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world,
" By the world's kings, and kingdoms, moſt renown'd,
" From ſhort ambition's *zenith* ſet for ever;
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters now in bloom!
" By the long liſt of ſwift mortality,
" From Adam downward to this evening knell,
" Which midnight waves in *fancy's* ſtartled eye,
" And ſhocks her with an hundred centuries,
" Round *death's* black banner throng'd in human thought!
" By thouſands *now* reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee—wert thou ſo wiſe to hear!
" By tombs o'er tombs ariſing; human earth
" Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
" The monarch's *terror*, and the ſexton's *trade*,
" By pompous obſequies that ſhun the day,
" The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
" Baſt of our *ruin!* triumph of our *duſt!*
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones,
" And the pale lamp that ſhows the ghaſtly dead
" *More* ghaſtly, through the thick-incumbent gloom!
" By viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,
" The gliding ſpectre! and the groaning grave!
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan
" For the grave's ſhelter! by deſponding men,
" Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
" By guilt's laſt audit! by yon *moon* in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great nature's knell!
" By ſecond *chaos* and eternal *night*"—
Be wiſe—Nor let Philander blame my *charm*,
But own not ill diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living, *duty* to the dead.
For know I'm but executor; *he* left
This moral legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command; Philander hear in me,
And heaven in both. If deaf to theſe, O! hear
Florello's tender voice; *his* weal depends
On *thy* reſolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For *his* ſake—love *thyſelf:* example ſtrikes
All human hearts; a *bad* example more;
More ſtill a father's; that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gaveſt?
Is *this* the bleſſing of ſo fond a father;
If careleſs of Lorenzo! ſpare, Oh! ſpare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let *paſſion* do what *nobler motive* ſhould;
Let *love*, and *emulation* riſe in aid
To *reaſon*, and perſuade thee to be—bleſt.
This ſeems not a requeſt to be deny'd;
Yet (ſuch the infatuation of mankind!)
'Tis the moſt *hopeleſs* man can make to man.
Shall I then riſe in argument and warmth,
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice
From topics yet unbroach'd?—
But Oh! I faint! My ſpirits fail!—Nor ſtrange
So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great Creator's glory call'd;
And *calls*—but now in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lips, and *promiſes*
My long arrear of reſt; the *downy god*
(Wont to return with our returning *peace*)
Will *pay* ere long, and bleſs me with repoſe, [coſt,
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger! from the peaſant's
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,

Whence *sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous visions, as of late, but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted cordial rest,
Man's rich restorative, his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels,
Or *death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me?
——" Thou only know'st,
" Thou, whose broad eye the *future* and the *past*
" Joins to the *present*; making one of *three*
" To moral thought! Thou know'st, and thou
" alone, [known!
" All-knowing!—all-unknown!—and yet well-
" Near, though remote! and though unfathom'd,
" felt!
" And though invisible, for ever seen!
" And seen in all! the *great* and the *minute*:
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flower, each leaf, with its small people
" swarm'd,
" (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
" To the first thought, that asks, "*From whence?*"
" declare [o'er
" Their common source. Thou fountain, running
" In rivers of communicated joy!
" Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
" Say, by what name shall I presume to call
" Him I see burning in these countless suns,
" As Moses in the *bush?* Illustrious mind!
" The whole creation less, far less to thee,
" Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
" How shall I name thee?—How my labouring soul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
" Great system of perfections! mighty cause
" Of causes mighty! cause uncaus'd! sole root
" Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!
" First Father of *effects!* that progeny
" Of endless series; where the golden chain's
" Last link admits a period, who can tell?
" Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
" Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
" Father of all that *is*, or *shall* arise!
" Father of this immeasurable mass
" Of *matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;
" Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
" Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
" Of like amaze and mystery to man.
" Father of these bright millions of the *night!*
" Of which the least full godhead had proclaim'd,
" And thrown the gazer on his knee—or say,
" Is appellation higher still, thy choice?
" Father of *matter's* temporary lord!
" Father of *spirits!* nobler offspring! sparks
" Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
" With various measures, and with various modes
" Of *instinct*, *reason*, *intuition*; beams
" More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
" The darker matter *organiz'd* (the ware
" Of all *created* spirit); beams, that rise
" Each over other in superior light,
" Till the last ripens into lustre strong
" Of next approach to godhead. Father fond
" (Far fonder than e'er bore that name on earth)
" Of *intellectual* beings! beings blest
" With powers to please thee; not of passive ply
" To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
" Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
" Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
" Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
" Though boundless habitation, plann'd by thee:
" Whose several clans their several climates suit;
" And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
" Or, oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
" A title less august indeed, but more
" Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears,
" Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
" *Father of immortality to man!*
" A theme that * lately set my soul on fire---
" And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
" *That* blessing was convey'd; far more! was
" *bought;*
" Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
" Were made; and one, redeem'd illustrious light
" From light illustrious! thou, whose *regal* power,
" Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
" On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
" O'er more, far more than diadems and thrones,
" Inviolably reigns; the *dread* of gods!
" And oh! the *friend* of man! beneath whose foot,
" And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
" All regions, revolution, fortunes, fates,
" Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
" Through the short channels of expiring *time*,
" Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
" Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* spirit breathes),
" In absolute objection!---And, O thou
" The glorious Third! distinct, not separate!
" Beaming from *both?* with both incorporate;
" And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
" By condescension, as thy glory great,
" Enshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
" Of heaven with distant earth! by whom I trust,
" (If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address
" To thee, to them---To whom!---Mysterious
" power!
" Reveal'd---yet unreveal'd! darkness in light;
" Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
" The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the *triple* sun!
" Sun of the soul! her never-setting sun!
" Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
" Absconding, yet demonstrable, Great God!
" Greater than greatest! Better than the best!
" Kinder than kindest! with soft *pity's* eye,
" Or (stronger still to speak it) with *thine own*,
" From thy bright home, from that high firma-
" ment,
" Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
" Beyond archangels unassisted ken;
" From far above what mortals highest call;
" From elevation's pinnacle; look down, [all
" Through--What? confounding interval! through

* *Nights the Sixth and Seventh.*

" And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive;
" Through radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
" Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of Omnipotence,
" With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd;
" Through wondrous beings interpoſing ſwarms,
" All cluſtering at the call, to dwell in thee;
" Through this wide waſte of worlds! this *viſta*
" vaſt,
" All fanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to *night*
" Before *thy* feebleſt beam---Look down--down--
" down,
" On a poor *breathing particle* in duſt,
" Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
" His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults, half converts to the right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (though night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unbleſt!
" In *thy* diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me *now;*
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Though tranſient, terrible; at *thy* good hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
" My *clay-cold bed!* by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe!
" Till then, be *this* an emblem of my grave:
" Let it outpreach the preacher; every night
" Let it outcry the boy at Philip's ear;
" That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My *ſenſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" Or ſink *this* truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by *fate*,
" Firſt, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*—
" *Man's ſickly ſoul, though turn'd and toſs'd for ever,*
" *From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but* thee:
" *Here, in full truſt; hereafter, in full joy;*
" On thee the promis'd, ſure, eternal down
" Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
" Nor of *that* pillow ſhall *my* ſoul deſpond;
" For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (ſing,
" Exult creation!) Love almighty reigns!
" That death of *death!* that cordial of *deſpair!*
" And loud eternity's triumphant ſong! [God!
" Of whom, no more:—For, O thou Patron-
" Thou *God* and *mortal!* Thence *more* God to man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" Thou canſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our *praiſe.*
" Uninjur'd from our praiſe can he eſcape,
" Who, diſembоſom'd from the father, bows
" The heaven of heavens, to kiſs the diſtant earth!
" Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
" Againſt the *croſs, death's* iron ſceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his *foes!*
" Their *gratitude*, for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
" Deputes their *ſuffering brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
" As deeper guilt prohibits our *deſpair!*
" Enjoins it as our duty to *rejoice!*
" And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
" * *Take his delights among the ſons of men.*"

* *Prov. chap.* viii.

What words are theſe—And did they come
from heaven?
And were they ſpoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this?
The ſongs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are waſted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilerate the broken heart;
Though plung'd before in horrors dark as *night:*
Rich prelibation of *conſummate* joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſt.
This final effort of the moral muſe,
How juſtly * *titted?* not for me alone:
For all that read; what ſpirit of ſupport,
What heights of conſolation, crown my ſong!
Then, farewell night! of darkneſs, now, no
more!
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of *nought* complain
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My ſoul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *taſte of life*, and conſtant *thought of death!*
The *thought* of death, ſole victor of its *dread!*
Hope be thy *joy;* and *probity* thy *ſkill;*
Thy *patron* he, whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heaven; *Eternity* thy *prize:*
And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endleſs toils:
They part with all for that *which is not bread;*
They mortify, they ſtarve on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to ſcorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth,
Suppoſe Philander's, Lucia's, or Narciſſa's,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the ways of men,
Whoſe lives whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our *preſent privilege* is paſt,
To ſcourge us with due ſenſe of its *abuſe,*
The *ſame* aſtoniſhment will ſeize us all.
What *then* muſt pain us, would preſerve us *now.*
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
Seize wiſdom ere 'tis torment to be wiſe;
That is, ſeize *wiſdom* ere ſhe ſeizes *thee.*
For what, my ſmall philoſopher! is *hell?*
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of *the truth,*
When *truth* reſiſteth long, is ſworn our foe:
And calls Eternity to do her right.
Thus, *darkneſs* aiding intellectual light,
And ſacred *ſilence* whiſpering truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My ſong the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded ſcenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
'Tis pride to praiſe her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of
tongue,
Lorenzo! riſe, at this auſpicious hour;
An hour, when heaven's moſt intimate with man;
When, like a falling ſtar, the ray divine

* *The Conſolation.*

Glides swift into the bosom of the *just*;
And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And midnight, *universal* midnight! reigns.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

"My soul shall be satisfied even as if it were with marrow and fatness? when my mouth praiseth "thee with joyful lips." PSALM lxiii. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the public, there were many and strong reasons against it; and are so still; but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy still more imperfect than this should fall into the press: and it is hoped, that this unwelcome occasion of publication may be some excuse for it.

As for the following stanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodness to man, is dwelt on, as the most just and cogent reason for our cheerful and absolute resignation to his will; nor are any of those topics declined, which have a just tendency to promote that supreme virtue: such as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place!

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes;
And am I writing still?

Conscious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many suns have roll'd:

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see:
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys; the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws;

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia, tell;
Say, long abandon'd muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I choose?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,

For doating on thy charms ſo late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes which moſt admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can beſt appeaſe our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood reſtrain;

Amidſt the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

O Reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains;
Though claiming every muſe's ſmile,
And every poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, ſolemn ſhade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious conſummation, thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to diſcern,
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts reſign,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall;

The taſk I tread; dare I to leave
Of humble proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? a dangerous ſea?
What throngs have ſunk before!

How proud the poet's billow ſwells!
The God! the God! his boaſt:
A boaſt how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

What then am I? Shall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to riſe,
And in my winter, ſing;

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards
Confine their charming ſong,
To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet write I muſt; a * lady ſues,
How ſhameful her requeſt!

My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but through fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

The ghoſt of grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you;

Too well he knows the twiſting ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd:

Thoſe tears you pour, his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart, or head, ſuggeſt?
What ſad experience ſay?
Through truths auſtere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs muſt mourn;
But thought, bright daughter of the ſkies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by fate, we meet our foes,
In ſore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful maſk from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by ſenſe,
From reaſon's channel ſtrays:
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous ſtream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nouriſh rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;

Whence throngs, in extaſy, look down
On what once ſhock'd their ſight;
And thank the terrors of the paſt
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle all is vain:

Vain, in its courſe, life's murmuring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe; life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content!

* *Mrs. M——*

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe;
To be content with but one world,
Like him we ſhould deſpiſe.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then caſt
The total up——

Deſpair.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its ſtroke ſevere, moſt kind.

But in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overpriſe;
Theſe oft perſuade us to be weak;
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleaſure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilſt it chides, it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood;
And ſays, time pays an eaſy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an economiſt is man
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn,

Say not, your loſs in triumph leads
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our preſent ſtate;

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate, keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee, the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own;

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd we complain;
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain:

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wing
Though you may think it flow,
When, in the liſt of fortune's ſmiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This courſe it has purſued
" Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
" Of ſound important good:"

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and endleſs ties:
And every ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe:

'Twill ſound ſevere—Yet reſt aſſur'd
I'm ſtudious of your peace;
Though I ſhould dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his deceaſe:

An hour ſhall come (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

Hear then without ſurpriſe a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs:

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely ſung,
By one, whoſe heart had bled;

To Reſignation ſwift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which bleſt him with a ſmile
When gaſping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our Sabbaths are but few:

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a ſhock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In ſome diſaſter, ſome ſevere
Appointment for our ſins,
That mother bleſſing (not ſo call'd),
True happineſs, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By ſtings of life unvext;
Firſt roſe ſome quarrel with this world,
Then paſſion for the next.

You ſee, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happineſs on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run;

And ſay, what is a man unſtruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply ſtung—
My bold pretence is try'd;
When vain man boaſts, Heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, Madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart;
How critically tim'd the * news
Which ſtrikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I ſpoke, I feel:
If worth like thine, is born,
O long-belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph, whilſt I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdued
By reaſon's empire ſhown;
Deep anguiſh comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

And when continued paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No; my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

Madam! I grant your loſs is great;
Nor little is your gain;
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain;

When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

But ſuch a friend! and ſigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but ſevere:
Heaven aid my weakneſs, and I drop,
All ſorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your ſettled grief to ſooth,
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive,
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſuage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my diſtreſs of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our paſſions, ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him preſented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

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* *Whilſt the Author was writing this, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardſon's death, who was then printing the former part of the Poem.*

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of diſtreſs;

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Eſculapian art:
Know, love ſometimes, miſtaken love!
Plays diſaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Though tranſports are deny'd:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive increaſe of joy;
May not a ſtroke from human woe,
In part, their peace deſtroy?

He lives in thoſe he left;—to what?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will diſcern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But thoſe, I truſt, of mind;
Auſpicious to the public weal,
And to their fate reſign'd.

Think on the tempeſts he ſuſtain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let thoſe prophecy your joy
From ſuch a father's ſon:

Is conſolation what you ſeek?
Fan, then, his martial fire;
And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his ſire:

As nothing great is born in haſte,
Wiſe nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be ſurpris'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boaſters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,

Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though coſting dear
You'll think it cheaply bought:

The paſſive hero, who ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out acts a Cæſar's toil:

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes
Inferior praiſe afford;
Reaſon's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword.

Nor can the thunders of huzzas
From ſhouting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your hear
Soft whiſpers of applauſe:

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you,

Share his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That odd diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some ſeem in love with ſorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand,
And ſtamp it with diſgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt heaven's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's ſelf
By perſeverance brought,

Thy moſt inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable ſmiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

They caſt a ſudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light in ſons of honeſt joy
Some beams of Moſes' face:

Is Reſignation's leſſon hard?
Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind;

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To bleſſing a command.

For joy what cauſe? how every ſenſe
Is courted from above
The year around, with preſents rich,
The growth of endleſs love?

But moſt o'erlook the bleſſings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in ſenſe,
Their proſpect at the ſun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler ſoul,

Broke looſe from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at laſt its vaſt domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And, doing nothing for themſelves,
Imagine nothing done;

Fatal miſtake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is ſet down
Amongſt their darkeſt deeds;

Though man ſits ſtill, and takes his eaſe;
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bleſs him, if he can.

But man conſents not, boldly bent
To faſhion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cauſe,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly ſmil'd:

Now, and through periods diſtant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man holds in conſtant ſervice bound
The bluſtering winds and ſeas;
Nor ſuns diſdain to travel hard
Their maſter, man, to pleaſe:

To final good the worſt events
Through ſecret channels run;
Finiſh for man their deſtin'd courſe
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (obſerv'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often ſmote, and ſmites
My mind, as demonſtration ſtrong;
That heaven in man delights:

What's known to man of things unſeen,
Of future worlds, or fates?

So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;

Weat's Revelation then? a liſt,
An inventory juſt
Of that poor inſect's goods, ſo late
Call'd out of night and duſt.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy ſincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow ſphere:

Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight?
A ſmiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleaſing in its ſight!

Angels ſtoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incenſe ſweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praiſe:

Have we no cauſe to fear the ſtroke
Of heaven's avenging rod?
When we preſume to counteract
A ſympathetic God?

If we reſign, our patience makes
His rod an armleſs wand;
If not, it darts a ſerpent's ſting,
Like that in Moſes' hand;

Like that, it ſwallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whoſe baffled arts would boaſt below
Of joys a rival ſpring.

Conſummate love! the liſt how large
Of bleſſings from thy hand!
To baniſh ſorrow, and be bleſt,
Is thy ſupreme command.

Are ſuch commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliſs, ſhall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deſerves ſtill greater pain,

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
Our beſt encomium on the power
Who ſweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden ſtill poſſeſs'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that muſt ſtoop,
And his due diſtance know;
Tranſport's the language of the ſkies,
Content the ſtyle below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilſt good preſent we poſſeſs
More precious we purſue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, intereſt bears,
Which daily ſwells the ſum.

"But how to ſmile; to ſtem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to ſmile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And ſtruggles through a ſtorm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our ſex,
A ſex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And ſhould not this complaint repreſs?
And check the riſing ſigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to ſupply.

Since ſpirits greatly damp'd diſtort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To ſet your notions right:

As tears the ſight, grief dims the ſoul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendſhip, like a riſing ſun,
The ſoul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind
With ſorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it ſtrength of ſight to ſee
Redreſs unſeen before.

Reaſon is ſomewhat rough in man;
Extremely ſmooth and fair,
When ſhe, to grace her manly ſtrength,
Aſſumes a female air:

A * friend you have, and I the ſame,
Whoſe prudent, ſoft addreſs
Will bring to life thoſe healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your diſtreſs;

That friend, the ſpirit of my theme
Extracting for your eaſe,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; ſuch as theſe;

Let thoſe lament, to whom full bowls
Of ſparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heaven:

Woe to the ſoul at perfect eaſe!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reaſon ſleeps, the pulſe is king;
Deſpotic body reigns:

Have you † ne'er pity'd joys gay ſcenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor envy! ſhe's ſtone-blind,
And quite miſtakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in ſorrow's ſhades,
But ſorrow well ſubdued;

* *Mrs. Montague.* † *Ibid.*

And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By Reſignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for reſt
Our reſtleſs hopes we place,
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repoſe in peace:

The peace, which Reſignation yields,
Who feel alone can gueſs;
'Tis diſbeliev'd by murmuring minds,
They muſt conclude it leſs:

The loſs, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The ſeaſons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind?
Through clouds, and ſtorms, a ſummer breaks,
To ſhine on the reſign'd:

While man by that of every grace,
And virtue, is poſſeſs'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breaſt;

By Reſignation we defeat
The worſt that can annoy;
And ſuffer, with far more repoſe,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From ſmall experience this I ſpeak;
O! grant to thoſe I love
Experience fuller far, ye Powers
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to thoſe
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To ſhine on age in mean receſs,
And light me to my theme!

A theme themſelves! A theme, how rare!
The charms which they diſplay,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are ſet in bright array:

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boaſted laurels die:
Learning and genius, wiſer grown,
To female boſoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:

But as thoſe * ladies works I read,
They darted ſuch a ray,
The latent ſenſe burſt out at once,
And ſhone in open day:

So burſt, full ripe, diſtended fruits,
When ſtrongly ſtrikes the ſun;

And from the purple grape unpreſs'd
Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas ('tis ſaid), when Jove grew dull,
Forſook his drowſy brain;
And ſprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wiſdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, ſhot rays
Of formidable wit;
And launce—or genius moſt acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon ſhield—or power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful ſhone,
And many a blockhead (eaſy change!)
Turn'd inſtantly to ſtone.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now ſcratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddeſs fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd-in by ſurly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit ſo fair
The noble thirſt began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And ſince of genius in our ſex,
O Addiſon! with thee
The ſun is ſet; how I rejoice
This ſiſter lamp to ſee!

It ſheds, like Cynthia, ſilver beams
On man's nocturnal ſtate;
His leſſen'd light, and languid powers,
I ſhow, whilſt I relate.

PART II.

But what in either ſex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns!
"In ruffling ſeaſons to be calm,
"And ſmile, when fortune frowns."

Heaven's choice is ſafer than our own;
Of ages paſt inquire,
What the moſt formidable fate?
"To have our own deſire."

If, in your wrath, the worſt of foes
You wiſh extremely ill,
Expoſe him to the thunder's ſtroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, ruſhing down the ſteep
Of inclination ſtrong,
Have periſh'd in their ardent wiſh!
Wiſh ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Reſignation's full reverſe,
Moſt wrong, as it implies
Error moſt fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the ſkies.

By cloſing with the ſkies, we make
Omnipotence our own;

* *Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.*

That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown?

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourſelves above we riſe;
We ſcarce believe ourſelves below!
We treſpaſs on the ſkies!

The Lord, the ſoul, and ſource of all,
Whilſt man enjoys his eaſe,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and ſeas;

Beyond us, what can angels boaſt?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as——we deſire.

What glory this for man ſo mean,
Whoſe life is but a ſpan?
This is meridian majeſty!
This the ſublime of man!

Beyond the boaſt of Pagan ſong
My ſacred ſubject ſhines!
And for a foil the luſtre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All that the ſun ſurveys ſubdued,
"But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand! moſt true; yet far beneath
The ſoul of the reſign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To paſſion that gives law;
Its matchleſs empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! if his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to heaven the reſt;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

Come, Reſignation! then from fields,
Where mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſs martyr's ſouls
Aſcended to their King:

Who is it calls thee? one whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;
How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by fate:

His threatening foe! what ſhadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!——at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum thou!

Haſte then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile:

O! for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death:

What ſight, heaven's azure arch beneath,
Haſt moſt of heaven to boaſt?
The man reſign'd; at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

At death's arrival they ſhall ſmile,
Who not in life o'er gay,
Serious and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him on his way:

My gay coevals! (ſuch there are)
If happineſs is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death dreaded once, deſire:

Grand climacteric vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd when beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies:

But am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home?

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child out-fools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of truth;

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, Madam! let me viſit one,
My fault who partly ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years;

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For Reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law, a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praiſe to be forgot;

The wiſe, as flowers, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When evening damps, and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

What though your muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to preſer
Eternity to time:

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as * this?
This for renown? yes ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs:

Your traſh with mine at open war
Is † obſtinately bent,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom and diſcontent:

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,
Confound us with a double ſtroke,
We ſhudder whilſt we praiſe;

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature ſtarts;
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts;

"But grant your name"—to feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

Can fame your carcaſe from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe ſave?

But fame you loſe; good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame!

Nor boaſt your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies;

Your taſte too fails; what moſt excels
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt!
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

Sound heads ſalvation's * helmet ſeek,
Reſplendent are its rays,
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume
Of ſublunary praiſe.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To ſee that—† "All is right,"
His eye, by flaſh of wit ſtruck blind,
Reſtoring to its ſight;

If ſo, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven;
I ſpeak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are now in heaven."

Nay, ſuch philanthrophy divine,
So boundleſs in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop moſt profound!) to me:

Let others cruel ſtars arraign,
Or dwell on their diſtreſs;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart expreſs:

Walking, the preſent God was ſeen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as preſent, by plain ſteps
Of providential care,

I behold paſſing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conſcious of my nakedneſs,
Would hide myſelf for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they ſhine,
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul.

My ſoul which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

A world that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;

Candide. † *Second part.*

* *Epheſ.* vi. 17.
† *Which his romance ridicules.*

Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

Yon matter groſs, how bright it ſhines!
For time how great his care!
Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare;

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell:

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he purſued;
My heart aſtray to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

Due reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet,
Beneath the maſk of ill!

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire!
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

Have I not ſometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the ſummit of my wiſh,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs:
Oft I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my ſucceſs.

By ſharpen'd appetite to give
To good intenſe delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path moſt gloomy leads to light,
When our proud paſſions bow:

When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with ſovereign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd ſenſe from fancy'd tyranny
Alone can ſet us free;
A thouſand miſeries we feel,
Till ſunk in miſery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs;
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whiſper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to ſave:

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

We to ourſelves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuſe
Theſe ſelf recording lines;
A record, modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bound confines:

In grief why deep ingulf'd? You ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wiſdom cannot bear.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humbled flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end.

But human prudence too muſt ceaſe,
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From chaos, and old night.

From what ſeem'd horror, and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the nod divine
An abſolute repoſe.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd,
Eternally are ſhown.

But whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize:

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd, and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your boſom; there you'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation perſonal;
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,

By mercies manifold, through life,
To freſh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, ſpouſe; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who ſuch a matchleſs friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large cluſters big with wine,
We ſcarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My ſhort advice to you may ſound
Obſcure or ſomewhat odd,
Though 'tis the beſt that man can give,—
"Ev'n be content with God."

Through love he gave you the deceas'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reaſon fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by ſenſe.

This friend, far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate.

His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart;
A truth leſs obvious hear;
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear:

Diſpute you this? O! ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tears now trickling down, he ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago.

And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile.

A ſmile, which through eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt at laſt obeys.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a ſovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh; peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which guilt ſhould waſh away;

Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt thoſe diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth.) moſt happy riſe.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute,
As all had been but one.

And is he then ſo near! ſo kind!—
How little then and great,
That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate.

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep,
And ſhall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep.

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too ſmall:

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt.

Man born for infinite, in whom
Nor period can deſtroy
The power, in exquiſite extremes,
To ſuffer, or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

For what the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here the vain to pleaſe;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe;

They warm e'en me.—I dare not ſay,
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love.

And yet ſo frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun, and riſing dead,
So formidable ſpoke?

And are we darker than that ſun?
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are;—if not to ſuch a God
In agonies reſign'd.

Yes, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt Almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What moſt embitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres.

Joy's fountain head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,

And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe.

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuſe of every bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails;
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea!
One ſand, how wide the ſhore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown!
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in ether thrown!

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?—
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into diſtreſs;

Say, what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, every good.

Let raſh repiners ſtand appall'd,
In thee who dare not truſt;
Whoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the duſt;

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by thee is done,
No leſs abſurd, than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom and goodneſs at the helm,
The roughеſt ocean plough?

What, though I'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe,
I'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form;
Roar, waves; rage, winds! I know, that thou
Canſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

From thee immortal ſpirits born,
To thee, their fountain, flow.
If wiſe; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering ſtreams below:

Nor leſs compell'd by reaſon's call,
To thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire;

To thee aſpiring they exult,
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies;

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And generous ſenſe of paſt,
To thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim; pronounce us all
Diſtracted, or reſign'd;

Reſign'd through duty, intereſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in heaven itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And ſhall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe;

And when to praiſe the man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both; but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! Ingratitude how black!
With moſt profound amaze
At love, which man below'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

Praiſe cheers, and warms, like generous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than prayer;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
Praiſe is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

Makes the man bleſs'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night;

'Tis nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, Madam! when your heart's in heaven,
"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,

All virtue dies; support divine
The wise with ardour court:

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its king;

The labouring soul from sore distress
That blest'd expedient frees;
I see you far advanc'd in peace;
I see you on your knees:

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone!
An humble heart, God's * other seat!
The rival of his throne:

And stoops Omnipotence so low!
And condescends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in such a cell?

Such honour how shall we repay?
How treat a guest divine?
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
Let self-will die: Resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease;
Now let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan:

What our sole fountain of distress?
Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles make important, things
Of mighty moment mean:

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
Asunder, as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and sordid joys,
Our grandeur we disgrace;

O! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers possess'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breast.

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end:

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came;
And may if wise, for ever bask,
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam on reason rous'd
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies.

Earth's glories too their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more;

* *Isaiah* lvii. 15.

Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor;

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Not wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave:

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man;

The man is dead, where virtue fails;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O death! through thy approach,
Is wiser every hour;

Approach how swift, how unconfin'd!
Worms feast on viands rare,
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what Resignation due
To that Almighty will,
Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still?

Who truly great? The good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd,
To suffer it resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread power,
As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour;

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me,
Runs hazard of your frown;
However, spare it; ere you die
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me:

How shocking is that modesty,
Which keeps some honest men,
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by folly's pen

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed:

What then are they, whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost!

Though vice, by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey!

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

From fancy's forge: gay fancy smiles
At reason plain, and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

Voltaire! long life's the greatest curse
That mortal's can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow!
Knowing, it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine, your genius, or your state,
No * castle is my lot:

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And, what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones;

Hear you that sound? Alarming sound?
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes Finis to our works,
Is knocking at the gate;

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
Far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
Who sunk it in good sense;
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blest eternity;
O! may'st thou never, never lose
That more than † golden key!

Whate'er may seem too rough excuse,
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my soul I wish you well;
As yet we must not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive?

What have we left? How mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave!
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take your leave:

Happier, than happiest life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes Vici, on his shield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O! how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six!

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd,
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues;
'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will.

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim;
How very far superior they
In number and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ;
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy;

But sing no more—no more I sing
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound;

---

* *Letter to Lord Lyttelton.*
† *Alluding to Prussia.*

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In ſelf-will's peal of blaſphemies,
And hideous burſt of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to ſpeak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies---
"Above, beneath the ſun,
"Through boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
"Jehovah's will be done."

'Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell;
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
And points the ſhafts of woe.

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
'Tis ſafe; I write to you.

You know that virtue's baſis lies
In ever judging right,
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental ſight.

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world a ſcene
How diſmal and forlorn!
To death we owe that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born;

When every other bleſſing fails,
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or, ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no ſtorm or time
Of death can rob the juſt!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt!

Well pleas'd to bear heaven's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt power employ;
'Tis noble chemiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice.

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart through ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or let us know which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Reſign, reſign; this leſſon none
Too deeply can inſtil;
A crown has been reſign'd by more
Than have reſign'd the will.

Though will reſign'd the meaneſt makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

Hence, in the boſom cold of age,
It kindled a ſtrange aim
To ſhine in ſong, and bid me boaſt
The grandeur of my theme.

But oh! how far preſumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers ceaſe to flow.

Firſt! greateſt! beſt! grant what I wrote
For others ne'er may riſe
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canſt make our wiſdom wiſe.

And how unwiſe! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
"Indeed beneath the taught!"

Means moſt infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with inſtructions moſt divine,
To pave a path to hell.

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a ſoul on fire,
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
Where angels ſtring the lyre.

How cold is man! to him how hard
(Hard what moſt eaſy ſeems)
"To ſet a juſt eſteem on that
"Which yet he---moſt eſteems."

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

ON THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

INSCRIBED TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES.

"— Gaudia Curis."——HOR.

MDCCXIV.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, ſought
To eaſe the fullneſs of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to purſue,
And pleaſe the public, by reſpect to you.
Though you, long ſince beyond Britannia known,
Have ſpread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely ſhine,
Than when ſo late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human ſtate.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatneſs fade away,
Your luſtre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and ſparkles near a tomb.
Know, Sir, the great eſteem and honour due,
I choſe that moment to profeſs to you,
When ſadneſs reign'd, when fortune, ſo ſevere,
Had warm'd our boſoms to be moſt ſincere.
And when no motives could have force to raiſe
A ſerious value, and provoke my praiſe,
But ſuch as riſe above, and far tranſcend
Whatever glories with this world ſhall end,
Then ſhining forth, when deepeſt ſhades ſhall blot
The ſun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I ſing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conſcious ſorrow ſwell:
Who now to verſe would raiſe his humble voice,
Can only ſhow his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts ſuſtain!
We languiſh, and to ſpeak is to complain.
Let us look back (for who too oft can view
That moſt illuſtrious ſcene, for ever new!)
See all the ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's throne,
And pay a conſtant tribute not their own.
Her ſummer's heats nor fruits alone beſtow,
They reap the harveſt, and ſubdue the foe;
And when black ſtorms confeſs the diſtant ſun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her ſummers won.
Revolving pleaſures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater ceaſe,
And glorious victory is loſt in peace.
Whence this profuſion on our favour'd iſle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue ſmile?
Or did the ſceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundleſs claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the ſame.
Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the ſky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic ſquadrons fly.
We ſpread our canvaſs to the ſouthern ſhore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the ſouth reſigns her ſtore.
Her virtue ſmooths the tumult of the main,
And ſwells the field with mountains of the ſlain.
Argyll and Churchill but the glory ſhare,
While millions lie ſubdu'd by Anna's prayer.
How great her zeal! how fervent her deſire!
How did her ſoul in holy warmth expire!
Conſtant devotion did her time divide,
Nor ſet returns of pleaſure or of pride,
Not want of reſt, or the ſun's parting ray,
But finiſh'd duty, limited the day.
How ſweet ſucceeding ſleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and ſoften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch deſcending angels ſpread,
And join'd their wings a ſhelter o'er her head.
Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cauſe reign'd miſtreſs of her heart:
She ſaw, and griev'd to ſee, the mean eſtate
Of thoſe who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She ſhed her bounty piouſly profuſe,
And thought it more her own in ſacred uſe.
Thus on his furrow ſee the tiller ſtand,
And fill with genial ſeed his laviſh hand;
He truſts the kindneſs of the fruitful plain,
And providently ſcatters all his grain.
What ſtrikes my ſight? does proud Auguſta riſe
New to behold, and awfully ſurpriſe!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And ſacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is ſhown,
And temples caſt a luſtre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raiſe!
But Anna's greatneſs robs her of the praiſe.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it diſappears.
Who dry'd the widows and the orphans tears?
Who ſtoop'd from high to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to reſt?
Great in her goodneſs, well could we perceive,
Whoever ſought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune loſt her name; her guiltleſs frown
But made another debtor to the crown;

And each unfriendly ſtroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal ſtore.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign ſhoot,
And their wounds bloſſom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When firſt the dreadful blaſt of fame arriv'd,
Say what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief which living Anna's love ſuppreſs'd,
Shook like a tempeſt every grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd!
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire:
Wiſely to ſpend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When time ſhall aſk where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refreſh'd the dry,
Shall riſe a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and diſtant date;
Is virtue's great reward puſh'd off by fate;
Here random ſhafts in every breaſt are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth and regal ſtate,
Anna ſate arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each moment of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatneſs is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is ſcarce diſcern'd to riſe,
And a ſtone tells us where the monarch lies.
Thus end matureſt honours of the crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!
So when with idle ſkill the wanton boy [joy,
Breathes through his tube; he ſees, with eager
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.
'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb!
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage; from our deep diſtreſs
We learn how much in George the gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown:
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious monarch! what a praiſe is thine!
Welcome, great ſtranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we ſmooth the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wiſhes fill thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
Join thoſe whom intereſt joins, and chaſe our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame?
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And quit without a bluſh the Britiſh crown.
Secure his honour, though he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great Sir, now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine;
In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.
All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt
That we contemplate, and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Iſis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne!
For England's church her lateſt accents ſtrain'd;
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd,
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What though thy birth a diſtant kingdom boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh coaſt?
The crown's impatient to encloſe thy head:
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold is ſpread.
Our ſtrict obedience through the world ſhall tell
That king's a Briton, who can govern well!

THE INSTALMENT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

"Quæſitam Meritis." HOR.

MDCCXXVI.

With invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no muſe, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd ſons of praiſe!
Our morning ſtars! our boaſt in former days!

Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee be bound;
One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that, the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd;
This, clasp the diamond-girdle round his waist;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None prest fair glory with a swifter pace.

When fate would call some mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course;
That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain, see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe, through fortune's roughest tide.

If peace still smiles, by this shall commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere;
And, gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.

If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which rising from the Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent.
This shall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muse shall kindle, and aspire:
My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
My fortune shows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair:
Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoris'd my muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men:
This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise, what wise men should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,
And rooted deep; one means must set them free
Patron! and patriot! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor those retain, when winter chills the year;
The generous Orange, favourite of the sun, [run;
With vigorous charms can through the seasons
Defies the storm with her tenacious green;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen:
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring;
And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
Lets fall no honours, but securely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, though riffling factions press;
By wisdom deeply rooted in success;
One glory sued, a brighter is display'd *;
And the charm'd muses shelter in his shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste truth indites, old time shall read.

" Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
" Which, soon, beat high for arts, and public
" good;
" Whose glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of services and years;
" No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
" One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
" One born to serve us, and yet born to please:
" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
" The prince may trust, and yet the people praise,
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
" His council guides, his temper cheers our isle,
" And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to
" smile."

Joy then to Britain, blest with such a son,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly-conscious meets the smiles of fate.
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, or affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Hightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.

Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court desert, who fame despise.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's sail?
And what applause, but her propitious gale?
When swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd:
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore,
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy, or by fortune's tide:

* *Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.*

For one that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coaſt.
Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, deſcends.
Cuſtom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud encloſure down;
And high deſert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Sh. iling, in juſtice to their own degree),
This proud reward by majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that whence firſt the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are moſt gods by giving to excel,
And kings moſt like them, by rewarding well.
Though ſtrong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright.
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it ſoars into the ſky.
Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praiſe;
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more: for in this dread ſuſpenſe of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunſwick, for the great event,
Brunſwick of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

EPISTLES.

To the Right Honourable GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE. 1712.

" —Parnaſſia laurus
" Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjecit umbra."
VIRG.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone,
While ſuppliant kings in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring;
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you;
The muſe's friend is pleas'd the muſe ſhould preſs
Through circling crowds, and labour for acceſs,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.
Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.
In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſures chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgudian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſings ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near her glorious queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids every nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And every monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyll ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Through milder tracts he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.
No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who caſt the ſeed, the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name.
Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmoothly flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All nature ſeems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in every field
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe,
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtrifes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France;

So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate) in Bourbon's ſtately dome;
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword,
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends, [friends.
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the
A thouſand happy conſequences flow
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow);
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole;
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind;
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To diſtant woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing:
Meanwhile, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.
Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height,
And power a curſe, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make diſſention ceaſe,
That man may ſerve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe we may dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meagre famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relics of the ſword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone;
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
Anne too ſhall build, and every ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bleſs
Th' Almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdued to this?
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs;
But there are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendour of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great, within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.
Heroic ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day:
Now boaſt your deaths; to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Creſſy fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.
The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal ſeek the grave:
On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main);
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth, their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On heaven without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray, nor in one breath
Aſk mercy for ourſelves, for others death.
But O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The preſſing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave the great Raphael but the ſecond place;
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardors ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the muſes ſing?
The muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt;
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;

For Janus ſhut, her *Io Pæans* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the muſe may wear
(A thouſand various forms become the fair);
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crowded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks:
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcenes his ſoul and body reunite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.
More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.
How often have I ſeen the generous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which every ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her power?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene, have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal;
Till throughly by the muſes' banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue, whom ſo fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,

As Talbot, Lanſdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the muſes to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance;
There too has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte;
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt:
For Corneille's ſake I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What though we wrong him? Iſabella's woe
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The drama glories in the Britiſh muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the *labyrinthian* thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine:
They raiſe a great curioſity indeed,
From his dark maze to ſee the hero freed;
We rouſe th' affections, and that hero ſhow
Gaſping beneath ſome formidable blow:
They ſigh; we weep; the *Gallic* doubt and care
We heighten into terror and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæſar *is* a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taſte to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love:
We know heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæſar, in a human plan,
And ſuch we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To ſtand affected with what heaven deſign'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakſpeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty *made*.
Our neighbour's ſtage art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every ſcene we praiſe;
On nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakſpeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a ſigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns;
That oft they think more juſtly we muſt own,
Nor ancient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece though but juſtly, they think juſtly too;
We ſometimes err by ſtriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught,
But change a ſentiment you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with a want of flame:
When we boaſt more, we own ourſelves to blame.
And yet in Shakſpeare ſomething ſtill I find,
That makes me leſs eſteem all humankind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with maſter-ſtrokes abound;
His witches, fairies, and inchanted iſle,
Bid us no longer at our nurſes ſmile;
Of loſt hiſtorians we almoſt complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain,

Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France.
Long may we hope great Talbot's blood will run
In great deſcendants, Shakſpeare was but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind ſilence ſpare his rival's ſhame:—
Yet I in vain that author would ſuppreſs,
What can't be greater, cannot be made leſs:
Each reader will defeat my fruitleſs aim,
And to himſelf great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakſpeare riſe unbleſs'd with Talbot's ſmile,
Ev'n Shakſpeare's ſelf would curſe this barren iſle:
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.
Thus did the Will-almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.
Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the muſes glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an author with your praiſe:
Praiſe wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
But cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my lord, from you;
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded, when beſt underſtood.
The muſes write for glory not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold;
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the muſe deſerves;
The muſe, which from her Lanſdowne fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject of her ſong.
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue:
Since what is mean my muſe can't raiſe, I'll chooſe
A theme that's able to exalt my muſe. [name,
For who, not void of thought, can Granville
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot, or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we chooſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroic way,
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.

Though ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mein,
You to be happy want not to be ſeen;
Though priz'd in public you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though reſolute to pleaſe;
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others excellence;
A gift which nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe, who ſhow your name reſpect,
So little worth, as might excuſe neglect;
Nor are in pain leſt merit you ſhould know;
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;
A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
You wiſh your country's good; that told ſo well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought
Who meant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.
When you, my lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
No crowds around for pleaſure, or for ſtate,
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;
Now are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chooſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not ſo much in form, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleaſing tranſport, muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told!
So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpris'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhores the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being, who's confin'd
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe ſkies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.

* *An anceſtor of the Duke of Shrewſbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakſpeare.*

When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs
In heavenly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.
Thus Anna ſaw, and rais'd you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd not made him ſuch; for faithful fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name;
Though you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's diſtinction from the King of kings,
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granville's in five thouſand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you muſt blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends indeed, good-nature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a type far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion but his friend's.
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun, to bend his courſe †.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head inclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind;
But fix'd the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the north diſdains.
How are you bleſt in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end;
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, though ſhed in vain;
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy taſk was early done, and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Stafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in the grave.
With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late:
'Twas paſt, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with his melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itſelf confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.
His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;
Then with a groan—ſupport me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear *!
Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the bleſſings peace on Europe ſhowers:
Nor yet diſdain thoſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the muſe immortal you was born.
Sing, and in lateſt time, when ſtory's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain ſway'd, when Granville ſung:
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great man was firſt ſaluted lord.

* *See his Lordſhip's Tragedy, intituled "Heroic Love."*

† *His Lordſhip's nephew, who took orders.*

TWO EPISTLES TO MR. POPE;

CONCERNING THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE. 1730.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets, and load the ſtall;
So ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' proſe works up, and Lico's ſtrains.
Lo! what from *cellars* riſe, what ruſh *from high*,
Where ſpeculation rooſted near the ſky;
Letters, eſſays, ſock, buſkin, ſatire, ſong,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!

* *The author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harriſon, Fellow of New-College, Oxon.*

O Pope! I burſt; nor can, nor will refrain;
I'll write; let others in their turn complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Leſs dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myſelf to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true abſurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who I mean but thee?
Pope! if like mine or Codrus' were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid, leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public miſtreſs none enjoys,
But more or leſs his rival's peace deſtroys;
With *fame*, in juſt proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peeviſh inſects round a genius riſe,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To ſhow they live) they flutter, and they ſting:
But, as by depredations waſps proclaim
The faireſt fruit, ſo theſe the faireſt fame.
Shall we not cenſure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champain?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark;
The purple prelate, or the pariſh clerk;
The quiet Quidnunc, or demanding Prig;
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
By thriving men ſubſiſts each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a writer's made:
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful *iſle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old ſong;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to ſcandal and to ſhame;
Thy ſons, by print, may ſet their hearts at eaſe,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they pleaſe;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject ſenſe
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy proſe our injur'd reaſon tires;
Their verſe immortal kindles looſe deſires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our ſport and pity, puniſhment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone!
One loſes his eſtate, and down he ſits,
To ſhow (in vain!) he ſtill retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an Hypnotic for the ſpleen:
Some write, confin'd by phyſic; ſome by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; ſome becauſe 'tis wet;
Through private pique ſome do the public right,
And love their king and country out of ſpight:
Another writes becauſe his father writ,
And proves himſelf a baſtard by his wit.
Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulſe give;
He'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no proviſion made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy ſmit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them juſt;
Genius directly from the *gods* deſcends,
And who by labour would diſtruſt his *friends?*
Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs,
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs:
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows;
So ſounds ſpontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke;
The prieſts found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations ſtar'd at what none underſtood.
Clodio dreſs'd, danc'd, drank, viſited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal ſoul!)
Oft have I ſaid, "Awake! exiſt! and ſtrive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *demon* ſay,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I'll meet thee, youth, at White's:" the youth replies.
"I'll meet thee there," and falls his ſacrifice;
His fortune ſquander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every ſnare:
Clodio for bread his indolence muſt quit,
Or turn a ſoldier, or commence a wit,
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they ſtake;
How muſt Spain tremble, and the German ſhake;
Such writers have we! all, but ſenſe, they print,
Ev'n George's praiſe is dated from the mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such ſwords, ſuch pens, diſgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aſpire,
And ſteal (for you *can ſteal*) celeſtial fire.
O! the juſt contraſt! O! the beauteous ſtrife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *Pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who ſo fad, but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay Caſtruchio's miſcellaneous dreſs?
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
Theſe nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majeſtic dome;
They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet;
And, looking full on every man they meet;

Run ſouſe againſt his chaps; who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecſtaſies.
Will they perſiſt? 'Tis madneſs; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—" O, that's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the mint.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men,
Eſt ulubris, they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes;
O frail concluſion; the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your diſreſpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dullneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction, not from reaſon, but from ſmart.
A virgin-author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head:
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart bears thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night:
But, riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that, without ſleeping, he could dream:
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their ſtead.
In vain *advertiſements* the town o'erſpread;
They 're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who *preſs* for fame, but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.
A famous author viſits a great man,
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,
And ſays, " Sir, I'm your friend; all fears diſmiſs;
" Your glory, and my own, ſhall live by this;
" Your power is fixt, your fame through time
" convey'd;
" And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid."
A ſtateſman has his anſwer in a trice;
" Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
" What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns:
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:
His patron he will patroniſe no more;
But ruſhes like a tempeſt out of door.
Loſt is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the ſame;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with ſcandal and with ſcoff;
But 'tis ſo very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But when once publiſh'd, they are heard no more.
Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can thoſe oblige, whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected perſons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every paſſion's ſold:
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dullneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To ſwell your ſails, like Lapland winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempeſt quickly flags;
And ſtate-Ulyſſes tames them with his bags;
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew:
For Chriſtian miniſters of ſtate are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
Which far and near ejaculate, and ſpout
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout:
But when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away:
With *golden* forceps, theſe another takes,
And ſtate elixirs of the vipers makes.
The *richeſt* ſtateſman wants wherewith to *pay*
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the *greateſt* powers enough *diſgrace*,
Enough *chaſtiſe*, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well brib'd, for virtue's ſelf they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for intereſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.
Nought but inconſtancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets;
From the ſame hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wiſh it were.
If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the fight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly Proteus' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit!
Now ſuch a gentle *ſtream* of eloquence
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now by mad rage tranſform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the *ſwine obſcene*
Invites the town to ſup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He's now a *ſerpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung;
What knot can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters, modern authors make:
The ſnake reigns moſt; ſnakes, Pliny ſays, are bred,
When the *brain's* periſh'd in a human head.
Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you curſt
To ſcribble in the duſt, was Snake the firſt.

What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true?
It did in Elkenah *, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hist at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape:
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your prototype; and so he dy'd.
Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heaven stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As gastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftner chang'd their principles than shirt.
The transient vestments of these frugal men,
Hastens to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight; [spite;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through
And, though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and sense.
From *these*, their politics our quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week:
These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays; [dull;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so
And hem at every thump upon your skull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lie.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity!*
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.
As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate;*
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen.*

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

All write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the *muses' seat?*
Where mortal, or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may choose eternity or ease?
Has not a † royal patron wisely strove
To woo the muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And given new tongues to those who spoke so well?

Let *these* instruct with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.
Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write* and *live;*
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.
An author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
The sole proprietor of just applause?
Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'Tis well: go then, consult the laurell'd shade,
What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *wit.*
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
To think *that early* we *must* think *at last.*
Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot.*
Thus ends your courted *fame:* does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'Tis arrant *simony* to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride:*
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.
Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;

* *Settle, the city poet.*
† *King George I.*

When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool, becauſe they're men of ſenſe.
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has ſhown, by making it ſo rare,
That *wit* 's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain ſound *ſenſe* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays;
A ſplendid ſource of ill ten thouſand ways;
A certain ſnare to miſeries immenſe;
A gay prerogative from common ſenſe;
Unleſs ſtrong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the beſt,
Senſe fills your head, and genius fires your breaſt;
Yet ſtill forbear: your wit (conſider well)
'Tis great to ſhow, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to ſeize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to deſpiſe.
If ſtill you languiſh for an author's name,
Think private merit leſs than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deſerve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 't will coſt,
To write one page which you may juſtly boaſt.
Senſe may be good, yet not deſerve the preſs;
Who write, an awful character profeſs;
The world as pupil of their wiſdom claim,
And for their ſtipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is ſolid or refin'd,
Should dare aſk public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fann'd in your own way, paſs o'er;
Much truſt example, but reflection more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;
Which ſhows ſome work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd perfection know; and, know
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix;
And zealouſly prefer four lines to ſix.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *ſwiftneſs* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praiſe,
Slow runs the Pegaſus that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is juſt and wiſe; for *leſs* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek;
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuſe no *fault*; though beautiful, 't will harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctneſs; Addiſon
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part* 's unſound.

He that *ſtrikes out*, and ſtrikes not out the *beſt*,
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt:
Give e'er ſo little, if what's right be there,
We praiſe for what you *burn*, and what you *ſpare*:
The part you burn, ſmells ſweet before the ſhrine,
And is an incenſe to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unleſs you let them praiſe for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius cenſures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.
Let *ſatire* leſs engage you than *applauſe*;
It ſhows a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt.
And ſince the fam'd alone make others live,
Firſt *have* that glory you preſume to *give*.
If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart.
Painters and ſurgeons may the *ſtructure* ſcan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence!
Who ſtrikes the *perſon*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence.
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a Swift,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *laſt ſhift*.
Can others write like you? Your taſk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurſe with quick reflection be your ſtrife,
Thoughts born from preſent objects, warm from life;
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe:
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.
Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threeſcore.
True, all men think of courſe, as all men dream;
And if they ſlightly think, 'tis much the ſame.
Letters admit not of a half renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.

No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *diſcourſe*,
Clear be the *ſtyle*, the very *ſound* of force:
Eaſy the *conduct*, ſimple the *deſign*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *ſoul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reaſon reign; o'er that, your Creed;
Thus *virtue's ſeeds*, at once, and *laurel's* grow;
Do thus, and riſe a Pope, or a Deſpreau:
And when your genius exquiſitely ſhines,
Live up to the full luſtre of your lines:
Parts but expoſe thoſe men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's deteſted cauſe,
Who for bare talents challenge our applauſe.
Would you reſtore juſt honours to the pen?
From able writers *riſe* to worthy men.
" Who's this with nonſenſe, nonſenſe would
" reſtrain?
" Who's this (they cry) ſo vainly ſchools the vain?
" Who damns our traſh, with ſo much traſh re-
" plete?
" As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"
Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reaſon with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In proſe a duller could excuſe the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.
At that tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe,
Time is the judge: time has nor friend nor foe;
Falſe fame *muſt* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;
While ſnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *ſlay the ſlain*.
Sore preſt with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign;
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield:
Unleſs dire Codrus rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and, on the green,
Poke out their fooliſh necks in awkward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *biſs*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *ſons* of *dullneſs* write.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

By Mr. Doddington.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

" —Quæ cenſet Amiculus, ut ſi
" Cæcus iter monſtrare velit—" HOR.

THOUGH ſtrength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to ſound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the ſecret ſprings, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condeſcend
To liſten, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of uſe impart, though void of ſkill,
And win attention by ſincere good-will;
For friendſhip, ſometimes, want of parts ſupplies,
The heart may furniſh what the head denies.
As when the rapid Rhone, o'er ſwelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his ſource, he drains a thouſand
ſprings,
Nor ſcorns the tribute each ſmall rivulet brings.
So thou ſhalt, hence, abſorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canſt not like, excuſe,
Since no mean intereſt ſhall profane the muſe,
No malice, wrapt in truth's diſguiſe, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.
When firſt a generous mind ſurveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the ſhow (though little underſtood)
He only ſeeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to diſpoſe,
And gratitude ſtill ſprings, where bounty ſows;
That every grant ſincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But thoſe who long the paths of ſtate have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving ſtill, their gates be-
ſiege,
'Tis eaſier far to give, than to oblige.
This of thy conduct ſeems the niceſt part,
The chief perfection of the ſtateſman's art,
To give to fair aſſent a fairer face,
Or ſoften a refuſal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; ſtill ſquander, not beſtow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
Still aſk, but ne'er conſult their own deſerts,
And meaſure by their intereſt, not their parts:
From this miſtake ſo many men we ſee,
But ill become the thing they wiſh'd to be;
Hence diſcontent, and freſh demands ariſe,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, though none the cauſe ſuſpects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can pleaſe, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them
parts.
As theſe o'erprize their worth, ſo ſure the great
May ſell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no diſtinction, where diſtinction's due,
Marks from the many the ſuperior few;
When ſtrong cabal conſtrains them to be juſt,
And makes them give at laſt—becauſe they muſt;
What hopes that men of real worth ſhould prize,
What neither friendſhip gives, nor merit buys?

The man who juſtly o'er the whole preſides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wiſe affection guides;
Knows when to ſtop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not beſtow'd.
When, ſafe on ſhore ourſelves, we ſee the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Through ſuch a tumult, 'tis no eaſy taſk
To drive the man of real worth to aſk:
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the ſhow,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to beſtow;
From hence ſo few are ſkill'd, in either caſe,
To aſk with dignity, or give with grace.
Sometimes the great, ſeduc'd by love of parts,
Conſult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering ſparks that genius flings,
They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights by which themſelves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the ſun;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men riſe;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a freſh offence,
By which ſuperior power is ſtill imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardſhips breed;
But thoſe who hate from envy, hate indeed.
"Since ſo perplex'd the choice, whom ſhall we truſt?"
Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and juſt;
The man by no mean fears or hopes controul'd,
Who ſerves thee from affection, not for gold.
We love the honeſt, and eſteem the brave,
Deſpiſe the coxcomb, but deteſt the knave;
No ſhow of parts the truly wiſe ſeduce,
To think that knaves can be of real uſe.
The man, who contradicts the public voice,
And ſtrives to dignify a worthleſs choice,
Attempts a taſk that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthleſs man, that gains what he pretends,
Diſguſts a thouſand unpretending friends:
And ſince no art can make a counterpaſs,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic braſs,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debaſe the ſtamp, than raiſe the coin.
Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that taſk be hard;
Souls form'd alike ſo quick by nature blend,
An honeſt man is more than half thy friend.
Him, no mean views, or haſte to riſe, ſhall ſway,
Thy choice to ſully, or thy truſt betray:
Ambition, here, ſhall at due diſtance ſtand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honeſt hand:
Beſides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view thoſe failings with a lover's eye;
Though ſmall his genius, let him do his beſt,
Our wiſhes and belief ſupply the reſt.
Let others barter ſervile faith for gold,
His friendſhip is not to be bought or ſold:
Fierce oppoſition he, unmov'd, ſhall face,
Modeſt in favour, daring in diſgrace,
To ſhare thy adverſe fate alone, pretend;
In power, a ſervant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundleſs thirſt of doing good:
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty maſter's ſteps thou trace,
The brave to cheriſh, and the good to grace;
Long ſhalt thou ſtand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king, through thee:
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he ſtrikes the blow;
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy cloſe, and brighten thy decline;
(Illuſtrious doom!) the great, when thus diſplac'd,
With friendſhip guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's ſenate, fall,
The prey and worſhip of the wondering Gaul.
No doubt, to genius ſome reward is due,
(Excluding that, were ſatirizing you:)
But yet, believe thy undeſigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance caſt,
Let probity be firſt, and parts the laſt.
On theſe foundations if thou dar'ſt be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage ſhall droop through length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praiſe,
Then future times ſhall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.
Thus far my zeal, though for the taſk unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others ſplit;
By that inſpir'd, though ſtranger to the nine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but ſuperfluous part;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

"—Sopitos ſuſcitat ignes."—VIRG.

FROM man's too curious and impatient ſight,
The future, heaven involves in thickeſt night.
Credit gray hairs: though freedom much we boaſt,
Some leaſt perform, what they determine moſt.
What ſudden changes our reſolves betray?
To-morrow is a ſatire on to-day,
And ſhows its weakneſs. Whom ſhall men believe,
When conſtantly themſelves, themſelves deceive.

Long had I bid my once-lov'd muſe adieu;
You warm old age; my paſſion burns anew.
How ſweet your verſe! how great your force of mind!
What power of words! what ſkill in dark man-kind!
Polite the conduct; generous the deſign;
And beauty ſiles, and ſtrength ſuſtains each line.

Thus Mars and Venus are once more beſet;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

But what ſtrikes home with moſt exalted grace,
Is haughty genius taught to know its place;
And where worth ſhines, its humbled creſt to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we diſcern ſo rich a vein of ſenſe,
Through the ſmooth flow of pureſt eloquence;
'Tis like the limpid ſtreams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundleſs wealth, o'er ſhining beds of gold.

But whence ſo finiſh'd, ſo refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
The genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And ſlowly take poſſeſſion of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That ſooths my pride: all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

But this have others done; a like applauſe
An ancient and a * modern Horace draws.
But they to glory by degrees aroſe,
Meridian luſtre you at once diſcloſe.
'Tis continence of mind unknown before,
To write ſo well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deſerve, and fly immortal fame?

Next to the godlike praiſe of writing well,
Is on that praiſe with juſt delight to dwell.
O for ſome god my drooping ſoul to raiſe!
That I might imitate, as well as praiſe;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confeſs;
Nor would Auguſtus' age have priz'd it leſs;
An age, which had not held its pride ſo long,
But for the want of ſo complete a ſong.

A golden period ſhall from you commence:
Peace ſhall be ſign'd 'twixt wit and manly ſenſe;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The muſes find their Halifax in you.
Like him ſucceed! nor think my zeal is ſhown
For you; 'tis Britain's intereſt, not your own;

* *Boileau.*

For lofty ſtations are but golden ſnares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a ſhort fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its taſteleſs, painful courſe, to ſing of you.
When ſuch the ſubject, who ſhall curb his flight?
When ſuch your genius, who ſhall dare to write?
In pure reſpect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And to commend you moſt, commend no more.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coaſt
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghoſt;
The bard will ſmile. A laſt, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my duſky cell;
There wait the friendly ſtroke that ſets me free,
And think of immortality and thee—
My ſtrains are number'd by the tuneful nine;
Each maid preſents her thanks, and all preſent thee mine.

VERSES,

Sent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before his Lordſhip's Death *.

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendſhip can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the muſe's lateſt ſpark,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He who parts and virtue gave,
Bade thee look beyond the grave:
Genius ſoars, and virtue glides;
Above the love of God preſides.
There's a gulf 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why ſtand ſhivering on the ſhore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe through ſeas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which virtue ſteers.

* *A poetical epiſtle from the late Lord Melcombe to the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the author of the Night Thoughts, was publiſhed in 4to, 1776.*

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING,

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

MY muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen clime to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conſcious of faults, her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

* To dive full deep in *ancient days*,
The *warriors'* ardent deeds to raiſe,
And *monarch's* aggrandize;—the glory thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine *epic's* loftier trump to ſound;—
But let Arion's ſea-ſtrung harp be mine:

* *Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.*

But where's his *dolphin?* Know'ſt thou where?
May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong! Mere *mortal* lays
So patronis'd, are reſcued from the grave.

"Tell me," ſay'ſt thou, who courts my ſmile?
"What ſtranger" ſtray'd from yonder iſle!—
No ſtranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorſet downs, when Milton's page,
With *ſin* and *death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* ſooth'd with gentle rhymes?

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That Milton's blindneſs lay not in his ſong?

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown;
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were gray:
How ſhortly ſhall we both forget,
To thee my patron I my debt,
And thou to thine for Pruſſia's golden key.

The preſent in oblivion caſt,
Full ſoon ſhall ſleep, as ſleeps the paſt;
Full ſoon the wide diſtinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High fluſh'd ſucceſs, and pale defeat;
The Gaelic gaiety, and Britiſh ſpleen.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! ſtay:
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Doſt thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing ſtrikes the liſtening ear;
Time groans his laſt! Eternal loudly calls!

Nor calls in vain; the call inſpires
Far other counſels and deſires,
Than once prevail'd; we ſtand on higher ground;
What ſcenes we ſee —Exalted aim?
With ardours *new* our ſpirits flame;
Ambition bleſt! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

ODE I.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

In lofty ſounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke:
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the *ſouth* with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curſt ambition ſprings:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's ſailor ſings.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Haſtes the huge *oak*, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain *pines* aſſume new forms,
Spread canvas wings, and fly through ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She *nods* again: the labouring earth
Diſcloſes a tremend'ous birth;
In ſmoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous aſpect, threatening riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

Theſe miniſters of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *iſland's* will,
When thrones unjuſt wake vengeance: know, ye powers!
In ſudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful ſenate lowers.

In her * grand council ſhe ſurveys,
In patriot picture, what may raiſe,
Of inſolent attempts, a warm diſdain;
From hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
Like darted lightning, ſwiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia ſheaths her courage keen,
And ſpares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from reſounding ſeas,
Touch'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep;
In ſpite of nature, ſpite of Jove,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong, ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and maſts;
And leave ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

Dwarf laurels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
There war's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
How lambent in Bellona's flame;
How her ſtorms languiſh on the continent!

From the dread front of *ancient* war
Leſs terror frown'd; her ſcythed car,
Her caſtled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to thoſe engines which deny
Superior terrors to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell of ſinking throngs,
The graveleſs dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

* *Houſe of Lords.*

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,—
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin: * and first take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
And ghastly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans* and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE II:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

So form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords: O power divine!
If blest by thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full stock too *feeble* to sustain;
Or *firm* to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—
"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
" Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

" Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
" For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease;
" A wrath, more formidable far
" Than angry nature's wasteful war,
" The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

" From out the deep to thee we cry,
" To thee at nature's helm on high!

" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
" To thee for succour we resort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

" O thou, to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
" Or send it back and bid it fall
" On those from whose proud deck the thunder
" broke.

" Britain in vain extends her care
" To climes * remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
" We learn obedience from the sea;
" With seas and winds, henceforth thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouse or hush the martial storm;
" And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

" 'Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis thine to doom, 'tis thine from death to
" free;
" To turn aside his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
" *There* we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

" Thou, who hast taught the *north* to roar,
" And streaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
" Bid Britain's flags as meteor's blaze;
" And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

" The *right* alone is bold and strong;
" Black, hovering clouds appal the *wrong*
" With dread of vengeance: nature's awful
" fire!
" Less than one moment should'st thou frown
" Where is puissance and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds ex-
" pire.

" Let George the just chastise the vain:
" Thou, who durst curb the rebel main,
" To mount the shore when boiling billows
" rave!
" Bid George repel a bolder tide,
" The boundless swell of Gallic pride;
" And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

" And when (all milder means withstood)
" *Ambition*, tam'd by loss of blood,
" Regains her reason; then, on angels wings,
" Let *peace* descend, and shouting greet,
" With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
" How richly freighted! It triumphant, brings
" The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

---

* *Alluding to Virgil's Description of Thunder.*

* *Russia.*

† *Aurora Borealis.*

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A NAVAL LYRIC:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S RETURRN, SEPT. 1729, AND THE SUCCEEDING PEACE.

" Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
" Quem ſuper notas aluere ripas,
" Fervet, immenſuſque ruit profoundo. PIND.

" Concines lætoſque dies, & urbis
" Publicum ludum, ſuper impetrato
" Fortis AUGUSTI reditu." HOR.

PREFACE.

A PINDARIC carries a *formidable* ſound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a falſe idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not ſo *familiar*. As a fixt ſtar is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, though leſs obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I ſhall therefore *ſoon* ſupport at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very *noble* ſubject in itſelf; more *proper* than any for an Engliſhman; and particularly *ſeaſonable* at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good *writing* in every province, than in the *ſublime;* our two famous *epic poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had feweſt rivals.

If, on reading this ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* intereſt, or *poſſible* glory of his country, than before; or a ſtronger impreſſion *from* it, or a warmer *concern for* it, I give up to the *critic* any farther reputation.

We have many *copies* and *tranſlations* that paſs for *originals*. This ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the *cartoons*. The genius and ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the *whole;* and when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in *ſubjects* and *deſigns* of our own. Nothing is ſo *unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an *original*, and he muſt be *ſo* too, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a *cloſe copy*, and a noble *original*.

As for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is long or ſhort in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A *diſtich* may be *long*, and a folio *ſhort*. However, I have broken this ode into ſtrains, each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate ode if you pleaſe. And if the variety and fullneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought moſt to be declined, if for nothing elſe, for our plenty of it.

The *ode* is the moſt ſpirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the moſt ſpirited kind of *ode;* this I ſpeak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confeſſion, though we are ſure to ſuffer by it.

THE MERCHANT.

ODE I.

ON THE

BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατεῖαι πάντοθεν λυγίοι-
σιν ἐντι πρόσοδοι
νᾶσον ἐυκλέα τάν-
δε κοσμεῖν. PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The *Propoſition*. An addreſs to the veſſel that brought over the *King*. *Who* ſhould ſing on this occaſion. A *Pindaric* boaſt.

FAST by the *ſurge* my limbs are ſpread,
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye ſounding billows! ceaſe to roar;
The God deſcends; and tranſports warm my ſoul,

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song—Fam'd isle! no less,
By nature's *favour*, from mankind,
Than by the foaming *sea*, disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an *isle*, in happiness!

Though fate and time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though flow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

Away, my soul! salute the * Pine,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the *bark* that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

My soul! to thee, *she* spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an *eternal* clime:
O send her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and secure from *storm*.

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to soar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise—
The sea she scorns; and, *now*, shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound,
I am her pilot, and her port the *skies!*

Dare *you* to sing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who shakle *prose*, and boast of *absent* gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

Ye *lawful* sons of genius rise!
Of *genuine* title to the skies;
Ye *founts* of learning! and ye *mints* of fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast,
As, when full-ripened teems the vine,
The generous bursts of willing wine
Distil nectareous from the grape *unpress'd*.

STRAIN I.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A *prospect* of happiness. *Industry*. A surprising instance of it in old Rome. The mischief of *sloth*. *What* happiness is. *Sloth* its greatest enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Described*. *What* the greatest human excellence. The *praise* of wealth. Its *use*, *abuse*, *end*. The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cause of it. The benefit of man's *necessities*. Britain's naval stores. She makes *all nature* serviceable to her ends. Of *reason*. Its *excellence*. *How* we should form our *estimate* of things. *Reason's* difficult task. *Why* the first glory hers. Her *effects* in old Britain.

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What shining forms surround his throne,
O sun! as planets thee!—To my loud strain
See peace, by wisdom led, advance;
The grace, the muse, the season, dance;
And plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone:"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of fate;
And, now, am present to the *future* blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the sun!—O thou divine,
Blest Industry! a smiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee, *mast*, *cable*, *anchor*, *oar*,
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar*;
On *oaks* nurst, rear'd by thee, wealth empire grows;
O golden fruit! *oak* well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak bestows.

What cannot industry complete?
When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a flamen cries;
As soon they fall; as soon they rise;
One moon a *forest*, and the next a *fleet*.

Is *sloth* indulgence! 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, industry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long
And ever shall she flourish *here:*
What though she languish'd? 'twas but *fear*,
She's found of heart; her constitution strong.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fixt anchor, push from shore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And, see, she's rous'd absolv'd from fears,
Her brow, in cloudless azure, rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

* *The vessel that brought over the King.*

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
Again, she travels with the sun,
Again, she draws a golden zone [fame!
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth with nerves unstrung,
The nations languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea,
Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift, and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally, [more?
With climes paid down; what can the gods do

Cold Russia costly furs from far,
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab sweet
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the *ballast* of our fleet.

Luxuriant isle! What tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for
thee?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season blending on thy shores!

All these one British harvest make!
The servant ocean for thy sake
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give in boundless dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair virtue with the first renown:
A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
When hearts for others welfare glow,
And *spend* as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

Glow then my breast! *abound* my store!
This, and this boldly I implore,
Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoics boast:
Passions and *riches*, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.

Wealth, in the *virtuous*, and the *wise*,
'Tis vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The *narrow-soul'd*, or the *profuse*,
The *truly great* find *morals* in the mine;

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare illustrious *art*
Of being rich: stores *starve* us, or they *cley*;
From *gold*, if more than *chemic* skill,
Extract not what is *brighter* still:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to enjoy.

Plenty's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos shines when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No *sordid* son of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *now* his whole creation drains
To pour into my tumid veins
That blood of nations! commerce and increase.

How *various nature!* turgid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain; [vines
There, *worms* weave silken webs; *here*, glowing
Lay forth their purple to the sun,
Beneath the soil, *there* harvests run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

What's *various* nature? Art divine
Man's soul to soften and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands im-
parts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And *interest* draw around the ball,
A net to *catch* and *join* all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *supreme*, to mortal men,
In their *necessities* distinctly writ:
Ev'n *appetites* supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want *performs* for human wit.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around
The wond'ring *foreigner* confound!
How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
As her proud *sceptre'd* sons survey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast?

The unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees *here*, by subjects of a British king:
How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange!
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor earth alone, all nature bends
To aid in Britain's glorious ends:
Toils she in *trade?* or bleeds in honest *wars?*
Her keel each yielding *sea* enthrals,
Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike *reason*, gave us *all*.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bless reason! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light:
Who thee obeys, reigns o'er all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A God is nought but reason infinite.

The man of reaſon is a God
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to fortune's nod;
Sole *agent* he beneath the ſhining ſphere,
Others are *paſſive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As *accident* is pleas'd to *domineer*.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe?* or crowns *inflame?*
From groſs miſtake our tumult ſprings;
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the *dart*, diſſolve the *charm*,
Who know the *ſlender* worth of *men* and *things*.

The *preſent* object, *preſent* day,
Are idle *phantoms*, and away;
What's *laſting* only does *exiſt*. Know *this*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of *endleſs* bliſs.

How *foreign* theſe, thou *moſt* in view!
Go, look your *whole* exiſtence through;
Thence, form your *rules*: *thence* fix your eſtimate,
For ſo the gods: but as the *gains*,
How great the *toil!* 'Twill coſt more pains,
To vanquiſh *folly*, than reduce a *ſtate*.

Hence, *reaſon!* the *firſt* palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to ſhine.
By thee, *trades* ſwarming throng, gay *freedom's* ſmile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *inſtruct* our iſle.

STRAIN II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from commerce. Why Britons ſhould purſue it. What wealth *includes*. An *hiſtorical* digreſſion, which kind is moſt frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cauſe* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miſerable fall. The neighbouring kings juſt *reflection* on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the ſoul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's *brighter* ſun.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold!*
Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and ſeas! leſt gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove deſcends a golden ſhower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all, in one.—
View, emulate, outſhine old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes!* every deck, a *throne!*

She ſate an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her *ſtable* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and ſhe call'd the *ſeas*,
By both obey'd: the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Togarmagh's ſteed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warms
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian, arms.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame;
The *golden city* was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: *extent* of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt;
Hers the far nobler *harveſt* of the ſeas.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! *head* of plenty's ſprings!
The pride of iſles! In *wars* rever'd!
Mother of *crafts!* lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

Great mart of nations!—But ſhe fell:
Her pamper'd ſons revolt! rebel!
Againſt his favourite iſle loud roars the *main!*
The tempeſt howls? her ſcu'ptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
The land, one *altar!* a whole people, *ſlain!*

The deſtin'd *day* puts on her frown;
The ſable *hour* is coming down:
She's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
The *ſword* and *ſtorm* are in her hand;
She trumpets ſhrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth! the boaſt, *unknown!*

For, oh! her ſins as red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood;
The queen of trade is *bought!* once wiſe and juſt,
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *droſs*, her bloſſom into *duſt!*

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly breathe,
Her fordid *noble* ſinks! her *mighty*, bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* ſprightly ſound?
Is it for *this*, her great ones toſs the brow?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading right?
The *ſpurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh *all* her might:

Tyre's *artizan*, ſweet *orator*,
Her *merchant ſage*, big *man of war*,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *hoary heads*,
Whoſe brows with *wiſdom* ſhould be crown'd,
Her very *prieſts* in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's *cedar* all her honours ſheds.

What death of *truth!* what thirſt of *gold!*
Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold!
What *youth* unletter'd! *baſe ones* lifted high!
What *public* boaſts! what *private* views!
What *deſert* temples! *crowded* ſtews!
What *women!*—practis'd but to roll an eye!

O! foul of heart, her faireſt dames
Decline the ſun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
Alas! there is, who ſees them there;
There is, who flatters not the fair,
When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

He ſees, and thunders!—*Now*, in vain!
The courſer paws, and foams the rein;
And chariots ſtream along the printed ſoil:
In vain! Her high, preſumptuous air
In gorgeous veſtments rich and rare,
O'er her proud ſhoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her coſtly *ſtain*,
Green, ſcarlet, azure, ſhine, in vain!
In vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain! wines flow in various ſtreams,
With helm and ſpear each pillar gleams;
Damaſcus, vain! unfolds the gloſſy ſtore;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coaſts,
From Arab incenſe vain, ſhe boaſts,
Vain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiſs! her glory ends!
To *ſhips*, her confidence! ſhe flies from foes;
Foes meet her *there:* the wind, the wave,
That once aid, ſtrength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in ſeas, from which her glory roſe.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of *cedar* nought avail,
Or pilot *learn'd!* She ſinks, nor ſinks *alone;*
Her gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
She ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

What though ſo vaſt her naval might,
In *her* firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right?
All *flags abas'd* her ſee-dominion greet:
What though ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that iſle deſtroy
Whoſe conqueſt fail'd, as far as fail'd her fleet.

The kings *ſhe* cloth'd in purple ſhake
Their awful brows: "O foul miſtake!
"O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is ſhe,
"Who ſaid—with my *own* art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
And ſwell'd at heart, vain empreſs of the ſea!

"This, this is ſhe, who *meanly* ſoar'd:
"Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
"And ſtyle herſelf a god!—Through ſtormy wars
"This eagle-iſle her thunder bore,
"High-fed her young with *human* gore;
"And *would* have built her neſt among the ſtars.

"But ah, frail man! how impotent
"To ſtand heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
"To turn aſide the great Creator's aim!
"Shall iſland-kings with him contend,
"Who makes the poles beneath him bend?
"And ſhall drink up the ſea herſelf with flame?

"*Earth, ether, empyreum* bow,
"When from the brazen mountain's brow
"The god of battles takes his mighty bow:
"Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
"Puts on his veſture dipt in blood,
"And marches out to ſcourge the world below.

"Ah! wretched iſle, once call'd the *great!*
"Ah! wretched iſle, and wiſe too late!
"The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
"Thy *luxury, corruption, pride*,
"And *freedom* loſt, the realms deride,
"Ador'd thee *ſtanding*, o'er thy *ruins* ſhout:

"To ſcourge with *war*, or peace *beſtow*,
"*Was* thine, O fallen! fallen low!
"'*Twas* thine, of jarring thrones to ſtill debates:
"How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
"Wide *waſte*, and *night*, and *horror* frown,
"Where *empire* flam'd in gold, and balanc'd
"ſtates."

STRAIN III.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *inference* from this hiſtory. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* nations. How *far* the ſtroke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* ſupports our endeavours. The *unconſidered* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to purſue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *ſea*. Britain's grandeur from her *ſituation*. The *winds*, the *ſeas*, the *conſtellations*, deſcribed. Sir Iſaac Newton's praiſe. Britain compared with *other* ſtates. The Leviathan deſcribed. Britain's ſite, and ancient title to the *ſeas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* deſpiſe *trade* as mean. *Cenſured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A ſurpriſing inſtance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may *thrive*, or *periſh* by the wave.
What ſtorms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *ſolicit* down!
Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues ſhould riſe, as fortunes ſwell:
What is large property?—The *ſign* of good,
Of worth *ſuperior:* if 'tis *leſs*,
Another's treaſure we poſſeſs,
And charge the gods with favours *miſbeſtow'd*.

This council ſuits Britannia's iſle, [ſmile:
High-flush'd with wealth, and freedom's
To vaſſals priſon'd in the continent,
Who ſtarve, *at home*, on meager toil,
And ſuck to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſ-ſpent.

Fell tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waſte! for worth or arts, who ſtrain,
To throw them at a *monſter's* foot?
'Tis *property* ſupports *purſuit*:
Freedom gives eloquence; and freedom, gain.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle,
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil;
I feel her *now!* and rouſe, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong: O muſe! not *thine*,
Verſe is gay freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no ſlave.

Others may traffic if they pleaſe;
Britain, fair daughter of the ſeas,
Is born for trade; to plough her field, the wave:
And reap the growth of every coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt,
Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *ſolid* ſpace,
Three parts are *fluid*; empire of the ſea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For *that*, through all his various *names*:
And, if for commerce, ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong *guards*, the waves,
Of *ſervant* winds admiſſion craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

There are her friends; ſoft zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas burſting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caſpian, the broad Baltic boil,
And into life the dead Pacific ſcourge.

There are her friends, a marſhall'd train:
A golden hoſt! and azure plain!
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The ſtar that quits *this* hemiſphere
Muſt quit the ſkies, to want a Britiſh fleet.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories *burn*,
The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons ſet and riſe
The fair-fac'd ſons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the ſouth,
The raging *dog* that fires the *midnight* ſkies.

Theſe nations Newton made his own;
All *intimate* with him alone.
His mighty ſoul did, like a giant, run
To the vaſt volume's *cloſing* ſtar;
Decypher'd every character:
His reaſon pour'd new light upon the ſun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and *barren* ſtrand,
Not *ſuch* the ſea: let Fohé's ancient line
Vaſt *tracts* and ample *beings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *ſmall* elephant—
O, Britain! the leviathan is thine.

Leviathan! whom nature's ſtrife
Brought forth, her largeſt piece of life;
He *ſleeps* an iſle! his ſports the billows warm!
Dreadful leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the ſkies; the ſtars are out:
He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *ſtorm*.

Th' Atlantic ſurge around our ſhore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty genii hold us in their lap.
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The ſeas are ours."—The monarch ſaid—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

Whence is a rival, then, to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the ſkies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their diſtance moſt, as they draw near.

Proud Venice ſits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious ocean laves:
Art's nobleſt boaſt! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's iſle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom ſhe roſe;
The child of Britain! And ſhall ſhe contend?
It were no leſs than parricide:
What wonders riſe from out the tide!
Her *high and mighty* to the rudder bend.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think *trade* mean, and ſcorn to bow
So far beneath the ſtate of *noble* birth?
Alas! theſe chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themſelves* how low;
The ſons of *nobles* are the ſons of *earth*.

And what have earth's mean ſons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm purſue
The world's *chief* good, nor *glut* on other's toil?
High commerce from the gods came down,
With *compaſs*, *chart*, and *ſtarry crown*,
Their *delegate*, to make the nations *ſmile*

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty *brow*,
To *trade*.—To *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*:
That arm, which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge *ax*, or *hammer*, wield;
While *ſceptres* wait, and *thrones* impatient ſtand.

O ſhame to *ſubjects!* firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the *crown!*
Old time is *poor*: what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
Ye *drones!* adore the man divine—
No; virtue ſtill as *mean* decline,
Call Ruſſians barbarous, and yourſelves polite.

He too of Judah, great, as wiſe,
With Hiram ſtrove in merchandiſe:
Monarchs with monarchs ſtruggle for an *ear*;

That merchant * sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *sands*, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in *blessing*, these in *pain*,
At slaughter swell, and shout, while nations groan:
With purple monarchs, merchants vie;
If great to *spend*, what, to *supply?*
Priests pray for blessings; merchants pour them down.

Kings, merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* soft *airs* above,
That, o'er the teeming field prolific range;
Planets are merchants; take, return,
Lustre and heat; by *traffic* burn;
The whole creation is one vast exchange.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
What says the sons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, swelling in their *cells?*
In *open* life, in *change* of scene,
Mid *vari us* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, arts, and *solid* wisdom dwells.

Trade, art's mechanic, nature's stores
Well weighs to *starry* science soars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)
The scites, tongues, interests, of the ball:
Who studies trade, he studies all;
Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline *war*; but boldly assert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and surprising *deeds*. Carthage Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miser's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *false* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* represented

How shall I farther rouse the soul?
How Sloth's lascivious reign controul
By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How every breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

O thou Dircæan swan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own:*
Thy *spirit* pour, like vernal showers,
My *verse* shall burst out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from *war;*
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night:
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain a *comet*, or a *star*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons shout! earth, seas, and skies resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne* * a voice through time renown'd.

So fall from heaven the vernal showers,
To cheer the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The gloom call'd forth sees azure skies display'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to sing,
Industrious *bees* ply every wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He shines in vain! her isle's an isle *indeed*,
A *spot* too small to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all:
Trade's all herself; hers, hers, the ball;
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there!
Trade leads the dance, trade lights the blaze;
The courtier's pomp! the student's ease!
'Twas trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the year.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it rise
And battle for the world! trade gave the call;
Rich cordial from his *naval* art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which his Majesty *first* deign'd to dwell;
The walls with *silver* sheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the sun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth should groan,
Beneath yon load † *created* sure, not *made!*
Servant and *rival* of the skies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher rise:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble* trade.

Where hadst thou been, if left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,

* *Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb* 1300 *years after his death.*

* *The King's speech.*

† *St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.*

Had caught at *pleasure* on the flowery green?
If they that watch'd the midnight ſtar
Had ſwung behind the rolling car,
Or *fill'd* it with diſgrace, where hadſt thou been?

As by *repletion* men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's *doom;*
Expend it *nobly;* he that lets it *ruſt,*
Which, paſſing numerous hands, would *ſhine;*
Is not a *man,* but living *mine,*
Foe to the *gods,* and rival to the *duſt.*

Trade barbarous lands can poliſh fair;
Make *earth* well worth the *wiſe* man's care;
Call forth her foreſts, *charm* them into fleets;
Can make *one houſe* of human race;
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Hers, every ſun; and India, India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
Trade gives fair virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine;
Enacts thoſe guards of gain, the *laws;*
Exalts ev'n freedom's glorious cauſe.—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is heaven's ſmile, in *wealth,* convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleaſure *declin'd,* is *luxury,*
Boundleſs in *time* and in *degree:*
Pleaſure *enjoy'd,* the *tumult* of an *hour.*

Falſe joy's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the *ſpirits,* and untunes the *frame:*
True joy, the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright *ſerene* that calms the whole;
Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

Merchant! *religion* is the care
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *falſe* coin from *true;* to ſweep the *main;*
The *mighty ſtake* ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt *tie* of *field,* or *fund:*
Commerce gives gold, *religion* makes it *gain.*

Join, then, religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor:*
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind
Sea-ſovereign iſle! proud *war* decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to *bleſs,* who couldſt *ſubdue* mankind!

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by *night;* the *ſtars* are thine,
Wear out the ſtars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *beſtow,*
While ages laſt! in trade burn out the ſun!

Trade, Britain's all, our fires ſent down
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
Let Forbiſhers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus's ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround an *old,*
Columbus! ſcarce inferior fame
For thee to *find,* than heaven to *frame*
Tha t womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
An *univerſe!* her rivers, *ſeas!*
Her fruits, both men and gods to pleaſe!
Heaven's faireſt birth! and, but for thee, *in vain!*

Worlds *ſtill unknown* deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are *due* to ſuch a godlike fire.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That trade, as long as water's roll—
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree:
By great Eliza do not ſwear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare:
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear by thee.

Truth, bright as *ſtars,* with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame,* as ſwelling *ſails,*
Conſtant, as tides, thy *mind;* as *maſts,* elate;
Thy *juſtice,* an unerring *helm*
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race,* ſure *anchor* of her ſtate?

STRAIN V.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the moſt famed in hiſtory. The ſign Lyra. *What* the conſtellations are. Argo. The whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Bernice. The Britiſh ladies cenſured. The moon. *What* the ſea is. *Apoſtrophe* to the emperor. The Spaniſh armada. How Britain ſhould ſpeak her reſentment. *What* gives power. *What* navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. *Who* maſter of the world. *What* the hiſtory of the world is. The *genealogy* of glory. Miſtakes about it. Peace the merchant's harveſt. *Ships* of *divine* origin. *Merchants* ambaſſadors. The Briton's voyage. *Praiſe* the food of glory. Britain's record.

Britannia's ſtate what bounds confine!
(Of riſing thought O golden mine!
Mountains, Alps, ſtreams, gulfs, oceans, ſet no bound
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

Small iſle! For Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous eaſterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* ſhone:
They roſe to *gods,* in *half* thy ſphere confin'd.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon *ſpangled harp* repeat my lay!
Your *ſtarry lyre* has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the *planets* round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

The skies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of heroes old;
As in a mirror show th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in *stars*,
And noble *verse*, that shall endure as long.

The *skies* are *records* of the *main*,
Thence Argo listens to my strain;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he *hears*, and *views*;
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

The whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours *grateful* lustre on my lays;
How smiles Arion's friend * with *partial* beams!
Fridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smile subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

In pride the lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below: the balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
More accurate the *night* and *day*;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye *lesser* lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! you practise *shameful* arts;
Your own *retain. seize* others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be *flush'd* at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—"o'er the main
"To *scare* her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

What is the *main!* Ye kings renown'd!
Britannia's *centre*, and your *bound!*
Austrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
Where'er the ripening sun can shine,
Parts are for *emperors*; for her the *whole*.

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see *thy* welfare in the *world's?* Too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill, not so kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate*.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own,
Who refused an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider'st, that the *kind* are *brave*;
Ill dost thou weigh, that in time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin*, as was that to *save*.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted *inspiration's* vain?

---

* *The Dolphin.*

Yet what if my *prediction* should prove *true?*
Know'st thou the *fatal pair* who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire *thine*
As one *rejected*, what, if one *subdue?*

What *naval* scene adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate *,
Inspires her *councils*, and records her *power?*
The nations know, in glowing halls
On sinking thrones, the tempest falls,
When her august assembled senates lour.

O language fit for thoughts so *bold!*
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a *meaner* language sound,
Than *that* which prostrates human souls,
Through heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls
And nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
Or *reach* of counsel gives the world a *lord:*
Trade calls *him* forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest *sword*.

Nay, *her's* the sword! for fleets have *wings;*
Like lightning fly to *distant* kings;
Like gods descend at *once* on trembling states:
Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his *pinion'd people*, thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar*,
And carry *sable clouds*, and *sweep*
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

The *fools of nature* ever strike
On bare *outsides;* and loath, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown:*
Of human *welfare* and *renown*,
Trade's the big *heart;* bright empire, but their *eye*.

Whence Tartar Grand? or Mogul Great?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their *ruin*, fly from *toil;*
That meanest product on their soil,
Their *people* fell: one half on t'other feed.

Of nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid *citron* forests and *pomegranate* groves
(Curst, in a paradise!) she pines;
O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
Her *beggar'd, famish'd*, tradeless native roves:

Not so thine, China, blooming-wide;
Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide;*
Thy *products* would exhaust both India's mines:
Shut be *that* gate of trade! or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.——
Ungrateful song! her growth † *inspires* thy lines.

---

† *The Spanish Armada in the House of Lords.*
‡ *Coffee.*

Britain! to *these*, and such as these,
The river broad, and foaming *seas*
Which *sever* lands to mortals *less* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* skill or might;
Those sever'd parts of earth *unite*:
Trade's the full *pulse*, that sends their vigour round.

Could, O! could one *engrossing* hand
The various streams of trade command,
That, like the sun, would gazing nation's awe;
That awful power the world would brave.
Bold war, and empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects; and his *will*, their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
From commerce, grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
One *bright encomium*, undesign'd, on trade.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And power from wealth! of power is made
The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

Then perish war!—Detested war!
Shalt thou make gods? like Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
His *harvest!* harvest *round* the year!
For peace with laurel every *mast* be bound;
Each *deck* carouse, each *flag* stream out,
Each *cannon* sound, each *sailor* shout!
For peace let every *sacred ship* be crown'd;

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first *design*;
With which the patriarch nature's *ruins* brav'd:
Two world's abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The *gods made* human race, a *pilot, sav'd*.

How sacred too the merchant's name!*—
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame*; [law;
Bright shone the *sword*, but brighter trade gave
Merchants in *distant* courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
The *march* of stars; the *births* of climes;
Summer and winter theirs; theirs *land* and *sea*,
Theirs are the *seasons*, *months*, and *years*;
And each a different *garland* wears.—
O that my song could add eternity!

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds;

* *In Queen Elizabeth's reign.*

Immortal glory pays illustrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are you *bound?*
O noble *voyage!* glorious *round!*
Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my *subject* rose my *soul*,
Your fame should last while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May *they* Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies.

Ye Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng;
Ye winds in concert breathe around;
Ye navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of *eternity*. What Britain's arts should be. *Whence slavery*.

Britain! thus blest, thy blessing know;
Or *bliss*, in vain! the gods bestow;
Its *end* fulfil, *means* cherish, *source* adore:
Vain *swellings* of thy soul repress;
They most may *lose*, who most *possess*;
Then let bliss *awe*, and *tremble* at thy store.

Nor be too fond of life *at best*,
Her *cheerful*, not *enamour'd* guest:
Let thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay prospects give;
Prospects immortal; that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live.

O for *eternity!* a scene!
To fair *adventurers* serene?
O! on that *sea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll;
What boundless *import* to the soul!
The poor man's *empire!* and the subjects *crown!*

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let *others* pant for an immense *command*;
Let *others* breathe war's fiery god;
The proudest *victor* fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

Glorious, while heaven-born freedom lasts,
Which trade's soft spurious daughter blasts;
For what is tyranny? A monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing power in *shades* compress'd,
Which *stalks* around, and chains the *groaning* earth.

THE CLOSE.

This *subject* now first sung. *How* sung. Preferable to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung by *all*.

These, trade! I *first*, who boast no store,
Who owe the nought, *thus* snatch from shore

The ſhore of proſe, where thou haſt ſlumber'd long;
And ſend thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time, to ſure renown;
O bleſs my country! and thou pay'ſt my ſong.

Thou art the Briton's nobleſt theme,
Why, then, unſung? My *ſimple* aim
To dreſs *plain ſenſe*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not ſpoft imaginations vain,
But liſt, with yon ethereal train,
The ſhining muſe, to ſerve the *public good*.

Of *ancient art* and *ancient praiſe*,
The *ſprings* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes ghoſts around me throng,
And think their glory ſung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban ſong.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far ſurpaſt, as *uſeful* cares
Tranſcend diverſion *light* and glory *vain*:
The wreath fantaſtic, ſhouting throng,
And panting ſteed, to him belong
The *charioteer's*, not *empire's* golden rein.

Nor Chandos! thou the muſe deſpiſe
That *would* to glowing Ætna riſe
(Such Pindar's breaſt) thou Theron of *our time!*
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart:
In life, or ſong, how rare the true *ſublime!*

None *Britiſh-born*, will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Though not with *genius* with *ſome* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the muſe!) the *lay* may laſt,
Thus twin'd around the Britiſh maſt,
The Britiſh maſt, with *nobler* laurels bound!

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And ſmiles at wind and ſtorm unbroke;
By ſtrength *not hers* ſublime: thus, proud to ſoar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *ſtrain*:
And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* ſons of verſe,
Who *ſing* not actions, but *rehearſe*,
And *fool* the muſe with *impotent* deſire;
Ye ſacrilegious! who preſume
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

"Ye Syrens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
"Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow;
"Roll to my meaſures, O ye ſtarry throng!
"Ye winds! in concert breathe around;
"Ye navies! to the concert bound
"From pole to pole; to Britain all belong;
"Britain to heaven; from heaven deſcends my "ſong."

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

Containing

ODES,
EPITAPHS,
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD,
A LONG STORY,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Not that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's hue,
My ruſtic muſe her votive chaplet brings,
Unſeen, unheard, O GRAY, to thee ſhe ſings!
While ſlowly-pacing through the church-yard dew,
At curfeu-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy penſive genius ſtrikes the moral ſtrings;
Or borne ſublime on inſpiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murthers foul defil'd:
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear eſſay?
No bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the ſweet magic of thy ſoothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought and viſion wild,
To thee this ſtrain of gratitude I pay.

WARTON'S SONNET TO GRAY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF GRAY.

THE life of GRAY, "the Britiſh Pindar," has been written by his friend and editor Mr. Maſon, from perſonal knowledge, and the intelligence obtained from his correſpondence with his friends.

The facts ſtated in the preſent account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Maſon's narrative, with the addition of ſuch particulars as ſubſequent information has ſupplied.

Thomas Gray, deſcended of a reputable family in the city of London, was born in Cornhill, December 26. 1716. His grandfather was a conſiderable merchant. His father, Philip Gray, was what was then called a money-ſcrivener, which was the profeſſion of Milton's father; but being of an unſocial and inactive diſpoſition, he rather diminiſhed than increaſed his paternal fortune. His mother's name was Dorothy Antrobus. They had many children, of whom the poet was the fifth born. All of them, except him, died in their infancy.

He was educated at Eton School, under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then aſſiſtant to Dr. George, and alſo Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. While at ſchool, he contracted a friendſhip with Mr. Horace Walpole, the preſent Earl of Orford, who has been ſo long conſpicuous for his ſkill in the fine arts, and his love of letters, and Mr. Richard Weſt, ſon of the Right Honourable Richard Weſt, Eſq, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, a youth of great promiſe, on whom he ſet a high value.

In 1734, he removed from Eton to Cambridge, and entered a penſioner in St. Peter's College, and his friend Weſt to Chriſt-Church, Oxford, where they commenced a correſpondence, part of which is included in the collection of letters publiſhed by Mr. Maſon.

When he entered at St. Peter's College, his effeminacy and fair complexion drew upon him the name of *Miſs* Gray. It is remarkable that Milton had the ſame appellation of *Miſs* at the Univerſity.

Mr. Walpole was at that time of King's College in the ſame Univerſity. They frequently met, converſed on ſubjects of taſte, and drank nothing but tea.

In April 1738, Weſt left Chriſt-Church for the Inner Temple, and, in September following, Gray returned to London, intending likewiſe to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of the law, in the ſame Society, for which purpoſe his father had either hired or bought him a ſet of chambers.

It was his firſt ambition to excel in Latin poetry; and upon this occaſion he addreſſed a *Sapphic Ode* to his friend Weſt, which is the more curious, as Mr. Maſon informs us it was the firſt voluntary production of his muſe. A copy of Latin verſes in the Cambridge collections, and his tranſlation from *Statius*, are of an earlier date.

Barbaras ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris ſemper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi latè ſonat, et togatum
Æſtuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, patulis ſub ulmi
Hoſpitæ ramis temerè jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuiq; inertes
Fallere Muſâ?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam,
Vix malo rori, meminive ſeræ
Cedere nocti;

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnaſſum videor videre
Fertilem ſylvæ, gelidamq. in omni
Fonte Aganippen.

Riſit et Ver me, facileſq. nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Manè quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam;
Quà leves curſes aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci ſtrepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo noſtrum ferè pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cœlum
Quamdiù ſudum explicuit Favoni
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et ſeneſcat
Mollior æſtas.)

Namque, ſeu, lœtos hominum labores
Prataq. et montes recreante curru,
Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos
Veſtit, et auro;

Sedulus ſervo veneratus orbem
Prodigum ſplendoris: amæniori
Sive dilectam meditatur igne
Pingere Calpen;

Uſque dum, fulgore magìs magìs jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Labitur furtim, viridiſq. in umbras
Scena receſſit.

O ego felix, vice ſi (nec unquam
Surgerem rurſus) ſimili cadentem
Parca me lenis ſineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multà flagranti radiiſq. cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei ardentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus?

The ſplendor and picturesque turn of his genius are ſtrongly marked in this juvenile performance.

The following ſpring, upon an invitation which Mr. Walpole gave him to be his companion in his travels, his intention of ſtudying the law was laid aſide for the preſent, and never after put in execution. About the end of March 1739, they ſet out for France together, viſiting, in the courſe of their travels through that country, Paris, Chantilly, Rheims, Dijon, Lyons, the Chartreuſe, and other places.

In November they arrived at Turin; from thence they proceeded to Genoa, Bologna, Florence, Rome, Naples, &c. In July 1740, they returned to Florence, where they ſtaid till towards the end of April 1741, and then ſet out for Venice.

At Rome he wrote the following *Alcaic Ode* to Weſt, *(Ad. C. Favonium Zephyrinum,)* immediately after his journey to Freſcati and the Caſcades of Tivoli:

Mater roſarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favoni, cui Venus it comes
Laſciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!

Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
Amat ſub umbrâ, ſeu ſinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, ſeu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tuſculi
Umbroſa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ ſuperantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capridedum choris
Pineta, teſtor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æſulæ
Audîſſe ſylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naiaſin ingeminâſſe rupes:
Nam me Latinæ Naiades uvidâ
Vidêre ripâ, quâ niveas levi
Tam ſæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulcè canens Venuſinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Muſa juſſit) ſaxa molles
Docta modos, vetereſque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amæna, jucundumque ver in-
compoſitum docuere carmen;
Hærent ſub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea lucî (credite) ſomnia,
Argutiuſque et lympha et auræ
Neſcio quid ſolito loquuntur.

At Florence, Gray conceived the deſign, and wrote the firſt book of a didactic poem in Latin, entitled *De Principiis Cogitandi*, which he addreſſed to Weſt *(ad Favonium)*, but unfortunately never completed.

An unfortunate diſagreement between the two travellers, ariſing from the difference of their tempers, occaſioned their ſeparation at Reggio. Gray being, even from his earlieſt years, curious, penſive, and philoſophical; Mr. Walpole, gay, lively, and conſequently inconſiderate. The latter, however, enjoined Mr. Maſon to charge him with the chief blame in their quarrel, confeſſing that more attention and complaiſance, more deference to a warm friendſhip, ſuperior judgment and prudence, might have prevented a rupture that gave much uneaſineſs to them both; though in 1744, a reconciliation was effected between them by a lady who wiſhed well to both parties.

Gray continued his journey to Venice, in a manner ſuitable to his own little fortune; and, having continued there till about the middle of July, he returned home through Padua, Verona, Milan and Turin, and, repaſſing the Alps, purſued almoſt the ſame route by which he had before gone to Italy

His *Letters*, publiſhed by Mr. Maſon, contain a very pleaſing account of many parts of his journey. His deſcriptions of Verſailles, of the amuſements at Rheims, of the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, viſit to the Grande Chartreuſe, and the paſſage of the Alps, bear more particular marks of his genius and diſpoſition. When he aſcends the Alps, we ſee even the native grandeur of his ideas heightened. He is hardly any longer a mortal being, *nec vox ſonat hominem*, particularly when he goes up to the Grande Chartreuſe, that wild magical enthuſiaſm ſo natural to him, ſeems to poſſeſs his whole ſoul.

On his return from his travels, and after the miſunderſtanding with Mr. Walpole, when his natural melancholy, heightened by chagrin, had led his wiſhes to a gloomy dereliction of ſociety, he again viſited the Chartreuſe. The ſituation was perfectly ſuitable to his ſtate of mind, and there he wrote, in the *Album* of the fathers, ſuch an *Alcaic Ode* as he himſelf only could have written. It is marked with all the fineſt touches of his melancholy muſe, and flows with ſuch an originality of

expreſſion, that one can hardly lament he did not honour his own language, by making it the vehicle of this noble imagery and pathetic ſentiment:

Oh tu, ſeveri religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veterefque ſylvas;
Præſentiorem et conſpicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivoſque præruptos, ſonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quàm ſi repoſtus ſub trabe citreâ
Fulgèret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
Salve vocanti ritè, feſſo et
Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod ſi invidendis ſedibus, et frui
Fortuna ſacrâ lege ſilentii
Vetat volentem, me reſorbens
In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas ſenectæ ducere liberas;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

He returned to England September 1. 1741, and, in about two months afterwards, buried his father; who, by the neglect of his buſineſs, and an injudicious waſte of money upon a new houſe at Wanſtead, ſo much leſſened his patrimony, that it would by no means enable him to proſecute the ſtudy of the law, without his becoming burthenſome to his mother and aunt.

Theſe two ſiſters had, for many years, kept an India warehouſe in Cornhill, under the joint names of Gray and Antrobus. Upon Mr. Gray's death, having acquired what would ſupport them decently for the reſt of their lives, they retired to Stoke, near Windſor, to the houſe of their other ſiſter Mrs. Rogers, lately become the widow of a gentleman of that name, who had, in the earlier part of his life, followed the profeſſion of the law, but retired from buſineſs many years before his death.

Gray, though he had taken his reſolution of declining the ſtudy of the law, was too delicate to hurt two perſons, for whom he had the tendereſt affection, by peremptorily declaring his real intentions; and therefore changed, or pretended to change the line of that ſtudy: And accordingly, towards the end of the ſubſequent year, went to Cambridge to take his bachelor's degree in civil law.

But the narrowneſs of his circumſtances was not the only thing that diſtreſſed him at this period. He had loſt the friendſhip of Mr. Walpole abroad. He had alſo loſt much time in his travels; and he well knew, that whatever improvement he might have made in this interval, either in taſte or ſcience, ſuch improvement would be of little uſe to him in his preſent ſituation and exigencies. This was not all. His other friend Weſt, he found, on his return, oppreſſed by ſickneſs and a load of family misfortunes. Theſe, the ſympathizing heart of Gray made his own. But his cares were vain. Weſt's health declined daily, and he left London in March 1742; and, for the benefit of the air, went to David Mitchell's, Eſq. at Pope's in Hertfordſhire.

During an interval of ſomething more than two months, they maintained a conſtant correſpondence on ſubjects of literature and their claſſical ſtudies. The laſt letter from Weſt is dated May 11. 1742. Gray returned an anſwer May 27. Immediately afterwards, he went upon a viſit to his relations at Stoke, where he wrote his *Ode on the Spring*. He ſent it, as ſoon as written, to his beloved friend; but he was dead before it reached Hertfordſhire.

There ſeems to be a kind of preſentiment in that pathetic piece, which readers of taſte will feel when they learn this anecdote, and which will make them read it with redoubled pleaſure. It will alſo throw a melancholy grace on the *Ode on the Diſtant Proſpect of Eton*, and on the *Ode to Adverſity*, both of them written the Auguſt following; for as both theſe poems abound with pathos, thoſe who have feeling hearts will feel this excellence the more ſtrongly, when they know the cauſe from whence it aroſe; and the unfeeling will perhaps learn to reſpect what they cannot taſte, when

they are prevented from imputing to a ſplenetic melancholy, what, in fact, ſprung from the moſt benevolent of all ſenſations.

It is probable, that the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard* was begun, if not finiſhed, about this time, though the concluſion, as it ſtands at preſent, is certainly different from what it was in the firſt manuſcript copy.

The firſt impulſe of his ſorrow, for the death of his friend, gave birth to a little *ſonnet*, in Engliſh, on the Petrarchian model, which is exceedingly tender and mournful.

In vain to me the ſmiling mornings ſhine,
And redd'ning Phœbus liſts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous deſcant join;
Or cheerful fields reſume their green attire:
Theſe ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do theſe eyes require:
My lonely anguiſh melts no heart but mine;
And in my breaſt the imperfect joys expire.

Yet morning ſmiles the buſy race to cheer,
And new-born pleaſure brings to happier men:
The fields to all their wonted tribune bear:
To warm their little loves the birds complain:
I fruitleſs mourn to him, that cannot hear,
And weep the more, becauſe I weep in vain.

The only addition he afterwards made to his didactic poem, *De Principiis Cogitandi*, is the apoſtrophe in hexameters to the friend he had loſt, written in the genuine ſtrain of claſſical majeſty, with which he intended to begin the fourth book.

Hactenus haud ſegnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Muſarum interpres, primuſque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum tu opere in medio, ſpes tanti et cauſa laboris,
Linquis, et æternam fari te condis in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concuſſa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et palleſcere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam pietas niſi rara, fideſque,
Altus amor veri, et purum ſpirabat honeſtum.
Viſa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Ceſſare eſt, reducemque iterum roſeo ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere ſoles:
Heu ſpes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu mœſtos ſoles, ſine te quos ducere flendo
Per deſideria, et queſtus jam cogor inanes!
At Tu, ſancta anima, et noſtri non indiga luctûs,
Stellanti templo, ſincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruere; atque o ſi ſecura, nec ultra
Mortalis, motos olim miſerata labores
Reſpectes, tenuesque vacet cognoſcere curas;
Humanam ſi fortè alâ de ſede procellam
Contemplère, metus, ſtimuloſque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
Irarum ingentem, et ſævos ſub pectore fluctus;
Reſpice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
Fundo; quod poſſum, juxtà lugere ſepulchrum
Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * *

Having made a viſit of ſome length at Stoke, where he wrote a conſiderable part of his more finiſhed poems, he returned to Cambridge, which, from this period, became his principal reſidence. He ſpent, indeed, during the lives of his mother and aunts, his ſummer vacations at Stoke, and after they died, in making little tours or viſits to his friends in different parts of the country.

The conveniences reſulting from that ſituation, to a perſon of circumſcribed fortune and a ſtudious life, were, in his eſtimation, more than a counterbalance for the diſlike, which, on ſeveral accounts,

he bore to the place. He was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of the Civil Law in the winter 1742, as appears by his letter to his intimate friend, Dr. Wharton of Old Park, near Durham, formerly fellow of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, dated December 27. 1742, in which he employs his uſual vein of ridicule on the Univerſity. From this time he appears to have laid aſide compoſition almoſt entirely. Leſs pleaſed with exerting his own powers than in contemplating the exertions of others, he applied himſelf, with intenſe aſſiduity, to the ſtudy of the beſt Greek authors; inſomuch, that in the ſpace of about ſix years, there were hardly any writers of note in that language, which he had not only read but digeſted; remarking, by the mode of common-place, their contents, their difficult and corrupt paſſages; and all this with the accuracy of a critic, added to the diligence of a ſtudent.

During this interval, however, he was not ſo entirely occupied with his ſtated employment, as to have no time for expreſſing his averſion to the ignorance and dullneſs which appeared to ſurround him; but of what he intended on this ſubject, a ſhort fragment only remains, which ſeems to have been intended as a *Hymn to Ignorance;* and had he proceeded with it, would have contained much good ſatire upon falſe ſcience and ſcholaſtic pedantry. What he wrote of it is purely introductory; yet many of the lines are ſo ſtrong, and the general caſt of the verſification ſo muſical, that it will probably give the admirers of Dryden and Pope a higher opinion of his poetical talents, than many of his lyric productions have done.

Hail, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where ruſhy Camus' ſlowly-winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I reviſit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful ſhade again.
But chiefly thee, whoſe influence breath'd from high,
Augments the native darkneſs of the ſky;
Ah ignorance! ſoft ſalutary power!
Proſtrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forſook thy fond embrace.
Oh ſay, ſucceſsful doſt thou ſtill oppoſe
Thy leaden Ægis 'gainſt our ancient foes?
Still ſtreach, tenacious of thy right divine,
The maſſy ſceptre o'er thy ſlumbering line?
And dews Lethean through the land diſpenſe
To ſleep in ſlumbers each benighted ſenſe?
If any ſpark of wit's deluſive ray
Break out, and flaſh a momentary day,
With damp, cold touch forbid it to aſpire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.
Oh ſay—ſhe hears me not, but careleſs grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.
Goddeſs! awake, ariſe, alas my fears!
Can powers immortal feel the force of years?
Not thus of old, with enſigns wide unfurl'd,
She rode triumphant o'er the vanquiſh'd world;
Fierce nations own'd her unreſiſted might,
And all was ignorance, and all was night.
Oh ſacred age! Oh times for ever loſt!
(The ſchool-man's glory, and the churchman's boaſt.)
For ever gone—yet ſtill to fancy new,
Her rapid wings the tranſient ſcene purſue,
And bring the buried ages back to view.
High on her car, behold the grandam ride
Like old Seſoſtris with barbaric pride;
* * * * a team of harneſs'd monarchs bend
* * * * *

In 1744, he appears to have given up entirely his didactic poem, and to have relinquiſhed, for ſome time at leaſt, any farther ſolicitations of the muſe.

Mr. Walpole, notwithſtanding, being deſirous to preſerve what he had already written, and to perpetuate the merit of their deceaſed friend, importuned him to publiſh his own poems, together with thoſe of Weſt; but this he declined, from the apprehenſion, that the joint ſtock of both would hardly fill a ſmall volume.

In 1747, Mr. Maſon, then ſcholar of St. John's College, afterwards fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was introduced to his acquaintance. He had written the year before, his "Monody on the Death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoſo," and "Il Pacifico," and Gray had reviſed them at the requeſt of a friend. This laid the foundation of an intimacy, which continued without interruption till the death of Gray.

The ſame year, a favourite cat, belonging to Mr. Walpole, happening to be drowned, Gray amuſed himſelf on the occaſion, with writing an elegant little *Ode;* in which he has happily united both humour and inſtruction.

But the following year was diſtinguiſhed by a far more important effort of his muſe, the initiatory fragment of an *Eſſay on the Alliance of Education and Government*, which is ſuperior to every thing in the ſame ſtyle of writing in our language. He meant to ſhew, that both muſt concur to produce great and uſeful men. It was intended to be addreſſed to the Preſident Monteſquieu, and poſſibly the intervening death of that great man might be a means of his relinquiſhing his purpoſe. It opens with two ſimiles, an uncommon kind of exordium; but which, it is probable, he intentionally choſe to intimate the analogical method he meant to purſue in his ſubſequent reaſonings.

As ſickly plants betray a nigard earth,
Whoſe barren boſom ſtarves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The ſoil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to ſwell, her ſhades to riſe,
Nor truſts her bloſſoms to the churliſh ſkies:
To draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd, unfriended, by thoſe kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the ſoul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond inſtruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly laviſhes her ſtores,
If equal juſtice, with unclouded face,
Smile not indulgent on the riſing race,
And ſcatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden ſhowers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blaſt the blooming promiſe of the year.
This ſpacious animated ſcene ſurvey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His fable ſons with nearer courſe ſurrounds
To either pole, and life's remoteſt bounds.
How rude ſoe'er th' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial heav'n
The ſparks of truth and happineſs has giv'n:
With ſenſe to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleaſure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
Th' event preſages, and explores the cauſe;
The ſoft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repell the foe;
While mutual wiſhes, mutual woes endear
The ſocial ſmile and ſympathetic tear.
Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes ſeem different ſouls aſſign'd?
Here meaſur'd laws and philoſophic eaſe
Fix, and improve the poliſh'd arts of peace.

There induſtry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep.
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleaſure ſighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burſt, with ſweepy ſway,
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have iſſued, hoſt impelling hoſt,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coaſt.
The proſtrate ſouth to the deſtroyer yields
Her boaſted titles, and her golden fields;
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heav'ns of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing roſe,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Aſia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom ſtill withſtands
Th' encroaching tide, that drowns her leſſening
And ſees far off with an indignant groan
Her native plains, and empires once her own.
Can opener ſkies and ſuns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire, that animates our frame;
As lamps, that ſhed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern ſtar
To ſtring our nerves and ſteel our hearts to war?
And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Muſt ſick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what ſeaſons can controul,
What fancied zone can circumſcribe the ſoul,
Who, conſcious of the ſource from whence ſhe ſprings,
By reaſon's light, on reſolution's wings,
Spite of her rail companion, dauntleſs goes
O'er Lybia's deſerts and through Zembla's ſnows?
She bids each ſlumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suſpends th' inferior laws, that rule our clay:
The ſtubborn elements confeſs her ſway;
Their little wants, their low deſires, refine,
And raiſe the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners ſpeak the idiom of their ſoil.
An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied ſinews muſt be found
With ſide-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's ſwift-deſcending flood,
To brave the ſavage ruſhing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour train'd
They guard with ſpirit, what by ſtrength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they ſee,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawleſs force from confidence will grow)
Inſult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the ſultry climes, that ſpread,
Where Nile redundant o'er his ſummer bed
From his broad boſom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready ſail,
The duſky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride
That riſe and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

* * * *

How much it is to be wiſhed, that Gray had completed what he thus admirably begun! The deſign is the nobleſt which he ever attempted; and alſo, as far as he carried it into execution, the moſt exquiſitely finiſhed.

The *Ode on Eton College* was his firſt Engliſh production which appeared in print. It was publiſhed in folio, by Dodſley, in 1747; about the ſame time, at Mr. Walpole's requeſt, he ſat for his picture to Echart, in which, on a paper which he held in his hand, Mr. Walpole wrote the title of this ode; and to intimate his own high juſt opinion of it, added this line of Lucan by way of motto,

Nec licuit populis parvum temte, Nile, videre.
Phars. lib. x. l. 296.

This highly-finiſhed ode, together with his three other monoſtrophic odes *on Spring, on a Favourite Cat, to Adverſity*, was afterwards inſerted in "Dodſley's Miſcellany." The *Ode to Adverſity* was firſt printed under the title of an *Hymn to Adverſity*, which is here dropped for the ſake of uniformity. It is unqueſtionably as truly lyrical as any of his other odes.

In 1750, he put his laſt hand to the *Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard*, which, when finiſhed, was communicated firſt to Mr. Walpole, and by him to ſeveral perſons of diſtinction. This brought Gray acquainted with Lady Cobham, and furniſhed an occaſion for his *Long Story*, a compoſition in ballad-meaſure, in which the different colours of wit and humour are peculiarly and intimately blended.

The *Elegy*, having found its way into the "Magazine of Magazines," he wrote Mr. Walpole, February 11. 1751, deſiring him that he would put his own manuſcript into the hands of Dodſley, and order him to print it immediately.

This was the moſt popular of all his productions. It ran through eleven editions in a very ſhort ſpace of time, was finely tranſlated into Latin by Meſſrs. Anſtey and Roberts, and in the ſame year another, though inferior, verſion of it was publiſhed by Lloyd. In the manuſcript copy, he gave it only the ſimple title of *Stanzas Written in a Country Church-Yard*. Mr. Maſon perſuaded him to call it an *Elegy*, becauſe the ſubject authoriſed him ſo to do, and the alternate meaſure in which it was written, ſeemed peculiarly fit for that ſpecies of compoſition.

In 1753, Mr. Bentley, wiſhing to ſupply every ornament that his pencil could contribute, drew not only for it, but alſo for the reſt of Gray's productions, a ſet of deſigns, which were handſomely repaid by the following complimentary *ſtanzas*, many of which are equal in merit to the beſt in his moſt finiſhed poems.

In ſilent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half-pleas'd, half-bluſhing let the muſe admire,
While Bentley leads her ſiſter-art along,
And bids the pencil anſwer to the lyre.
See, in their courſe, each tranſitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a laſting eſſence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local ſymmetry and life awake!
The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
To cenſure cold, and negligent of fame,
In ſwifter meaſures animated run,
And catch a luſtre from his genuine flame.
Ah! could they catch his ſtrength, his eaſy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony ſubmit to mine.
But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inſpiration giv'n
That burns in Shakſpeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.
As when conſpiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that ſingly charm the ſight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.
Enough for me, if to ſome feeling breaſt
My lines a ſecret ſympathy *impart*;

And as their pleaſing influence *flows confeſt*,
A ſigh of ſoft reflection *heave the heart.*
* * * *

The paper on which the laſt ſtanza was written being broken, the words in Italics were ſupplied by Mr. Maſon, who very ingenuouſly and very juſtly expreſſes his diſſatisfaction with the termination of the third line: the end of the fourth, however, is not leſs exceptionable; perhaps it would be better if it ſtood thus:

Enough for me, if to ſome feeling breaſt,
My lines a ſecret ſympathy *convey;*
And as their pleaſing influence *there ſhall reſt*,
A ſigh of ſoft reflection *ſteal away.*

The panegyric is certainly carried too far; there is ſo much of groteſque fancy in the deſigns, that they have failed to pleaſe univerſally. Let the reader peruſe the ſecond ſtanza, and turn to the deſign for the *Ode to Adverſity*. Let him behold the Quarter Staff of Jupiter, the Horſe-Lock, the Hunting Whip, and the Talons, and bid deſiance to riſibility if he can. The original drawings, in Mr. Maſon's opinion, are infinitely ſuperior to the publiſhed engravings of them.

The head-pieces to the *Long Story*, exhibiting a view of Stoke-Pogis church and manſion, were copied from a ſketch by Gray. The Church-yard was the ſubject of his *Elegy*.

In the March following, Gray ſuſtained a loſs which he long and ſeverely felt; his mother, to whom his conduct was exemplary for the diſcharge of every filial duty, and who merited all the tenderneſs and attention ſhe received, was taken from him by death. She was buried in the ſame vault, where her ſiſter's remains had been depoſited, more than three years before, in the church-yard of Stoke. As the inſcription on the the tombſtone (at leaſt the latter part of it) is undoubtedly of Gray's writing, it here would claim a place, if it had not a peculiar pathos to recommend it, and at the ſame time a true inſcriptive ſimplicity.

In the vault beneath, are depoſited,
In hope of a joyful reſurrection,
The remains of
MARY ANTROBUS.
She died, unmarried, Nov. v. M,DCC,XLIX.
Aged LXVI.
In the ſame pious confidence,
Beſide her friend and ſiſter,
Here ſleep the remains of
Dorothy Gray,
Widow, the careful tender mother
Of many children, one of whom alone
Had the misfortune to ſurvive her.
She died March XI. M,DCC,LIII.
Aged LXVII.

The lines, in which Pope has expreſſed his piety, beautiful as they are, and much as they deſerve to be praiſed, appear, notwithſtanding, to excite leſs of ſympathy than a ſingle ſtroke in this inſcription, or a paſſage in a letter to Mr. Maſon, written the following December, on the deaths of his father and friend, Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young phyſician. "I have ſeen the ſcene you deſcribe, and know how dreadful it is; I know too, I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtleſs things, and have no ſenſe, no uſe in the world, any longer than that ſad impreſſion laſts; *the deeper it is engraved the better.*"

Impreſſions of grief on the generality of mankind, like characters marked on the ſand of the ſea, are ſpeedily effaced by the influx of buſineſs or pleaſure; but the traces of them on the heart of Gray were too deeply inſcribed to be ſoon obliterated. He cheriſhed the remembrance of his loſs with a melancholy pleaſure, of which the preſent writer can eaſily comprehend the value; for he knows what it is to loſe perſons that his eyes and heart have been long uſed to, and he never deſires to part with the remembrance of that loſs.

Gray, as is evident by a letter to Dr. Wharton, finiſhed his *Ode on the Progreſs of Poeſy*, early in 1755; the *Bard* alſo was begun about that time, and the following beautiful fragment *On the Pleaſure ariſing from Viciſſitude*:

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-beſpangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whiſper ſoft
She wooes the tardy ſpring:
Till April ſtarts, and calls around
The ſleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living ſcene
Scatters his freſheſt, tendereſt green.

New born flocks, in ruſtic dance,
Friſking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wint'ry trance
The birds his preſence greet:
But chief, the ſky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecſtacy;
And, leſſening from the dazzled ſight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yeſterday the ſullen year
Saw the ſnowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the muſic of the air,
The herd ſtood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yeſterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy deſcries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on paſt misfortune's brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of ſorrow throw
A melancholy grace:
While hope prolongs our happier hour;
Or deepeſt ſhades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of diſtant day.

Still, where roſy pleaſure leads,
See a kindred grief purſue;
Behind the ſteps that miſery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliſs more brightly glow,
Chaſtis'd by ſabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful ſtrife,
The ſtrength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has toſt
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour loſt,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meaneſt floweret of the vale,
The ſimpleſt note that ſwells the gale,
The common ſun, the air, the ſkies,
To him are opening Paradiſe.

Humble quiet builds her cell
Near the courſe where pleaſure flows;
She eyes the clear cryſtalline well,
And taſtes it as it goes.

* * *

From the looſe hints in his common-place book, he appears to have planned a fourth *Ode on the Connection between Genius and Grandeur;* but it cannot now be aſcertained if any part of it was actually written.

In 1756, he removed from St. Peter's College to Pembroke-Hall, in conſequence of two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the ſame ſtair-caſe, having, for ſome time, intentionally diſturbed him with their riots. He complained to the governing part of the Society; and not thinking that his remonſtrance was ſufficiently attended to, he "left his lodgings," as he himſelf expreſſes it, "becauſe the rooms were noiſy, and the people of the houſe uncivil."

Upon the death of Cibber, in 1757, the Duke of Devonſhire, then Lord Chamberlain, made him an offer of the vacant office of Poet-Laureat, through the hands of Lord John Cavendiſh, his bro-

ther; but the diſgrace brought upon that office, by the inability of ſome who had filled it, probably induced him to decline the appointment, which was beſtowed on Whitehead.

The ſame year, he publiſhed the *Progreſs of Poeſy*, and the *Bard*, his two greateſt lyric performances. Their merit was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praiſe. Lloyd and Colman wrote in concert two Odes to "Oblivion" and "Obſcurity," in which they were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

In 1759, his curioſity drew him away from Cambridge, to a lodging in Southampton-row, near the Muſeum, where he reſided near three years, reading and tranſcribing. His extracts, amounting in all to a tolerably-ſized folio, are at preſent in the hands of Lord Orford, who printed the ſpeech of Sir Thomas Wyat from them, in the ſecond number of his "Miſcellaneous Antiquities."

In 1762, when the Profeſſorſhip of Modern Languages and Hiſtory at Cambridge, became vacant by the death of Mr. Turner, he was, as he ſays, "cockered and ſpirited up," till he aſked it of Lord Bute, who ſent him a civil refuſal, and the place was given to Mr. Laurence Brocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther.

His conſtitution was weak, and believing that his health was promoted by exerciſe and change of place, he undertook, in 1765, a journey into Scotland, of which his account, ſo far as it extends, is very curious and elegant: for, as his comprehenſion was ample, his curioſity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of paſt events. He naturally contracted a friendſhip with Dr. Beattie, whom he found "a poet, a philoſopher, and a good man." The Mariſchal College at Aberdeen offered him the degree of Doctor of Laws, which, having omitted to take it at Cambridge, he thought it decent to refuſe.

In 1767, Dr. Beattie, deſirous that his country ſhould afford ſome teſtimony of its regard to Gray, ſolicited his permiſſion, to Mr. Foulis, to print, at the Univerſity preſs of Glaſgow, an elegant edition of his works. Dodſley had before aſked the ſame favour, and Gray, unwilling to refuſe, gratified both with a copy, containing a few notes, and the imitations of the Norſe poetry, intended to ſupplant the *Long Story*, which was printed at firſt only to illuſtrate Mr. Bentley's deſigns.

The death of Mr. Brocket, in July 1768, left another opening to the Profeſſorſhip, which he had before unſucceſsfully ſought. Lord Bute, however, was not then in office, and the Duke of Grafton, to preclude a requeſt, within two days of the vacancy, appointed Gray.

This place was valuable in itſelf, the ſalary being 400 l. a year; but what rendered it particularly acceptable to Gray, was its being given him without any ſolicitation.

On the Duke of Grafton being elected Chancellor of the Univerſity, in 1769, gratitude prompted Gray, unaſked, to furniſh an irregular *Ode for Muſic*, to be performed at his inſtallation; and whatever the celebrated Junius (notwithſtanding his compliment to Gray) might pretend, it was the offering of no venal muſe. The ode in its ſtructure is dramatic, and it contains nothing of the complimentary kind, which is not entirely ſuited to the characters employed. In point of lyrical arrangement and expreſſion, it is equal to moſt of his other odes.

Not long after the buſtle of the inſtallation was over, ill health made another journey neceſſary, and he viſited the lakes of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland. The impreſſions he received from the wonderful ſcenery that ſurrounded him, he tranſmitted to his friend, Dr. Wharton, in epiſtolary journals, with all the wildneſs of Salvator, and the ſoftneſs of Claude.

In May 1771, writing to the ſame friend, he complains of a violent cough, which had troubled him for three months, and which he called incurable; adding, that till this year he never knew what (mechanical) low ſpirits were.

The anxiety he felt from holding, as a ſinecure, an office, the duties of which he thought himſelf bound to perform, without doubt, contributed to the latter complaint.

The object of his profeſſorſhip being twofold, and the patent allowing him to effect one of its deſigns by deputy, it is underſtood, that he liberally rewarded, for that purpoſe, the teachers in the Univerſity of Italian and French.

The other part he himſelf prepared to execute; but though the profeſſorſhip was inſtituted in 1724, none of his predeceſſors had furniſhed a plan of lectures.

Embarraſſed by this and other difficulties, and retarded by ill health, the undertaking at length became ſo irkſome, that he ſeriouſly propoſed to reſign the office.

About the end of May he removed from Cambridge to London, after having ſuffered from irregular attacks of an hereditary gout, to which he had long been ſubject, and from which a life of ſingular temperance could not protect him.

In London his indiſpoſition having increaſed, Dr. Gilborne adviſed him to remove from his lodgings in Jermyn-ſtreet to Kenſington. This change was of ſo much benefit, that he was ſoon enabled to return to Cambridge, from whence he meditated a journey to Old Park, near Durham, the reſidence of his friend Dr. Wharton, which he hoped might re-eſtabliſh his health; but his intentions and hopes were deluſive.

On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College-hall, he felt a ſudden nauſea, which obliged him to riſe from table, and retire to his chamber. The gout had fixed on his ſtomach, and reſiſted all the powers of medicine. On the 29th, he was ſeized with a ſtrong convulſion fit, which, on the 30th, returned with increaſed violence; and the next evening he expired, in the 55th year of his age.

He was ſenſible at times, almoſt to the laſt, and from the firſt aware of his extreme danger, but expreſſed no viſible concern at the thoughts of his approaching diſſolution. He was buried in the vault, in which his aunt and his mother were interred, in the church-yard of Stoke, agreeable to his own direction.

By his will, dated July 2. 1770, he appointed Mr. Maſon, and the Rev. Dr. Browne, Preſident of Pembroke-hall, his joint executors; and left "Mr. Maſon all his books, manuſcripts, coins, muſic, printed or written, and papers of all kinds, to preſerve or deſtroy at his own diſcretion."

His *Poems* and *Letters* were collected and publiſhed by Mr. Maſon, in one volume 4to, 1775, to which he prefixed "Memoirs of his Life and Writings," with "imitations, variations and additional notes," and republiſhed in 4 vols 8vo. 1778. The common editions of his *Poems* are too numerous to be ſpecified. To the edition in 8vo. 1786, were added notes and parallel paſſages by Mr. Wakefield. The notes are in general pertinent and judicious, and the parallel places diſcover extenſive erudition, and are ſelected with taſte and judgment. An edition, with a perpetual commentary, is preparing for the preſs, which the preſent writer is happy to announce as the production of his friend Alexander Thomſon, Eſq. author of "Whiſt," "The Paradiſe of Taſte," and other ingenious performances. The Latin language was enriched with an elegant and ſpirited tranſlation of the *Bard*, in 1775, and an admirable Greek verſion of the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, proceeded from the claſſical pen of Dr. Norbury, in 1793. The imitations it has produced are innumerable.

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Maſon, that the greateſt part of Gray's life was ſpent in that kind of learned leiſure, which has only ſelf-improvement and ſelf-gratification for its object. He was remarkably diſintereſted in all his purſuits. He never read or wrote with a view of making labours uſeful to himſelf. He may be ſaid to have been one of thoſe few perſonages in the annals of literature eſpecially in the poetical claſs, who are devoid of ſelf-intereſt, and at the ſame time attentive to economy; and alſo was among mankind in general, one of theſe very few economiſts who poſſeſs that talent untinctured with the ſlighteſt ſtain of avarice. When his circumſtances were at the loweſt, he gave away ſuch ſums in charity, as would have done credit to an ampler purſe. But what chiefly deterred him from taking any advantage by his literary purſuits, was a certain degree of pride, which led him to deſpiſe the idea of being thought an author by profeſſion.

However, it is probable, that, early in life, he had an intention of publiſhing an edition of *Strabo*; for his papers contain a great number of notes and geographical diſquiſitions on that author, particularly with reſpect to that part of Aſia which comprehends Perſia and India. The indefatigable pains which he took with the writings of *Plato*, and the quantity of critical, as well as explanatory obſervations, which he has left upon almoſt every part of his works, plainly indicate that no man in Europe was better prepared to republiſh and illuſtrate that philoſopher than Gray. Another work, on which he beſtowed uncommon labour, was the *Anthologia*. In an interleaved copy of that collection of Greek epigrams, he has tranſcribed ſeveral additional ones, which he ſelected in his extenſive reading, has inſerted a great number of critical notes and emendations, and ſubjoined

a copious index, in which every epigram is arranged under the name of its reſpective author. But whether he intended this manuſcript for the preſs or not is uncertain. The only work which he meditated upon with that view from the beginning, was a *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, upon a plan ſketched out by Pope. He has mentioned this himſelf in an advertiſement prefixed to thoſe three fine imitations of Norſe and Welch poetry, which he gave to the world in the laſt edition of his poems. But after he had made ſome conſiderable preparations for the execution of this deſign, and Mr. Maſon had offered him his aſſiſtance, he was informed that Mr. Warton was engaged in a work of the ſame kind. The undertaking was therefore relinquiſhed by mutual conſent; and, in 1770, on Mr Warton's deſiring a ſight of the plan, he readily ſent him the following "ſketch of the arrangement of the ſubject" in a letter, which was publiſhed in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for February 1783.

"*Introduction.* On the poetry of the Galic or Celtic nations, as far back as it can be traced.—On that of the Goths, its introduction into theſe iſlands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration.—On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux.—Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

"*Part I.* On the School of Provençe, which roſe about the year 1100, and was ſoon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poeſy, or Romances in verſe, Allegories, Fabliaux, Syrvientes, Comedies, Farces, Canzoni, Sonnets, Balades, Madrigals, Seſtines, &c. Of their imitators, the French: and of the firſt Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200 brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others.—State of Poetry in England from the Conqueſt, 1066, or rather, from Henry the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the Third, 1327.

"*Part II.* On Chaucer, who firſt introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country: his character and merits at large: the different kinds in which he excelled —Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndeſay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

"*Part III.* Second Italian School, of Arioſto, Taſſo, &c. an improvement on the firſt, occaſioned by the revival of Letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric poetry of this and the former age introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan, Lord Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the ſixteenth century.

"*Part IV.* Spenſer, his character: ſubject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention; but his manner of tracing it, borrowed from the Second Italian School.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. This School ends in Milton.—A Third Italian School, full of conceit, begun in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James and Charles the Firſt, by Donne, Craſhaw, Cleiveland, carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

"*Part V.* School of France, introduced after the Reſtoration—Waller, Dryden, Addiſon, Prior, and Pope—Which has continued to our own times."

Among other ſciences, Gray had acquired a great knowledge of Gothic architecture. He endeavoured to trace this mode of building from the time it commenced, through its various changes, till it arrived at its perfection in the reign of Henry VIII., and ended in that of Elizabeth. For this purpoſe, he did not ſo much depend upon written accounts, as that internal evidence which the buildings themſelves give of their reſpective antiquity. On this account, he applied himſelf to the ſtudy of heraldry, as a preparatory ſcience, and has left behind him a number of genealogical papers, more than ſufficient to prove him a complete maſter of it. The *Remarks on Saxon Churches* in the Introduction to Mr. Bentham's "Hiſtory of Ely" were drawn up by Gray.

But the favourite ſtudy of Gray, for the laſt ten years of his life, was natural hiſtory, which he then rather reſumed than began; as by the inſtructions of his uncle Antrobus, he was a conſiderable botaniſt at fifteen. The marginal notes which he has left on *Linnæus* and other writers, on the vegetable, animal, and foſſile kingdoms, are very numerous. But the moſt conſiderable are on "Hudſon's *Flora Anglica*," and the tenth edition of the *Syſtema Naturæ*, which latter he interleaved and filled almoſt entirely. While employed on zoology, he alſo read *Ariſtotle's* treatiſe on that ſubject with great care, and explained many difficult paſſages of that obſcure ancient, from the

lights he had acquired from modern naturaliſts. Excepting pure mathematics, and the ſtudies dependent on that ſcience, there was hardly any part of human learning, in which he had not acquired a competent ſkill; in moſt of them a conſummate maſtery.

Of his amuſements, the chief and almoſt the only one (excepting the frequent experiments he made on flowers, for the purpoſe of inveſtigating the proceſs of vegetation) was muſic. His taſte in this art was equal to his ſkill in any more important ſcience. Vocal muſic he chiefly preferred. His inſtrument was the harpſicord; on which, though he had little execution, yet he accommodated his voice ſo judiciouſly to his playing, as to give an auditor conſiderable pleaſure. His judgment in ſtatuary and painting was exquiſite, and formed from an almoſt inſtinctive perception of thoſe graces beyond the reach of art, in which the divine works of the great maſters abound. He had a fine taſte in prints, in his choice of which he obſerved the ſame judicious rule which he followed in making his collection of muſic; which was not ſo much to get together complete ſets of the works of any maſter, as to ſelect thoſe (the beſt in their kind) which would recal to his memory the capital pictures, ſtatues, and buildings, which he had ſeen and ſtudied.

Of Gray's religious opinions but little is known; there are, however, ſufficient traces left to ſhow him a believer. To Bolingbroke's ſcepticiſm he has written an anſwer. His ſentiments of Shaftesbury cannot be miſtaken; and both Voltaire and Hume he cenſures with freedom In private life he was moſt reſpected by thoſe who beſt knew him; he was a man of good-breeding, virtue, and humanity.

Mr. Maſon has declined drawing up any formal character of Gray; but has adopted one from a letter to James Boſwell, Eſq., by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall, firſt printed anonymouſly in the "London Magazine."

"Perhaps he was the moſt learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with the elegant and profound parts of ſcience, and that not ſuperficially but thoroughly. He knew every branch of hiſtory, both natural and civil; had read all the original hiſtorians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticiſm, metaphyſics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his ſtudy; voyages and travels of all ſorts were his favourite amuſements, and he had a fine taſte in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening. With ſuch a fund of knowledge, his converſation muſt have been equally inſtructing and entertaining; but he was alſo a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without ſome ſpeck, ſome imperfection; and I think the greateſt defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and a viſible faſtidiouſneſs, or contempt and diſdain of his inferiors in ſcience. He alſo had, in ſome degree, that weakneſs which diſguſted Voltaire ſo much in Mr. Congreve; though he ſeemed to value others chiefly according to the progreſs they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be conſidered himſelf merely as a man of letters; and though without birth, or fortune, or ſtation, his deſire was to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who read for his amuſement. Perhaps it may be ſaid, What ſignifies ſo much knowledge, when it produced ſo little? Is it worth taking ſo much pains to leave no memorial but a few poems? But let it be conſidered that Mr. Gray was to others at leaſt innocently employed; to himſelf, certainly beneficially. His time paſſed agreeably; he was every day making ſome new acquiſition in ſcience; his mind was enlarged, his heart ſoftened, his virtue ſtrengthened; the world and mankind were ſhown to him without a maſk; and he was taught to conſider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wiſe man, except the purſuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that ſtate wherein God hath placed us."

The friendſhip of Mr. Maſon could not fail him here; yet his judgment ſurely has been ſuſpended; for to leave his friend under the idea of a *faſtidious fribble*, was, to ſay no more, unfavourable to his memory. That ſuch is the idea, no one, who reads the character, can doubt. It is true, the world knew it. There was a reſerve in his behaviour, too near reſembling faſtidiouſneſs; and he was apt to indulge himſelf in ſuch modiſh niceties of dreſs, as did not always correſpond with the [illegible] of an academic gown. After his return from his travels, he commonly wore a muff, an object of ſmall deriſion with the Univerſity lads. If he went to a coffee-houſe, he would call the waiter in a tone the moſt effeminate, to give him "that ſilly paper book," meaning the "Gentleman's Magazine," and ſometimes the "Review." Timorous, as effeminate and fearful of accidents, he had a ladder to let down from his window, in caſe of fire. Some young men of his college in-

wantonly ſet up a falſe alarm, in order to draw him upon his ladder; and this, among other circumſtances was ſaid to be the occaſion of his removing to Pembroke-Hall.

Mr. Maſon has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected moſt before thoſe whom "he did not wiſh to pleaſe;" and that he is unjuſtly charged, with making knowledge his ſole reaſon of preference, as he paid his eſteem to none, whom he did not likewiſe believe to be good.

As a poet, his excellence will be confeſſed by all who are entitled to judge of it, except now and then by a jealous critic educated at Oxford, and aſſiduous in depreciating the merit of every author, who flouriſhed at a rival Univerſity. On his poetry, it is needleſs to beſtow praiſes, or to repel the attacks of envy and rancour. If Gray was not a poet of the firſt order, there is no poetry exiſting; and if his bold expreſſions be nonſenſe, ſo are the moſt rapturous paſſages of Sophocles, Klopſtock, Shakſpeare and Milton, and the ſublimeſt figures of divine inſpiration. In ſublimity, pathos, and enthuſiaſm, he is perhaps excelled by Dryden and Collins; but in richneſs of imagery, glow of expreſſion, and harmony of numbers, he ſurpaſſes the two great maſters of Engliſh lyric poetry.

Gray's poems are not numerous; but all of them, at leaſt his ſerious pieces, have great merit; and whoever writes but as correctly as he has written, will not find himſelf able to write much. His pieces have all the marks of cloſe ſtudy and patient reviſion; and the ſmallneſs of their number, compared with the length of time he was known as a poet, ſufficiently ſhows, that they were kept long under his own eyes, before they were ſubmitted to thoſe of the public. They may, therefore, be regarded as a kind of ſtandard of the correctneſs to which Engliſh poetry has arrived in our days.

The *Elegy Written in a Country Church-Yard*, is, perhaps, the firſt of the kind in any language; its ſubject, like the ſubject of Milton's Epic, is univerſally intereſting, the allegorical imagery is ſublime, and the natural deſcription picturesque; the ſentiment is moſtly ſimple and pathetic, and the verſification has a melody, which has not often been attained, and cannot be ſurpaſſed.

The principal reſpect in which it has been ſuppoſed defective is want of plan. Dr. Knox, in his "Eſſays," has obſerved, "that it is thought by ſome to be no more than a confuſed heap of ſplendid ideas, thrown together without order, and without proportion." That it is, however, not deſtitute of plan, is ſufficiently demonſtrated by Scott, in his "Critical Eſſays." The analyſis ſhows, that it is perfectly regular, though ſimple in its general plan; but the arrangement might perhaps have been in ſome parts improved. Some paſſages have been cenſured by Mr. Kelly, in the "Babbler," with great injuſtice. Unacknowledged imitations of Collins, Young, Pope, Tickell, Thomſon, &c. have been pointed out by other critics. Theſe, however, are by no means certain. There are ſo many inſtances of a coincidence totally caſual, that it is difficult to aſcertain what is, or is not really a deſigned or accidental imitation. When Gray condeſcends to imitate, he recovers his level at leaſt by ſome new thoughts, ſome dignity of verſe, or ſome luminous embelliſhments of diction.

In the firſt copy of this exquiſite poem, the concluſion was different from that which he afterwards compoſed; and though his after-thought was unqueſtionably the beſt, yet there is a pathetic melancholy in the four rejected ſtanzas, following, *With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame*, which highly claims preſervation.

The thoughtleſs world to majeſty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize ſucceſs;
But more to innocence their ſafety owe,
Than pow'r, or genius, e'er conſpir'd to bleſs.

And thou, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe notes their artleſs tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the ſacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous paſſion ceaſe;
In ſtill ſmall accents whiſpering from the ground,
A grateful earneſt of eternal peace.

No more, with reaſon and thyſelf at ſtriſe,
Give anxious cares and endleſs wiſhes room;
But through the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
Purſue the ſilent tenor of thy doom.

And here the poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the *hoary-headed ſwain*, &c. ſuggeſted itſelf to him. Mr. Maſon thinks the third of theſe rejected ſtanzas equal to any in the whole elegy.

After the ſtanza, ending, *To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn*, in the firſt copy, followed this ſtanza:

Him have we ſeen the greenwood ſide along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell ſong,
With wiſtful eyes purſue the ſetting ſun.

Mr. Maſon wonders that he rejected this ſtanza, as it not only has the ſame ſort of Doric delicacy, which charms us peculiarly in this part of the poem, but alſo completes the account of his whole day: whereas, this evening ſcene being omitted, we have only his morning walk, and his noon-tide repoſe.

The ſtanza, conſidered in itſelf, is not a bad one, but Gray was right in ſuppreſſing it. The poet's evening had been deſcribed before, at the opening of the poem; to have deſcribed it again would have been ſuperfluous, and an inſtance of that diſguſting redundance, which is ſure to create confuſion, and which we always meet with in the works of common writers. Diverſity of ſituation is alſo wanting; we had the *wood* before, *Hard by yon wood*, &c., and here we have it again, *The greenwood ſide along*, &c.

Between the line, *Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn*, and the epitaph, Gray originally inſerted a very beautiful ſtanza, which was printed in ſome of the firſt editions, but afterwards omitted; becauſe he thought, that it was too long a parentheſis in this place. The lines, however, are, in themſelves, exquiſitely fine, and demand preſervation.

There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
By hands unſeen are ſhow'rs of violets found;
The redbreaſt loves to build and warble there,
And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

Mr. Edwards endeavoured to ſupply what he thought a defect in the *Elegy*, by adding after, *Some Cromwell guiltleſs*, &c., the two following ſtanzas, which are ſtrongly marked with the characters of ſimplicity, tenderneſs, and harmony:

Some lovely fair, whoſe unaffected charms
Shone with attraction to herſelf unknown;
Whoſe beauty might have bleſt a monarch's arms,
And virtue caſt a luſtre on the throne.

That humble beauty warm'd an honeſt heart,
And cheer'd the labours of a faithful ſpouſe;
That virtue form'd for every decent part,
The healthful offſpring that adorn'd their houſe.

Gray, in his *Church-Yard Elegy*, certainly ſhowed great excellence in dwelling on the tenderer intereſts of human nature. His eaſy native pathos brought thoſe intereſts to the heart. But his genius was not marked alone by that tender and melancholy ſenſibility, ſo intereſting in that inimitable performance. That impreſſion was only its bas-relief. There was a Gothic grandeur in the ſtructure, of the moſt ſtriking and powerful effect. Yet this could be felt, could be taſted only by the few, while the natural pictures of the former were caught by and melted in every eye.

It is obſervable, that ſublimity of genius has been generally attended with a ſtrong affection for the demonry of the ancient northern fable. Milton was particularly fond of it. It was the ſtudy of his youth and the dream of his age. This paſſion ſeems natural. There is ſomething ſublime in the Gothic mythology, in the idea of ancient hardihood, and the feats of former times, that is peculiarly adapted to a natural grandeur of imagination. In the mythology of the Greeks, every thing ſeems little, ſeems puerile in compariſon. Hence Gray's ſtrong attachment to every thing that breathed of the former. The hall of *Odin* was heaven itſelf to him, and *Oſſian* the very demon of poetry. It would be ſuperfluous for the preſent writer to enlarge on the effect this enthuſiaſm had on Gray's poetical writings. The readers of poetry are no ſtrangers to that ſublime expreſſion, and to that noble air of mind, which diſtinguiſh his two greater odes, the *Progreſs of Poeſy*, and the *Bard*. They breathe the high ſpirit of lyric enthuſiaſm; the tranſitions are ſudden and impetuous, the language full of fire and force, and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the moſt daring height. They have been accuſed of obſcurity; but the one can be obſcure to thoſe only who have not read *Pindar*,

and the other only to those who are unacquainted with the history of our own nation. Ample justice has been very lately done them by Mr. Potter, the justly celebrated translator of Eschylus and Euripides, in his "Cursory Examination of the Lyric Performances of Gray, &c." and by his ingenious commentator, Mr. Wakefield.

"These two *Pindaric Odes* of Gray," says Mr. Wakefield, "have a much greater resemblance to the Theban Bard, than any thing of the kind in our own, and probably in any other language. Wildness of thought, and irregularity of verse, had usually been esteemed the only way to resemble *Pindar*. The characteristic excellencies of *Pindar's* poetry are sublimity of conception, boldness of metaphor, dignity of style, rapidity of composition, and magnificence of phraseology. If a fair judgment can be formed upon those few specimens, which the desolations of time have spared; in grandeur of imagery, and regularity of thought, he is surpassed by Gray; as on the other hand, he may justly claim a superiority from the moral dignity of his compositions.

"These sublime and elaborate productions of genius chastised by learning, and of learning invigorated by genius, are, from their nature, by no means calculated to please the generality of readers, especially upon a slight acquaintance. A frequent and diligent contemplation of them is necessary to an adequate perception of their beauties; and perhaps no small tincture of that erudition which enabled the author to produce them. Indeed, that spirit of lyric inspiration which they breathe, that divine glow of pathos, which at the same time melts and inflames the reader, cannot operate with their full effect, but on a congenial soul, attuned to the bold vibrations of enthusiastic poesy. The motto justly proclaims—

To wisdom's ear 'tis sense and sweetness all,
Darkness and dissonance to vulgar minds.

"He who can continue amidst the blaze of splendor that bursts around him, amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along, sedately speculating upon petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated *Pindar* and Gray; and deserves, for the punishment of his malice, that poetical curse denounced by the pathetic Collins, upon all those who could reflect on the author of the "Seasons," without emotions of benevolence and concern.

With him, sweet bard! may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year."

It must be acknowledged, however, that the *The Progress of Poesy*, though impregnated throughout with the fire and energy proper to lyric poetry, has a stiffness to which *Pindar* had certainly no recourse, and from which Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" is entirely exempt; and that the *Bard*, though adorned with those *thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*, that Gray's muse could so richly supply, is too artificial as opposed to natural, and sometimes loaded, rather than enriched with poetical imagery. But when every deduction is made that criticism requires, the *Bard* of Gray is entitled to rank with the "Alexander's Feast" of Dryden, and the "Passions" of Collins.

Of his other lyric pieces, the *Ode on Spring*, *Ode on Eton College*, *Ode on a Favourite Cat*, *Ode to Adversity*, and the *Music Ode*, please the generality of readers more than the *Fatal Sisters*, *Descent of Odin*, and *Triumphs of Owen*. They are by no means without faults, but the spirit of poetry, and exquisite charms of the verse, are sufficient almost to obtain reverence for their defects. The *Ode on Eton College*, is, in the opinion of the present writer, superior to the rest. The sentiments are natural and consonant to the feelings of humanity, and exhibited with perspicuity of method, and in an elegant, intelligible, and expressive language. The *Sonnet on the Death of West*, and the *Epitaph on Sir William Williams*, are the most perfect compositions of the kind in our language.

Indolence is an almost certain characteristic of genius, and irresolution is a natural effect of indolence. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Gray made many poetical essays and beginnings on subjects, from which, either by accident, or through a want of industry, he was afterwards diverted. Among these, was the following scene of a tragedy, taken from Tacitus, on the death of *Agrippina*, which leaves us to regret, that he only attempted a tragedy:

ACT I. SCENE I.

Agrippina, Aceronia.

Agrippina.

'Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd:

[*Speaks as to Anicetus entering.*

The meſſage needs no comment. Tell your maſter,
His mother ſhall obey him. Say you ſaw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:
Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
As ſits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, ſhe retired to Antium; there to tend
Her houſehold cares, a woman's beſt employment.
What if you add, how ſhe turn'd pale, and trembled;
You think, you ſpied a tear ſtand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride reſtrain'd it?
(Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And pleaſe the ſtripling. Yet 'twould daſh his joy
To hear the ſpirit of Britannicus
Yet walks on earth; at leaſt there are who know
Without a ſpell to raiſe, and bid it fire
A thouſand haughty hearts, unus'd to ſhake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lur'd with ſmiles
To taſte of hollow kindneſs, or partake
His hoſpitable board: They ate aware
Of th' unpledg'd bowl, they love not Aconite.

Aceronia

He's gone; and much I hope theſe walls alone,
And the mute air are privy to your paſſion.
Forgive your ſervant's fears, who ſees the danger
Which fierce reſentment cannot fail to raiſe
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

Agrippina.

And doſt thou talk to me, to me, of danger,
Of haughty youth, and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
This painted Jove, and untaught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; whilſt he ſtood trembling
Scar'd at the ſound, and dazzled with its brightneſs?
'Tis like, thou haſt forgot, when yet a ſtranger
To adoration, to the grateful ſteam
Of flattery's incenſe, and obſequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other luſtre, than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he liv'd unknown
To fame, or fortune; haply ey'd at diſtance
Some edileſhip, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights, and meaſures; ſcarcely dar'd
On expectation's ſtrongeſt wing to ſoar
High as the conſulate, that empty ſhade
Of long-forgotten liberty: When I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatneſs;
Show'd him, where empire tower'd, and bad him ſtrike
The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To ſhrink from danger; fear might then have worn
The maſk of prudence: but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy ſeat
Diſplay the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and graſp the dangerous honour.

Aceronia.

Through various life I have purſued your ſteps,
Have ſeen your ſoul, and wonder'd at its daring:
Hence riſe my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vaſt the debt of gratitude, which Nero
To ſuch a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.
I well remember too (for I was preſent)
When in a ſecret and dead hour of night,
Due ſacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
Of mutter'd charms, and ſolemn invocation,
You bad the magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your ſon: Their anſwer was,

If the ſon reign, the mother periſhes.
Periſh (you cry'd) the mother! reign the ſon!
He reigns, the reſt is heav'n's; who oft has bade,
Ev'n when its will ſeem'd wrote in lines of blood,
Th' unthought event diſcloſe a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and ſickly minds
The ſweets of kindneſs laviſhly indulg'd
Rankle to gall; and benefits too great
To be repaid, ſit heavy on the ſoul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of proſtrate Rome, the ſenate's joint applauſe,
The riches of the earth, the train of pleaſures,
That wait on youth, and arbitrary ſway;
Theſe were your gift, and with them you beſtow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

Agrippina.

Thus ever grave, and undiſturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
Say'ſt thou I muſt be cautious, muſt be ſilent,
And tremble at the phantom I have rais'd?
Carry to him thy timid counſels. He
Perchance may heed 'em: Tell him too, that one,
Who had ſuch liberal power to give, may ſtill
With equal power reſume that gift, and raiſe
A tempeſt, that ſhall ſhake her own creation
To its original atoms—tell me! ſay
This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
Knows his ſoft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
Sweat under iron harneſs? Is he not
The ſilken ſon of dalliance, nurs'd in eaſe
And pleaſure's flowery lap?—Rubellius lives,
And Sylla has his friends, though ſchool'd by fear
To bow the ſupple knee, and court the times
With ſhows of fair obeiſance; and a call,
Like mine, might ſerve belike to wake pretenſions
Drowſier than theirs, who boaſt the genuine blood
Of our imperial houſe.

Aceronia.

Did I not wiſh to check this dangerous paſſion,
I might remind my miſtreſs that her nod
Can rouſe eight hardy legions, wont to ſtem
With ſtubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's ſnows. Four, not leſs brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: Theſe, by ties confirm'd,
Of old reſpect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Maſians too, and thoſe of Egypt,
Have not forgot your ſire: The eye of Rome
And the prætorian camp have long rever'd,
With cuſtom'd awe, the daughter, ſiſter, wife,
And mother of their Cæſars.

Agrippina.

Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble ſemblance. On this baſe
My great revenge ſhall riſe; or ſay we ſound
The trump of liberty; there will not want,
Even in the ſervile ſenate, ears to own
Her ſpirit-ſtirring voice; Soranus there,
And Caſſius: Vetus too, and Thraſea,
Minds of the antique caſt, rough, ſtubborn ſouls,
That ſtruggle with the yoke. How ſhall the ſpark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breaſts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd

(Slaves from the womb, created but to ſtare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will ſtart,
And ſhake 'em at the name of liberty,
Stung by a ſenſeleſs word, a vain tradition,
As there were magic in it? wrinkled bedlams
Teach it their grandchildren, as ſomewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cauſe
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The ſlacken'd ſinews of time-wearied age.
Yes, we may meet, ingrateful boy, we may!
Again the buried genius of old Rome
Shall from the duſt uprear his reverend head,
Rous'd by the ſhout of millions: There before
His high tribunal thou and I appear.
Let majeſty ſit on thy awful brow,
And lighten from thy eye: Around thee call
The gilded ſwarm that wantons in the ſunſhine
Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
In gorgeous phraſe of labour'd eloquence
To dreſs thy plea, and Burrhus ſtrengthen it
With his plain ſoldier's oath, and honeſt ſeeming.
Againſt thee, liberty and Agrippina:
The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.
But ſoft! why do I waſte the fruitleſs hours
In threats unexecuted? Haſte thee, fly
Theſe hated walls, that ſeem to mock my ſhame,
And caſt me forth in duty to their lord.

Aceronia.

'Tis time we go, the ſun is high advanc'd,
And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Baiæ.

Agrippina.

My thought aches at him; not the baſiliſk
More deadly to the ſight, than is to me
The cool injurious eye of frozen kindneſs.
I will not meet its poiſon. Let him feel
Before he ſees me.

Aceronia.

Why then ſtays my ſovereign,
Where he ſo ſoon may——

Agrippina.

Yes, I will be gone,
But not to Antium—all ſhall be confeſs'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has ſpread among the crowd; things, that but whiſper'd
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and riveted
His eyes in fearful ecſtaſy: No matter
What; ſo't be ſtrange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Aſſaſſinations, poiſonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enſhrined Claudius, with the pitied ghoſts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitleſs crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorſe,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cauſe. My love, my fears for him
Dried the ſoft ſprings of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injur'd ſhades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but cruſh his pride,
And ſink the traitor in his mother's ruin. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Otho, Poppæa.

Otho.

Thus far we're ſafe. Thanks to the roſy queen
Of amorous theſts: And had her wanton ſon
Lent us his wings, we could not have beguil'd
With more eluſive ſpeed the dazzled ſight
Of wakeful jealouſy. Be gay ſecurely;
Diſpell, my fair, with ſmiles, the tim'rous cloud
That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
So her white neck reclin'd, ſo was ſhe borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modeſty,
And oft reverted eye, as if ſhe knew not
Whether ſhe fear'd, or wiſh'd to be purſu'd.

* * * *

Theſe ſpeeches, it muſt be acknowledged, are too long for dramatic exhibition, and the language may be ſomewhat too poetical for the ſtage; yet had the play been finiſhed, theſe circumſtances might poſſibly have been accommodated; at all events, it muſt, in ſuch hands, have made a noble dramatic poem.

The following initiatory fragment of his poem, *De Principiis Cogitandi*, the moſt conſiderable in itſelf all his Latin compoſitions, and perhaps the moſt laboured of any of his poems, entitles him to rank with Jonſon, Donne, Craſhaw, Cowley, Milton, Addiſon, who cultivated Latin poetry with the greateſt ſucceſs:

Unde animus ſcire incipiat: quibus inchoet orſa
Principiis ſeriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemoſyne: Ratio unde rudi ſub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ naſcantur inanes,
Hinc cancre aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si quà primus iter monſtras, veſtigia conor
Signare incertâ, tremulâque inſiſtere plantâ.
Quin potius duc ipſe (potes namque omnia) ſanctum
Ad limen, (ſi ritè adeo, ſi pectore puro,)
Obſcuræ reſerans Naturæ ingentia clauſtra.
Tu cæcas rerum cauſas, fontemque ſeverum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.
Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facileſque, Favoni,
(Quod tibi creſcit opus) ſimplex nec deſpice carmen,
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,
Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid
Uſquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec ſurgit ad auras,
Quin ea conſpirent ſimul, eventuſque ſecundent.
Hinc variæ vitaï artes, ac mollior uſus,
Dulce et amicitiæ vinclum: Sapientia dia
Hinc roſeum accendit lumen, vultuque ſereno
Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monſtrans,
Deformeſque fugat curas, vanoſque timores:
Scilicet et rerum creſcit pulcherrima virtus.
Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) nocteſque dieſque
Aſſiduè fovet inſpirans, linguamque ſequentem
Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes;
Aurea non aliâ ſe jactat origine muſa.
Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
Firmavit, tardis juſſitque inoleſcere membris
Sublimes animas; tenebroſo in carcere partem
Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno:
Nec per ſe proprium paſſa excrcere vigorem eſt,
Ne ſociæ molis conjunctos ſperneret artus,
Ponderis oblita, et cœleſtis conſcia flammæ.
Idcircò innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
Nervorum inſtituit: tum toto corpore miſcens
Implicuit latè ramos, et ſenſile textum,

Implevitque humore ſuo (ſeu lympha vocanda,
Sive aura eſt) tenuis certè, atque leviſſima quædam
Vis verſatur agens, parvoſque infuſa canales
Perfluit, aſſiduè externis quæ concita plagis,
Mobilis, incuſſique fidelis nuntia motûs,
Hinc indè accenſâ contage relabitur uſque
Ad ſuperas hominis ſedes, arcemque cerebri.
Namque illìc poſuit ſolium, et ſua templa ſacravit
Mens animi: hanc circum coëunt, denſoque feruntur
Agmine notitiæ, ſimulacraque tenuia rerum:
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immenſæ, variique patent commercia mundi.
Ac uti longinquis deſcendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamiſis, flaventiſque Indus arenæ,
Euphrateſque, Taguſque, et opimo flumine Ganges,
Undas quiſque ſuas volvens, curſuque ſonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in antro
Excipit oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoſcit venientûm, ultròque ſerenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuſo marmore ridet.
Haud aliter ſpecies properant ſe inferre novellæ
Certatem menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.
Primas tactus agit partes, primuſque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus eſt, qui fratribus! amplius ille
Imperium affectat ſenior, penituſque medullis,
Viſceribuſque habitat totis, pelliſque recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per ſtamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices ſolvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli ſomno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfuſus adhuc: tactus tamen aura laceſſit
Jamdudum levior ſenſus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis ſimul, ac ſolitum blandumque calorem
Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inaſſuetos artus: tum ſævior adſtat,
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem fruſtrà et tremulo multa ore querentem
Corripit invadens, ferreiſque amplectitur ulnis.
Tum ſpecies primùm patefacta eſt candida Lucis
(Uſque vices adeò Natura bonique, malique,
Exæquat, juſtâque manu ſua damna rependit)
Tum primùm, ignotoſque bibunt nova lumina ſoles.
Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratiſſima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi luſtras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, ſcenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Veneriſque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus ſequitur, Moteſque decentes.
At caput inviſum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque ſimul Formidinis ora,
Pervigileſque æſtus Curarum, atque anxius Angor:
Undique Lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.
Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ ſe pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros poſſet vis tanta dici
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere viſus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ ſpectacula lucis:
Neſcio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percuſſit novitas, traxitque ſequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inſerta feneſtris
Sicubi ſe Phœbi diſpergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo hùc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos

Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.
Altior huic vero ſenſu, majorque videtur
Addita judicioque arctè connexa poteſtas,
Quod ſimul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc ſimul, aſſiduo depaſcens omnia viſu,
Perſpiciet, vis quanti loci, quid polleat ordo,
Junctura quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter ſe, et mutua fulgent.
Nec minor in geminis viget auribus inſita virtus,
Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremeſecerit oſtia pulſu
Aëriis invecta rotis) longeque recurſet:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc ſonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque meteri numeris, verſuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid diſcant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipſe canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inſpiret dulces animat, digitiſque figuret.
At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Guſtus habet, quà ſe inſinuet jucunda ſaporum.
Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.
Naribus interea confedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oſcula fragrant
Roſcida, cum Zephyri furtim ſub veſperis horâ
Reſpondet votis, molliſque mque aſpirat amorem.
Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci
Alma Parens, ſenſûſque vias per membra reclusit;
Haud ſolas: namque intùs agit vivata facultas,
Quà ſeſe explorat, contemplatuſque repentè
Ipſe ſuas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut poſſit, cupiat, fugiatve, viciſsìm
Percipit, imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.
Qualis Hamadryadum quondam ſi fortè ſororum
Una, novos peragrans ſaltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi ſuadet procumbere ripâ
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices ſpeculi de margine pendet,
Mirata eſt ſubitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eoſdem, quos ipſa, artus, eadem ora gerentem
Unà inferre gradus, unà ſuccedere ſylvæ
Aſpicit alludens; ſeſeque agnoſcit in undis.
Sic ſenſu interno rerum ſimulacra ſuarum
Mens ciet, et proprios obſervat conſcia vultus.
Nec verò ſimplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
Conſtat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina oſtia nôrunt;
Hæ privos ſervant aditus; ſine legibus illæ
Paſsim, quà data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
Reſpice, cui a cunis triſtes extinxit ocellos,
Sæve et in eternas merſit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernuſque colorum
Offuſus nitor eſt, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at ſilum, et motus, ſpatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoſcere tactu:
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum eſt, et janua duplex,
Excluſæque oculis ſpecies irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui ſolis conceſſa poteſtas
Luminibus blandæ eſt radios immittere lucis
Undique proporro ſociis, quacunque pateſcit
Notitiæ campus, miſta laſciva ſeruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles viſu, et porta glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introitu, magnum ingruit illud, 5

Quo facere et fungi, quo res exiſtere circum
Quamque ſibi proprio cum corpore ſcimus et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.
Nunc age quo valeat pacto, qua ſenſilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare lateras
Materies (dictis aures advertе faventes)
Exſequar. Imprimis ſpatii quam multa per æquor
Millia multigenis pandant ſe corpora ſeclis
Expende; haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
Amplecti, nedum proprius dependere ſenſu,
Molis egens certæ, aut ſolido ſine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes
Ulla nec ovarum circumcæſura coercet.
Hæc conjuncta adeo tota compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordia. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falſum
Audeat?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.
Inde poteſtatum enaſci denſiſſima proles;
Nam quodcunque ferit viſum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua ſapit, credas hoc omne, neceſſe eſt,
Ponderibus, textu, diſcuſſu, mole, figura
Particulas præſtare leves, et ſemina rerum.
Nunc oculos igitur paſcunt, et luce miniſtra
Fulgere cuncta vides, ſpargique coloribus orbem,
Dum de ſole trahunt alias, aliaſque ſuperne
Dotorquent, retroque docent ſe vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter ſe fervent corpuſcula pulſu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, lateque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vebrantia clauſtra
Auditus queat allabi, ſonitumque propaget.
Cominus interdum non ullo interprete per ſe
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Senſiferumque urgent ultro per viſcera motum.
* * * * *

The firſt ſix lines of this fragment plainly intimate that his general deſign was to be compriſed in four books. *Firſt*, On the origin of our ideas. *Second*, On the diſtribution of the ideas in the memory. *Third*, On the province of reaſon, and its gradual improvement. *Fourth*, On the cauſe and effects of the paſſions. It is evident alſo, from the exordium, that he meant to make the ſame uſe of Locke's "Eſſay on the Human Underſtanding," that Lucretius did of the dogmas of Epicurus. His hexameters are, as far as modern ones can be, after the manner of Virgil; they move in the ſucceſſion of his pauſes, and cloſe with his eliſions.

The following Alcaic fragment is ſo happily executed, that it might impoſe upon the beſt critic as being a genuine ancient compoſition.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero ſacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui ſcatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, ſenſit.

The following fragment of an Heroic Epiſtle from *Sophoniſba* to *Maſſiniſſa*, in pentameters, is the beſt, becauſe the only original ſpecimen of his Ovidian verſe. His copiouſneſs of language is ſuch as very few poſſeſs, and his verſification is ſkilfully conſtructed, and commonly leaves the ear fully ſatisfied.

Egregium accipio promiſſi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandaſſes, luce vel unâ;
Tranſieram Stygios non inhoneſta lacus.
Victoris nec paſſa toros, nova nupta, mariti
Nec fueram faſtus, Roma ſuperba, tuos.

Scilicet hæc partem tibi. Maſſiniſſa, triumphi
Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora ſuæ
Imputat. atque uxor quòd non tua preſſa catenis,
Objecta et fævæ plauſibus urbis eo:
Quin tu pro tantis cepiſti præmia factis,
Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiæ!
Scipiadæ excuſes, oro, ſi tardius utar
Munere. Non nimiùm vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora eſt, breve ſed tempus mea fama requirit:
Detinet hæc animam cura ſuprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodeſſe meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Eliſæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulſiſſe ſecundæ,
Vel nimis hoſtiles extimuiſſe manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis noſtra repenſa malis.
Primitiaſne tuas meminiſti atque arma Syphacis
Fuſa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forſan meminiſſe pigebit,
Quodque decus quondam cauſa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pænis
Quo te non puduit ſolvere vota deis;
Mæniaque intrantem vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba ſalutantum, purpureique patres
Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
Hæret et aſpectu tota caterva tuo.
Sam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuſcus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generoſa modeſtia formam,
Seque cupit laudi ſurripuiſſe ſuæ.
Prima genas tenui ſignat vix flore juventas,
Et dextræ ſoli credimus eſſe virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per ſingula jactas,
(Seu rexit caſus lumina, ſive Venus)
In me (vel certè viſum eſt) converſa morari
Senſi; virgineus perculit ora pudor.
Neſcio quid vultum molle ſpirare tuendo,
Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
Quærebam, juxta æqualis ſi dignior eſſet,
Quæ poterat viſus detinuiſſe tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior eſſet,
Aſſeruitque decus conſcia forma ſuum.
Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi:
Sin premat invitæ lumina victa ſopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque recurſat imago;
Atque iterum heſterno munere victor ades.

* * * * * *

There is ſo much of nature in the ſentiment as well as poetry in the deſcription of the triumphal entry of young *Maſſiniſſa*, that it is much to be regretted he did not finiſh this epiſtle.

The moral and intellectual character of Gray, as given by Dr. Johnſon, entitles him to conſiderable, but not unalloyed praiſe. His pencil has thrown little into ſhade; at the ſame time that we ſee the great genius, we ſee a man of ſingularities, almoſt too violent for the commerce of ſociety. Of the rigorous examination to which he has ſubjected his poetry, the preſent writer is not inclined to make the eulogy. Declining all conſideration of the general plan and conduct of the pieces, he has confined himſelf ſolely to ſtrictures on the words and forms of expreſſion. Verbal criticiſm is an ordeal which the moſt perfect compoſition cannot paſs without injury.

The partial and uncandid mode of criticiſm adopted by Dr. Johnſon, in his remarks on Gray, ſeems to have given general, and indeed juſt offence. Particular reſentment has been expreſſed, as might be expected, by his *Alma Mater* the univerſity of Cambridge. An ingenious vindication of his "Lyric Performances" by Mr. Potter, appeared in 1782, which was followed in the ſame year, by an able defence of "his writings" in "Remarks on Dr. Johnſon's Life of Gray," &c. His atrabilious

mode of criticiſing, and ſtyle of expreſſion, have been ſucceſsfully imitated by Profeſſor Young of Glaſgow, in an ironical continuation of his "Criticiſm on the Poems of Gray," intituled, "A Criticiſm on the Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard," 8vo. 1783. He has alſo fallen under Mr. Wakefield's ſevereſt indignation. The refutation of his ſtrictures upon Gray he thinks a neceſſary ſervice to the public, without which they might operate with a malignant influence upon the national taſte. His cenſure, however, is too general, and expreſſed with too much vehemence. Dr Johnſon's remarks, undoubtedly betray a blindneſs to poetic beauty, an unreaſonable faſtidiouſneſs of taſte, and an unbecoming illiberality of ſpirit, yet they are not without ſome foundation; particularly that his language is encumbered and harſh, and that his poetry was in a manner the effect of induſtry and perſeverance. He appears to have turned an unwilling eye upon the beauties of Gray, becauſe his jealouſy would not ſuffer him to ſee ſuch ſuperlative merit in a contemporary. yet he is compelled to paſs a panegyric on the *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*, and the *Ode to Adverſity*. The preſent writer perfectly agrees with Mr. Wakefield in his general idea (though he ſhould not chooſe to adopt his mode of expreſſing it) that Dr. Johnſon was not poſſeſſed of delicate ſenſibility; and to this cauſe, as well as to his political and religious prejudices, he is inclined to impute the coldneſs with which he applauds ſome of the productions of our beſt writers, and the ſeverity with which he cenſures the lyric performances of Gray. It is perhaps certain, that no one poetical reader will univerſally ſubſcribe to his deciſions, but all may admire his vaſt intuitive knowledge and power of reaſoning.

What has occurred to me from the ſlight inſpection of his letters, is, that his mind had a large graſp; that his curioſity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all, but that he was faſtidious and hard to pleaſe. His contempt, however, is often employed, where I hope it will be approved, upon ſcepticiſm, and infidelity.

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces firſt rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it aroſe in the train of compoſition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fanciful foppery, to which my kindneſs for a man of learning and of virtue wiſhes him to have been ſuperior.

"Gray's poetry is now to be conſidered; and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confeſs that I contemplate it with leſs pleaſure than his life.

"His ode on *Spring* has ſomething poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late ariſen a practice of giving to adjectives derived from ſubſtantives, the termination of participles; ſuch as the *cultured* plain, the *daiſied* bank; but I was ſorry to ſee, in the lines of a ſcholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too ſtale; the concluſion is pretty.

"The poem *On the Cat* was doubtleſs by its author conſidered as a trifle, but it is not a happy trifle. In the firſt ſtanza, "the azure flowers *that* blow," ſhow reſolutely a rhyme is ſometimes made when it cannot eaſily be found. Selima, the Cat, is called a nymph, with ſome violence both to language and ſenſe; but there is good uſe made of it when it is done; for of the two lines,

What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

the firſt relates merely to the nymph, and the ſecond only to the cat. The ſixth ſtanza contains a melancholy truth, that "a favourite has no friend;" but the laſt ends in a pointed ſentence of no relation to the purpoſe; if *what gliſtered* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if ſhe had, would not leſs have been drowned.

"The *Proſpect of Eton College* ſuggeſts nothing to Gray, which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His ſupplication to father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or toſſes the ball, is uſeleſs and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himſelf. His epithet "buxom health" is not elegant; he ſeems not to underſtand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more remote from common uſe: finding in Dryden "honey redolent of Spring," an expreſſion that reaches the utmoſt limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehenſion, by making "gales" to be "redolent of joy and youth."

"Of the *Ode on Adverſity*, the hint was at firſt taken from "O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium;" but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his ſentiments, and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not by ſlight objections violate the dignity.

"My proceſs has now brought me to the *wonderful* "Wonder of Wonders," the two Siſter Odes; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common ſenſe at firſt univerſally rejected them, many have been ſince perſuaded to think themſelves delighted. I am one of thoſe that are willing to be pleaſed, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the firſt ſtanza of the *Progreſs of Poetry*. Gray ſeems in his rapture to confound the images of "ſpreading ſound and running water." A "ſtream of muſic" may be allowed; but where does "muſic," however "ſmooth and ſtrong," after having viſited the "verdant vales, rowl down the ſteep amain," ſo as that "rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar?" If this be ſaid of muſic, it is nonſenſe; if it be ſaid of water, it is nothing to the purpoſe.

"The ſecond ſtanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticiſm diſdains to chaſe a ſchool-boy to his common-places.

"To the third, it may likewiſe be objected, that it is drawn from mythology, though ſuch as may be more eaſily aſſimilated to real life. Idalia's "velvet-green" has ſomething of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. "Many-twinkling" was formerly cenſured as not analogical; we may ſay "many-ſpotted," but ſcarcely "many-ſpotting." This ſtanza, however, has ſomething pleaſing.

"Of the ſecond ternary of ſtanzas, the firſt endeavours to tell ſomething, and would have told it, had it not been croſſed by Hyperion: the ſecond deſcribes well enough the univerſal prevalence of poetry; but I am afraid that the concluſion will not riſe from the premiſes. The caverns of the North, and the plains of Chili, are not the reſidences of "glory and generous ſhame." But that poetry and virtue go always together, is an opinion ſo pleaſing, that I can forgive him who reſolves to think it true.

"The third ſtanza ſounds big with "Delphi," and "Egean," and "Iliſſus," and "Meander," and "hallowed fountain," and "ſolemn ſound;" but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous ſplendour which we wiſh away. His poſition is at laſt falſe: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom he derives our firſt ſchool of poetry, Italy was over-run by "tyrant power" and "coward vice;" nor was our ſtate much better when we firſt borrowed the Italian arts.

"Of the third ternary, the firſt gives a mythological birth of Shakſpeare. What is ſaid of that mighty genius is true, but it is not ſaid happily: the real effects of this poetical power are put out of ſight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is ſufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worſe than uſeleſs; the counterfeit debaſes the genuine.

"His account of Milton's blindneſs if we ſuppoſed it cauſed by ſtudy in the formation of his poem, a ſuppoſition ſurely allowable, is poetically true, and happily imagined. But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two courſers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.

"The *Bard* appears, at the firſt view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it ſuperior to its original; and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in the *Bard* more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is leſs than to invent; and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival diſguſts us with apparent and unconquerable falſehood. *Incredulus odi.*

"To ſelect a ſingular event, and ſwell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of ſpectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forſakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little uſe, we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find ſomething to be imitated or declined. I do not ſee that the *Bard* promotes any truth, moral or political.

" His ſtanzas are too long, eſpecially his epodes; the ode is finiſhed before the ear has learned its meaſures, and conſequently before it can receive pleaſure from their conſonance and recurrence.

" Of the firſt ſtanza, the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praiſe only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to ruſh abruptly upon his ſubject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armſtrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

" The initial reſemblances, or alliterations, " ruin, ruthleſs, helm, or hauberk," are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at ſublimity.

" In the ſecond ſtanza, the Bard is well deſcribed; but in the third we have the puerilities of obſolete mythology. When we are told that " Cadwallo huſh'd the ſtormy main," and that " Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head," attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was firſt heard, was heard with ſcorn.

" The *weaving* of the *winding ſheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of ſpinning the thread of life in another mythology. Theft is always dangerous; Gray has made weavers of ſlaughtered bards, by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to " Weave the warp, and weave the woof," perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by croſſing the *woof* with the *warp* that men *weave* the *web* or piece; and the firſt line was dearly bought by the admiſſion of its wretched correſpondent, " Give ample room and verge enough." He has, however, no other line as bad.

" The third ſtanza of the ſecond ternary is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The perſonification is indiſtinct. *Thirſt* and *hunger* are not alike; and their features, to make the imagery perfect, ſhould have been diſcriminated. We are told, in the ſame ſtanza, how " towers are fed." But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be obſerved that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example, but ſuicide is always to be had without expence of thought.

" Theſe odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments; they ſtrike rather than pleaſe; the images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harſhneſs. The mind of the writer ſeems to work with unnatural violence. " Double, double, toil and trouble." He has a kind of ſtrutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his ſtruggle are too viſible, and there is too little appearance of eaſe and nature.

" To ſay that he has no beauties, would be unjuſt: a man like him, of great learning and great induſtry, could not but produce ſomething valuable. When he pleaſes leaſt, it can only be ſaid that a good deſign was ill directed.

" His tranſlations of Northern and Welſh poetry deſerve praiſe; the imagery is preſerved, perhaps often improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

" In the character of his *Elegy* I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common ſenſe of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of ſubtilty, and the dogmatiſm of learning, muſt be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The *Church-Yard* abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with ſentiments to which every boſom returns an echo. The four ſtanzas, beginning " Yet even theſe bones," are to me original: I have never ſeen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, perſuades himſelf that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and uſeleſs to praiſe him."

THE WORKS OF GRAY.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſpering pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade *,
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care:
The panting herd's repoſe:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon †:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhow their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun ‡.

To contemplation's ſober eye §
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the buſy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day.
In fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough miſchance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in duſt to reſt.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply;
Poor moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

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* - - - - - "a bank
"O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine."
Shakeſp. Mids. Night's Dream.

† "Nare per æſtatem liquidam—"
Virg. Georg. Lib. iv.

‡ - - - - - "ſporting with quick glance
"Show to the ſun their waved coats drop'd
"with gold."
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, Book vii.

§ "While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c."
M. Green, in the Grotto.
Dodſley's Miſcellanies, Vol. v. *p.* 161.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fiſhes.

'Twas on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What cat's averſe to fiſh?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Not all that glisters, gold.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος' ἱκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυσυχεῖν.
MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's * holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain?
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, † redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some hold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue:
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind;
Or pining love, shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy,
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody madness * laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;

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* *King Henry the Sixth, Founder of the College.*

† "And bees their honey redolent of spring."
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

* —"Madness laughing in his wreful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palemon and Arcite.

The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate!
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies.
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

——Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ παθεῖ μαθὼν
Θέσπιν κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in AGAMEMNONE.

Daughter of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, amidſt the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noiſe, and thoughtleſs joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom, in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm charity, the general friend,
With juſtice, to herſelf-ſevere,
And pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſtening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With ſcreaming horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell diſeaſe, and ghaſtly poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddeſs wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The generous ſpark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath theſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
The peeling anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt.
Or flattery ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;

* —"ſquilla di lontano
"Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore."
Dante. Purgat. l. 8.

Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caſt one longing lingering look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
* Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
" Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
" Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
" To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn."

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
" Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in ſad array
" Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
" Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair ſcience frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heaven did a recompenſe as largely ſend;
He gave to miſery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe),
The boſom of his Father and his God.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνανθα συνετοισιν ἐς
Δὲ τὸ παν ἑρμηνέων χαλιζει. PINDAR, OLYMP. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the author firſt publiſhed this and the following ode, he was adviſed, even by his friends, to ſubjoin ſome few explanatory notes; but had too much reſpect for the underſtanding of his readers to take that liberty.

I. 1.

† Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling ſtrings.
From Helicon's harmonious ſprings
A thouſand rills their mazy progreſs take:

* " Ch'i veggio nel penſier, dolce mio fuoco,
" Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiuſi
" Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."
Petrarch, Son. 169.

* —— preventoſa ſpemæ. *Petrarch, Son.* 114.

† " Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp."
David's Pſalms.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

* Oh! ſovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen cares,
And frantic paſſions, hear thy ſoft controul,
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
† Perching on the ſcepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,
With ruffled plume, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

‡ Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned loves are ſeen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic ſports, and blue-ey'd pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
§ Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns, the graces homage pay.
With arts ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
‖ The bloom of young deſire, and purple light of love.

Pindar ſtyles his own poetry with its muſical accompanyments, Αἰολὶς μολπή, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. *Æolian ſong, Æolian ſtrings, the breath of the Æolian flute.*

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are united. The various ſources of poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, is here deſcribed: its quiet majeſtic progreſs enriching every ſubject (otherwiſe dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

* *Power of harmony to calm the turbulent ſallies of the ſoul. The thoughts are borrowed from the firſt Pythian of Pindar.*

† *This is a faint imitation of ſome incomparable lines in the ſame ode.*

‡ *Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.*

§ Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
Homer, Od. Θ.

‖ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ ποσφυρέῃσι.
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος.
Phrynichus, apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Diſeaſe, and ſorrow's weeping train,
And death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky;
† Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glittering ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

‡ In climes beyond the ſolar ‖ road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The muſe has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the ſhivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous ſhame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

§ Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languiſh
Mute, but to the voice of anguiſh?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around:

---

* *To compenſate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muſe was given to mankind by the ſame Providence that ſends the day, by its chearful preſence to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the night.*

† "Or ſeen the morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hills afar."
Cowley.

‡ *Extenſive influence of poetic genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it.* [See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welſh fragments, the Lapland and American ſongs.]

‖ "Extra anni ſolisque vias—" *Virgil.*
"Tutta lontana dal camin del ſole."
Petrarch, Canzon, 2.

§ *Progreſs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taſte there; Spenſer imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this ſchool expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.*

Every ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:
Till the ſad nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnaſſus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they ſcorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty ſpirit loſt, [coaſt.
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy ſea-encircled

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and ſmil'd,
This pencil (take ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he †, that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of ecſtaſy,
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy.
‡ He paſs'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
§ The living throne, the ſapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
‖ Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
** Two courſes of etherеal race,
†† With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
‡‡ Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
§§ But ah! 'tis heard no more—

---

* *Shakeſpeare.* † *Milton.*

‡ " —flammantia mœnia mundi" *Lucretius.*

§ *For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire ſtone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.* *Ezekiel* i. 20. 26, 28.

‖ Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμέρσε· δίδε δ' ἡδείαν ἀοιδήν.
Homer's Odyſſey.

** *Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.*

†† " Haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder?" *Job.*

‡‡ " Words that weep, and tears that ſpeak." *Cowley.*

§§ *We have had, in our language, no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's-day: for Cowley, who had his merit, yet wanted judgment, ſtyle, and harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr. Maſon, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his Choruſſes—above all, in the laſt of Caractacus.*

" Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread? &c."

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
* That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

THE BARD:

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the Firſt, when he completed the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

' RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
' Confuſion on thy banners wait,
' Though ſann'd by conqueſt's crimſon wing,
' † They mock the air with idle ſtate.
' Helm, nor ‡ hauberk's twiſted mail,
' Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, ſhall avail
' To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
' From Cambria's curſe from Cambria's tears!
Such were the ſounds that o'er the § creſted pride
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of ‖ Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide
He wound with toilſome march his long array.

---

* Διος πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. *Olymp.* 2. *Pindar compares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it purſues its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.*

† " Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread." *Shakſpeare's King John.*

‡ *The hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion.*

§ " —The creſted adder's pride." *Dryden's Indian Queen.*

‖ *Snowdon was a name given by the Savons to that mountainous tract, which the Welſh themſelves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far as eaſt the river Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle of Conway, built by King Edward the Firſt, ſays, " Ad ortum amnis " Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad. ann. 1283,) " Apud Aberconway ad " pedes montis Snowdoniæfecit erigi caſtrum forte."*

Stout * Clo'fter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance:
To arms cried † Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frown's o'er old Conway's ſoaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet ſtood;
(‡ Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
§ Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant oak, and deſert cave,
'Sighs to the torrents awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they weave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the ſtormy main:
'Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whoſe magic ſong
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'‖ On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail:
'The famiſh'd ¶ eagle ſcreams and paſſes by.
'Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
'** Dear as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries—

'No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
'I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-ſheet of Edward's race,
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"† When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright,
"The ſhrieks of death, through Berkeley's roofs that ring:
"Shrieks of an agonizing king;
"‡ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tears the bowels of thy mangled mate,
"§ From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The ſcourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
"Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd;
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty Lord,
"‖ Low on his funeral couch he lies!
"No pitying heart, no eye afford
"A tear to grace his obſequies.
"Is the ſable ¶ warrior fled?
"Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the dead.
"The ſwarm, that in the noon-tide beam were borne;
"Gone to ſalute the riſing morn.
"Fair laughs ** the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and pleaſure at the helm;
"Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
"That, hush'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

"Fill †† high the ſparkling bowl,
"The rich repaſt prepare;

---

* *Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl of Glouceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to King Edward.*

† *Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.*

They both were Lords-Marchers, whoſe lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

‡ *The image was taken from the well-known picture of Raphael repreſenting the Supreme Being in the viſion of Ezekiel: there are two of theſe paintings (both believed original), one at Florence, the other at Paris.*

§ Shone like a meteor ſtreaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt.

‖ *The ſhores of Caernarvonſhire oppoſite to the iſle of Angleſey.*

¶ *Camden and others obſerve, that eagles uſed annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as ſome think) were named by the Welſh* Craigian-eryri, *or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the higheſt point of Snowdon is called* The Eagle's Neſt. *That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, &c can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire.* [*See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.*]

** As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That viſit my ſad heart,
Shakeſp. Jul. Cæſ.

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* *See the Norwegian Ode that follows.*

† *Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkeley-caſtle.*

‡ *Iſabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.*

§ *Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.*

‖ *Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his laſt moments by his courtiers and his miſtreſs.*

¶ *Edward the Black Prince, dead ſome time before his father.*

** *Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See* Froiſſard, *and other contemporary writers.*

†† *Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.*

" Reft of a crown, he yet may fhare the feaft :
" Clofe by the regal chair
" Fell thirft and famine fcowl
" A baleful fmile upon their baffled gueft.
" Heard ye the din of * battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horfe to horfe !
" Long years of havoc urge their deftin'd courfe,
" And through the kindred fquadrons mow their
" way.
" Ye towers of Julius †, London's laſting fhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his ‡ confort's faith, his § father's fame,
" And fpare the meek || uſurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the ¶ roſe of fnow,
" Twin'd with her blufhing foe we fpread :
" The briſtled ** boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny fhade.
" Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
" doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo ! to fudden fate
' (Weave we the woof. The thread is fpun).
" †† Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh ſtay ! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
' In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
' They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
' But oh ! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
' Deſcending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll ?
' Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul !
' No more our long-loſt ‡‡ Arthur we bewail.
' All-hail, ||| ye genuine kings ; Britannia's iſſue, hail !
'

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* *Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.*

† *Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgularly attributed to Julius Cæſar.*

‡ *Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.*

§ *Henry the Fifth.*

|| *Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.*

¶ *The white and red roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.*

** *The ſilver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third ; whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.*

†† *Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.*

‡‡ *It was the common belief of the Welſh nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.*

||| *Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welſh ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland ; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the houſe of Tudor.*

III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold
' Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear ;
' And gorgeous dames and ſtateſmen old,
' In bearded majeſty, appear.
' In the midſt a form divine !
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
' Her lion-port *, her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
' What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
' What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play ;
' Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin †, hear ;
' They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay,
' Bright rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
' Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd
' wings.

III. 3.

' The verſe adorn again
' ‡ Fierce war, and faithful love,
' And truth ſevere, by fairy fiction dreſt.
' In || buſkin'd meaſures move
' Pale grief, and pleaſing pain,
' With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
' A § voice, as of the cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
' ¶ And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
' That loſt in long futurity expire.
' Fond impious man, think'ſt thou, yon ſanguine cloud,
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me : with joy I ſee
' The different doom our fates aſſign.
' Be thine deſpair, and ſcepter'd care ;
' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

An Ode **.

(FROM THE NORSE TONGUE,)

In the Orcades of Thormodus Torfæus Hafniæ, 1697. Folio ; and alſo in Bartholinus.

VITT ER OPRIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

PREFACE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a con-

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* *Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dziulinſki, ambaſſador of Poland, ſays, ' And thus ſhe, lion-like riſing, daunted the ma-' laſert orator no leſs with her ſtately port and ma-' jeſtical deporture, than with the tartneſſe of her ' princelie chekes.'*

† *Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.*

‡ " Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize
" my ſong."
Spenſer's Proëme to the Faery Queen.

|| *Shakeſpeare.* § *Milton.*

¶ *The ſucceſſion of poets after Milton's time.*

** *The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving " The Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry ;"*

ſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sictryg with the Silken-Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas day (the day of the battle), a native of Caithneſs, in Scotland, ſaw at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures, reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful ſong; which when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth.

Now the ſtorm begins to lour,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare),
* Iron-fleet of arrowy ſhower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's wo, and Randver's bane.

See the grieſly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along;
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced ſome ſpecimens of the ſtyle that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or thoſe who had ſubdued the greater part of this iſland, and were our progenitors; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long ſince dropped his deſign, eſpecially after he had heard that it was already in the hands of a perſon well qualified to do it juſtice, both by his taſte, and his reſearches into antiquity.

Note—*The Valkyriur were female divinities, ſervants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies chooſers of the ſlain. They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradiſe of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.*

* "How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them ſhot
"Sharp fleet of arrowy ſhower"
Milton's Par. Reg.

† "The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air."
Shakſpeare's Jul. Cæſar.

Miſta black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda ſee,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war),
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' enſanguin'd field
Gondula, and Geira ſpread
O'er the youthful king your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war).

They, whom once the deſert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun.
Siſters, weave the web of death;
Siſters, ceaſe, the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence, with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

An Ode.

(FROM THE NORSE TONGUE,)

In Bartholinus, de cauſis contemnendæ mortis; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUIR, &c.

UPROSE the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed;

Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode,
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd;
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground,
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb;
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Dress'd for whom yon golden bed?

PR. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PR. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey.
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a while my call obey.
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose,
Then I leave thee to repose.

PR. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line—

O. No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till * Lok has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till subsantial night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN †.

A FRAGMENT.

From Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry, London, 1764, quarto.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
‡ Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
§ Lochlin plows the watery way:

* *Nifleheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.*

* *Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear, the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself and his kindred deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, quarto.*

† *Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.*

‡ *North Wales.* § *Denmark.*

There the Norman sails afar,
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sands
* The Dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar,
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and to shame fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

FROM THE WELSH †.

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadrons hurl'd,
To rush, and sweep them from the world!
Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them my friend, my Hoel, died,
Great Cian's son: of Madoc old,
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.
To Cattraeth's vale, in glitt'ring row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreath'd in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar, that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattraeth's vale return,
Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep, and sing their fall.

EPITAPH,

AT BECKENHAM, ON MRS. CLARKE ‡.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother, sleeps;
A heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues lov'd to dwell:
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity, were there.
In agony, in death, resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe;
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along this lonely vale of days?
A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh, an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

STANZAS,

Suggested by a view of the Seat and Ruins at Kingsgate, in Kent, 1766.

Old, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here H——d took the pious resolution,
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, fear to land.

Here reign the blustering north and blasting east,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new terrors still to bring.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B—te been true,
Nor G——'s, nor B——d's promises been vain,
Far other scenes than this had grac'd our view,
And realiz'd the horrors which we feign.

"Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls should have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

ODE FOR MUSIC.

Performed at the Senate-house at Cambridge, July 1. 1769, at the Installation of his Grace Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University.

"Hence, avaunt ('tis holy ground),
"Comus, and his midnight crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in these consecrated bowers [flowers.
"Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in
"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muse's walk to stain,

---

* *The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners.*

† *Of Aneurin, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. This ode is extracted from the Gododin, (See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71. and 93.) and now first published*

‡ *Wife to a physician; she died April 27. 1757*

" While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
" Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There fit the fainted sage, the bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardor stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

Ye brown o'erarching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melan-
" choly."

But hark! the portails sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great * Edward, with the lilies on his brow,
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad †Chatillon, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely ‡ Clare,
And ‖ Anjou's Heroine, and § the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And ** either Henry there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak, in soft accord,
The liquid language of the skies:

" What is grandeur, what is power?
" Heavier toil, superior pain.
" What the bright reward we gain?
" The grateful memory of the good.
" Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
" The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
" Sweet Music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
" The still small voice of Gratitude."

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
The † venerable Marg'ret see!
" Welcome, my noble son," she cries aloud,
" To this, thy kindred train, and me:
" Pleas'd in thy lineaments, we trace
" A ‡ Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.
" Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
" The flower unheeded shall descry,
" And bid it round heaven's altars shed
" The fragrance of its blushing head:
" Shall raise from earth the latent gem,
" To glitter on the diadem.

" Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
" Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
" No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
" Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
" Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
" She reveres herself and thee.
" With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
" The laureat-wreath, ‖ that Cecil wore, she
" brings,
" And to thy just, thy gentle hand
" Submits the fasces of her sway,
" While spirits blest above, and men below,
" Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

" Through the wild waves as they roar,
" With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
" Thy steady course of honour keep,
" Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
" The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
" And gilds the horrors of the deep."

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* *Edward the Third; who added the Fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity-College.*

† *Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon Comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that her husband Ademar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke-College, or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.*

‡ *Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of Princely. She founded Clare-Hall.*

‖ *Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's-College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former ode.*

§ *Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the pale Rose, as being of the House of York.) She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.*

** *Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity-College.*

A LONG STORY§.

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:

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† *Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's-Colleges.*

‡ *The countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.*

‖ *Lord Treasurer Burleigh was Chancellor of the University, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

§ *Lady Cobham, who first lived at the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, having read and admired the Elegy in a Country Church-yard, in M. S. she wished to be acquaint-*

The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each pannel in atchievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing *.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
† My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat, and sattin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
‡ A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her.
Melissa is her *nom de guerre*.
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen,
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of * Mr. P—t
(By this time all the parish know it),
Had told, that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission,
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cubboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him, underneath their hoops,
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will believe)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, wisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray),

---

ed with the author; accordingly her relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to bring this about by making him the first visit. He happened to be from home when the ladies arrived at his aunt's solitary mansion, and, when he returned, was surprised to find, written on one of his papers, in the parlour where he usually read, the following note: "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray; she is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well." This necessarily obliged him to return the visit, and soon after induced him to compose a ludicrous account of this little adventure, for the amusement of the ladies in question.

** The mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, then in the possession of Viscountess Cobham. The style of building, which we now call Queen Elizabeth's, is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects; and the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of her time with equal truth and humour. The house formerly belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon, and the family of Hatton.*

† Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. Brawls were a sort of figure dance, then in vogue.

‡ The reader is already apprised who these ladies were; the two descriptions are prettily contrasted; and nothing can be more happily turned than the compliment to Lady Cobham, in the eighth stanza.

** This gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Gray's in the country, was much disposed at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, surely, without any great reason.*

To Phœbus he preferr'd his caſe,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a bluſh, on recollection,
Ow..'d that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainſt four ſuch eyes were no protection.

The court was ſat, the culprit there,
Forth from the gloomy manſions creeping,
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery ſtand peeping:

Such as in ſilence of the night
Come (ſweep) along ſome winding entry,
(Styack * has often ſeen the ſight)
Or at the chapel-door ſtand centry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarniſh'd,
Sour viſages, enough to ſcare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garniſh'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peereſs comes. The audience ſtare,
And doff their hats with due ſubmiſſion:
She curtſies, as ſhe takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Diſprov'd the arguments of † Squib,
And all that ‡ Groom could urge againſt him.

But ſoon his rhetoric forſook him,
When he the ſolemn hall had ſeen;
A ſudden fit of ague ſhook him.
He ſtood as mute as poor || Macleane.

Yet ſomething he was heard to mutter:
" How in the park, beneath an old tree
" (Without deſign to hurt the butter,
" Or any malice to the poultry),

" He once or twice had penn'd a ſonnet:
" Yet hop'd that he might ſave his bacon:
" Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
" He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghoſtly prudes, with hagged § face,
Already had condemn'd the ſinner.
My lady roſe, and with a grace—
She ſmil'd, and bid him come to dinner ¶.

" Jeſu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
" Why, what can the Viſcounteſs mean?"
Cried the ſquare-hoods in woeful fidget,
" The times are alter'd quite and clean!

" Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
" Her air and all her manners ſhow it.
" Commend me to her affability!
" Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[*Here 500 ſtanzas are loſt.*]

And ſo God ſave our noble king,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would ſing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

GRAY OF HIMSELF.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune,
He had not the method of making a fortune;
Could love and could hate, ſo was thought ſomething odd,
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God:
A poſt or a penſion he did not deſire,
But left church and ſtate to Charles Townſhend and Squire.

Elegiac Verſes occaſioned by the Sight of the Plains, where the Battle of Trebiæ was fought.

Qua Trebie glaucas ſalices interſecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Viſus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et ſuſpirantes ducere mæſtus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbreſcere turmæ,
Et pulſa Auſonidum ripa ſonare fugâ.

Deſcription of the ſudden riſing of Monte Nuovo, near Puzzoli, and of the deſtruction which attended it. *

Nec procul infelix ſe tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Proſpiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Triſtior ille diu, et veteri deſuetus olivâ
Gaurus, pampineæque eheu jam neſcius umbræ;
Horrendi tam ſæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.
Nam fama eſt olim, mediâ dum rura ſilebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfuſa quiete,
Infremuiſſe æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Latè tellurem ſurdùm immugire cavernas:
Quo ſonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita tuto
Parthenopæa ſinu, flammantiſque ora Veſevi.
At ſubitò ſe aperire ſolum, vaſtoſque receſſus
Pandere ſub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces;
Pumiceas cinerum glomerare ſub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
Sylvarum fugit paſtor, juga per deſerta,
Ah, miſer! increpitans ſæpè altâ voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire ſequentes.
Atque ille excelſo rupis de vertice ſolus
Reſpectans notaſque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil uſquàm videt infelix præter mare triſti
Lumine percuſſum, et pallentes ſulphure campos,
Fumumque, flammaſque, rotataque turbine ſaxa.
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cœlo;
Mæſtos confluere agricolas, paſſuque videres
Pandem iterum timido deſerta requirere tecta:

---

* *The houſe-keeper.*
† *The ſteward.*
‡ *Groom of the chamber.*
|| *A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.*
§ *Hagged, i. e. the face of a witch or hag; the epithet Hagard has been ſometimes miſtaken, as conveying the ſame idea; but it means a very different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is taken from an unreclaimed hawk, called an hagard.*
¶ *Here the ſtory finiſhes; the exclamation of the ghoſts which follows, is characteriſtic of the Spaniſh manners of the age, when they are ſuppoſed to have lived; and the 500 ſtanzas, ſaid to be loſt, may be imagined to contain the remainder of their long-winded expoſtulation.*

* *See Sandys's Travels, B. 4. p. 275,—278.*

Sperantes, ſi forte oculis, ſi forte darentnr
Uxorum cineres, miſerorum veoſſa parentum
(Tenuia, ſed tanti ſaltem ſolatia luctus)
Unâ colligere et juſtâ componere in urnâ.
Uxo·um nuſquam cineres, nuſquam oſſa parentum
(Spem miſeram!) affuetoſve Lares, Tautrura vide-
bunt.
Quippe ubi planities campi diffuſa jacebat;
Mons novus: ille ſupercilium, frontemque ſavillâ
Incanum oſtentans, ambuſtis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, ſtragemque ſuam, mæſta arva, minaci
Deſpicit imperio, ſoloque in littore regnat.
Hinc infame loci nomen, multoſque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, neſcire labores
Vomeris, et nullo telius revireſcere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Paſtorum reſonare; adeò undique dirus habebat
Informes latè horror agros ſaltuque vacantes.
Sæpius et longé detorquens navita proram
Monſtrabat digito littus, ſævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.
Montis adhuc facies manet hirta atque aſpera
laxis:
Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ naſcenti aderat; ſeu forté bituminis atri
Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula ſufficere ardori, vireſque recuſat;

Sive in viſceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti eſſe futuræ
Exitio, ſparſos tacituſque recolligit ignes.
Raro per clivos haud ſecius ordine vidi
Caneſcentem oleam: longum poſt tempus amicti
Vite virent tumulti; patriamque reviſere gaudens
Bacchus in aſſuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidoque audet ſe credere cœlo.

Imitation of an Italian Sonnet of Sig. Abbate Buondelmonte.

Spesso Amor ſotto la forma
D'amiſtà ride, e s'aſconde:
Poi ſi miſchia, e ſi confonde
Con lo ſdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei ſi trasforma;
Par traſtullo, e par diſpetto:
Mà nel ſuo diverſo aſpetto
Sempr'egi, è l'iſteſſo Amor.

Luſit amicitiæ interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compoſitâ veſte ſefellit Amor.
Mox iræ aſſumſit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium verſus, verſus et in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem eſt diſſimili ſemper in ore Deus.

TRANSLATION FROM STATIUS.

Third in the labours of the diſc came on,
With ſturdy ſtep and ſlow, Hippomedon;
Artful and ſtrong he pois'd the well known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mneſtheus fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every ſinew ſtrung;
Then with a tempeſt's whirl and wary eye,
Purſu'd his caſt, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high tenacious of its courſe,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to ſee
It· ancient lord ſecure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall,
The ponderous maſs ſtrikes in the cleaving ground,
While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.
As when from Ætna's ſmoking ſummit broke,
The eyeleſs Cyclops heav'd the craggy rock;
Where ocean frets beneath the daſhing oar,
And parting ſurges round the veſſel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And ſcarce Ulyſſes 'ſcap'd his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native ſpots and artful labour gay,
A ſhining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

A FAREWEL TO FLORENCE.

* * On Fæſulæ amæna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm ſpirantibus auris!
Alma quibus Tuſci Pallas decus Apennini
Eſſe dedit, glaucâque ſuâ caneſcere ſylvâ!
Non ego vos poſthàc Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, & candenti cincta coronâ
Villarum longè nitido conſurgere dorſo,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupreſſus
Mirabor, tectiſque ſuper pendentia tecta.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

Containing

ODES, ELEGIES, ‖ EPISTLES, IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

In vain to me the ſmiling mornings ſhine,
And reddening Phœbus liſts his golden fire,
The birds in vain their am'rous deſcant join,
Or cheerful fields reſume their green attire.
Theſe ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do theſe eyes require;
My lonely anguiſh melts no heart but mine,
And in my breaſt th' imperfect joys expire;
Yet morning ſmiles the buſy race to cheer,
And new-born pleaſure brings to happier men,
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear,
To warm their little loves the birds complain,
I fruitleſs mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more becauſe I weep in vain.

GRAY'S SONNET ON THE DEATH OF WEST.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF R. WEST.

THE few melancholy incidents which form the ſlender hiſtory of the life of WEST, were given to the world by Mr. Maſon, in his "Memoirs of the life of Gray," together with his poetical remains, and whatever was moſt valuable of his proſe writings, conſiſting chiefly of his correſpondence with Gray.

Richard Weſt was born in 1716. His father, Richard Weſt, Eſq. was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, during the two laſt years of the reign of George I. His grandfather, by the mother, the celebrated Biſhop Burnet.

He was educated at Eton School, where he formed an acquaintance with Gray, which was improved by a ſimilarity of taſte and of purſuits into a friendſhip of uncommon ardour and ſincerity.

He removed from Eton to Chriſt-Church College, Oxford, in 1734, about the ſame time that Gray left that place for Cambridge. Each of them carried with him the reputation of an excellent claſſical ſcholar; though, it is ſaid, that at the time Weſt's genius was reckoned the moſt brilliant of the two; a judgment which, in Mr. Maſon's opinion, was not well founded.

At the time of his leaving School, he commenced a correſpondence with Gray, which continued, with very little intermiſſion, for the ſpace of about eight years.

This correſpondence, which is included in the collection of letters publiſhed by Mr. Maſon, aſcertains not only the ſcope and turn of their genius, but of their temper. It includes alſo ſeveral ſpecimens of their juvenile compoſitions, and at the ſame time marks the progreſs they had made in literature.

"Though Mr. Weſt's part of that correſpondence," ſays Mr. Maſon, "will undoubtedly ſhow that he poſſeſſed very extraordinary talents, yet, on Mr. Gray's ſide, there ſeems, ſuperadded to theſe, ſuch a manly preciſion of taſte, and maturity of judgment, as would induce one to believe Mr. Walpole's phraſe not very hyperbolical, who has often aſſerted to me that "Gray never was a boy."

The letters are characterized by an elegant ſimplicity, derived from a diligent ſtudy of the beſt claſſical models, and cannot fail to be acceptable to ſuch ingenious youths, who being about the ſame age, have a reliſh for the ſame ſtudies, and boſoms ſuſceptible of the ſame warmth of friendſhip.

"Next to ſeeing you," ſays Weſt, in his letter to Gray, dated November 14. 1735, "is the pleaſure of ſeeing your handwriting; next to hearing you is the pleaſure of hearing from you. Really and ſincerely I wonder at you that you thought it not worth while to anſwer my laſt letter. I hope this will have better ſucceſs in behalf of your quondam ſchoolfellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Through many a flowery path and ſhelly grot,
Where learning lull'd us in her private maze."

This laſt expreſſion prettily diſtinguiſhes their ſtudies, when out of the public ſchool, which would naturally, at their age, be vague and deſultory.

The reliſh he had contracted for polite literature, before his removal to Oxford, rendered the abſtruſe ſtudies which occupy the attention of young men, altogether taſteleſs and irkſome.

"Song was his favourite and firſt purſuit." *Minſtrel, Book I. Stanza 57.*

"As yet," he writes Gray, May 24. 1736, "I have not looked into Sir Iſaac. Public diſputations I hate; mathematics I reverence; hiſtory, morality, and natural philoſophy, have the greateſt charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry? they call it idleneſs, but it is ſurely the moſt enchanting thing in the world, "ac dulce otium et pœne omni negotio pulchrius."

In the December following, he exhorted his friend, whoſe thoughts were directed to the ſtudy of the law, as a profeſſion for life, "not to throw poetry, like a nauſeous weed, away, but to cheriſh its ſweets in his boſom."

Mix with your grave deſigns a little pleaſure,
Each day of buſineſs has its hour of leiſure.

As a proof of his attachment to his claſſic companions, "I have ſent you," ſays he, "an elegy of *Tibullus* tranſlated. *Tibullus*, you muſt know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant, and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excels him only in wit, of which no poet had more, in my opinion. The reaſon I chooſe ſo melancholy a kind of poeſy, is becauſe my low ſpirits and conſtant ill health (things in me not imaginary as you ſurmiſe, but too real, alas! and I fear conſtitutional) have tuned my heart to elegies of woe." It is to be regretted that Mr. Maſon has omitted this verſion, only becauſe it is a mere verſion, and becauſe it is not written in alternate, but heroic rhyme, which he thinks is not the ſpecies of Engliſh meaſure adapted to elegiac poetry.

In 1737, he addreſſed to Gray, and his friends at Cambridge, the beautiful elegiac epiſtle, *Ad Amicos*, imitated from Elegy V. Book III. of Tibullus, and a letter of Pope's, in ſickneſs, to Steele. "This melancholy elegy, and this melancholy letter," ſays he, "I turned into a more melancholy epiſtle of my own, during my ſickneſs, in the way of imitation; and this I ſend to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot; but merely to ſhow them how ſincere I was when ſick."

Almoſt all *Tibullus's* elegy is imitated in this epiſtle, from whence his tranſition to Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and beſpeaks a degree of judgment much beyond his years.

In Spring 1738, he left Chriſt-Church for the Inner-Temple, and Gray removed from Cambridge to town the latter end of that year, intending alſo to apply himſelf to the ſtudy of the law in the ſame ſociety.

Upon this occaſion, Gray addreſſed to him the delicate "Sapphic Ode," beginning "Barbaras ædes aditure mecum," with the following beautiful Alcaic fragment:

O lachrymarum fons, tenero ſacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Fœlix! in imo qui ſcatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, ſenſit.

It may perhaps be ſaid, without paying too great a compliment to Gray's genius, that no poet of the Auguſtan age ever produced four more perfect lines, or what would ſooner impoſe on the beſt critic, as being a genuine ancient compoſition.

To Gray's elegant ode, Weſt returned a Latin *Elegy*, beginning *Quod mihi tam gratæ miſiſti dona Camœnæ*, written September 17. 1738.

He ſpent the greateſt part of the winter with his mother and ſiſters at Epſom, during which time ſeveral letters paſſed between the two friends, on ſubjects of literature and their claſſical ſtudies.

In the ſpring 1739, Gray went abroad with Mr. Walpole, and ſpent near two years in travelling through France and Italy, from whence he tranſmitted to Weſt and his parents, from time to time, entertaining accounts of the places he viſited, interſperſed occaſionally with ſome exquiſitely finiſhed pieces of Latin poetry, which he compoſed on the ſpot, for the entertainment of his friend.

Nothing that Gray ſaw was ſuffered to eſcape him. From no relation, though purpoſely deſigned for the public eye, can ſo much information be drawn as from his caſual letters; and the elegant eaſe of his epiſtolary ſtyle has a charm in it for all readers of true taſte.

During this interval of his friend's abſence, Weſt reſided at the Temple, with little attention to the buſineſs of the place. His thoughts were directed towards the law; but he hung back with fond reluctance on the muſe.

While Gray was at Florence, 1740, he addreſſed to him a Latin *Elegy*, beginning, *Ergo deſidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus*, expreſſing his wiſhes to ſee Italy and Greece.

Finding that his averſion to the profeſſion for which he had deſtined himſelf, became almoſt in-

ſuperable, he wrote to Gray on the ſubject, expreſſing, in the ſtrongeſt manner, the *ennui* that almoſt overwhelmed him, and intimating his having quitted the Temple.

" I lived at the Temple," he writes his friend, June 5. 1740, " till I was ſick of it. I have juſt left it; and I find myſelf as much a lawyer as I was when I was in it. It is certain, at leaſt, I may ſtudy the law here as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not ſignify to me a pinch of ſnuff. They tell me my father was a lawyer, and, as you know, eminent in the profeſſion; and ſuch a circumſtance muſt be of advantage to me. My uncle [Burnet] too makes ſome figure in Weſtminſter Hall; and there's another advantage: Then my grandfather's name would get me many friends. Is it not ſtrange that a young fellow that might enter the world with ſo many advantages will not know his own intereſt?" &c. &c.

To this letter, written apparently in much agitation of mind, which he endeavours to conceal by an unuſual careleſſneſs of manner, Gray returned an anſwer which preſents the fineſt picture of the writer's mind, and is replete with delicate feeling, manly ſenſe, and epiſtolary eaſe.

" You are yet young, have ſome advantages and opportunities, and an undoubted capacity, which you have never yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours; ſee how the firſt year will agree with you, and at the end of it you are ſtill the maſter; if you change your mind, you will only have got the knowledge of a little, ſomewhat that can do no hurt, or give you cauſe of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing elſe, it is a ſymptom that you are not abſolutely determined againſt this, and warns you not to miſtake mere indolence for inability."

In April 1741, he communicated to Gray the ſketch of a tragedy he had begun, under the title of *Pauſanias*, which Gray appears to have criticiſed with much freedom; but Mr. Maſon did not find among Gray's papers either the ſketch itſelf, or Gray's free critique upon it.

In the September following, Gray returned to England, and found Weſt ſinking under the preſſure of ſickneſs and a load of family misfortunes. Theſe the ſympathiſing heart of Gray made his own. He did all in his power, for he was now with him in London, to ſoothe the ſorrows of his friend; he endeavoured to alleviate them by every office of the pureſt and moſt cordial affection. But the diſtreſſes of Weſt's mind had already too far affected a body, from the firſt weak and delicate. His health viſibly declined during the winter, and as the ſpring advanced, his complaints terminated in a deep conſumption.

In March 1742, he left town, and, for the benefit of the air, went to Pope, the reſidence of David Mitchell, Eſq near Hatfield in Hertfordſhire.

His firſt letter to Gray from that place, is dated March 28. 1742; and during the two following months they maintained a conſtant correſpondence.

His letter, dated April 4. contains a maſterly critique on his friend's tragedy, and a deſcription of his own cough in Latin hexameters, which " has this remarkable in it, that it was the production of four o'clock in the morning, while he lay in his bed toſſing and coughing. and all unable to ſleep."

His health daily declined, yet he continued to amuſe himſelf with poetical compoſition, and, on May 5. addreſſed to his friend, the beautiful *Ode to May*, with this modeſt introduction: " I am going to write down a little ode (if it deſerves the name) for your peruſal, which I am afraid will hardly ſtand the teſt of criticiſm."

" I rejoice," ſays Gray, in the anſwer which he returned, May 8. " to ſee you putting up your prayers to the May. She cannot chooſe but come at ſuch a call. It is as light and genteel as herſelf. The firſt ſtanza (if what you ſay to me in it did not make me think it the beſt) I ſhould call the worſt of the five (except the fourth line). The two next are very picturesque, Miltonic and muſical; her bed is ſo ſoft and ſo ſnug that I long to lie with her. But theſe two lines, " Great Nature," are my favourites. The exclamation of the flowers is a little ſtep too far. The laſt ſtanza is full as good as the ſecond and third, the laſt line bold, but I think not too bold."

His laſt letter to Gray is dated May 11. in which he expoſtulates with him about his peculiar ſpecies of melancholy: " What, are there no joys among the living? *Alphene immemor atque unanimis falſe ſodalibus*," and concludes with, " I will take my leave of you for the preſent, with a *vale et vive pauliſper cum vivis*;" ſo little was the amiable youth then aware of the ſhort time that he himſelf would be numbered among the living. But this, it has been frequently remarked, is almoſt

conſtantly the caſe with ſuch perſons as die of that moſt remedileſs, yet moſt flattering of all diſtempers, a conſumption.

"Shall humanity," ſays Mr. Maſon, "be thankful or ſorry that it is ſo? Thankful ſurely. For, as this malady generally attacks the young and the innocent, it ſeems the merciful intention of Heaven, that to theſe death ſhould come unperceived, and as it were by ſtealth, diveſted of one of its ſharpeſt ſtings, the lingering expectation of their diſſolution."

Gray returned an anſwer, May 27, and immediately afterwards went upon a viſit to his relations at Stoke, where he wrote the "Ode on Spring," which he ſent, as ſoon as written, to his beloved friend; but he was dead before it reached Hertfordſhire.

He died June 1. 1742, only twenty days after he had written the letter above mentioned, and was buried in the Chancel of Hatfield church, beneath a ſtone bearing the following inſcription: "Here lieth the body of Richard Weſt, Eſq. only ſon to the Right Honourable Richard Weſt, Eſq. Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died the 1ſt of June 1742, in the 26th year of his age."

When the ode was returned to Gray with the melancholy news, the firſt impulſe of his ſorrow produced a tender "Sonnet" in Engliſh, and alſo a ſublime apoſtrophe in hexameters, with which he intended to begin one of his books, "De Principiis Cogitandi." Nothing can more pathetically diſplay the feelings of a heart, wounded by ſuch a loſs, than that apoſtrophe and the "Sonnet" in which he gave them vent.

In 1747, Mr. Walpole recommended to Gray the taſk of printing Weſt's poems, and his own, in the ſame volume, which it appears from his letter he was not averſe from doing: "But I much fear," he ſays, "our joint ſtock would hardly compoſe a ſmall volume: what I have is leſs conſiderable than you would imagine, and of that little we would not be willing to publiſh all."

After the death of Gray, his friend and editor, Mr. Maſon, interſperſed in his "Epiſtolary Correſpondence," 1775, as much of the poetry of Weſt as he was perſuaded his friend would have publiſhed had he proſecuted the taſk which Mr. Walpole recommended.

The collection is ſingularly ſmall, conſiſting chiefly of the *Ode to May*, the epiſtle *Ad Amicos*, and ſome ſpecimens of Latin poetry.

On his character, which appears to have been truly amiable and excellent, it is unneceſſary to enlarge. The reader will acquire the beſt idea of it, if, after peruſing his letters and poems, he uſe his own memory as a mirror, and collect into one aſſemblage the ſcattered features.

As a poet, it is ſufficient praiſe, that the "bloſſoms of his genius" were thought worthy of being aſſociated with the correct and manly performances of Gray. They ſhow what he would have been, if he had been allowed, like him, to produce "fruits worthy of Paradiſe." He reſembles Gray in many inſtances. Among others, they were both deeply enamoured with the excellencies of ancient literature, and ſtrongly attached to the cultivation of Latin poetry. Their Latin poems diſcover an extraordinary copiouſneſs and command of phraſeology, a remarkable perſpicuity of contexture, and a native facility and fluency. They may be juſtly conſidered as legitimate claſſical compoſitions. In his elegies, *Tibullus* was profeſſedly Weſt's model for language and verſification. With *Tibullus* in view, he has, however, a manner and character of his own, and ſhows inherent powers of invention and ſentiment. In his Engliſh Poetry, he diſcovers taſte and delicacy of ſentiment, joined to a great ſhare of poetical imagination. His images are pleaſing, his language chaſte and elegant, and his verſification correct and harmonious. The epiſtle *ad Amicos*, is characteriſed by that nervous and eloquent ſimplicity which appears ſo eaſy, and which is yet ſo difficult to imitate. It unites the ſpirit and propriety of Pope's verſification, with the elegance and harmony of Parnell. The *Ode to May* has not received from Gray more praiſe than it deſerves. It is an extraordinary effort of fancy, expreſſion, and verſification. It is characteriſed by energy and melody in the higheſt degree, and may be juſtly conſidered as the choiceſt ſpecimen of claſſical compoſition that Engliſh poetry can produce.

THE WORKS OF R. WEST.

MISCELLANIES.

AD AMICOS.

(Imitated from Tibullus, Book iii. *Elegy* 5. *and Mr. Pope's Letter in Sickneſs to Mr. Steele.)*

YES, happy youths! on Cadmus' fedgy ſide
You feel each joy that friendſhip can divide,
Each realm of ſcience and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raiſe the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloiſter'd walks you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where ſocial oft and oft alone ye chooſe
To catch the zephyr, and to court the muſe;
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
Theſe lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r that comes or ſoon or late,
Or aims, or ſeems to aim, the dart of Fate;
From you remote methinks alone I ſtand,
Like ſome ſad exile in a deſert land,
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or thoſe which fancy raiſe,
For ever blot the funſhine of my days;
To ſickneſs ſtill, and ſtill to grief, a prey,
Health turns from me her roſy face away.
Juſt Heav'n! what ſin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did ere this hand againſt a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the ſland'rer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet juſt ſtarted from the liſts of time
My growing years have ſcarcely told their prime;
Uſeleſs as yet through life I've idly run,
No pleaſures taſted, and few duties done.
Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing ſuns appear
Would pluck the promiſe of the vernal year,
Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluſter from the mourning ſpray?
Stern pow'r of fate! whoſe ebon ſceptre rules
The Stygian deſerts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor raſhly ſmite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah! ſtay till age ſhall blaſt my with'ring face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace,
Then aim the ſhaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing ſhade ſhall go.
How weak is man to reaſon's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part etherial fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aſpire.
In vain our plans of happineſs we raiſe;
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praiſe:
Wealth, lineage, honours, conqueſt, or a throne,
Are what the wiſe would fear to call their own.
Health is at beſt a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth * is ever on the wing:

Vos tenet. Etruſcis manat quæ fontibus unda,
Unda ſub æſtivum non adeunda canem
Nunc autem ſacris Baiarum maxima lymphis,
Quum ſe purpureo vere remittit hiems
At mihi Perſephone nigram denuntiat horam
Inmerito juveni parce nocere, Dea.
Non ego tentavi nulli temeranda virorum
Audax laudandæ ſacra docere Deæ.
Nec mea mortiferis infecit pocula ſuccis
Dextera, nec quiquam tætra venena dedit.
Nec nos inſana meditantes jurgia mente
Impia in adverſos ſolvimus ora Deos.
Et nondum cani nigros læſere capillos,
Nec venit tardo curva Senecta pede.
Natalem noſtri primum videre parentes
(Quum cecidit fato conſul uterque pari.)
Quid fraudare juvat vitem creſcentibus uvis?
Et modo nata mala vellere poma manu?
Parcite, pallentes undas quicumque tenetis,
Duraque ſortiti tertia regna Dei.
Elyſios olim liceat cognoſcere campos,
Letheamque ratem, Cimmerioſque lacus,
Quum mea rugoſa pallebunt ora ſenecta,
* * * *
Atque utinam vano nequidquam terrear æſtu!

---

* *Youth, at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age, it is like the ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon a bank, and*

'Tis like the ſtream aſide whoſe wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
Nurs'd by the wave the ſpreading branches riſe,
Shade all the ground, and flouriſh to the ſkies;
The waves the while beneath in ſecret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey:
Too late the plant bewails his fooliſh pride,
And ſinks untimely in the whelming tide.

But why repine? does life deſerve my ſigh?
Few will lament my loſs whene'er I die.
For thoſe the wretches * I deſpiſe or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conq'ring death ſhall ſpread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not †: though this face be ſeen no more,
The world will paſs as cheerful as before,
Bright as before the day-ſtar will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the ſkies as clear;
Nor ſtorms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor ſigns on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and ſilent will depart my breath,
Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet ſome there are (ere ſpent my vital days)
Within whoſe breaſts my tomb I wiſh to raiſe:
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end, [mend:
Their praiſe would crown me as their precepts
To them may theſe fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet, but the friend ſincere ‡.

ELEGIA.

Quod mihi tam gratæ miſiſti dona Camænæ,
Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipſe velit,
Amplector te, Graie, et toto corde reponſco,
Oh deſiderium jam nimis uſque meum:
Et mihi rura placent, et me quoq. ſæpe volentem
Duxerunt Dryades per ſua prata Deæ;
Sic ubi lympha fugit liquido pede, ſive virentem,
Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum:
Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc veſpere ſero,
Et, noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano.
Nec noſtræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida ſylvæ:
Ah, ſi deſit amor, nil mihi rura placent.
Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,
Regnat et in Cœlis, regnat in Oceano;
Ille gregem tauroſq. domat, fœviq. leonem
Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros:
Quin et ſervet amore nemus, ramoq. ſub omni
Concentu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.
Duræ etiam in ſylvis agitant connubia plantæ,
Duræ etiam et ſertur ſaxa animâſſe Venus.
Durior et ſaxis, et robore durior ille eſt,
Sincero ſiquis pectore amare vetat:
Non illi in manibus ſanctum deponere pignus,
Non illi arcanum cor aperiri velim;
Neſcit amicitias, teneros qui neſcit amores:
Ah! ſi nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.
Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberunt
Externâ poſitum ducere fata dies;
Si vultus modo amatus adeſſet, non ego contra
Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos.
At dulci in gremio curarum oblivia ducens
Nil curarem præter poſſe placere meæ;
Nec bona fortunæ aſpiciens, neq. munera regnum,
Illa intrà optarem brachia cara mori.

Sept. 17. 1738.

ELEGIA.

[ADDRESSED TO MR. GRAY.]

Ergo diſſidiæ videor tibi crimine dignus;
Et meritò: victas do tibi ſponte manus.
Arguor et veteres nimium contemnere Muſas,
Irata et nobis eſt Medicæa Venus.
Mene igitur ſtatuas et inania ſaxa vereri!
Stultule! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere?
Hic veræ, hic vivæ Veneres, et mille per urbem,
Quarum nulla queat non placuiſſe Jovi.
Cedite Romanæ formoſe, et cedite Graiæ.
Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermioniæ!
Et quaſcunque refert ætas vetus, Heroinæ:
Unus honor noſtris venit Angliaſin.
Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis!
I nunc et Tuſcas improbe confer opes.
Ne tamen hæc abtuſa nimis præcordia credas,
Neu me adeo nullî Pallade progenitum:
Teſtor Pieridumque umbras et flumina Pindi
Me quoque Calliopes ſemper amâſſe choros;
Et dudum Auſonias urbes, et viſere Graias
Cura eſt, ingenio ſi licet ire meo:
Sive eſt Phidiacum marmor, ſeu mentoris æra,
Seu paries Coo nobilis e calamo;
Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentûm
Romanique decus nominis et Veneti:
Quà Furor et Mavors et ſævo in marmore vultus,
Quàque et formoſo mollior ære Venus.
Quàque loquax ſpirat fucus, vivique labores,
Et quicquid calamo dulciùs auſa manus:
Hic nemora, et ſola mœrens Melibœus in umbrâ,
Lymphaque muſcoſo profiliens lapide;
Illic majus opus, facieſque in pariete major,
Exurgens, Divûm et numina Cælicûm;
O vos fælices, quibus hæc cognoſcere fas eſt,
Et totâ Italiâ, qua patet uſque, frui!
Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec uſquam
Norîtis quid ſit tempora amara pati.

---

causes it to flouriſh and bleſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret." Pope.

* *I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men whom I never had any eſteem for are likely to enjoy this world after me.*" Pope.

† *The morning after my exit the ſun will riſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green; people will laugh, &c.*" Pope.

‡ *This epiſtle was written from Chriſt-church, Oxford, July* 4. 1737, *in the* 21*ſt year of his age.*

———*It was the production of four o'clock in the morning, while I lay in my bed toſſing and coughing, and all unable to ſleep.*———

Ante omnes morbos importuniſſima tuſſis,
Quâ durare datur, traxitque ſub ilia vires:
Dura etenim verſans imo ſub pectore regna,
Perpetuo exercet teneras luctamine coſtas,
Oraque diſtorquet, vocemque immutat anhelam:
Nec ceſſare locus: ſed ſævo concita motu
Molle domat latus, et corpus labor omne fatigat:
Unde moleſta dies, nectemque inſomnia turbant.

Nec Tua; ſi mecum Comes hic jocundus adeſſes,
Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem
Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus.

ODE TO MAY.

Dear Gray! that always in my heart
Poſſeſſes far the better part,
What mean theſe ſudden blaſts that riſe,
And drive the zephyrs from the ſkies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invocate the tardy May.

Come, faireſt nymph! reſume thy reign,
Bring all the graces in thy train:
With balmy breath and flow'ry tread
Riſe from thy ſoft ambroſial bed,
Where in Elyſian ſlumber bound
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories dreſt,
Recal the zephyrs from the weſt;
Reſtore the ſun, revive the ſkies,
At mine and nature's call ariſe!
Great nature's ſelf upbraids thy ſtay,
And miſſes her accuſtom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,
The labours of Pomona fade;
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
The birds forget to love and ſing,
With ſtorms alone the foreſts ring.

Come then, with pleaſure at thy ſide,
Diffuſe thy vernal ſpirit wide;
Create where'er thou turn'ſt thy eye
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
Till ev'ry being ſhare its part,
And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

Perspicui puerum ludentum, in margine rivi
Immerſit vitreæ limpidus error aquæ:
At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
Credula, et amplexu funus inane fovet;
Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, ſomno
Languidus, æternum lumina compoſuit.

Τὸν τρίετη παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀστυάνακτα,
Εἴδωλον μορφᾶς κυφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.
Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἄρπασε μάτηρ,
Σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔγει.
Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίηνεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων
Ματρὸς κοιμαθεὶς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

ADDRESSED TO HIS LYRE,

On the Proſpect of Mr. Gray's return from his Travels.

O meæ jucunda comes quietis!
Quæ fere ægrotum ſolita es levare
Pectus, et ſenſim ah! nimis ingruentes
Fallere curas:

Quid canes? quanto Lyra dic furore
Geſties quando hac reducem ſodalem
Glauciam * gaudere ſimul videbis
Meque ſub umbra?

---

* *He gives Gray the name of* Glaucias *frequently in his Latin verſe, as Gray calls him* Favonius.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

Containing

PROGRESS OF LOVE,	EPISTLES,
MONODY,	SONGS,
BLENHEIM,	EPITAPHS,
ADVICE TO BELINDA,	INSCRIPTIONS,
ODES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purest ray,
O LYTTLETON the friend!——
——Oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue and her arts revive;
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The muses charm, while with pure taste refin'd
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises emulous thy own.

THOMSON'S SPRING.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

THE LIFE OF LYTTLETON.

GEORGE LYTTLETON, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, was the eldeſt ſon of Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Bart. of Hagley in Worceſterſhire, and was born January 17. 1708-9. His mother, Chriſtian Temple, was ſiſter of Sir Richard Temple, Bart. of Stowe, in Buckinghamſhire, afterwards Lord Viſcount Cobham. He had ſix brothers and as many ſiſters.

He received the firſt rudiments of education at Eton School, where he was ſo much diſtinguiſhed, that his exerciſes were recommended as models to his ſchool-fellows. His poetical compoſitions procured him the reputation of an elegant and correct verſifier. His *Soliloquy on a Beauty in the Country*, and his verſes *on Good Humour*, were written at ſchool.

From Eton he went to Chriſt-Church, Oxford, where he retained the ſame reputation of ſuperiority, and diſplayed his abilities to the public in a poem on *Blenheim*, written in 1727.

In 1728, being then nineteen, he began his travels, and viſited France and Italy; but reſided ſome time at Luneville in Lorraine, as appears by his *Letters to his Father*, in which he deſcribes the places he viſited, and relates ſome of the principal incidents of his journey.

In one of his letters, he thus expreſſes his diſſatisfaction at the thought of returning to Luneville, "Luneville was my ſchool of breeding, and I was there more unavoidably ſubject to *quelques bevues d'ecolier*, as the *politeſſe* practiſed in that is fuller of ceremony than elſewhere, and a good deal peculiar to itſelf. This is the firſt and ſtrongeſt reaſon why I deſpair of being happy in Lorraine. I have already complained of the foppiſh ignorance and contempt for all I have been taught to value, but is ſo faſhionable there."

It is impoſſible to peruſe his *Letters to his Father*, without being charmed with the manly and virtuous ſentiments which he diſcovers, his ſtrong and hereditary averſion to vice and folly, and particularly with the unaffected ardour of filial affection which runs through the whole.

At Paris he amuſed himſelf with poetical compoſition, and wrote a very manly and correct *Epiſtle to Dr. Ayſcough*, who had been his tutor at Oxford, and afterwards married his aunt, became tutor to the young Princes, and Dean of Briſtol.

In 1730, he wrote a poetical *Epiſtle to Pope*, from Rome, and the ſame year returned to England, and addreſſed an *Epiſtle to Lord Hervey*, from Worceſterſhire.

When he returned, he obtained a ſeat in Parliament for Oakhampton in Devonſhire, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf among the moſt eager opponents of Walpole; though his father, who was one of the Lords of Admirality, from 1727 to 1741, always voted with the Court.

For many years his name was ſeen in every account of every debate in the Houſe of Commons. He oppoſed the Standing Army, he oppoſed the Exciſe, he ſupported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole, and concurred with Pulteney, Pitt, &c. in all the meaſures of oppoſition.

His zeal for the public good, is the only motive that can juſtify the violence of his oppoſition to Walpole, from the charge of ingratitude: for it appears, from his letter to his father, dated at Luneville, that Walpole's recommendation procured him the friendſhip of Prince Craon: "You will let Sir Robert Walpole know how much I am obliged to his letter, and do juſtice to Prince Craon, who has expreſſed his regard to it in the ſtrongeſt manner, and by a kindneſs which I cannot enough acknowledge."

In 1735, he publiſhed his *Perſian Letters*, in imitation of thoſe of Monteſquieu, whom he had known in England. The character of a young man, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, is very viſible in

them. They have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward.

In 1736, he addressed an elegant copy of verses to his cousin, Pitt, *on his losing his commission* in the army, for his conduct in Parliament.

In 1737, the Prince of Wales established a separate court, and received with open arms the opponents of the minister. Upon the resignation of Mr. Pelham, he was made his secretary, with the addition of 240 l. annually of salary, as appears by his letter to his father, dated from Clifden: "I came here yesterday to thank his Royal Highness for having augmented my salary 240 l. a-year, by putting it upon the same foot with that of Mr. Molyneux under the king when he was prince."

He persuaded the prince, whose business it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by the patronage of literature, and by his recommendation, Mallet was made under secretary, with 200 l.; and Thomson had a pension of 100 l. a-year. For Thomson he always retained his kindness, and was able at last to procure him the place of Surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands.

Moore courted his patronage by an apologetical poem, called the "Trial of Selim, the Persian," but was not equally successful.

He was now considered as a leader in the Opposition, and Pope, who was incited to direct his satire against the ministry, commended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in the House of Commons, imputed to him as a crime, his intimacy with a lampooner, so unjust and licentious. Lyttleton supported his friend, and replied, that he thought it an honour to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet.

In 1741, he married Lucy, daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq. of Filleigh, in Devonshire, with whom he enjoyed the most perfect state of matrimonial felicity.

Walpole being at length, after a long struggle, driven from his places, Lyttleton was, in 1744, made one of the Lords of the Treasury; and from that time, as warmly supported as he had formerly opposed the schemes of the ministry.

When weary of faction and debate, he used very often, with Pitt, to visit his cousin West, at Wickham, from whose conversation, it is said, he received that conviction of the truth of Christianity, which produced, in 1747, his *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul*, "a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer."

This work his father had the happiness of seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted.

"I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye witness of that happiness which I do not doubt he will bountifully bestow on you! In the mean time, I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son." The pleasure which such a letter must have given to such a son is inexpressible.

In January 1747, his wife, whom he tenderly loved, died in child-bed. Her sickness is feelingly described in his forty-first letter to his father; and he perpetuated her memory in a *Monody*, written in the same year, that will be read while conjugal affection, and a taste for poetry exist in this country. She was buried at Over-Arley in Staffordshire, but a very elegant monument is erected to her memory, in the chancel of the church at Hagley.

Though for some time inconsolable for her death, he sought happiness in a second marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich, in 1749. "She was an intimate and dear friend," says West, in a letter to Dr. Doddridge, June 17. 1749, "of his former wife's, which is some kind of proof of her merit: I mean the goodness of her heart, for that is the chief merit which Mr. Lyttleton esteems, and I hope she will not in this disappoint his expectations: in all other points she is well suited to him, being extremely well accomplished in languages, music, painting, and very sensible and well bred." It is said that the experiment was unsuccessful.

In 1751, his father died, when he inherited a Baronet's title, with a large eſtate; which, if he did not augment, he was at leaſt careful to adorn with expenſive buildings and rural decorations. Hagley-Park, the ſcene of theſe laviſh operations, is frequently deſcribed as a terreſtrial paradiſe.

Shenſtone was Lyttleton's neighbour, friend, and his rival in landſcape-gardening; and, it is ſaid, [that his improvements at the Leaſowes, excited, at firſt, the contempt, and afterwards the envy of the inhabitants of Hagley, "who took care," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "to defeat the curioſity which they could not ſuppreſs, by conducting their viſitants perverſely, to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk, to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenſtone would heavily complain."

This charge againſt the Lyttleton family has been denied by Mr. Greaves, who ſays, "that the Lyttleton family went ſo frequently with their company to the Leaſowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Shenſtone's retirement upon every occaſion; and, therefore, often went to the principal points of view, without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this Shenſtone would ſometimes peeviſhly complain, though I am perſuaded he never really ſuſpected any ill-natured intention in his worthy and much valued neighbours." One cannot eaſily be perſuaded, that a mind ſo pure and benevolent as that of Lyttleton, was ever debaſed by ſuch unworthy paſſions.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim to preferment. In 1754, he reſigned his ſeat at the Treaſury-Board, on being appointed Cofferer to the Houſehold, and Privy Counſellor. In December 20. 1755, he exchanged the place of Cofferer, for the great office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; an office, however, that required ſome qualifications, which he ſoon perceived himſelf to want; and which he retained only till the appointment of Mr. Legge, November 16. 1756.

In 1756, he made a journey into Wales, of which he has given a pleaſing account in *Two Letters to Mr. Bower*, the celebrated hiſtorian of the Popes, a man whoſe Profeſſion of Proteſtantiſm he firmly believed, and whoſe intereſt and fame having once eſpouſed, he never was perſuaded by the univerſal outcry to diſown.

In an affectionate letter to Dr. Doddridge, on his removing to Liſbon, for the recovery of his health, October 5. 1751, he thus expreſſes his attachment to Bower; "You have brought on your diſtemper, by too continual ſtudy and labour in your ſpiritual functions, and remiſſion of mind is abſolutely neceſſary for your recovery. I therefore requeſt it of you not to write the preface to Bower's book; it will do more harm than good to him; the merit of the work will bear it up againſt all theſe attacks; and as to the ridiculous ſtory of my having diſcarded him, the intimate friendſhip in which we continue to live, will be a ſufficient anſwer to that, and better than any teſtimony formally given."

It appears by an atteſtation of Mrs. Bower, printed in the "London Chronicle," October 11. 1766, that, during "ſeventeen years that ſhe conſtantly lived with him, he always profeſſed himſelf a Proteſtant, and acted conformable to that profeſſion;" and that he died in the communion of the Church of England, and "made an edifying departure."

In 1757, when the inauſpicious commencement of the war with France made the diſſolution of the miniſtry unavoidable, he loſt with the reſt his employment; but his ſervices were rewarded with a peerage, being created Baron Lyttleton of Frankley, in the county of Worceſter.

In 1760, he publiſhed his *Dialogues of the Dead*, which were very eagerly read; though the production rather of leiſure than of ſtudy, rather effuſions than compoſitions. They ſhow the elegance of his taſte, rather than the power of his genius, or the ſtrength of his judgment. He has copied Fenelon more than Fontenelle.

His laſt literary production in proſe, was his *Hiſtory of Henry the Second*, in 3 vols., 4to, 1767 and 1771, the reſult of the reſearches and deliberations of twenty years.

The ſtory of this publication, as given by Dr. Johnſon, is remarkable. "The whole work was printed twice over; a great part of it three times, and many ſheets four or five times. The booksellers paid for the firſt impreſſion; but the charges and repeated operations of the preſs, were at

the expence of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least a thousand pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764; a second edition of them in 1767; a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771. Andrew Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with letters or with life, was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of *Henry the Second*. Lyttleton took money for his copy; of which, when he had paid the pointer, he probably gave the rest away; for he was very liberal to the indigent. When time brought the *History* to a third edition, the superintendence of typography and punctuation, was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the name of Dr. Sanders. To the Doctor's edition is appended, what the world had never seen before, a list of errors, in nineteen pages."

Every reader will wish, that in this passage, Dr. Johnson had observed his own humane maxim in the "Life of Addison," of not giving "a pang to a daughter, a brother, or a friend." The nice attention to punctuation, with which *Henry the Second* was published, is attributed to such anxiety as only vanity can dictate, when good motives were avowed by Lyttleton, and known to his friends; such as his desire to correct mistakes, his fear of being too harsh on the turbulent Becket, &c.

This work is justly ranked among the most valuable historical performances in the English language. It is executed with great fidelity, and with a strict regard to the authority of original writers. The style is perspicuous and unaffected: generally correct, and often elegant and masterly. The sentiments and remarks are judicious and pertinent; liberal with respect to religion, and friendly to the cause of liberty and the rights of mankind. The account of the state of our ancient government, laws, customs, and manners, is very copious, and eminently useful; so as to make the work strictly and properly a constitutional history.

His *Verses to the Countess of Egremont*, and *Letter to Lord Hardwicke*, in 1761, were his last poetical compositions.

He spent the latter part of his life in retirement; and, after a lingering illness, died at Hagley-Park, August 22. 1773, in the 64th year of his age. He was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription is cut on the side of his lady's monument.

This unadorned stone was placed here
By the particular desire and express
Directions, of the Right Honourable
George Lord Lyttleton;
Who died August 21. 1773, aged 64.

By his first lady he had one son, Thomas, who inherited his title and estates, and two daughters, Mary, who died an infant, and Lucy, married to Lord Valentia, of the kingdom of Ireland, 1767. His second lady brought him no issue. Thomas Lord Lyttleton, married Apphia, second daughter of Broome Witts, Esq., of Chipping-Norton, Oxfordshire, the widow of Colonel Peach, and died in 1780, leaving no issue. He was as remarkable for an early display as for a flagitious prostitution of great abilities. He attained no small consequence as a parliamentary speaker, and was appointed Chief Justice in Eyre, November 18. 1775; a place which his father, with better pretensions, could never procure.

A small collection of "Poems by a Young Nobleman lately deceased," &c. 4to, 1780, has been given to him, and two small volumes of "Letters," 1780 and 1782, are supposed to have been written by him, which few have read without pleasure. That they are spurious is generally understood; but as to composition, sentiment, and language, they are exactly the kind of letters he would have written; it is a sort of epistolary portrait, a picture of his mind, a strong likeness, and the work of no common hand. A similar deception seems to have been practised in "The Correspondents, an original novel," 12mo, 1775, which exhibits a series of letters, supposed to have been written by his father and Mrs. Peach. They bear indeed, notwithstanding a similarity of style, that runs through the whole series, many marks of originality, several touches relative to time, place, and circumstance, not likely to be founded on fiction. His uncle William Henry Lyttleton, Lord Westcote, of the kingdom of Ireland, created Lord Lyttleton of Frankley, in Worcestershire, August 15. 1794, is the present representative of the family.

Lyttleton, according to Dr. Johnſon, had never the appearance of a ſtrong or a healthy man; and had a ſlender uncompacted frame, and a meagre face. It is certain, however, that, at one period of his life, he entertained a more favourable opinion of his conſtitution; for, in a letter to his father, dated from the neighbourhood of Soiſſons in France, he ſays, "I believe there is not a young man alive, who has more happineſs to boaſt of than myſelf, being *bleſt with a ſound conſtitution*, affectionate friends, and eaſy fortune."

An affecting and inſtructive narrative of his death has been given by his phyſician Dr. Johnſtone; of Kidderminſter, which, as it is deſcriptive of his moral character, is here ſubjoined.

"On Saturday evening, the ſymptoms of his Lordſhip's diſorder, which for a week paſt had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his Lordſhip believed himſelf to be a dying man. From this time he ſuffered by reſtleſſneſs rather than pain; and although his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never ſeemed ſtronger when he was thoroughly awake.

"His Lordſhip's bilious and hepatic complaints ſeemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event: his long want of ſleep, whether the conſequence of irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of cauſes of a different kind, accounts for his loſs of ſtrength, and for his death, very ſufficiently.

"Though his Lordſhip wiſhed his approaching diſſolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with reſignation. He ſaid, "It is a folly, a keeping me in miſery, now to attempt to prolong life;" yet he was eaſily perſuaded, for the ſatisfaction of others, to do or take any thing that he thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without ſome hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about 11 in the forenoon, his Lordſhip ſent for me, and ſaid he felt a great hurry, and wiſhed to have a little converſation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountains of that heart from whence goodneſs had ſo long flowed, as from a copious ſpring. "Doctor," ſaid he, "you ſhall be my confeſſor. When I firſt ſet out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to ſhake my belief in the Chriſtian religion. I ſaw difficulties which ſtaggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Chriſtianity, ſtudied with attention, made me a moſt firm and perſuaded believer of the Chriſtian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and ſinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counſels which I did not at that time think the beſt. I have ſeen that I was ſometimes in the wrong; but I did not err deſignedly. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjuſt deſigns againſt any perſon whatſoever."

"At another time, he ſaid, I muſt leave my ſoul in the ſame ſtate it was in before this illneſs; I find this a very inconvenient time for ſolicitude about any thing."

"On the evening, when the ſymptoms of death came on, he ſaid, I ſhall die; but it will not be your fault.—When Lord and Lady Valentia came to ſee his Lordſhip, he gave them his ſolemn benediction, and ſaid, "Be good, be virtuous my Lord; you muſt come to this." Thus he continued giving his dying benedictions to all around him. On Monday morning, a lucid interval gave ſome ſmall hopes; but theſe vaniſhed in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneaſineſs, till Tueſday morning, Auguſt 22, when, between ſeven and eight o'clock, he expired almoſt without a groan."

The *Works of George Lord Lyttleton, formerly printed ſeparately, with ſome other pieces never before printed*, were collected and publiſhed by his nephew, George Edward Ayſcough, Eſq., in one volume 4to, 1774.

The pieces, formerly printed ſeparately, and collected into this publication, are, *Obſervations on the Life of Cicero; Obſervations on the preſent State of Affairs, in a letter to a member of Parliament; Letters from a Perſian in England, to his Friend at Iſpahan; Obſervations on the Converſion and Apoſtleſhip of St. Paul; Dialogues of the Dead; Miſcellaneous Poems.*

The pieces which were never before printed, are, *Obſervations on the Roman Hiſtory; Four Dia-*

logues of the Dead; *Four Speeches in Parliament*; *Letters to Sir Thomas Lyttleton*; and *An Account of a Journey into Wales, in two letters, to Mr Bower.*

The name of Lyttleton, as a man of dignified ſentiment and excellent qualities, both of head and heart, is enrolled in the tablet of literary merit, by the general ſuffrages of his countrymen.

In the ſeveral characters of a judicious critic, an entertaining traveller, a wiſe and upright ſtateſman, and a good man, his reputation is ſo deciſively fixed, and ſo firmly eſtabliſhed, that it can receive little additional luſtre from encomium and panegyric; and is in no danger of ſuffering from the attacks of criticiſm or cenſure.

As a poet, his compoſitions are characteriſed by elegance, eaſe, and harmony, without much elevation, energy, or enthuſiaſm. In his *Monody*, the moſt popular of his productions, the virtues and accompliſhments of his excellent lady, are commemorated in numbers equally harmonious and tender. He who can read it without melting into tears, has little claim to ſenſibility. It appears to have flowed ſimply from the genuine feelings of a moſt ſuſceptible and deeply afflicted heart. His *Progreſs of Love* diſcovers delicacy of ſentiment, pleaſing imagery, and correct and harmonious verſification. It is not, however, entirely free from the ſtudied expreſſion and falſe ornaments by which paſtoral poetry is often fantaſtically diſguiſed. His *Advice to Belinda*, unites ſpirit and propriety, ſenſe and harmony, in the higheſt degree. His *Epiſtle to Dr. Ayſcough*, is vigorouſly and elegantly written. His *Epiſtle to Pope* is finely encomiaſtic; the concluſion highly poetical. His other *Epiſtles* have their brighter paſſages. His *Songs* and *Epigrams* are commonly ſprightly and eaſy.

Among his contemporaries, the teſtimonies to his merits, are too numerous to be ſpecified. Pope, Thomſon, Hammond, and Shenſtone, are laviſh in his praiſe. The following couplet of Pope is ſelected for the ſake of the candid and judicious criticiſm of the preſent reſpectable maſter of Wincheſter School.

Free as young *Lyttleton* her cauſe purſue;
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true.

"A juſt, and not overcharged encomium," ſays Dr. Warton, "on an excellent man, who always ſerved his friends with warmth (witneſs his kindneſs to Thomſon), and his country with activity and zeal. His *Poems* and *Dialogues of the Dead*, are written with elegance and eaſe; *His obſervations on the Converſion of St. Paul*, with clearneſs and cloſeneſs of reaſoning, and his *Hiſtory of Henry the Second*, with accuracy and knowledge of thoſe early times, and of the Engliſh conſtitution; and which was compiled from a laborious ſearch into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then ſoon to be publiſhed, his firſt juvenile performance, the *Perſian Letters*, in which he ſaid there were principles and remarks that he wiſhed to retract and alter. Another little piece, written alſo in his early youth, does him much honour. The *Obſervations on the Life of Tully*, in which, perhaps, a more diſpaſſionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited, than in the panegyrical volume of Middleton."

His poetical character, as given by Dr. Johnſon, is ſparing and invidious, and cannot be generally allowed, without ſome exceptions in favour of the *Progreſs of Love* and *Blenheim*. His inveterate prejudices againſt paſtoral poetry and blank verſe, are well known.

"Lord Lyttleton's poems are the works of a man of literature and judgment, devoting part of his time to verſification. They have nothing to be deſpiſed, and little to be admired. Of his *Progreſs of Love*, it is ſufficient blame to ſay, that it is paſtoral. His blank verſe in *Blenheim*, has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether *Songs* or *Epigrams*, are ſometimes ſprightly, and ſometimes inſipid. His Epiſtolary poems have a ſmooth equality, which cannot much tire, becauſe they are ſhort, but which ſeldom elevates or ſurpriſes. But from this cenſure ought to be excepted his *Advice to Belinda*, which though for the moſt part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorouſly expreſſed, and ſhows a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raiſed to excellence."

THE WORKS OF LYTTLETON.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. Uncertainty. To Mr. Pope.
II. Hope. To the Hon. George Doddington.
III. Jealousy. To Edward Walpole, Esq.
IV. Possession. To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Cobham.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

Pope, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?
To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
"Ye nymphs," he cried, "ye Dryads, who so long
" Have favor'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
" For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
" Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
" In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
" To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
" Though wild ambition and destructive rage,
" No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
" Though envy frowns not on your humble shades,
" Nor calumny your innocence invades:
" Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
" Too often violates your boasted rest;
" With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
" And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
" Ah luckless day! when first with fond sur-
" On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes! [prise
" Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
" Then reason, liberty, at once were lost: [gone,
" And every wish, and thought, and care, was
" But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
" Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace de-
" stroy,
" Those lovely children of content and joy!
" How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
" From the same spring at the same moment flow:
" Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
" Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy
" peace:
" Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
" And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to
" cure,
" Come, flattering memory! and tell my heart
" How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
" She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
" Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain,
" If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band;
" To me alone she gave her willing hand:
" Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
" Still in my song found something to admire.
" By none but her my crook with flowers was
" crown'd,
" By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
" The world that Damon, was her choice believ'd,
" The world, alas! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
" When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
" In words as soft as passion could inspire,
" Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
" Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
" The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
" Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
" Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
" Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.

" Ah, now have I deſerv'd; inhuman maid,
" To have my faithful ſervice thus repaid?
" Where all the marks of kindneſs I receiv'd,
" But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and de-
" ceiv'd?
" Or did you only nurſe my growing love,
" That with more pain I might your hatred
" prove?
" Sure guilty treachery no place could find
" In ſuch a gentle, ſuch a generous mind:
" A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
" Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts ſo
" young:
" No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
" Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
" 'Twas only modeſty that ſeem'd diſdain,
" And her heart ſuffer'd when ſhe gave me pain."
Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-
ſick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
When now the ſetting ſun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours roſe along the mazy rills,
And light's laſt bluſhes ting'd the diſtant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON.

[*Afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.*]

Hear, Doddington, the notes that ſhepherds ſing,
Like thoſe that warbling hail the genial ſpring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artleſs reeds:
From love alone their melody proceeds.
From love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild ſweetneſs of his Doric ſtrains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inſpiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and ſoften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with
thine
My ruſtic pipe in pleaſing concert join *.
Damon no longer ſought the ſilent ſhade,
No more in unfrequented paths he ſtray'd,
But call'd the ſwains to hear his jocund ſong,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.
" Bleſt be the hour," he ſaid, " that happy hour,
" When firſt I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
" Then gloomy diſcontent and pining care
" Forſook my breaſt, and left ſoft wiſhes there;
" Soft wiſhes there they left, and gay deſires,
" Delightful languors, and tranſporting fires.
" Where yonder limes combine to form a ſhade,
" Theſe eyes firſt gaz'd upon the charming maid;
" There ſhe appear'd, on that auſpicious day,
" When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus
" pay: [ſhe mov'd!
" She led the dance—heavens! with what grace
" Who could have ſeen her then, and not have
" lov'd?
" I ſtrove not to reſiſt ſo ſweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name;
" Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their ſavage liberty.

" And art thou then, fond youth, ſecure of joy?
" Can no reverſe thy flattering bliſs deſtroy?
" Has treacherous love no torment yet in ſtore?
" Or haſt thou never prov'd his fatal power?
" Whence flow'd thoſe tears that late bedew'd
" thy cheek?
" Why ſigh'd thy heart as if it ſtrove to break!
" Why were the deſert rocks invok'd to hear
" The plaintive accent of thy ſad deſpair?
" From Delia's rigour all thoſe pains aroſe,
" Delia, who now compaſſionates my woes,
" Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
" Has peace and tranſport to my ſoul reſtor'd.
" Begin my pipe, begin the gladſome lay;
" A kiſs from Delia ſhall thy muſic pay;
" A kiſs obtain'd 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
" Given with forc'd anger, and diſguis'd content.
" No laureat wreaths I aſk, to bind my brows,
" Such as the muſe on lofty bards beſtows:
" Let other ſwains to praiſe or fame aſpire;
" I from her lips my recompence require.
" Why ſtays my Delia in her ſecret bower?
" Light gales have chas'd the late impending
" ſhower;
" Th'emerging ſun more bright his beams extends;
" Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
" Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made
" hay:
" The birds renew their ſongs on every ſpray!
" Come forth, my love, thy ſhepherd's joys to
" crown:
" All nature ſmiles.—Will only Delia frown!
" Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the
" plain,
" While every flower of every ſweet they drain:
" See, how beneath yon hillock's ſhady ſteep,
" The ſhelter'd herds on flowery couches ſleep:
" Nor bees, nor herds, are half ſo bleſt as I,
" If with my fond deſires my love comply;
" From Delia's lips a ſweeter honey flows,
" And on her boſom dwells more ſoft repoſe.
" Ah how, my dear, ſhall I deſerve thy charms?
" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
" A bird for thee in ſilken bands I hold,
" Whoſe yellow plumage ſhines like poliſh'd gold;
" From diſtant iſles the lovely ſtranger came,
" And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
" In all our woods none boaſts ſo ſweet a note,
" Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
" Accept of this; and could! add beſide
" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
" If all the gems in eaſtern rocks were mine,
" On thee alone their glittering pride ſhould ſhine.
" But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
" Phœbus himſelf ſhall leave th' Aonian grove:
" The tuneful nine, who never ſue in vain,
" Shall come ſweet ſuppliants for their favourite
" ſwain.
" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
" For him each green-hair'd ſiſter of the wood,
" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
" His muſic calls to dance the night away.
" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
" With whom ſhe joys the cowſlip meads to
" rove,

* *Mr. Doddington had written ſome very pretty love verſes, which have never been publiſhed.*

" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
" And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
" Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
" And show my merits in the fairest light;
" My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
" And every friend shall claim a different lay.
" But see in yonder glade the heavenly fair
" Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
" Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
" Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet—
" O, may I find her as we parted last,
" And may each future hour be like the past!
" So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
" Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

The gods, O Walpole, given no bliss sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear;
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find:
Yet ev'n those joys dire jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.
Begin, my muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.
On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browzing goats at ease around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppress't;
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, a while the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
" Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!
" May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
" That triumphs now in that deluding face!
" Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
" And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!
" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
" To lose the heart his tedious pains had won?
" Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
" Against whose power no ties have strength to bind?
" Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
" To conquer your disdain, and merit love?
" Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
" And died with grief at each ungentle word?
" Ah, no! the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
" He pleas'd you, by not studying to please,
" His careless indolence your pride alarm'd;
" And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.
" O pain to think! another shall possess
" Those balmy lips which I was wont to press:
" Another on her panting breast shall lie,
" And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye!—
" I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
" I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
" Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night,
" Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
" Where'er they pass'd, he blasted every flower,
" And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
" Ah wretched swain could no examples move
" Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
" Hast thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
" A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
" Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
" Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd in vain:
" Around his tomb their tears the muses paid;
" And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
" Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
" These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find
" And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
" No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid:
" Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
" Alas! what aid, fond swain, wouldst thou receive!
" Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
" Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
" The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
" I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
" All I implore is never more to love.—
" Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
" Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
" Come, cool indifference, and heal my breast;
" Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest:
" No turbulence of passion shall destroy
" My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
" Hear mighty Pan, and, all ye sylvans, hear
" What by your guardian deities I swear;
" No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
" No more I'll court the traitoress to my arms;
" Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
" And she shall find that reason conquers love!"—
Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
At once transported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

Cobham, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;

* *See Mr. Gay's Dione.*

Though far unequal to thoſe poliſh'd ſtrains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the liſtening plains:
Yet ſhall its muſic pleaſe thy partial ear, [dear;
And ſooth thy breaſt with thoughts that once were
Recal thoſe years which time has thrown behind,
When ſmiling love with honour ſhar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of proſperous ſight
Delighted leſs than one ſucceſsful night.
The ſweet remembrance ſhall thy youth reſtore,
Fancy again ſhall run paſt pleaſure's o'er;
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you ſtray,
This theme may help to cheat the ſummer's day.
Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a ruſtic altar ſtood.
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy ſhade,
The gentle virtues and mild wiſdom play'd.
Nor there in ſprightly pleaſure's genial train,
Lurk'd ſick diſguſt, or late-repenting pain,
Nor force, nor intereſt, join'd unwilling hands,
But love conſenting tied the bliſsful bands,
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bleſs'd his faithful flame:
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
" Hail, bounteous god! before whoſe hallow'd " ſhrine
" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
" While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
" Sweet virgin modeſty reluctant ſtrove!
" And hail to thee, fair queen of young deſires!
" Long ſhall my heart preſerve thy pleaſing fires,
" Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
" As fondly languiſh, and as fiercely burn.
" O the dear bloom of laſt propitious night!
" O ſhade more charming than the faireſt light!
" Then in my arms I claſp'd the melting maid,
" Then all my pains one moment overpaid:
" Then firſt the ſweet exceſs of bliſs I prov'd,
" Which none can taſte but who like me have " lov'd.
" Thou too, bright goddeſs, once, in Ida's grove,
" Didſt not diſdain to meet a ſhepherd's love;
" With him, while friſking lambs around you " play'd,
" Conceal'd you ſported in the ſecret ſhade:
" Scarce could Anchiſes' raptures equal mine,
" And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
" What are ye now, my once moſt valued joys?
" Inſipid triſles all, and childiſh toys—
" Friendſhip itſelf ne'er knew a charm like this,
" Nor Colin's talk could pleaſe like Delia's kiſs.
" Ye muſes, ſkill'd in every winning art,
" Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
" Ye nymphs, to her your freſheſt roſes bring,
" And crown her with the pride of all the " ſpring.
" On all her days let health and peace attend;
" May ſhe ne'er want, nor ever loſe, a friend!
" May ſome new pleaſure every hour employ:
" But let her Damon be her higheſt joy!
" With thee, my love, for ever will I ſtay,
" All night careſs thee, and admire all day;
" In the ſame field our mingled flocks we'll " feed,
" To the ſame ſpring our thirſty heifers lead,
" Together will we ſhare the harveſt toils,
" Together preſs the vine's autumnal ſpoils.
" Delightful ſtate, where peace and love com- " bine,
" To bid our tranquil days unclouded ſhine!
" Here limpid fountains roll through flowery " meads;
" Here riſing foreſts lift their verdant heads:
" Here let me wear my careleſs life away,
" And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
" When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
" And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more;
" When time no longer will thy beauties ſpare,
" And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair;
" Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
" At one ſoft ſtroke, deprive us both of breath!
" May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
" And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade!
" Perhaps ſome friendly muſe, in tender verſe,
" Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe
" And future ages, with juſt envy mov'd,
" Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at Eaton School.

'Twas night; and Flavia, to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and ſober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, penſive, and alone,
She meditates on the forſaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She ſigh'd and thus in plaintive accents ſaid:
" Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
" To move with negligence, to dreſs with care?
" What worth have all the charms our pride can " boaſt,
" If all in envious ſolitude are loſt?
" Where none admire, 'tis uſeleſs to excel;
" Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
" Beauty, like wit, to judges ſhould be ſhown;
" Both moſt are valued, where they beſt are " known.
" With every grace of nature or of art,
" We cannot break one ſtubborn country heart:
" The brutes, inſenſible, our power defy:
" To love exceeds a 'ſquire's capacity.
" The town, the court, is beauty's proper ſphere;
" That is our heaven and we are angels there:
" In that gay circle thouſand Cupids rove,
" The court of Britain is the court of love.
" How has my conſcious heart with triumph " glow'd,
" How have my ſparkling eyes their tranſport " ſhow'd,
" At each diſtinguiſh'd birth-night ball, to ſee
" The homage, due to empire, paid to me!

" When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
" And dreaded mine more than the monarch's
" frown;
" When rival ſtateſmen for my favour, ſtrove,
" Leſs jealous in their power than in their love.
" Chang'd is the ſcene; and all my glories die,
" Like flowers tranſplanted to a colder ſky:
" Loſt is the dear delight of giving pain,
" The tyrant joy of hearing ſlaves complain.
" In ſtupid indolence my life is ſpent,
" Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
" Unbleſt I wear my uſeleſs time away;
" Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream
" all day;
" Go at ſet hours to dinner and to prayer
" (For dullneſs ever muſt be regular.)
" Now with mamma at tedious whiſt I play;
" Now without ſcandal drink inſipid tea;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any tempter there;
" From books to work, from work to books, I
" rove,
" And am (alas!) at leiſure to improve!—
" Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
" Were eyes ſo radiant only made to read?
" Theſe fingers, at whoſe touch ev'n age would
" glow,
" Are theſe of uſe for nothing but to ſew?
" Sure erring nature never could deſign
" To form a houſewife in a mould like mine!
" O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
" Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
" Let me reviſit the dear town again:
" Let me be ſeen!—could I that wiſh obtain,
" All other wiſhes my own power would gain."

BLENHEIM.

Written at the Univerſity of Oxford, in the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whoſe ſkilful hand firſt taught
The towering pile to riſe, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine.
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Aſſiſtant I invoke, that means to ſing
Blenheim, proud monument of Britiſh fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didſt to his virtue raiſe, whom oft thy ſhield
In peril guarded, and thy wiſdom ſteer'd
Through all the ſtorms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, ſylvan muſe, who lov'ſt to rove
Along the ſhady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodſtock's happy grove: there tuning ſweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive liſten; let thy warbling ſong
Paint with melodious praiſe the pleaſing ſcene,
And equal theſe to Pindus' honour'd ſhades.
When Europe freed, confeſs'd the ſaving power
Of Marlborough's hand; Britain, who ſent him
forth
Chief of confederate hoſts, to fight the cauſe
Of liberty and juſtice, grateful rais'd
This palace, ſacred to her leader's fame:
A trophy of ſucceſs; with ſpoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns and glorying in the name
Of that auſpicious field, where Churchill's ſword
Vanquiſh'd the might of Gallia, and chaſtis'd
Rebel Bavar.—Majeſtic in its ſtrength,
Stands the proud dome, and ſpeaks its great deſign.
Hail, happy chief, whoſe valour could deſerve
Reward ſo glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'ſt his ſervice with ſo rich a meed!
Which moſt ſhall I admire, which worthieſt praiſe,
The hero or the people? honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal ſcale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancell'd debt
Of gratitude to us—Bluſh, Cæſar, bluſh,
When thou beholdſt theſe towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of ſhame! can'ſt thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an Engliſh
arm
Did for thy throne that day? but we diſdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Still thy obdurate heart againſt the ſenſe
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like heaven, protects a thankleſs world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.
Pleas'd with the noble theme, her taſk the
muſe
Purſues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever-new delight. The tapeſtry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint
Of various-colour'd ſilks, diſpos'd with ſkill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Iſter rolls
His purple wave; and there the Granic flood
With paſſing ſquadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the ſword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Perſia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praiſe
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *ſubdue*, and that to *free* mankind.
Now, through the ſtately portals iſſuing forth,
The muſe to ſoftet glories turns, and ſeeks
The woodland ſhade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in ſong, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boaſts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderneſs once ſtood
The bower of Roſamonda, hapleſs fair,
Sacred to grief and love; the cryſtal fount
In which ſhe us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd ſhe ſits
Beſide its flowery brink, and views thoſe charms
Which only Roſamond could once excel.
But ſee where, flowing with a nobler ſtream,
A limpid lake of pureſt waters rolls
Beneath the wide-ſtretch'd arch, ſtupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His ſpacious urn! Silent a while and ſmooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and diſorder'd, down the ſteep it falls
In loud caſcades; the ſilver-ſparkling foam
Glitters reluctent in the dancing ray.
In theſe retreats repos'd the mighty ſoul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and ſtate,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd

The memory of his fame, and foothd his thoughts
With pleafing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd fucceſsful war
Againſt the pride of Aſia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whoſe aſpiring mind
No loſſes could ſubdue, enrich'd with ſpoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement paſt
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm ſhades of honourable eaſe,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent heaven
Gave a companion to his ſofter hours,
With whom converſing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of ſtate, and in her mind
Found greatneſs equal to his own, and lov'd
Himſelf in her — Thus each by each admir'd
In mutual honour, mutual fondneſs join'd:
Like two fair ſtars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together ſhone,
Aiding each other's brightneſs, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, firſt the ruthleſs hand of death
Tore from thy conſort's ſide, and call'd thee hence
To the ſublimer ſeats of joy and love;
Where fate again ſhall join her ſoul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praiſe, and ſoothes her woe
With pious honours to thy ſacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly ſtands
Thy image, like a guardian god, ſublime,
And awes the ſubject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles ſpread their wings; his hand
Graſps victory, its ſlave. Such was thy brow
Majeſtic, ſuch thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube fought
A refuge from thy ſword.—There, where the field
Was deepeſt ſtain'd with gore, on Hochſtet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beſeeming ill
A regal breaſt, has level'd to the ground:
Mean inſult! this, with better auſpices,
Shall ſtand on Britiſh earth to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid
His ſervices. Nor ſhall the conſtant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be loſt
In dark oblivion: that ſhall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inſpir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in theſe groves
Firſt tun'd the Britiſh harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling ſhould the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, houſe ſuperb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching ſhall not paſs
His roof unnoted, but reſpectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the muſe
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O ſhade adored,
Marlborough! who now above the ſtarry ſphere
Dwell'ſt in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the demigods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while preſent here below,
And ſacred ſtill to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preſerve it ſafe
From time's deſtroying hand, and cruel ſtroke
Of factious envy's more relentleſs rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the Britiſh youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy ſucceſsful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So ſhall thy name,
Dear to thy country, ſtill inſpire her ſons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations ſav'd new monuments require,
And other Blenheims ſhall adorn the land.

TO THE REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

Say, deareſt friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleaſing ſtudy cheats the tedious day?
Doſt thou the ſacred volumes oft explore
Of wiſe antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and poliſhes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleaſes only to corrupt the heart;
Whoſe curs'd refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to ſcorn!
Doſt thou in ſage hiſtorians joy to ſee
How Roman greatneſs roſe with liberty:
How the ſame hands that tyrants durſt controul
Their empire ſtretch'd from Atlas to the pole;
Till wealth and conqueſt into ſlaves refin'd
The proud luxurious maſters of mankind?
Doſt thou, in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, freedom could inſpire;
Yet in her troubled ſtate ſee all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption ſold,
Or weakly careleſs, or too raſhly bold,
She ſunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The ſlave and tutoreſs of protecting Rome?
Does calm philoſophy her aid impart,
To guide the paſſions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, haſt thou learnt the end
To which alone the wiſe their ſtudies bend;
For which alone by nature were deſign'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloyſter'd drone, to read and doſe,
In undeſerving, undeſerv'd, repoſe;
But reaſon's influence to diffuſe; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Diſpel the miſts of error, and unbind
Thoſe pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leiſure can employ!
He knows the pureſt hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vext with pangs that buſier boſoms tear,
Nor loſt to ſocial virtue's pleaſing care;

Safe in the port, yet labouring to ſuſtain
Thoſe who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous main.
So Locke the days of ſtudious quiet ſpent;
So Boyle in wiſdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous ſlave of Louis and of Rome.
Good * Wor'ſter thus ſupports his drooping age,
Far from court flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's ſide,
Her boldeſt champion then, and now her
mildeſt guide!
O generous warmth! O ſanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor inſult the crown;
Nor, baſely ſervile, court the guilty great,
Nor raiſe the church a rival to the ſtate:
To error mild, to vice alone ſevere,
Seek not to ſpread the *lare of love* by fear.
The prieſt who plagues the world can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reaſon and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and ſuit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worſt foe to truth;
By foreign arts domeſtic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The uſeful ſcience of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants ſhow.
A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by cuſtom's force and bigot fear,
To ſerve with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bear:
Whoſe nobles, born to cringe and to command,
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band),
From each low tool of power, content receive
Thoſe laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whoſe people (vain in want, in bondage bleſt;
Though plunder'd, gay; induſtrious, though oppreſt)
With happy follies riſe above their fate,
The jeſt and envy of each wiſer ſtate.
Yet here the muſes deign'd a while to ſport
In the ſhort ſun-ſhine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, ſtrong in ſenſe and ſharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permiſſion gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incenſe to his maſter's fame.
Here Moliere, firſt of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, ſatire ſkill'd to pleaſe,
With morals mirth uniting, ſtrength with eaſe.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inſpire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakſpeare's force and fire!
Now ſweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The ſoften'd heart to pity and to love.
With mingled pain and pleaſure, I ſurvey
The pompous works of arbitrary ſway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the ſubjects' ſtore,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppreſt and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter ſtate,
And painted triumphs ſtyle ambition GREAT *.
With more delight thoſe pleaſing ſhades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew †;
Where, ſick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great ſcene in quiet virtue cloſ'd.
With ſhame that other fam'd retreat I ſee,
Adorn'd by art, diſgrac'd by luxury ‡;
Where Orleans waſted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feveriſh debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With theſe amuſements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and inſtructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wiſh recals my mind
From preſent joys to dearer left behind?
O native iſle, fair freedom's happieſt ſeat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulſes beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plenteous grain
No power can raviſh from th' induſtrious ſwain?
When kiſs, with pious love, the ſacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Ruſſel birth?
When, in the ſhade of laws, that long have ſtood,
Propt by their care, or ſtrengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearleſs independence wiſely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain?
Yet, oh! what doubt, what ſad preſaging voice,
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every ſtate around,
From ſultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their loſt rights, their ruin'd glories ſee;
And tells me, Theſe, like England, once were free!

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, IN 1728

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whoſe friendſhip is my joy and pride,
Whoſe virtues warm me, and whoſe precept guide;
Thou to whom greatneſs, rightly underſtood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidſt the toil of anxious ſtate,
Does not thy ſecret ſoul deſire retreat?
Doſt thou not wiſh (the taſk of glory done)
Thy buſy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philoſophy reſign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Juſt is the wiſh. For ſure the happieſt meed,
To favour'd man by ſmiling heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at eaſe on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praiſe, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous paſſion fir'd,

---

* *Bp. Hough.*

* *The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Verſailles.*

† *Chantilly*

‡ *St. Cloud.*

On flowery couches ſlumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;
Who fears bright glory's awful face to ſee,
And ſhuns renown as much as infamy.
But bleſt is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies labour won.
Him honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing;
Friendſhip and truth on all his moments wait.
Pleas'd with retirement better than with ſtate;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.
So when thy country ſhall no more demand
The needful aid of thy ſuſtaining hand;
When peace reſtor'd ſhall, on her downy wing,
Secure repoſe and careleſs leiſure bring;
Then, to the ſhades of learned eaſe retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet happineſs:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour ſpent,
And painful merit paid with ſweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with ſorrow roll,
Though wiſdom calm, and ſcience feed thy ſoul,
One dearer bliſs remains to be poſſeſt,
That only can improve and crown the reſt.—
Permit thy friend this ſecret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our ſweeteſt paſſions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that ſmooths the troubled breaſt,
Friend of our health, and author of our reſt:
Bids every gloomy vexing paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring ſtring to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of love inſpires
More pleaſing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verſe more ſweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can beſt defend them from conſuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful theſe, yet theſe but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May ſome fair eyes, my friend, thy boſom fire
With pleaſing pangs of ever-gay deſire;
And teach thee that ſoft ſcience, which alone
Still to thy ſearching mind reſts ſlightly known!
Thy ſoul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendſhip ſenſible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canſt not arm thy breaſt
Againſt the entrance of ſo ſweet a gueſt.
Hear what th' inſpiring muſes bid me tell,
For heaven ſhall ratify what they reveal:
" A choſen bride ſhall in thy arms be plac'd,
" With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
" Whoſe wit and virtue ſhall thy own expreſs,
" Diſtinguiſh'd only by their ſofter dreſs;
" Thy greatneſs ſhe, or thy retreat, ſhall ſhare;
" Sweeten tranquillity, or ſoften care;
" Her ſmiles the taſte of every joy ſhall raiſe,
" And add new pleaſure to renown and praiſe;
" Till charm'd you own the truth my verſe would prove,
" That happineſs is near allied to love."

VERSES

To be written under a Picture of Mr. Poyntz.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz, but who ſhall find
A hand, or colours, to expreſs thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a falſe world that dares to be ſincere;
Wiſe without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though ſedate;
With all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught,
Yet better ſtill by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the diſtreſt to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when misfortune ſued, ne'er ſought to know
What ſect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Deſpiſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe;
That, to its own perfections ſingly blind,
Would for another think this praiſe deſign'd.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

Immortal bard! for whom each muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of ancient wit; [boaſt,
For now no more theſe climes their influence
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the muſes fly,
Daughters of reaſon and of liberty!
Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where, cheer'd with ſummer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate:
Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupplied the world before.
Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;

Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:
"Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid.
" These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
" When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
" To Pope this message from his master bear:
"Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
" To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
" If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
" Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
" No more let meaner satire dim the rays
" That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
" In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
" But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
" Nor, when each soft engaging muse is thine,
" Address the least attractive of the nine.
" Of thee more worthy were thy task, to raise
" A lasting column to thy country's praise;
" To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
" That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
" Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
" And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
" Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
" Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
" Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
" With different bays by Mars and Phœbus
" crown'd;
" Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
" But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
" If these commands submissive thou receive,
" Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
" Envy to black Cocytus shall retire;
" And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
" Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
" And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO LORD HERVEY.

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

" Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque [est;
" Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic
" Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus."
HOR.

Favourite of Venus and the tuneful nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not sorc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair;
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain;
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search is vain.
So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to seek content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aking care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From pole to pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.
For how should ills, which from our passions flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What front unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In generous love of others good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear;
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.
Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.
May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let prudence guide you, but let honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

M.DCC.XXXI.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,

Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women ſeldom learn from men.
Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be ſincere;
But greater yours, ſincerity to hear.
Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends purſue;
Lovers and miniſters are ſeldom true.
Hence oft from reaſon heedleſs beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays!
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When moſt ye tyrannize, you're moſt abus'd.
What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful nature's unaffected eaſe.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain:
Of thoſe who claim it more than half have none;
And half of thoſe who have it are undone.
Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts:
For you the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule:
A cunning woman is a *knaviſh fool.*
Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as ſtateſmen in diſgrace
At miniſters, becauſe they wiſh their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene;
Without all beauty, and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form.
Fiercely it ſtands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not be great:
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat:
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.
To tougher man ambition's taſk reſign:
'Tis ours in ſenates or in courts to ſhine;
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breaſts ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love;
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.
Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
With caution chooſe; but then be fondly kind.
The ſelfiſh heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven;
Here ſweet extremes alone can truly bleſs:
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.
A maid unaſk'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *firſt*, but loving *wrong*, is ſhame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conqueſt juſtifies diſdain.
Short is the period of inſulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will reſume the empire which he gave,
And ſoon the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.
Bleſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul, entire by him ſhe loves poſſeſt,
Feels every vanity in fondneſs loſt,
And aſks no power but that of pleaſing moſt:
Here is the bliſs, in juſt return, to prove
The honeſt warmth of undiſſembled love;
For her, inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
And gratitude forbid deſire to change.
But, leſt harſh care the lover's peace deſtroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reaſon teach what paſſion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands, by prudence ſhould be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliſs be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain;
And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
Does but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief:
While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care.
Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than ſell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you deſpiſe or hate,
For the vain glare of uſeleſs wealth or ſtate.
The moſt abandon'd proſtitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the ſpecious name of *wife*;
A maid ſo wedded is *a whore for life.*
Ev'n in the happieſt choice, where favouring heaven
Has equal love and eaſy fortune given,
Think not, the huſband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happineſs muſt ſtill be won:
And oft, the careleſs find it to their coſt,
The *lover* in the *huſband* may be loſt;
The graces might *alone* his heart *allure*;
They and the virtues *meeting* muſt *ſecure.*
Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleaſing dreſs
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs.*
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domeſtic duty ſeem to flow.
The *houſehold ſceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *ſervant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *miſtreſs* ſtill ſhall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-ſacred urn,
His conſtant flame ſhall unextinguiſh'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The taſk were harder, to ſecure my own
Againſt the power of thoſe already known;

For well you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy,
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

When Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If ſhe ſome other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhadieſt grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for every ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

The heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When ſhortly we ſhall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that ſooths my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus aſk, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

In Imitation of Horace and Lydia.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

Damon.

Tell me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindeſt, fondeſt looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has ſtol'n a part;
Reaſon theſe fears may diſapprove:
But yet I fear, becauſe I love.

Delia.

Firſt tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with ſuch warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me ſee
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your ſex I knew,
Nor was ſo weak to think you true.

Damon.

Unkind! my falſehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The ſecret of our mutual flame.

Delia.

Damon, your prudence I confeſs,
But let me wiſh it had been leſs;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the diſguiſe.

Damon.

Ah! ceaſe thus idly to moleſt
With groundleſs fears thy virgin breaſt.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

Delia.

Though well I might your truth diſtruſt,
My fooliſh heart believes you juſt:
Reaſon this faith may diſapprove;
But I believe, becauſe I love.

ODE.

In Imitation of Paſtor Fido.

("O primavera gioventu del anno.")

WRITTEN ABROAD IN 1729.

Parent of blooming flowers and gay deſires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful ſpring,
At whoſe approach, inſpir'd with equal fires,
The amorous nightingale and poet ſing!

Again doſt thou return, but not with thee
Return the ſmiling hours I once poſſeſt;
Bleſſings thou bring'ſt to others but to me
The ſad remembrance that I once was bleſt.

Thy faded charms, which winter ſnatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former luſtre ſhine;
But, ah! no more ſhall hapleſs I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine

Though linnets ſing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings ſoft zephyrs fragrance bear:
Harſh is the muſic, joyleſs is the ſcene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

Cheerleſs and cold I feel the genial ſun,
From thee while abſent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely preſence, faireſt light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladneſs and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULUS.

TRANSLATED, 1729 30.

("Divitias alius ſulvo ſibi congerat auro.")

Let others heap of wealth a ſhining ſtore,
And, much poſſeſſing, labour ſtill for more;
Let them, diſquieted with dire alarms,
Aſpire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty ſhall lull to reſt,
Humbly ſecure, and indolently bleſt;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waſte the wintery hours in ſocial mirth;
In ſummer pleas'd attend to harveſt toils,
In autumn preſs the vineyard's purple ſpoils,
And oft to Delia in my boſom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladſome day,
When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay:
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how ſoothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempeſt howling near;
Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber aſſiſted by the beating ſhower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In ſearch of wealth, the black tempeſtuous waves!
While I, contented with my little ſtore,
In tedious voyage ſeek no diſtant ſhore;
But, idly toiling on ſome ſhady ſeat,
Near cooling fountains ſhun the dog-ſtar's heat:
For what reward ſo rich could fortune give,
That I by-abſence ſhould my Delia grieve?
Let Great Meſſalla ſhine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal ſpoils;
Me beauty holds, in ſtrong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and duſty plains.
With thee, my love, to paſs my tranquil days,
How would I ſlight ambition's painful praiſe!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my ſolitary flock!
On thy ſoft breaſt might I but lean my head,
How downy ſhould I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who ſleeps not by his fair-one's ſide,
Deteſts the gilded couch's uſeleſs pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to cloſe,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repoſe.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours proſperous war can give;
Though through the vanquiſh'd eaſt he ſpread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hoſts around him bleed,
With martial pride he preſt his foaming ſteed.
No pomps like theſe my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my cloſing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faultering hand yet ſtrive to hold!
Then, Delia then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathleſs clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor doſt thou think it weakneſs to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, ſpare
Thy heaving breaſts and looſe diſhevell'd hair:
Wound not thy form; left on th' Elyſian coaſt
Thy anguiſh ſhould diſturb my peaceful ghoſt.
But now nor death nor parting ſhould employ
Our ſprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all buſineſs, but delightful love.
Old age in vain thoſe pleaſures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taſte, alone can give;
Then let us ſnatch the moment to be bleſt,
This hour is love's—be fortune's all the reſt.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

Say, Myra, why is gentle love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which pity and eſteem can move
Which can be juſt and kind?

Is it, becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breaſt?

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

Written at Mr. Pope's Houſe at Twickenham, which he had lent to Mrs. Greville.

IN AUGUST 1735.

Go, Thames, and tell the buſy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery ſide:

Thy flowery ſide, where Pope has plac'd
The muſe's green retreat,
With every ſmile of nature grac'd,
With every art complete,

But now, ſweet bard, thy heavenly ſong
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory loſt too long
Thy once-lov'd ſhades deplore.

Yet ſtill, for beateous Greville's ſake,
The muſe's here remain:
Greville, whoſe eyes have power to make
A Pope of every ſwain.

EPIGRAM.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair:
But love can hope, where reaſon would deſpair.

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM*.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

Fair nature's ſweet ſimplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy ſeat, my friend, I ſee,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their ſtate,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

Once, by the muſe alone inſpir'd
I ſung my amorous ſtrains:
No ſerious love my boſom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to puniſh me
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my heart ſo fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents ſoft enough inſpire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

All that of love can be expreſs'd,
In theſe ſoft numbers ſee;
But, Lucy, would you know the reſt,
It muſt be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than ſlow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

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* *See the Inſcriptions in Mr. Weſt's Poems.*

TO THE SAME.

To eaſe my troubled mind of anxious care,
Laſt night the ſecret caſket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my abſent fair
His richeſt treaſure careful love had ſtor'd.

In every word a magic ſpell I found
Of power to charm each buſy thought to reſt;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond deſire ſtill throbbing in my breaſt.

So to his hoarded gold the miſer ſteals,
And loſes every ſorrow at the ſight;
Yet wiſhes ſtill for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or ſecure delight

Ah! ſhould I loſe thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldſt thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters ſhould the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial ſhall reſign:

Not one kind word ſhall in my power remain,
A painful witneſs of reproach to thee;
And leſt my heart ſhould ſtill their ſenſe retain,
My heart ſhall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS,

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

To the ſame.

Fair Venus, whoſe delightful ſhrine ſurveys
Its front reflected in the ſilver lake,
Theſe humble offerings, which thy ſervant pays,
Freſh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

If leſs my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breaſt each ſoothing hope remove,
And there let ſad deſpair for ever dwell.

But if my ſoul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wiſh nor other object knows:
Oh! make her, goddeſs, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart ſecure repoſe!

No watchful ſpies I aſk, to guard her charms,
No walls of braſs, no ſteel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's ſureſt fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

On Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd, with matchleſs truth,
Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accuſtom'd lime:

She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that she had not time.

"It was not thus, inconstant maid!
"You acted once," (the shepherd said)
"When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ to ease his pain,
But that she had not time.

How can you act so cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We soon must part for months, for years—
She would have answer'd with her tears,
But that she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

Your shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

When I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
"That whom once she has chosen she never will "leave."

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill-founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Written at Wickham in 1746.

TO THE SAME.

Ye sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before, impart?

Is it glad summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

Is it to love these new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE SAME LADY,

A Monody. A. D. 1747.

"Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
"Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
"Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more:
Nor will ſhe now with fond delight
And taſte refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night,
Thoſe beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light and virtue's ſpark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume your ſong
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell;
For death has ſtopt that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide-ſtretch'd proſpects ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt?
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales,
And flower embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly:
With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
And baniſh'd every paſſion from her breaſt,
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whoſe tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And ſtrew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppreſs'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now ſhe, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

Where were ye, Muſes, when relentleſs fate
From theſe fond arms your fair diſciple tore;
From theſe fond arms, that vainly ſtrove
With hapleſs ineffectual love
To guard her boſom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom ſo oft in theſe inſpiring ſhades,
Or under Camden's moſs-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore,
What'er your ancient ſages taught,
Your ancient bards ſublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all your ſpirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian vallies did you play;
Nor then on * Mincio's bank
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where through hanging woods,
Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods.
Nor yet where ‖ Meles or § Iliſſus ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praiſe
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The powers of reaſon and of fancy join'd
To full perfection have conſpir'd to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe

---

* *The Mintio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil*

† *The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the reſidence of Propertius.*

‡ *The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.*

‖ *The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, ſuppoſed to be born on its banks, is called* Meliſigenes.

§ *The Iliſſus is a river at Athens.*

Of all theſe treaſures that enrich her mind,
To black oblivion's gloom for ever now conſign'd.

At leaſt, ye nine, her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin ſiſters, come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment clad,
With accents ſweet and ſad, [urn
Thou, plaintive muſe, whom o'er his Laura's
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look [ſpoke!
Through her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charm of poliſh'd courts agree
With candid truth's ſimplicity,
And uncorrupted innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoftening influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How, in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good deſtroy,
Her kindly-melting heart
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from ſweet virtue's ſource, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind:
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On fortune's ſmile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice
Or intereſt or ambition's higheſt prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous diſdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light
All pleaſing ſhone; nor ever paſt
The decent bounds that wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful modeſty, before it caſt.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That ſcorn'd unjuſt ſuſpicion's coward fear,
And without weakneſs knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe,
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom, [tomb.
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the

So, where the ſilent ſtreams of Liris glide,
In the ſoft boſom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintery tempeſts all are fled,
And genial ſummer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets riſe,
On every bough the golden fruits are ſeen;
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Idalian queen.
But, in the midſt of all its blooming pride,
A ſudden blaſt from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows: [and dies.
The tender blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves,

Ariſe, O Petrarch, from th' Elyſian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand,
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may ev'n things inanimate, [move.
Rough mountain oaks, and deſert rocks, to pity

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine:
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me every friend;
Your kind aſſiſtance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,

That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke,
That all this pleaſing fabric love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd,
With ſoothing hope, for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke!—
Yet, O my ſoul, thy riſing murmurs ſtay;
Nor dare the all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain,
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade;
Was his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy grovelling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is every mortal bliſs;
Ev'n love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſovereign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but thoſe of harden'd guilt ſhall miſs.
There death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore,
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you more.

ON THE SAME LADY.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttleton,
Daughter of Hugh Forteſcue of Filleigh,
in the county of Devon, Eſq.
Father to the preſent Earl of Clinton,
By Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7.
Aged twenty-nine,
Having employed the ſhort time aſſigned to her here
In the uniform practice of religion and virtue.
Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong;
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind was virtue by the Graces dreſs'd.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, 1725 *.

"Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem," &c.

As the wing'd miniſter of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † aſſiſtant of his maſter's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal ſky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent neſt,
In flight eſſays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breaſt;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he ſlaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The ſcaly ſnake and creſted dragon know:

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his ſavage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd firſt to ſtain his tender fangs in blood:

Such Druſus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd;
So ſunk their haughty ſpirit at the ſight.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæſar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

A valiant ſon ſprings from a valiant ſire:
Their race by mettle ſprightly courſers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raiſe,
And wiſe inſtructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is diſgrace,
And honour is by vice to ſhame betray'd.

Let red Metaurus, ſtain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Aſdrubal ſubdued, confeſs
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witneſs that auſpicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempeſtuous night,

* *Firſt printed with Weſt's tranſlation of Pindar. See the Preface to that Gentleman's Poems.*

† *In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical Hiſtory.*

Firſt ſmil'd on Latium with a milder ray, [light.
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning

Since the dire African with waſteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian ſea.

From this bright era, from this proſperous field,
The Roman glory dates her riſing power;
From hence 'twas given her conquering ſword to wield,
Raiſe her fall'n gods, and ruin'd ſhrines reſtore.

Thus Hannibal at length deſpairing ſpoke:
" Like ſtags to ravenous wolves an eaſy prey,
" Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
" Whom to elude and 'ſcape were victory:

" A dauntleſs nation, that from Trojan fires,
" Hoſtile Auſonia, to thy deſtin'd ſhore
" Her gods, her infant ſons, and aged ſires,
" Through angry ſeas and adverſe tempeſts bore:

" As on high Algidus the ſturdy oak,
" Whoſe ſpreading boughs the axe's ſharpneſs
" feel,
" Improves by loſs, and, thriving with the ſtroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding
" ſteel.

" Not Hydra ſprouting from her mangled head,
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, ſuch a monſter bred,
" Pregnant of hills, and ſam'd for prodigies.

" Plunge her in ocean like the morning ſun,
" Brighter ſhe riſes from the depths below:
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her ſtrength, and foils the wonder-
" ing foe.

" No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
" Loſt, loſt, are all the glories of her name!
" With Aſdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

" What ſhall the Claudian valour not perform
" Which Power Divine guards with propitious
" care, [ſtorm,
" Which wiſdom ſteers through all the dangerous
" Through all the rocks and ſhoals of doubtful
" war?"

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

Virtue and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to croſs each other's way;
Said Virtue, " Hark ye! madam Fame,
" Your ladyſhip is much to blame;
" Jove bids you always wait on me,
" And yet your face I ſeldom ſee:
" The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
" And bids it praiſe ſome handſome ſtrumpet;
" Or thundering through the ranks of war,
" Ambition ties you to her car."
Saith Fame, " Dear madam, I proteſt,
" I never find myſelf ſo bleſt
" As when I humbly wait behind you!
" But 'tis ſo mighty hard to find you!
" In ſuch obſcure retreats you lurk!
" To ſeek you is an endleſs work."
" Well," anſwer'd Virtue, " I allow
" Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
" I know (without offence to others)
" I know the beſt of wives and mothers;
" Who never paſs'd an uſeleſs day
" In ſcandal, goſſiping, or play:
" Whoſe modeſt wit, chaſtis'd by ſenſe,
" Is lively cheerful innocence;
" Whoſe heart nor envy knows, nor ſpite,
" Whoſe duty is her ſole delight;
" Nor rul'd by whim, nor ſlave to faſhion,
" Her parents joy, her huſband's paſſion."
Fame ſmil'd and anſwer'd, " On my life,
" This is ſome country parſon's wife,
" Who never ſaw the court nor town,
" Whoſe face is homely as her gown;
" Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
" No, madam, no—you're much miſtaken—
" I beg you'll let me ſet you right—
" 'Tis one with every beauty bright;
" Adorn'd with every poliſh'd art
" That rank or fortune can impart;
" 'Tis the moſt celebrated toaſt
" That Britain's ſpacious iſle can boaſt;
" 'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
" 'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION EXTEMPORE,

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

Fame heard with pleaſure—ſtrait replied,
" Firſt on my roll ſtands Wyndham's bride;
" My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to ſound
" Her modeſt praiſe the world around!
" But notes were wanting—Canſt thou find
" A muſe to ſing her face, her mind?
" Believe me, I can name but one,
" A friend of yours—'tis Lyttleton."

LETTER TO EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A thousand thanks to your Lordſhip for your addition to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you choſe to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a viſion I had the night before.

Methought I ſaw before my feet,
With countenance ſerene and ſweet,
The muſe, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inſpir'd my careleſs lays.
She ſmil'd, and ſaid, " Once more I ſee
" My fugitive return to me;
" Long had I loſt you from my bower,
" You ſcorn'd to own my gentle power;
" With me no more your genius ſported,
" The grave hiſtoric muſe you courted;
" Or, rais'd from earth, with ſtreaming eyes,
" Purſued Urania through the ſkies;

" But now, to my forſaken track,
" Fair Egremont has brought you back:
" Nor bluſh, by her and virtue led,
" That ſoft, that pleaſing path to tread;
" For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
" Ev'n wiſdom's ſelf ſhall deign to play,
" Lo! to my flowery groves and ſprings
" Her favourite ſon the goddeſs brings,
" The council's and the ſenate's guide:
" Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
" He comes, he joys with thee to join,
" In ſinging Wyndham's charms divine:
" To thine he adds his nobler lays;
" Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praiſe.
" Enjoy that praiſe, nor envy Pitt
" His fame with burgeſs or with cit;
" For ſure one line from ſuch a bard,
" Virtue would think her beſt reward."

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The firſt indeed I ever made,
For writing odes is not my trade:
My head is full of houſehold cares,
And neceſſary dull affairs;
Beſides that ſometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the ſky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whoſe charms, I know not how,
Have power to ſmooth the wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature ſtupid,
As briſk, and as alert as Cupid.
Theſe obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch ſhall brighter burn
Than you firſt my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myſelf your lord,
But am, (as witneſs this my hand)
Your humble ſervant at command. HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are ſuch a judge of ſtyle,
To think that he theſe verſes made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Obſerve them well, you'll plainly ſee,
That every line was writ by me. CUPID

ON READING

MISS CARTER'S POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that ſtruck the wondering ear
Of ſilent night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celeſtial harps,
According to ſeraphic voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Reſume the lyre,
Chauntreſs divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy ſtrains,
More powerful than the ſong of Orpheus, tame
The ſavage heart of brutal vice, and bend
At pure religion's ſhrine the ſtubborn knees
Of bold impiety.—Greece ſhall no more
Of Leſbian Sappho boaſt, whoſe wanton muſe,
Like a falſe Syren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the ſacred head
Of Britain's poeteſs, the virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of ——— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods, on thrones celeſtial ſeated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
" That place is mine," great Neptune cries:
" Behold how proud o'er all the main
" Thoſe ſtately turrets ſeem to reign!
" No views ſo grand on earth you ſee!
" The maſter too belongs to me:
" I grant him my domain to ſhare,
" I bid his hand my trident bear."
" The ſea is your's, but mine the land,"
Pallas replies; " by me were plann'd
" Thoſe towers, that hoſpital, thoſe docks,
" That fort, which crown thoſe iſland rocks:
" The lady too is of my choir,
" I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
" With every charm her mind I grac'd,
" I gave her prudence, knowledge, taſte."
" Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
" The lady muſt be ſhar'd between us:
" And ſurely mine is yonder grove,
" So fine, ſo dark, ſo fit for love;
" Trees, ſuch as in th' Idalian glade,
" Or Cyprian lawn, my palace ſhade."
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
Each nymph alleg'd her lawful claim.
But Jove, to finiſh the debate,
Thus ſpoke, and what he ſpeaks is fate:
" Nor god nor goddeſs, great or ſmall,
" That dwelling his or hers may call;
" I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION.

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN peace ſhall, on her downy wing,
To France and England friendſhip bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which envy's ſelf diſarms
Of jealous hatred: Come and love
That nation which you now approve.
So ſhall by France amends be made
(If ſuch a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with ſeducing art
From Britain ſtol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whoſe anceſtors from Albion's ſhore
Their conquering ſtandards to Hiberna bore,

Though now thy valour, to thy country loſt,
Shines in the foremoſt ranks of Gallia's hoſt,
Think not that France ſhall borrow all thy fame—
From Britiſh ſires deriv'd thy genius came:
Its force its energy, to theſe it ow'd,
But the fair poliſh Gallia's clime beſtow'd:
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And livelieſt wit with ſoundeſt ſenſe combin'd.
They taught in ſportive Fancy's gay attire
To dreſs the graveſt of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to ſober Wiſdom's wrinkled cheek
The ſmile that dwells in Hebe's dimple ſleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may aſk:
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleaſing taſk,
In pureſt elegance of Gallic phraſe
To clothe the ſpirit of the Britiſh lays.
Thus every flower which every muſe's hand
Has rais'd profuſe in Britain's favourite land,
By thee tranſplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its ſweeteſt native odours ſhall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both ſhalt raiſe
The grateful ſong to his immortal praiſe.
Albion ſhall think ſhe hears her Prior ſing;
And France, that Boileau ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring,
Then ſhalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embelliſh, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with ſweet politeneſs grac'd;
Wiſdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unſullied, genuine dignity;
A nobler and ſublime ſimplicity.
Such in thy verſe ſhall Nivernois be ſhown:
France ſhall with joy the fair reſemblance own;
And Albion ſighing bid her ſons aſpire
To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE; *

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

Ye weeping Muſes, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, ſince your all-accompliſh'd Sydney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loſs like that theſe plaintive lays record!
Such ſpotleſs honour; ſuch ingenious truth,
Such ripen'd wiſdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, ſo gentle, ſo compos'd a mind,
To ſuch heroic warmth and courage join'd;
He, too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forſook her ſofter charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry pleaſing art,
The ſecret wiſh of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

* *Theſe verſes having been originally written when the Author was in Oppoſition, concluded thus:*

" But nobler far, and greater is the praiſe
" So bright to ſhine in theſe degenerate days:
" An age of heroes kindled Sidney's fire;
" His inborn worth alone could Grenville's deeds
" inſpire."

But ſome years after, when his Lordſhip was with Miniſtry, he eraſed theſe four lines. See GENT. MAG. Vol. XLIX. p. 601.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT ETON-SCHOOL, 1729.

Tell me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, poſſeſs?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes who ſpy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Though knaves abuſe it, and like fools deſpiſe.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
What is the thing in which you moſt excel?
Hard is the queſtion, for in all you pleaſe;
Yet ſure good-nature is your nobleſt praiſe;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all muſt love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly pleaſe,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And ſweetens every charm in Celia's face.

SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

In Arioſto.

When now Aſtolfo, ſtor'd within a vaſe,
Orlando's wits had ſafely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, cloſely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

Of fineſt cryſtal were thoſe bottles made,
Yet what was there enclos'd he could not ſee:
Wherefore in humble wiſe the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treaſure there conceal'd might be,

" A wondrous thing it is," the Saint replied,
" Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
" An airy eſſence, not to be deſcried,
" Subtle and thin, that Maidenhead is hight.

" From earth each day in troops they hither come,
" And fill each hole and corner of the moon;
" For they are never eaſy while at home,
" Nor ever owner thought them gone too ſoon.

" When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
" For fear they ſhould evaporate again;
" And hard it is a priſon to invent,
" So volatile a ſpirit to retain.

" Thoſe that to young and wanton girls belong
" Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burſt the
" glaſs:
" But thoſe that have below been kept too long
" Are ſpiritleſs, and quite decay'd, alas!"

So ſpake the Saint, and wonder ſeiz'd the Knight,
As of each veſſel he th' inſcription read;
For various ſecrets there were brought to light;
Of which report on earth had nothing ſaid.

Virginities, that cloſe confin'd he thought
In t' other world, he found above the ſky;
His ſiſter's and his couſins there were brought,
Which made him ſwear, though good St. John was by.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he eſpied
That which was Chloe's once, his miſtreſs dear:
" Ah, falſe and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
" Little I deem'd that I ſhould meet thee here.

" Did not thy owner, when we parted laſt,
" Promiſe to keep thee ſafe for me alone?
" Scarce of our abſence three ſhort months are paſt,
" And thou already from thy poſt art flown.

" Be not enrag'd, replied th' Apoſtle kind—
" Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
" Take it away; and, when thou haſt a mind,
" Carry it thither whence it took its flight."

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
" The moon ſhall be no loſer by your grace:
" Let me but have the uſe on't for a night,
" And I'll reſtore it to its preſent place."

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF VENICE PRESERVED.

In tender Otway's moving ſcenes we find
What power the gods have to your ſex aſſign'd:
Venice was loſt, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her ſinking ſtate:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her ſenate's wiſdom, vain its power;
But, fav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the ſubject main her towers ſhe rears,
And ſtands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundleſs ſway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worſt or nobleſt ends to ſerve,
And ſtrong alike to ruin or preſerve.
In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to honour falſe, to virtue true,
In the wild ſtorm of ſtruggling paſſions toſt,
Yet ſaving innocence, though fame was loſt;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.
But ſhe, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew ſo well the patriot's cauſe to plead,
Whoſe conquering love her country's ſafety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herſelf undone.
* " Hence may we learn, what paſſion fain
" would hide,
" That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be tied.
" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
" If angry Fortune on their union frown:
" Soon will the flattering dreams of joy be o'er,
" And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
" Then, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
" With mutual tears the bridal couch they ſtain;
" And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
" Does but augment the anguiſh of their grief:
" While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
" Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care."
May all the joys in love and fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty ſhower delight,
And warmeſt rapture bleſs each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Deſtine ſome happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whoſe bliſs misfortune never may allay,
Whoſe fondneſs never may through care decay:
Whoſe wealth may place you in the faireſt light,
And force each modeſt beauty into ſight!
So ſhall no anxious want your peace deſtroy,
No tempeſt cruſh the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor reaſon ever diſagree with love!

* *The twelve following lines, with ſome ſmall variations, have been already printed in "Advice to a Lady;" but, as Lord Lyttelton choſe to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat theſe few lines, than to ſuppreſs the reſt of the poem.*

ELEGY.

Tell me, my heart, fond ſlave of hopeleſs love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys to prove,
Canſt thou endure thus calmly to eraſe
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canſt thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place ſome meaner idol in her ſhrine?
O taſk, for feeble reaſon too ſevere!
O leſſon, nought could teach me but deſpair!
Muſt I forbid my eyes that heavenly ſight,
They've view'd ſo oft with languiſhing delight?
Muſt my ears ſhun that voice, whoſe charming ſound
Seem'd to relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?
O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire?
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains leſs exquiſite than mine,
'Tis eaſier far to loſe, than to reſign!

INSCRIPTION

For a Buſt of Lady Suffolk; deſigned to be ſet up in a Wood at Stowe, 1732.

Her wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodneſs fit her for a ſhade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS. FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

Say, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breaſt
Feel the ſame feveriſh heats that mine moleſt?
Alas! I only wiſh for health again,
Becauſe I think my lover ſhares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illneſs ſee?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'm weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myſelf I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though prudence bids me ſtrive to guard my fame,
Love ſees the low hypocriſy with ſhame:
Love bids me all confeſs, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakneſs for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakneſs for thee is woman's nobleſt pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS,

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

(" Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes," &c.)

What, Labienus, would thy fond deſire,
Of horned Jove's prophetic ſhrine inquire?

Whether to seek in arms a glorious doom,
Or basely live, and be a king in dome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honest minds dismay,
Or probity may fortune's frown disdain;
If well to mean is all that virtue can;
And right, dependant on itself alone,
Gains no addition from success?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desart sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But liberty and virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.
Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.
O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harals'd poor to spare?
Is it like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries!
Rouse, Britons, rouse! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.
And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love:
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles sooth some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

In the Year 1736.

Long had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

PROLOGUE

TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

Spoken by Mr. Quin.

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it; but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe;

Oft in his crowded houſe, with juſt applauſe,
You heard him teach fair virtue's pureſt laws;
For his chaſte muſe employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire,
Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wiſh to blot.
Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilſt he, ſuperior now to praiſe or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to thoſe whom moſt on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
If to thoſe friends your kind regard ſhall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon ſtarry pole,
May touch with pleaſure his immortal ſoul.

EPILOGUE TO LILLO'S ELMERICK.

You, who, ſupreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd unbiaſs'd, ſit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No uſeful ſenſe, no generous warmth convey;
If *fuſtian* here, through each unnatural ſcene,
In *ſtrain'd conceits found high*, and *nothing mean*;
If *lofty dullneſs* for your vengeance call:
Like Elmerick judge, and let *the guilty fall.*
But if ſimplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artleſs words inſpire:
If, like the action which theſe ſcenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If maſter-ſtrokes the nobler paſſions move;
Then, like the *king*, *acquit* us, and *approve.*

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

I. *On a View from an Alcove.*

——— Viridantia tempe!
Tempe, qvae ſylvae cingvnt ſvperimpendentes.

II. *On a Rocky Fancy Seat.*

——— Ego lavdo rvris amoeni,
Rivos, et mvſco cirvmlita ſaxa nemvſqve.

III.

To the memory of
William Shenſtone, Eſquire;
In whoſe verſes
Were all the natural graces,
And in whoſe manners
Was all the amiable ſimplicity,
Of paſtoral poetry,
With the ſweet tenderneſs
Of the elegiac.

IV. *On the Pedeſtal of an Urn* *.

Alexandro Pope;
Poetarvm anglicanorvm
Elegantiſſimo dvlciſſimoqve;
Virorum caſtigatori acerrimo,
Sapientiae doctori ſvaviſſimo,
Sacra eſto.
Ann. Dom. MDCCXLIV.

V. *On a Bench.*

Libet iacere modo ſvb antiqva ilice,
Modo in tenace Gramine;
Labvntur altis interim rivis aqvae;
Quaervntvr in ſylvis aves:
Fonteſqve lymphis obſtrepvnt Manantibvs
Somnos qvod invitet leves.

VI. *On Thomſon's Seat* †.

Ingenio immortali
Iacobi Thomſon,
Poetae ſvblimis,
Viri boni;
Aedicvlam hanc, qvem vivvs dilexit,
Poſt mortem eivs conſtrvctam,
Dicat dedicatqve
Georgivs Lyttelton.

* *A Doric Portico in another part of the Park is honoured with the name of "Pope's Building," and inſcribed,* Qvieti et muſis.

† *A very handſome and well-finiſhed building, in an octagonal line.*

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDWARD MOORE.

Containing

FABLES,	‖	ODES,
TRIAL OF SELIM,		SONGS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

While here the poet paints the charms
Which bleſs the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And art preſerves the flame!
How prudence, virtue, ſenſe, agree
To bleſs the happy wife;
In *Lucy* and her *book* I ſee
The *picture* and the *life*.

Garrick's Verſes Written in a Copy of Moore's Fables.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF MOORE.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Moore, the particulars which have been recorded by his biographers are inſufficient to ſatisfy curioſity, and diſproportionate to his reputation among the periodical eſſayiſts and the writers of verſe.

The additional intelligence which the preſent writer has obtained, is general and ſcanty; but he has this gratification from giving it to the world, that it affords him an opportunity of recording his obligations to the Rev. Joſhua Toulmin, the able and judicious "Hiſtorian of Taunton," and continuator of "Neale's Hiſtory of the Puritans," for a particular account of his deſcent, birth, and education, drawn up, principally, on the information of his only ſurviving ſiſter.

Edward Moore was born at Abingdon, in Berkſhire, March 22. 1711-12. He was the third ſon of the Rev. Thomas Moore, M. A. paſtor of a ſociety of Proteſtant diſſenters in that town, by Mary, daughter of Thomas Alder, gentleman, of Drayton, a neighbouring village. His grandfather, the Rev. John Moore of Brazen-Noſe College, Oxford, had the curacy of Holneſt in Dorſetſhire, from which he was ejected by the act of uniformity. He became afterwards paſtor to a large congregation of Proteſtant diſſenters at Bridgewater, in Somerſetſhire. His father, in conjunction with his brother, the Rev. John Moore, M. A. conducted the tuition of youth deſigned for the miniſtry, or deſirous of going through a courſe of academical learning, at Bridgewater, till he removed to Abingdon, where he died in the end of 1721, or the beginning of 1722.

The ſeminary at Bridgewater was ſupported by Mr. John Moore, through a period of more than fifty years (a ſmall interruption in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign excepted, when he was obliged to ſecrete himſelf), till the time of his death, Dec. 31. 1748, with great credit and honour to himſelf, and great benefit to the intereſts of literature and religion. The only publication attributed to his father, is a tract on the controverſy of the day, between the eſtabliſhed church and the diſſenters, intituled, "The Honeſty of Proteſtant Diſſenters vindicated, in anſwer to Mr. Peer's Character of an Honeſt Diſſenter, in twelve marks, with ſome Remarks on the additional Preface;" written on liberal principles, with temper, judgment, and ability, not without a ſeaſoning of ſmartneſs and wit.

He left ſeven children. John, born July 3. 1708, a diſſenting miniſter, ſettled firſt at Swaffham, in Cambridgeſhire, and then at Abingdon, truly reſpectable for abilities and character. He died September 22. 1774. Thomas, born 1709; Edward, the poet; Samuel, born April 8. 1714; Mary, born September 8. 1716, who died at Taunton, December 6. 1761; Elizabeth, born April 30. 1719, ſtill living, on whoſe information this account is drawn up, and with whom the family will become extinct; Jane, born October 14. 1721, who died at Bridgewater, November 1790. His widow died in London about 1771, eighty-nine years of age, expreſſing to the laſt an affectionate remembrance of the excellencies of his character, and a mournful ſenſe of her great loſs in the removal of a moſt beloved huſband, after a moſt happy union of about 20 years.

His father dying when he was about ten years old, the direction of his education was kindly undertaken by his uncle at Bridgewater. With him he ſpent ſome years of his early life, and was then removed to the ſchool of Eaſt Orchard, in Dorſetſhire.

His original deſtination appears to have been for trade; and, at a proper age, he was placed with one Mr. Gibſon, a wholeſale linen-draper in London. When he left this houſe, he went to Ireland, in the capacity of a factor, to one Mr. Johnſon a merchant in the city, where he reſided ſome years.

On his return from Ireland, he entered into a partnerſhip in the linen trade with an Iriſh gentleman in London; but his ſucceſs in buſineſs, though he conducted himſelf in it with ability and expertneſs, not anſwering his expectations, the connection was diſſolved.

Whether from a ſtronger attachment to the ſtudy than the counter, from a more ardent zeal in the purſuit of fame than in the ſearch after fortune, or from the cauſe aſſigned by himſelf, in the preface to the quarto edition of his works, 1756, that "his marriage with the Muſes, like moſt other marriages, was more from neceſſity than inclination," he relinquiſhed the buſineſs for which he was bred, became a candidate for fame, and courted the Muſes.

It has been generally ſuppoſed that he never was in buſineſs on his own account; but that he had been engaged in buſineſs, will appear from the following ſtanza in his *Ode to Garrick, on the Talk of the Town on his Marriage.*

And then there's *Belmont* to be ſure—
Oho! my gentle *Neddy Moore*,
How does my good Lord Mayor?
And have you left *Cheapſide*, my dear?
And will you write again next year,
And ſhow your fav'rite player?

Attached to the Muſes, he early courted public attention; and in 1744 produced his firſt performance, intituled, *Fables for the Female Sex*, which was favourably received.

Three of theſe fables, *The Sparrow and the Dove*, *The Female Seducers*, and *Love and Vanity*, were the production of his ingenious and amiable friend Henry Brooke, Eſq. whoſe aſſiſtance he acknowledges in the preface, without diſtinguiſhing his ſhare.

"To avoid the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental ſucceſs, I think it neceſſary to inform thoſe who know me, that I have been aſſiſted in the following papers by the author of "Guſtavus Vaſa." Let the crime of pleaſing be his whoſe talents as a writer, and whoſe virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance."

The eulogy of his poetical aſſociate, whoſe fables are no ſmall ornament to his collection, is not overcharged. Brooke, with many peculiarities, was a man of knowledge and genius, and, what is much better, a moſt worthy man, and an excellent citizen.

In 1748, he undertook the defence of Lyttleton, in an ironical poem, called *The Trial of Selim the Perſian, for High Crimes and Miſdemeanors*; in which he has ſhown himſelf a perfect maſter of the moſt elegant kind of panegyric, ſuch as is couched under the appearance of accuſation; and for which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raiſed great hopes, that were at laſt diſappointed.

The ſame year, he produced his firſt dramatic performance, *The Foundling*, a comedy, acted at Drury-Lane; but which, though aided by the performance of Garrick, Barry, Yates, Macklin, Mrs. Woffington, and Mrs. Cibber, and highly applauded and commended by Cibber, had but a moderate degree of ſucceſs. On the firſt night of its appearance, the character of *Faddle* (which, it is ſaid, was intended for one Ruſſel) gave great diſguſt, and was therefore conſiderably curtailed in all the enſuing repreſentations. It has not ſince that time been continued as an acting comedy, being generally conſidered as bearing too near a reſemblance to Steele's "Conſcious Lovers;" yet in ſome reſpects it is preferable to that play, as the intricacy of the plot is more natural, the characters of a more ſprightly turn, and drawn in general from higher life, unmixed with the pertneſs of a chambermaid coquet and kitchen coxcomb, on which the livelineſs of Steele's play principally depends. The prologue was written by Brooke.

About this time he wrote *The Trial of Sarah* * * *, *alias Slim Sal*, a *jeu d'eſprit*, occaſioned by the vivacity and good humour with which he ſpent an evening, in a lively party of friends, at the houſe of ——— Palmer, Eſq. at Eaton, near St. Neot's in Huntingdonſhire. The lady, his daughter, the ſubject of its genteel wit, is ſtill living.

In 1749, he complimented Garrick in an *Ode*, on his marriage with Madam Violetti; and the ſame year, Auguſt 10. he united himſelf in marriage with Miſs Jenny Hamilton, a beautiful and accom-

pliſhed woman, daughter of Mr. Hamilton, table-decker to the princeſſes, on which occaſion Lyttleton ſtood father.

Miſs Hamilton, it is ſaid, had a poetical turn, and had expreſſed her partiality towards him in the following ſong, addreſſed to Miſs Duck, daughter of the famous Stephen Duck, in which ſhe quibbles on his name with great ingenuity and delicacy, and yet in a manner that expreſſes a ſincere affection. This ſpecimen of her poetry was handed about before their marriage, and printed in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and other miſcellaneous collections of the times.

According to Mr. Toulmin's information, his attachment to Miſs Hamilton, and the encouragement his addreſſes received, gave birth to this ſong, which was written by Dr. Francklin, the celebrated tranſlator of "Æſchylus" and "Lucian," perſonating Miſs Hamilton.

Would you think it, my Duck, (for the fault I muſt own),
Your *Jenny* at laſt is quite covetous grown;
Her millions, if fortune ſhould laviſhly pour,
I ſtill ſhould be wretched if I had not *More*.

As gay as I am, ſhould I ſpend half my days
In dances, and op'ras, ridottos, and plays,
Her fate your poor *Jenny* with tears would deplore,
For alas! my dear girl, what are thoſe without *More*.

'Tis the ſame thing with pleaſure, with money, with men,
And I think I ſhall never be happy again.
I've lovers, and danglers, and praters, good ſtore,
And yet, like true women, I ſtill ſigh for *More*.

Mama ſhe cries, *Jenny*, why all this ado,
You may have a huſband, you know child, or two;
But I pouted, and whimper'd, and fretted, and ſwore
That I would not have one unleſs I had *More*.

The giant, poor devil, has juſt now been here,
And has offer'd to ſettle eight hundred a-year;
But I anſwer'd the wretch as I once did before,
You know it won't do, Sir, for I muſt have *More*.

Though the fool I deſpiſe ſhould beſpatter my fame,
Yet I think I'm as wiſe as ſome folks I could name;
I but worſhip that idol which others adore,
For thoſe that have thouſands would gladly have *More*.

Now, in ſpite of this craving, I vow and proteſt
That avarice ne'er had a place in my breaſt;
For I ſwear I'd not envy the miſer his ſtore,
Had I but enough for myſelf and one *More*.

You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
Whoſe merit can boaſt ſuch a conqueſt as me;
But you ſhan't know his name, though I told you before
It begins with an *M*, but I dare not ſay *More*.

He had relied hitherto on his pen for ſupport; and had ſome hope, from the notice taken of him by Lyttleton, of receiving from his aſſiſtance ſome permanent ſupport. In this he was diſappointed. From Garrick's friendſhip, however, he obtained ſome advantages.

In 1751, his comedy of *Gil Blas* was acted at Drury-Lane; and, though violently oppoſed, was carried through nine nights. This is the leaſt meritorious of his dramas. The deſign is taken from the ſtory of *Aurora* in the novel of "Gil Blas;" but bears too near a reſemblance to the plot of the "Kind Impoſtor;" and he has deviated greatly from truth in the manners of his characters.

In 1753, his *Gameſter*, a tragedy, was acted at Drury-Lane, and met with but middling ſucceſs. As his *Gil Blas* had been forced upon the town ſeveral nights after the ſtrongeſt public diſapprobation of it had been expreſſed, it was thought by his friends that any piece acted under his name would be treated with vindictive ſeverity. Spence, therefore, permitted it for the firſt four nights to be imputed to him; but immediately afterwards threw aſide the maſk, as he ſuppoſed the

ſucceſs of the play to be no longer doubtful; when ſome of the very perſons who had applauded it as his work, were among the foremoſt to condemn it as the performance of Moore.

This tragedy is written in proſe. Some part of it was originally compoſed in blank verſe, of which ſeveral veſtiges remain. It is his beſt dramatic performance; and ſtill keeps poſſeſſion of the ſtage, where it has lately received every poſſible recommendation, by the appearance of Mrs. Siddons in the character of *Mrs. Beverley*. The language is nervous, and yet pathetic; the plot is artful, yet well conducted, the characters are ſtrongly marked, yet not unnatural; and the cataſtrophe is truly tragic, yet not unjuſt. The diſtreſs was cenſured, on its firſt appearance, as too great to be borne, and the cataſtrophe as too horrible; for no other apparent reaſon, but becauſe it too nearly touched a favourite and faſhionable amuſement. It was ſhown in MS. to Young, who approved it greatly, with this remarkable expreſſion, that "gaming wanted ſuch a cauſtic as the concluding ſcene of the play preſented." In his preface, he ſays, "I ſhould humbly preſume that the working it up to any uncommon degree of horror is the *merit* of the play, and not its *reproach*. Nor ſhould ſo prevailing and deſtructive a vice as gaming, be attacked upon the theatre, without impreſſing upon the imagination all the horrors that attend it."

In each of theſe performances, Garrick exerted himſelf both as an actor and an author. In the latter, he "diſtinguiſhed himſelf," ſays his biographer, "by uncommon ſpirit in ſome ſcenes, and by great agonizing feelings in the laſt." Moore, in his preface, expreſſes his admiration of this inimitable performer: who, in the character of *Beverley*, exceeded every idea he had conceived of it in writing, and acknowledges himſelf indebted to him for many popular paſſages in the play. The ſcene, in particular, between *Lewſon* and *Stukely*, has been aſcribed wholly to Garrick.

In January 1753, he began a periodical paper, called *The World, by Adam Fitz-Adam*, which he carried on in weekly numbers, till February 1757. The deſign, as he explains it in the firſt number, "was to ridicule, with novelty and good humour, the faſhions, follies, vices, and abſurdities, of that part of the human ſpecies which we call the *World*, and to trace it through all its buſineſs, pleaſures, and amuſements." The wits of the age were invited to join in it, and gave it their aſſiſtance. The Hon. Horace Walpole, the preſent Earl of Orford, Richard Owen Cambridge, Eſq. the Earl of Corke, Sir David Dalrymple Lord Hailes, the Earl of Cheſterfield, Dr. Warton, Whitehead, Lovibond, Jenyns, and other writers of eminence, as he expreſſes it, "ornamented this publication with their bounty, and honoured it with eſſays." The demand for it greatly exceeded expectation; and, during its appearance, it was the only faſhionable vehicle in which men of rank and genius choſe to convey their ſentiments to the public.

The firſt paper that Lord Cheſterfield ſent, being without any notice from whence it came, underwent but a ſlight inſpection, and was very near being excluded on account of its length. This neglect would have ſtopped any further communications; but fortunately Lyttleton happening to call at Dodſley's, the paper was ſhown to him. He immediately knew the hand, and ſtill more the manner of writing. Moore, being informed of the diſcovery, read the paper more attentively, diſcerned its beauties, and thought proper not only to publiſh it directly, but to introduce it with an apology for the delay, and a compliment to the writer.

From this time, as Mr. Toulmin informs the preſent writer, on the authority of Dr. Farr of Taunton, Lord Cheſterfield carried his politeneſs and confidence in the publiſher's taſte and judgment ſo far, that when he ſent a paper to be inſerted, he gave him the liberty to publiſh it entirely, to alter any part of it, or to ſuppreſs it altogether.

On the ſame authority, it is alleged, that when Moore collected the papers for publication, he ſolicited leave to dedicate one of the volumes to Mr. Cambridge, who permitted it, upon condition that he himſelf ſhould write the dedication. The delicacy with which he executed the taſk, will be readily perceived by the intelligent reader acquainted with this fact.

It is much to be lamented, that either honour or emolument ſhould have been miſſed by Moore. All his exertions were, however, barely ſufficient to ward off the inconveniencies of poverty.

In 1755, he ſettled with his family at South Lambeth, and occupied the houſe which is now the property of Mr. Graham, where he had Cooke, the tranſlator of "Heſiod," for his neighbour, with whom he had been acquainted before the publication of his *Fables*.

They both met at a club held weekly at the Vine and Royal Oak inns; which was uſually compoſed, among others, of ſeveral literary characters; Dr. Howard, H. Hatſell, Sir Joſeph Mawbey, Bart. &c. They lived on friendly terms with each other, though their manners and habits were very diſſimilar.

"Cooke," ſays Sir Joſeph Mawbey, in the account of his life, "Gentleman's Magazine," 1792, began the world with little fortune, and he was early thrown upon thet own with ſtrong paſſions, which, it is ſuppoſed, he gratified very freely in the early part of his life. He was, when I knew him, regular and ſober, though convivial. No one enjoyed the pleatures of the table more than he, nor was more entertaining at it. Though he ſpoke with much freedom of men and things, and we did not think his ſtrictures of either well founded, he had ſuch a fund of general knowledge and anecdotes, without being in reality ill natured, that it was impoſſible for ſuch as knew him thoroughly to avoid being pleaſed.

"He was, however, not unfrequently dictatorial and aſſuming, which often diſguſted ſtrangers, and made him feared by many. Moore, H. Hatſell, Dr. Howard, and many other lively companions, were viſibly reſtrained by Cooke, who excelled them in learning, and whoſe ſpirits generally induced him to take the lead in company at times with infinite humour; at the ſame time, it muſt be allowed, few exceeded them in ſprightlineſs and witty converſation."

In 1756, he publiſhed his works in a quarto volume, by ſubſcription, with a dedication to the Duke of Newcaſtle; which contains a delicate compliment to his brother Mr. Pelham, who had honoured him with his patronage.

"Defects in this work," he ſays in the preface, "there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to mend as I could wiſh. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it), is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good humour. I have ſent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dreſs as I was able; a legitimate one I am ſure it is; and if it ſhould be thought defective in ſtrength, ſpirit, or vigour, let it be conſidered, that its father's marriage with the Muſes, like moſt other marriages into that noble family, was more from neceſſity than inclination."

He continued *The World* until near the cloſe of his life. The laſt proof ſheet of the complete edition of that work was waiting for his correction, when he died at his houſe in South Lambeth, February 28. 1757, in the 45th year of his age. He was interred in the new burying-ground belonging to Lambeth pariſh, near the High-ſtreet, without a ſtone to mark the place of his duſt.

His death, it is ſaid, was owing to his apothecary's too cloſely and injudiciouſly adhering to the phyſician's preſcription. He had been viſited by a ſevere rheumatic fever, in which he had loſt the uſe of his limbs, ſo as not to be able to move a finger; but his recovery was faſt advancing, when the phyſician was called to a diſtance, and directing the uſe of the bark, left him, in confidence of his reſtoration, to a ſtate of convaleſcence. A cold and inflammation of the lungs coming on, and the uſe of the bark being continued, a fever enſued, which ſoon terminated fatally.

He left behind him an only ſon, of his own Chriſtian name. Lord Cheſterfield, with a kindneſs and generoſity which will reflect everlaſting honour on his name, took upon himſelf the care and expence of his education, till he was ſixteen years of age, when he gave him a fortune of 500 l. He had firſt a place in the Salt Office; but inclining to the ſea ſervice, he afterwards went on board a man of war as a midſhipman, and died at ſea in 1773.

Mrs. Moore, after his death, obtained the place of neceſſary woman to the queen's private apartments, and ſtill ſurvives; cheriſhing an indelible and mournful remembrance of the virtues of a moſt affectionate conſort, and much reſpected by a numerous and genteel acquaintance.

The *World*, which he juſt lived to complete, was publiſhed in 6 vols. 12mo, 1757. The ſubſequent editions, in 4 vols. are too numerous to be ſpecified. His *Fables* have been frequently reprinted, and with his other poems have been received into the collection of the "Works of the Engliſh poets," 1790. In the preſent edition, the *Temple of Hymen* is inſerted among the *Fables* contributed by Brooke, omitted in the former editions.

Of Brooke, this brief memorial may ſuffice. He was born in 1706. His father, the Rev. William Brooke of Rantavan, was rector of the pariſhes of Killinkare, Mullough, Mybullough, and

Licowie, in the county of Cavan in Ireland. His mother was a Digby. He was educated at Dr. Sheridan's ſchool, and from thence removed to the Temple, in his ſixteenth year. The engaging ſweetneſs of his temper, and peculiar vivacity of his genius, caught the notice and eſteem of the reigning wits. Swift prophecied wonders of him. Pope affectionately loved him. Thus flattered and encouraged, he returned to Ireland, and married privately his couſin, Miſs Means, who had her firſt child before ſhe was fourteen. He went a ſecond time to London; but poetry was as fatal there as love had been in Ireland. The ſtudy of the law appeared drier than ever. He renewed his intimacy with Pope, and wrote his poem of "Univerſal Beauty" under his eye and criticiſm. Soon, however, he was obliged to return; family affairs demanded his preſence. He practiſed for ſome time as chamber counſel. In 1737, he went a third time to England, where Pope received him with open arms. Lyttleton ſoon diſtinguiſhed and cheriſhed a mind and genius ſimilar to his own. Pitt was particularly fond of him, and introduced him to the Prince of Wales, who careſſed him with uncommon liberality, and preſented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of his friendſhip. Here, fluſhed with ambition, glowing with emulation, and elevated with praiſe, he produced his tragedy of "Guſtavus Vaſa." Government took offence at the ſpirit of liberty which it breathed, and cloſed the theatres againſt it, but could not prevent its publication. Encouraged by his ſucceſs, he took a houſe at Twickenham, and ſent for Mrs. Brooke, who was propoſed by the Prince to be nurſe to his preſent Majeſty. While every proſpect ſmiled, he was ſeized with a violent and unconquerable ague, and ordered to return to his native air. He ſpent the remainder of his life in Ireland. While barrack maſter under Lord Cheſterfield, while writer of the "Farmers Letters," &c. he paſſed, no doubt, through many buſy and intereſting ſcenes, but the particulars are not ſufficiently known to be related with certainty. He left the country, and rented a houſe and farm in Kildare, where he reſided for a few years. He afterwards took and improved a farm in the vicinity of the family eſtate. Shortly after his wife died, and with her all his happineſs, and the beſt part of his exiſtence. At length he withdrew to his paternal ſeat, where he devoted himſelf wholly to the Muſes. He wrote ſeveral tragedies, and formed golden dreams of their ſucceſs upon the Engliſh ſtage, from his intereſt with Garrick, but was diſappointed. He tried the Iriſh ſtage, and was tolerably ſucceſsful, but not equal to his hopes and his occaſions. He was compelled to mortgage, and at laſt to ſell, his paternal eſtate. From this time he ſecluded himſelf entirely from the world. The powers of his mind decayed, and his genius flaſhed but by fits. This is perceivable in the latter volumes of the "Fool of Quality," and his ſubſequent novel of "Juliet Grenville," which were the laſt of his writings. He died October 10. 1783, in the 77th year of his age.

He died as he lived, a Chriſtian. With the meekneſs of a lamb, and the fortitude of a hero, he ſupported the tedious infirmities of age, the languors of ſickneſs, and the pains of diſſolution; and his death, like his life, was inſtructive.

Of nineteen children, two only ſurvived him; a ſon in the army, ſince dead; and a daughter, who inherited his genius. She publiſhed a quarto volume of poems in 1792, and died in 1793.

His "Poetical Works," including fifteen plays, were collected into 4 vols. 8vo, 1778. His Univerſal Beauty, a philoſophical poem in ſix books," "Two Books of Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered," Conſtantia, or the Man of Law's Tale," modernized from Chaucer, "Redemption, a poem, "Conrade, a fragment," "The Fox Chaſe, a poem," &c., were recommended by the compiler of this collection, to be inſerted with his *Fables*, in the "Works of the Britiſh Poets;" but have been excluded, in conſequence of ſome arrangement relative to the extent of the collection.

The character of Moore, who ſeems deſtined as a Fabuliſt, to be inſeparably connected with Brooke, was truly amiable and reſpectable. He had a peculiar ſweetneſs of temper, and was a moſt entertaining and pleaſing companion. The ſimplicity of his manners much endeared him to all his acquaintances, and makes them always ſpeak of him with particular fondneſs and attachment. From the names of his coadjutors in the *World*, and of the perſons to whom his ſeveral pieces are addreſſed, it appears that he was honoured with the friendſhip of almoſt all his contemporaries, who were themſelves remarkable for talents and for learning; and, it is but juſtice to obſerve, that the papers written by him, will ſuffer no injury by a compariſon with thoſe of his coadjutors.

The following letter, furniſhed by Mr. Toulmin, is a ſpecimen of the vivacity and wit, mingled with a ſtrong portion of the moral ſenſe, which was on all occaſions natural to Moore. It is addreſſed to the Rev. John Ward, a diſſenting miniſter at Taunton, who, venerable as he is himſelf for learning, worth, piety, and years, deems it an honour to have his name, connected with that of Moore. It was occaſioned by his being prevented by Fielding's illneſs, from appointing an evening on which he might invite Mr. Ward to meet at his lodgings, ſome of the firſt wits of the day.

" It is not owing to forgetfulneſs that you have not heard from me before. Fielding continues to be viſited for his ſins, ſo as to be wheeled about from room to room: When he mends, I am ſure to ſee him at my lodgings; and you may depend upon timely notice. What fine things are wit and beauty, if a man could be temperate with one, or a woman chaſte with the other! But he that will confine his acquaintance to the ſober and the modeſt, will generally find himſelf among the dull and the ugly. If this remark of mine ſhould be thought to ſhoulder itſelf in without an introduction, you will be pleaſed to note, that Fielding is a wit; that his diſorder is the gout, and intemperance the cauſe."

" Moore," ſays Sir Joſeph Mawbey, who knew him well, " was couſin german to Fuller the banker (partner with Honeywood). He told me he had been in Ireland, on ſome ſcheme of buſineſs, I believe in the linen trade. He was a well-bred amiable man, and a cheerful witty and entertaining companion. Cooke and Moore had often propoſed to themſelves, and to me, conſiderable pleaſure, in attending me at the next aſſizes of Surrey, of which it was known I was to be Sheriff in February 1757. Before ſuch aſſize meeting in March, I had, alas! to regret the death of both my neighbours and friends, Cooke being buried on the 1ſt of January in that year, and Moore on the 5th of March following."

As a poet, his compoſitions are characterized by a refined elegance of ſentiment, and a correſpondent happineſs of expreſſion. He writes with neatneſs and terſeneſs, but without much elevation or ſpirit. Though not a firſt-rate dramatiſt, his pleaſing tragedy of the *Gameſter* entitles him to rank above the middling claſs. The plots of his pieces are intereſting, his characters well drawn, his ſentiments delicate, and his language pleaſing; but his greateſt recommendation is the purity that runs through all his writings, and the apparent tendency of every piece towards the promotion of morality and virtue.

His *Fables*, the moſt popular of all his works, are equal to the beſt compoſitions of that kind in our language. In the freedom and caſe of the verſification, and in the forcibleneſs of the moral, and the poignancy of the ſatire, they approach nearer to the manner of Gay than any of the numerous imitations of that popular fabuliſt. In poetical ſpirit, beautiful imagery, and harmony of numbers, they poſſeſs an unqueſtionable ſuperiority. They have not only great merit of the moral kind, but they delight us as a juſt picture of human life.

The *Four Fables* of Brooke may vie with almoſt every production of the kind, for poetical colouring, facility of verſification, and ſtrength of ſentiment. They have all the flowing eaſe, clearneſs of expreſſion, and poignancy of ſatire, that are to be found in Gay, and Moore; with more warmth of poetry and glow of ſentiment. But, with all their merit, they are perhaps too extenſive for that kind of writing. Fable ſhould be ſhort, ſtrong in the application, quick in the effect, and poignant in the moral. The *Temple of Hymen*, is properly an allegorical tale: It is flowing, clear, and poetical; and ends with a well turned compliment to Lord Charlemont. The *Sparrow and the Dove* breathes throughout the true ſpirit of poetry; but perſpicuity is ſometimes loſt in the flight of the Muſe. Perhaps the connection and conduct of the fable would not be injured by the omiſſion of about 150 lines, beginning—*Freedom reſtrain'd by reaſon's force*, and ending—*While ſwelling with the darling theme.* The abſtruſe reaſoning and philoſophy, which might figure well in another place, are very improper in the character of the *Dove*. The *Female Seducers* is a ſuperlative performance; perſpicuity, without which genius wants its beſt ſupport, is ſometimes wanting: but all the pictures and deſcriptions are very highly coloured, and the verſification is exquiſitely poliſhed and harmonious. *Love and Vanity* has great ſtrength and vigour of poetry, and ſome of thoſe peculiarities which run through the great variety of his performances.

The " verſes written in a copy of Moore's fables," by Garrick, are not only a handſome compliment to the fair poſſeſſor of it, but truly deſcriptive of the nature and merit of the work, and indirectly a fine encomium on it.

While here the poet paints the charms
Which bleſs the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And art preſerves the flame.

How prudence, virtue, ſenſe, agree,
To form the happy wife;
In *Lucy*, and her *book*, I ſee
The *picture* and the *life*.

Sir Joſeph Mawbey has tranſcribed, from Cooke's Common-place-book, his " remarks on Moore's Fables;" which the worthy baronet believes " will be allowed to be very juſt by every lover of poetry."

" June 1743. I read ſixteen fables in manuſcript, wrote by Mr. Edward Moore. The ninth, *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat*, is a very pretty fable; and there are great elegancies in the introduction. The ſixteenth, and laſt fable, called *The Female Seducers*, is a charming, elegant poem. Theſe two fables are far ſuperior to the reſt, and are unexceptionably good. The diction is ſuch as the province of poetry requires; and there are many delicacies in ſentiment and expreſſion; and the imagery is ſtrong and delightful. The other fables have their merit; but have many imperfections which, I doubt not, the author will remove before they are printed. The verſification, through all, is ſweet, with very few exceptions. His images are, ſome of them, lovely, and lovelily clothed. The following four verſes are from the ninth fable, addreſſed to a lady.

Sweet are the flow'rs, that deck the field;
Sweet are the flowers the bloſſoms yield;
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows;
And ſweet, though ſweeter you, the roſe."

" Here is true ſimplicity and ſweetneſs. Speaking in the laſt fable of the diſſolution of things, he has ſome of the beautifulleſt images I deſire to ſee in poetry; as theſe lines.

Gone like traces on the deep,
Like a ſceptre graſp'd in ſleep;
Dews exhal'd from ſunny glades,
Melting ſnows and gliding ſhades.

Sir Joſeph Mawbey juſtly obſerves, that Cooke " might have given many other extracts from them, equally beautiful." He appears to have been unacquainted with the real author of *The Female Seducers*.

Of his miſcellaneous pieces, the moſt conſiderable is, *The Trial of Selim*, which contains much fine irony, expreſſed in elegant verſification. His *Odes* are pleaſing and poetical; but have not the fire and enthuſiaſm, which belong to the higher kinds of lyric poetry. His *Songs* may be juſtly ranked among the beſt compoſitions of the kind in our language. They are ſimple, elegant, and ſprightly in the higheſt degree.

" His poetical works," ſays Sir Joſeph Mawbey, " have eſtabliſhed his name for genius, though they did not procure him much fortune, nor patrons to place him in a ſtate of independency. There is an eaſy elegance in his compoſitions, which renders them as pleaſing as any in the Engliſh language."

THE WORKS OF MOORE.

To His Grace

THOMAS HOLLES, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

My Lord,

Had I the honour of being perſonally known to your Grace, I had not thus preſumptuouſly addreſſed you, without previous ſolicitation for ſo great an indulgence. But that your Grace may neither be ſurpriſed nor offended at the liberty I am taking, my plea is, that the great and good man, whoſe name is prefixed to the firſt of theſe poems, was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind aſſurances he was pleaſed to give to me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loſs amidſt the general concern. It is from theſe favours and aſſurances that I flatter myſelf with having a kind of privilege to addreſs your Grace upon this occaſion, and to entreat your patronage of the following ſheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham, except that of honouring his virtues, and wiſhing to have been ſerviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your Grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you loved, your Grace will not think me unworthy of ſome ſmall ſhare of that notice, with which he was once pleaſed to honour me.

I will not detain your Grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your juſt and prudent adminiſtration of public affairs. That the ſalutary meaſures you are purſuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your Grace, as they are of happineſs to theſe kingdoms, is the ſincere wiſh of,

My Lord,
Your Grace's
moſt humble,
moſt obedient,
and
moſt devoted Servant,

Tully's Head, Pall-Mall,
Feb. 26. 1756.

Edward Moore.

PREFACE.

Moſt of the following poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces; but as many of them were printed without a name, I was adviſed by ſome particular friends to collect them into a volume, and publiſh them by ſubſcription. The painful taſk of ſoliciting ſuch a ſubſcription was chiefly undertaken by thoſe friends, and with ſuch ſpirit and zeal, that I ſhould be greatly wanting in gratitude, if I neglected any opportunity, either public or private, of making them my moſt ſincere acknowledgments. I am alſo obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a conſiderable number of ſubſcribers in that kingdom, a liſt of whoſe names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was deſired not to delay publication. I mention this ſeeming neglect, that my friends on that ſide the water may not accuſe me of any diſreſpect.

Such as the work now is, I ſubmit it to the public. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wiſh. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good-humour. Thoſe parts of it that have been publiſhed ſingly, had the good fortune to pleaſe; thoſe that are now added will, I hope, be no diſcredit to them. Upon the whole, I have ſent this my offſpring into the world in as decent a dreſs as I was able: a legitimate one I am ſure it is; and if it ſhould be thought defective in ſtrength, ſpirit, or vigour, let it be conſidered that its father's marriage with the Muſes, like moſt other marriages into that noble family, was more from neceſſity than inclination.

POEMS.

THE DISCOVERY:

AN ODE

To the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM.

——— Vir bonus eſt quis? HOR.

TAKE wing, my muſe! from ſhore to ſhore
Fly, and that happy place explore
Where virtue deigns to dwell;
If yet ſhe treads on Britiſh ground,
Where can the fugitive be found,
In city, court, or cell?

Not there, where wine and frantic mirth
Unite the ſenſual ſons of earth
In pleaſure's thoughtleſs train;
Nor yet where ſanctity's a ſhow,
Where ſouls nor joy nor pity know
For human bliſs or pain.

Her ſocial heart alike diſowns
The race, who ſhunning crowds and thrones,
In ſhades ſequeſter'd doze;
Whoſe ſloth no generous care can wake,
Who rot like weeds on Lethe's lake,
In ſenſeleſs, vile repoſe.

With theſe ſhe ſhuns the factious tribe,
Who ſpurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
And at corruption lour;
Waiting till diſcord havoc cries,
In hopes, like Cataline, to riſe
On anarchy to pow'r!

Ye wits, who boaſt from ancient times,
A right divine to ſcourge our crimes,
Is it with you ſhe reſts?
No. Int'reſt, ſlander are your views,
And virtue now, with every muſe,
Flies your unhallow'd breaſts.

There was a time, I heard her ſay,
Ere females were ſedut'd by play,
When beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the ſoft deſires,
The furies light forbidden fires,
To love and her unknown.

From theſe th' indignant goddeſs flies,
And where the ſpires of ſcience riſe,
A while ſuſpends her wing;
But pedant pride and rage are there,
And faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every ſpring.

Long through the ſky's wide pathleſs way
The muſe obſerv'd the wand'rer ſtray,
And mark'd her laſt retreat;
O'er Surrey's barren heaths ſhe flew,
Deſcending like the ſilent dew
On Eſher's peaceful ſeat.

There ſhe beholds the gentle Mole
His penſive waters calmly roll,
Amidſt Elyſian ground:
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of love,
And ſtrews her ſweets around.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grott repair,
Her ſecret ſteps to meet;
Nor thou, ſhe cries, theſe ſhades forſake,
But come, lov'd conſort, come and make
The huſband's bliſs complete.

Yet not too much the ſoothing eaſe
Of rural indolence ſhall pleaſe
My Pelham's ardent breaſt;
The man whom virtue calls her own
Muſt ſtand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation bleſt.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal diſcords to compoſe,
Unite her friends, diſarm her foes,
Demands thy head and heart.

When bold rebellion ſhook the land,
Ere yet from William's dauntleſs hand
Her barbarous army fled;
When valour droop'd, and wiſdom fear'd,
Thy voice-expiring credit heard,
And rais'd her languid head.

Now by thy ſtrong aſſiſting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I ſee her ſtand,
Againſt whoſe ſolid feet,
In vain, through every future age,
The loudeſt, moſt tempeſtuous rage
Of angry war ſhall beat.

And grieve not if the ſons of ſtrife
Attempt to cloud thy ſpotleſs life,
And ſhade its brighteſt ſcenes;
Wretches, by kindneſs unſubdu'd,
Who ſee, who ſhare the common good,
Yet cavil at the means.

Like theſe, the metaphyſic crew,
Proud to be ſingular and new,
Think all they ſee deceit;
Are warm'd and cheriſh'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
Yet doubt of light and heat.

THE TRIAL
OF
SELIM THE PERSIAN *,
FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEAMEANORS.

The court was met; the pris'ner brought;
The counſel with inſtructions fraught;
And evidence prepar'd at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.
But firſt 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors, and figures fine,
And ſimiles to deck the line;
'Tis meet (as we before have ſaid)
To call deſcription to our aid.
Begin we then (as firſt 'tis fitting)
With the three chiefs in judgment ſitting.
Above the reſt, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with diſſembled air;
Her tongue was ſkill'd in ſpecious lies,
And murmurs, whence diſſentions riſe;
A ſmiling maſk her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd;
With ſtudy'd blandiſhments ſhe bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the ſight;
Her ſnaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form forbade diſguiſe;
Pale diſcontent and ſullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead ſat;
Her left hand, clench'd, her cheek ſuſtain'd,
Her right (with many a murder ſtain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to ſtrike,
With ſtarts of rage, and aim oblique.
Laſt on the left was Clamour ſeen,
Of ſtature vaſt, and horrid mien;
With blotted cheeks, and frantic eyes,
She ſent her yellings to the ſkies;
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand,
To blow ſedition o'er the land
With theſe, four more of leſſer fame,
And humbler rank, attendant came;
Hypocriſy with ſmiling grace,
And Impudence with brazen face,
Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues.
The walls in ſculptur'd tale were rich,
And ſtatues proud (in many a nich)
Of chiefs, who fought in faction's cauſe,
And periſh'd for contempt of laws.
The roof in vary'd light and ſhade,
The ſeat of anarchy diſplay'd.
Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematic figures known)
Confuſion rag'd, and luſt obſcene,
And riot with diſtemper'd mien,
And outrage bold, and miſchief dire,
And devaſtation clad in fire.
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid;
Her ſhield with many a ſtab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her ſpear revers'd;
And near her, crouch'd amidſt the ſpoils,
A lion panted in the toils.
With look compos'd the pris'ner ſtood,
And modeſt pride. By turns he view'd
The court, the counſel, and the crowd,
And with ſubmiſſive rev'rence bow'd.
Proceed we now, in humbler ſtrains,
And lighter rhymes, with what remains.
Th' indictment grievouſly ſet forth,
That Selim, loſt to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will Pitt *,
And many more, not taken yet)
In forty-five, the royal palace †
Did enter, and to ſhame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forſake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With miſchievous intent and baſe,
Value unknown a certain place.
He was a ſecond time indicted,
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's ſhare,
(Which parſons want, and he might ſpare)
In letter to one Gilbert Weſt ‡,
He, the ſaid Selim, did atteſt,
Maintain, ſupport, and make aſſertion
Of certain points, from Paul's converſion,
By means whereof the ſaid apoſtle
Did many an unbeliever joſtle,
Starting unfaſhionable fancies,
And building truths on known romances.
A third charge ran, that knowing well
Wits only eat as pamphlets ſell,
He, the ſaid Selim, notwithſtanding,
Did fall to anſw'ring, ſhaming, branding
Three curious letters to the Whigs §;
Making no reader care three figs
For any facts contain'd therein;
By which uncharitable ſin

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* *George Lyttleton, Eſq. afterwards Lord Lyttleton. The Perſian Letters of this nobleman were written under the character of Selim, which occaſioned Mr. Moore to give him the ſame name in this poem.*

* *Afterwards Earl of Chatham.*

† *Mr. Lyttleton was appointed a Lord of the Treaſury, 25th Dec* 1744.

‡ *Intituled, "Obſervations on the Converſion and Apoſtleſhip of St. Paul. In a Letter to Gilbert Weſt, Eſq."* 8vo 1747.

§ *Intituled, "Three Letters to the Whigs; occaſioned by the Letter to the Tories,"* 8vo. 1748.

An author, modeſt and deſerving,
Was deſtin'd to contempt and ſtarving;
Againſt the king, his crown and peace,
And all the ſtatutes in that caſe.
The pleader roſe with brief full charg'd,
And on the pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
But not to damp the muſe's fire
With rhet'ric, ſuch as courts require,
We'll try to keep the reader warm,
And ſift the matter from the form.
Virtue and ſocial love, he ſaid,
And honour from the land were fled;
That patriots now, like other folks,
Were made the butt of vulgar jokes;
While Oppoſition dropp'd her creſt,
And courted pow'r for wealth and reſt.
Why ſome folks laugh'd, and ſome folks rail'd,
Why ſome ſubmitted, ſome aſſail'd,
Angry or pleas'd—all ſolv'd the doubt
With who were in, and who were out.
The ſons of Clamour grew ſo ſickly,
They look'd for diſſolution quickly;
Their weekly journals, finely written,
Were ſunk in privies all beſh——n;
Old-England *, and the London-Evening,
Hardly a ſoul was found believing in;
And Caleb †, once ſo bold and ſtrong,
Was ſtupid now, and always wrong.
Aſk ye whence roſe this foul diſgrace?
Why Selim has receiv'd a place,
And thereby brought the cauſe to ſhame;
Proving that people, void of blame,
Might ſerve their country and their king,
By making both the ſelf-ſame thing:
By which the credulous believ'd,
And others (by ſtrange arts deceiv'd)
That miniſters were ſometimes right,
And meant not to deſtroy us quite.
That bart'ring thus in ſtate affairs,
He next muſt deal in ſacred wares,
The clergy's rights divine invade,
And ſmuggle in the goſpel-trade:
And all this zeal to reinſtate
Exploded notions, out of date;
Sending old rakes to church in ſhoals,
Like children, ſniv'ling for their ſouls;
And ladies gay, from ſmut and libels,
To learn beliefs, and read their Bibles;
Erecting conſcience for a tutor,
To daran the preſent by the future:
As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterneſs, and woe,
With ſhort tranſitions of delight,
To ſet the ſhatter'd ſpirits right.
Then why ſuch mighty pains and care,
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding ſhort-liv'd mirth and laughter,
By fears of what may come hereafter?

Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe a hell;
And if there ſhould be one, no doubt,
Men of themſelves would find it out.
But Selim's crimes, he ſaid, went further,
And barely ſtopp'd on this ſide murder;
One yet remain'd to cloſe the charge,
To which (with leave) he'd ſpeak at large.
And, firſt, 'twas needful to premiſe,
That though ſo long (for reaſons wiſe)
The preſs inviolate had ſtood,
Productive of the public good;
Yet ſtill, too modeſt to abuſe,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whoſe.
That great improvements, of late days,
Were made, to many an author's praiſe,
Who, not ſo ſcrupulouſly nice,
Proclaim'd the perſon with the vice;
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the reſt for granted.
Upon this plan, a champion * roſe,
Unrighteous greatneſs to oppoſe,
Proving the man "inventus non eſt,"
Who trades in pow'r, and ſtill is honeſt;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto ſoundly.
But chief his anger was directed,
Where people leaſt of all ſuſpected;
And Selim, not ſo ſtrong as tall,
Beneath his graſp appear'd to fall.
But Innocence (as people ſay)
Stood by, and ſav'd him in the fray,
By her aſſiſted, and one Truth,
A buſy, prating, forward youth,
He rally'd all his ſtrength anew,
And at the foe a letter threw †:
His weakeſt part the weapon found,
And brought him ſenſeleſs to the ground.
Hence Oppoſition fled the field,
And ignorance with her ſeven-fold ſhield;
And well they might, for (things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner with his whore and bully,
Muſt prove for every foe too hard,
Who never fought with ſuch a guard.
But Truth and Innocence, he ſaid,
Would ſtand him here in little ſtead;
For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both.
Of witneſſes a fearful train
Came next, th' indictments to ſuſtain;
Detraction, Hatred, and Diſtruſt,
And party, of all foes the worſt,
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Diſappointment worn with grief,
Diſhonour foul, unaw'd by ſhame,
And every fiend that vice can name.
All theſe in ample form depoſ'd,
Each fact the triple charge diſclos'd,
With taunts and gibes of bitter ſort,
And aſking vengeance from the court.

* *An Oppoſition Paper at that time publiſhed, in which Mr. Lyttleton was frequently abuſed.*

† *Caleb D'Anvers, the name aſſumed by the writers of the Craftſman.*

* *Author of the Letters to the Whigs.*

† *Probably,* "*A Congratulatory Letter to Selim on the Letters to the Whigs,*" 8vo. 1748.

The pris'ner ſaid in his defence,
That he indeed had ſmall pretence
To ſoften facts ſo deeply ſworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hop'd than bare repentance
Might ſtill be urg'd to ward the ſentence.
That he had held a place ſome years,
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives baſe,
Th' indictment there miſtook the caſe;
And though he had betray'd his truſt
In being to his country juſt,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might ceaſe,
And jarring parties mix in peace.
That what he wrote to Gilbert Weſt,
Bore hard againſt him, he confeſs'd;
Yet there they wrong'd him; for the fact is,
He reaſon'd for belief, not practice;
And people might believe, he thought,
Though practice might be deem'd a fault.
He either dreamt it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and ſenſe;
But whether this was truth, or whim,
He would not ſay; the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was, how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now:
If they admitted it, 'twas well;
If not, he never talk'd of hell;
Nor even hop'd to change men's meaſures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleaſures.
One accuſation, he confeſs'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the reſt;
Three patriot-letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to ſhame.
And though it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injur'd might reply,
And on his foe retort the lie;
Yet what accru'd from all his labour,
But foul diſhonour to his neighbour?
And he's a moſt unchriſtian elf,
Who others damns to ſave himſelf.
Beſides, as all men knew, he ſaid,
Thoſe letters only rail'd for bread;
And hunger was a known excuſe
For proſtitution and abuſe:
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the writer change his ſide;
He wiſh'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd, he ſhould have bought, not ſtarv'd him.
The court, he ſaid, knew all the reſt,
And muſt proceed as they thought beſt;
Only he hop'd ſuch reſignation
Would plead ſome little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults (and friends were near,
Who would, when call'd upon, atteſt it)
He did in humbleſt form requeſt it,
To be from puniſhment exempt,
And only ſuffer their contempt.

The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour ſwore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty.
Religion, ſober dame, attended,
And, as ſhe could, his cauſe befriended.
She ſaid, 'twas ſince he came from college,
She knew him introduc'd by knowledge:
The man was modeſt and ſincere,
Nor farther could ſhe interfere.
The Muſes begg'd to interpoſe;
But Envy with loud hiſſings roſe,
And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and proſtitutes to ſhame;
And ſaid, to all the world 'twas known,
Selim had had them every one.
The pris'ner bluſh'd, the Muſes frown'd,
When ſilence was proclaim'd around,
And Faction, riſing with the reſt,
In form the pris'ner thus addreſs'd.
You, Selim, thrice have been indicted:
Firſt, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to diſgrace,
You have receiv'd, and held a place:
Next, infidelity to wound,
You've dar'd, with arguments profound,
To drive freethinking to a ſtand,
And with religion vex the land:
And laſtly, in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnat'ral ſpite,
You have an author's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.
Theſe crimes ſucceſſive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial;
To which yourſelf, with ſhame, conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the juſtice of the court
May ſuffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I ſuſpend,
To reaſon as from friend to friend.
And firſt, that you, of all mankind,
With kings and courts ſhould ſtain your mind!
You! who were Oppoſition's lord!
Her nerves, her ſinews, and her ſword!
That you at laſt, for ſervile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends!
Is aggravation of offence,
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more——For you to urge your hate,
And back the church, to aid the ſtate!
For you to publiſh ſuch a letter!
You! who have known religion better!
For you, I ſay, to introduce
The fraud again!—there's no excuſe.
And laſt of all, to crown your ſhame,
Was it for you to load with blame
The writings of a patriot-youth,
And ſummon Innocence and Truth
To prop your cauſe?——Was this for you?——
But juſtice does your crimes purſue;
And ſentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by me, the court ordains:

" That you return from whence you came,
" There to be ſtript of all your fame
" By vulgar hands; that once a week
" Old-England pinch you till you ſqueak;
" That ribbald pamphlets do purſue you,
" And lies and murmurs, to undo you.
" With every ſoe that worth procures,
" And only virtue's friends be yours."

ODE TO GARRICK,

UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

" When I ſaid I would die a batchelor, I did not
" think I ſhould live till I were married."
Much Ado about Nothing.

No, no; the left-hand box, in blue;
There! don't you ſee her?—" See her! Who?"
Nay, hang me if I tell.
There's Garrick in the muſic box!
Watch but his eyes; ſee there——" O pox!"
" Your ſervant, Ma'moiſelle!"

But tell me, David, is it true?
Lord help us! what will ſome folks do?
How will they curſe this ſtranger!
What! fairly taken in for life!
A ſober, ſerious, wedded wife!
O fie upon you, Ranger!

The clergy too have join'd the chat;
" A papiſt!—Has he thought of that?
" Or means he to convert her?"
Troth, boy, unleſs your zeal be ſtout,
The nymph may turn your faith about,
By arguments experter.

The ladies, pale and out of breath,
Wild as the witches in Macbeth,
Aſk if the " deed be done!"
O, David! liſten to my lay!
I'll propheſy the things, they'll ſay,
For tongues you know, will run.

" And pray, what other news d'ye hear?
" Marry'd!—But don't you think my dear,
" He's growing out of faſhion?
" People may fancy what they will,
" But Quin's the only actor ſtill,
" To touch the tender paſſion.

" Nay, madam, did you mind, laſt night,
" His Archer? Not a line on't right!
" I thought I heard ſome hiſſes.
" Good God! if Billy Mills, thought I,
" Or Billy Havard would but try,
" They'd beat him all to pieces.

" 'Twas prudent though to drop his Bayes—
" And (entre nous) the Laureat ſays,
" He hopes he'll give up Richard.
" But then it tickles me to ſee,
" In Haſtings, ſuch a ſhrimp as he
" Attempt to raviſh Pritchard.

" The fellow pleas'd me well enough
" In —— what d'ye call it? Hoadley's ſtuff;
" There's ſomething there like nature:
" Juſt ſo, in life, he runs about,
" Plays at bo-peep, now in, now out,
" But hurts no mortal creature.

" And then there's Belmont, to be ſure——
" O ho! my gentle Neddy Moore!
" How does my good Lord Mayor?
" And have you left Cheapſide, my dear!
" And will you write again next year,
" To ſhow your fav'rite player?

" But Merope, we own, is fine,
" Eumenes charms in every line;
" How prettily he vapours!
" So gay his dreſs, ſo young his look,
" One would have ſworn 'twas Mr. Cook,
" Or Mathews, cutting capers."

Thus, David, will the ladies ſtout,
And councils hold at every rout,
To alter all your plays;
Yates ſhall be Benedick next year,
Macklin the Richard, Taſwell Lear,
And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

Two parts they readily allow
Are yours; but not one more, they vow;
And thus they cloſe their ſpite:
You will be Sir John Brute, they ſay,
A very Sir John Brute all day,
And Fribble all the night.

But tell me, fair ones, is it ſo?
" You all did love him once *," we know;
What then provokes your gall?
Forbear to rail—I'll tell you why;
Quarrels may come, or madam die,
And then there's hope for all.

And now a word or two remains,
Sweet Davy, and I cloſe my ſtrains:
Think well ere you engage;
Vapours and ague-fits may come,
And matrimonial claims at home,
Unnerve you for the ſtage.

But if you find your ſpirits right,
Your mind at eaſe, your body tight,
Take her; you can't do better.
A pox upon the tattling town!
The fops that join to cry her down
Would give their ears to get her.

Then if her heart be good and kind,
(And ſure that face beſpeaks a mind
As ſoft as woman's can be)
You'll grow as conſtant as a dove,
And taſte the purer ſweets of love,
Unviſited by Ranby.

ENVY AND FORTUNE:

A TALE.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

Says Envy to Fortune, " Soft, ſoft, Madam Flirt!
" Not ſo faſt with your wheel, you'll be down in
" the dirt!
" Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my
" dear creature,
" You've ſhown him a wonderful deal of good-
" His bags are ſo full, and ſuch praiſes his due,
" That the like was ne'er known—and all owing
" to you:

* *Julius Cæſar.*

" But why won't you make him quite happy for
" life, [wife?"
" And to all you have done add the gift of a
Says Fortune, and ſmil'd, " Madam Envy, God
ſave ye!
" But why always ſneering at me and poor Davy?
" I own that ſometimes, in contempt of all rules,
" I laviſh my favours on blockheads and fools;
" But the caſe is quite different here, I aver it,
" For David ne'er knew me, till brought me by
" merit.
" And yet to convince you—nay, Madam, no
" hiſſes— [is—."
" Good manners at leaſt—ſuch behaviour as this
(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out
With a hiſs and a yell that would ſilence a rout.
But Fortune went on)—" To convince you, I ſay,
" That I honour your ſcheme, I'll about it to-day;
" The man ſhall be marry'd, ſo pray now be eaſy,
" And Garrick for once ſhall do ſomething to
" pleaſe ye."
So ſaying, ſhe rattled her wheel out of ſight,
While Envy walk'd after, and grinn'd with de-
light. [brewing,
It ſeems 'twas a trick that ſhe long had been
To marry poor David, and ſo be his ruin:
For Slander had told her the creature lov'd pelf,
And car'd not a fig for a ſoul but himſelf;
From thence ſhe was ſure, had the Devil a daugh-
ter, [her:
He'd ſnap at the girl, ſo 'twas Fortune that brought
And then ſhould her temper be ſullen or haughty,
Her fleſh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor fellow ſo out of his reaſon,
That Barry and Quin would ſet faſhions next
ſeaſon.
But Fortune, who ſaw what the Fury deſign'd,
Reſolv'd to get David a wife to his mind:
Yet afraid of herſelf in a matter ſo nice,
She viſited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.
The nymph ſhook her head when the buſineſs ſhe
knew,
And ſaid that her female acquaintance were few;
That excepting Miſs R * * *—O, yes, there was
one,
A friend of that lady's, ſhe viſited none;
But the firſt was too great, and the laſt was too
good,
And as for the reſt, ſhe might get whom ſhe cou'd.
Away hurried Fortune, perplex'd and half mad,
But her promiſe was paſs'd, and a wife muſt be had:
She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other,
Now knocking at one door, and then at another.
The girls curtſy'd low as ſhe look'd in their faces,
And bridled and primm'd with abundance of
graces;
But this was coquettiſh, and that was a prude,
One ſtupid and dull, t'other noiſy and rude;
A third was affected, quite careleſs a fourth,
With prate without meaning, and pride without
worth;
A fifth, and a ſixth, and a ſeventh were ſuch
As either knew nothing, or ſomething too much—
In ſhort as they paſs'd, ſhe to all had objections;
The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd af-
fections,

The prudent were ugly, the ſenſible dirty,
And all of them flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.
When Fortune ſaw this ſhe began to look ſilly,
Yet ſtill ſhe went on till ſhe reach'd Piccadilly;
But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,
She reſted her wheel within Burlington gate.
My lady roſe up, as ſhe ſaw her come in, [been?"
" O ho, madam Genius! pray where have you
(For her ladyſhip thought, from ſo ſerious an air,
'Twas Genius come home, for it ſeems ſhe liv'd
there.)
But Fortune, not minding her ladyſhip's blunder,
And wiping her forehead, cry'd, " Well may you
wonder [caſe,
" To ſee me thus flurry'd;"—then told her the
And ſigh'd till her ladyſhip laugh'd in her face.
" Mighty civil indeed!"—" Come, a truce, ſays
" my lady, [ye.
" A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid
" I'll ſhow you a girl that—Here, Martin! go
" tell!
" But ſhe's gone to undreſs; by and by is as
" well—
" I'll ſhow you a ſight that you'll fancy uncommon,
" Wit, beauty, and goodneſs, all met in a woman;
" A heart to no folly or miſchief inclin'd,
" A body all grace, and all ſweetneſs a mind."
" O, pray let me ſee her," ſays Fortune, and
" ſmil'd, [child—
" Do but give her to me, and I'll make her my
" But who, my dear, who?—for you have not
" told yet"—
" Who, indeed, ſays my lady, if not Violette?"
The words were ſcarce ſpoke when ſhe enter'd
the room:
A bluſh at the ſtranger ſtill brighten'd her bloom;
So humble her looks were, ſo mild was her air,
That Fortune, aſtoniſh'd, ſat mute in her chair.
My lady roſe up, and with countenance bland,
" This is Fortune, my dear," and preſented her
hand:
The goddeſs embrac'd her, and call'd her her own,
And, compliments over, her errand made known.
But how the ſweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and
trembled,
How oft ſhe ſaid no, and how ill ſhe diſſembled;
Or how little David rejoic'd at the news,
And ſwore, from all others, 'twas her he would
chooſe;
What methods he try'd, and what arts to prevail;
All theſe, were they told, would but burden my
tale—
In ſhort, all affairs were ſo happily carry'd,
That hardly ſix weeks paſs'd away till they mar-
ry'd.
But Envy grew ſick when the ſtory ſhe heard,
Violette was the girl that of all ſhe moſt fear'd;
She knew her good-humour, her beauty and
ſweetneſs, [neſs;
Her eaſe and compliance, her taſte and her neat-
From theſe ſhe was ſure that her man could not
roam,
And muſt riſe on the ſtage, from contentment at
home:
So on ſhe went hiſſing, and inwardly curs'd her,
And Garrick next ſeaſon will certainly burſt her.

To the Right Honourable

HENRY PELHAM,

The Humble Petition of the Worſhipful Company of Poets and News-Writers,

SHEWETH,

THAT your Honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of ſcandal, for mending the times)
By loſſes in buſineſs, and England's well-doing,
Are ſunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.
That theſe their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Ariſe not from dulneſs, as ſome folks believe,
But from rubs in your way which your Honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.
That they always had form'd high conceits of their uſe,
And meant their laſt breath ſhould go out in abuſe;
But now (and they ſpeak it with ſorrow and tears)
Since your Honour has ſat at the helm of affairs,
No party will join them, no faction invite [write,
To heed what they ſay, or to read what they
Sedition, and Tumult, and Diſcord are fled,
And Slander ſcarce ventures to lift up her head—
In ſhort, public buſineſs is ſo carry'd on,
That their country is ſav'd, and the patriots undone.
To perplex them ſtill more, and lure famine to bring,
(Now ſatire has loſt both its truth and its ſting)
If, in ſpite of their natures, they bungle at praiſe,
Your Honour regards not, and nobody pays.
Your petitioners, therefore, moſt humbly entreat
(As the times will allow, and your Honour thinks meet) [complaint
That meaſures be chang'd, and ſome cauſe of
Be immediately furniſh'd, to end their reſtraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.
Or elſe (if your wiſdom ſhould deem it all one)
Now the Parliament's riſing, and buſineſs is done,
That your Honour would pleaſe, at this dangerous criſis,
To take to your boſom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themſelves and Contention alive.
In compaſſion, good Sir, give them ſomething to ſay,
And your Homer's petitioners ever ſhall pray.

THE

TRIAL OF SARAH * * * *, ALIAS SLIM SAL,

FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

THE pris'ner was at large indicted,
For that by thirſt of gain excited,
One day in July laſt, at tea,
And in the houſe of Mrs. P.
From the left breaſt of E. M. gent.
With baſe felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with ſtrings,
Reſt, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob and plunder; and all them
The chattels of the ſaid E. M.

The proſecutor ſwore, laſt May
(The month he knew, but not the day)
He left his friends in town, and went
Upon a viſit down in Kent:
That ſtaying there a month or two,
He ſpent his time as others do,
In riding, walking, fiſhing, ſwimming;
But being much inclin'd to women,
And young and wild, and no great reaſoner,
He got acquainted with the priſoner
He own'd, 'twas rumour'd in thoſe parts
That ſhe 'ad a trick of ſtealing hearts,
And from fifteen to twenty-two,
Had made the devil and all to do:
But Mr. W. the vicar,
(And no man brews you better liquor)
Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolics of a girl forſooth:
Things now were on another ſcore,
He ſaid; for ſhe was twenty-four.
However, to make matters ſhort,
And not to treſpaſs on the court,
The lady was diſcover'd ſoon,
And thus it was. One afternoon,
The ninth of July laſt, or near it,
(As to the day, he could not ſwear it)
In company at Mrs P.'s,
Where folks ſay any thing they pleaſe;
Dean L.. and Lady Mary by,
And Fanny waiting on Miſs Y.
(He own'd he was inclin'd to think
Both were a little in their drink)
The pris'ner aſk'd, and call'd him couſin,
How many kiſſes made a dozen?
That being, as he own'd, in liquor,
The queſtion made his blood run quicker,
And, ſenſe and reaſon in eclipſe,
He vow'd he'd ſcore them on her lips.
That riſing up to keep his word,
He got as far as kiſs the third,
And would have counted t other nine,
And ſo all preſent did opine,
But that he felt a ſudden dizzineſs,
That quite undid him for the buſineſs:
His ſpeech, he ſaid, began to faulter,
His eyes to ſtare, his mouth to water,
His breaſt to thump without ceſſation,
And all within one conflagration.
Bleſs me! ſays Fanny, what's the matter?
And Lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And ſtamp'd, and wiſh'd the pris'ner further,
And cry'd out, Part them, or there's murther!
That ſtill he held the pris'ner faſt,
And would have ſtood it to the laſt;
But ſtruggling to go through the reſt,
He felt a pain acroſs his breaſt,
A ſort of ſudden twinge, he ſaid,
That ſeem'd almoſt to ſtrike him dead,
And after that ſuch cruel ſmarting,
He thought the ſoul and body parting.
That then he let the pris'ner go,
And ſtagger'd off a ſtep or ſo;
And thinking that his heart was ill,
He begg'd of Miſs Y. s maid to feel.
That Fanny ſtept before the reſt,
And laid her hand upon his breaſt;

But, mercy on on us! what a ſtare
The creature gave! No heart was there;
Souſe went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart, and ſtrings, and all were ſtole.
That Fanny turn'd, and told the priſoner,
She was a thief, and ſo ſhe'd chriſten her;
And that it was a burning ſhame,
And brought the houſe an evil name;
And if ſhe did not put the heart in,
The man would pine and die for certain.
The pris'ner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs;
And told his reverence, and the reſt of 'em,
She was as honeſt as the beſt of 'em.
That Lady Mary and Dean I..
Roſe up and ſaid, 'Twas mighty well,
But that, in general terms they ſaid it,
A heart was gone, and ſome one had it:
Words would not do, for ſearch they muſt,
And ſearch they would, and her the firſt.
That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
And ſaid, ſhe hop'd they would not hang her;
That all ſhe did was meant in jeſt,
And there the heart was, and the reſt.
That then the Dean cry'd out, O fie!
And ſent in haſte for Juſtice I.
Who, though he knew her friends and pity'd her,
Call'd her hard names, and ſo committed her.
The parties preſent ſwore the ſame;
And Fanny ſaid, the pris'ner's name
Had frighten'd all the country round;
And glad ſhe was the bill was found.
She knew a man, who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother,
Who loſt his heart by mere ſurpriſe,
One morning looking at her eyes;
And others had been known to ſqueak,
Who only chanc'd to hear her ſpeak:
For ſhe had words of ſuch a ſort,
That though ſhe knew no reaſon for't,
Would make a man of ſenſe run mad,
And rifle him of all he had;
And that ſhe'd rob the whole community,
If ever ſhe had opportunity.
The pris'ner now firſt filence broke,
And curtſy'd round her as ſhe ſpoke.
She own'd, ſhe ſaid, it much incens'd her,
To hear ſuch matters ſworn againſt her,
But that ſhe hop'd to keep her temper,
And prove herſelf "eadem ſemper."
That what the proſecutor ſwore
Was ſome part true, and ſome part more:
She own'd ſhe had been often ſeen with him,
And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him;
The fellow ſeem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that ſooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vaſtly,
And that all women elſe look'd ghaſtly.
But then ſhe hop'd the court would think
She never was inclin'd to drink,
Or ſuffer hands like his to daub her, or
Encourage men to kiſs and ſlobber her;
She'd have folks know ſhe did not love it,
Or if ſhe did, ſhe was above it.
But this, ſhe ſaid, was ſworn of courſe,
To prove her giddy, and then worſe;
As ſhe whoſe conduct was thought "lævis,"
Might very well be reckon'd thieviſh.
She hop'd, ſhe ſaid, the court's diſcerning
Would pay ſome honour to her learning,
For every day from four to paſt ſix,
She went up ſtairs, and read the claſſics.
Thus having clear'd herſelf of levity,
The reſt, ſhe ſaid, would come with brevity.
And firſt, it injur'd not her honour
To own the heart was found upon her;
For ſhe could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her:
The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
Was once the humbleſt of her ſlaves,
And often had confeſs'd the dart
Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart:
That ſhe, as 'twas her conſtant faſhion,
Made great diverſion of his paſſion;
Which ſet his blood in ſuch a ferment,
As ſeem'd to threaten his interment:
That then ſhe was afraid of loſing him,
And ſo deſiſted from abuſing him;
And often came and felt his pulſe,
And bid him write to Doctor Hulſe.
The proſecutor thank'd her kindly,
And ſigh'd, and ſaid ſhe look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was burſting,
And doctors he had little truſt in;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 'twould mend if once ſhe kept it.
That having no averſion to it,
She ſaid, with all her ſoul, ſhe'd do it;
But then ſhe begg'd him to remember,
If he ſhould need it in December,
(For winter months would make folks ſhiver,
Who wanted either heart or liver)
It never could return; and added,
'Twas her's for life, if once ſhe had it.
The proſecutor ſaid, Amen,
And that he wiſh'd it not again;
And took it from his breaſt and gave her,
And bow'd, and thank'd her for the favour;
But begg'd the thing might not be ſpoke of,
As heartleſs men were made a joke of.
That next day, whiſp'ring him about it,
And aſking how he felt without it,
He ſigh'd, and cry'd, Alack! alack!
And begg'd, and pray'd to have it back;
Or that ſhe'd give him her's inſtead on't:
But ſhe conceiv'd there was no need on't;
And ſaid, and bid him make no pother,
He ſhould have neither one nor t'other.
That then he rav'd and ſtorm'd like fury,
And ſaid, that one was his "de jure,"
And rather than he'd leave purſuing her,
He'd ſwear a robbery, and ruin her.
That this was truth ſhe did aver,
Whatever hap betided her;
Only that Mrs. P. ſhe ſaid,
Miſs Y. and her deluded maid,
And Lady Mary, and his reverence,
Were folks to whom ſhe paid ſome deference;
And that ſhe verily believ'd
They were not perjur'd, but deceiv'd.
Then Doctor D. begg'd leave to ſpeak,
And ſigh'd as if his heart would break.

He ſaid, that he was madam's ſurgeon,
Or rather, as in Greek chirurgeon,
From "cheir, manus, ergon, opus"
(As ſcope is from the Latin "ſcopus.")
That he, he ſaid, had known the priſoner
From the firſt ſun that ever riſe on her;
And griev'd he was to ſee her there;
But took upon himſelf to ſwear,
There was not to be found in nature
A ſweeter or a better creature;
And if the king (God bleſs him) knew her,
He'd leave St. James's to get to her:
But then as to the fact in queſtion,
He knew no more on't than Hephæſtion;
It might be falſe, and might be true;
And this, he ſaid, was all he knew.

The judge proceeded to the charge,
And gave the evidence at large,
But often caſt a ſheep's eye at her,
And ſtrove to mitigate the matter,
Pretending facts were not ſo clear,
And mercy ought to interfere.

The jury then withdrew a moment,
As if on weighty points to comment;
And right or wrong, reſolv'd to ſave her,
They gave a verdict in her favour.

But why or wherefore things were ſo,
It matters not for us to know
The culprit, by eſcape grown bold,
Pilfers alike from young and old,
The country all around her teazes,
And robs or murders whom ſhe pleaſes.

FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The following Fables were written at intervals, when I found myſelf in humour, and diſengaged from matters of greater moment. As they are the writings of an idle hour, ſo they are intended for the reading of thoſe, whoſe only buſineſs is amuſement. My hopes of profit, or applauſe, are not immoderate; nor have I printed through neceſſity, or requeſt of friends. I have leave from her Royal Highneſs to addreſs her, and I claim the fair for my readers. My fears are lighter than my expectations: I wrote to pleaſe myſelf, and I publiſh to pleaſe others; and this ſo univerſally, that I have not wiſhed for correctneſs to rob the critic of his cenſure, or my friend of the laugh.

My intimates are few, and I am not ſolicitous to increaſe them. I have learnt, that where the writer would pleaſe, the man ſhould be unknown. An author is the reverſe of all other objects, and magnifies by diſtance, but diminiſhes by approach. His private attachments muſt give place to public favour; for no man can forgive his friend the ill-natured attempt of being thought wiſer than himſelf.

To avoid, therefore, the misfortunes that may attend me from any accidental ſucceſs, I think it neceſſary to inform thoſe who know me, that I have been aſſiſted in the following papers by the author of Guſtavus Vaſa *. Let the crime of pleaſing be his, whoſe talents as a writer, and whoſe virtues as a man, have rendered him a living affront to the whole circle of his acquaintance.

* *Henry Brooke, Eſq.*

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

To her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales.

The moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, fair excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to ſweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart;
And ſhow the paths, that lead aſtray
The wand'ring nymph from wiſdom's way.
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions underſtood;
Your monument if actions raiſe,
Shall I deface by idle praiſe?
I echo not the voice of fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain;
To theſe, deteſting praiſe, I write,
And vent, in charity, my ſpite.
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all, promiſcuous as they paſs;
Should folly there her likeneſs view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the ſolly-ſoothing page,
While ſatire, that offends the ear
Of vice and paſſion, pleaſes her.

Premiſing this, your anger ſpare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by factions preſs'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs addreſs'd;
By ſpecious lies the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their ſuit. The eagle ſate,
Decider of the grand debate.
The pie, to truſt and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permiſſion to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phraſe
You know I hate. This libel ſays,
" Some birds there are, who, prone to noiſe,
" Are hir'd to ſilence wiſdom's voice,
" And ſkill'd to chatter out the hour,
" Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree;
Yet well this ſage aſſembly knows,
By parts to government I roſe;
My prudent counſels prop the ſtate;
Magpies were never known to prate.
The kite roſe up. His honeſt heart
In virtue's fuff'rings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller ſaid true;
" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no int'reſt but their own;
" Who hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
" Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling ſpar'd."
This might be true, but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the ſtand'rer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be miſled,
Such things, he thought, were beſt unſaid.
The crow was vex'd. As yeſter-morn
He flew acroſs the new-ſown corn,
A ſcreaming boy was ſet for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.
The owl aroſe, with ſolemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the caſe.
That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too,
Crows ſometimes deal in new-ſown peaſe;
He libels not, who ſtrikes at theſe,
The ſlander's here—" But there are birds,
" Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks, not words;
" Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
" And always ſhoot beſide the mark."
He names not me; but theſe are hints,
Which manifeſt at whom he ſquints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To queſtion if he meant an owl.
Ye wretches, hence! the eagle cries,
'Tis conſcience, conſcience that applies;
The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his aſſociate fear,
Are ſtartled at the paſſing air.

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

The man, who ſeeks to win the fair,
So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear;
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeneſs, which ſhe cannot bear.
A rudeneſs? Yes. I ſpeak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And ſtill to make you leſs my friend,
I ſtrive your errors to amend!
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs ſop impart
The ſofteſt paſſion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?
Truſt me, my dear, with greater eaſe
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe,
And ſimiles in each dull line,
Like glowworms in the dark, ſnould ſhine.
What if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhowers?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r reſembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, buſy thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing,
Gaily coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt?
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From ſour reſerve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known;
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth, that virtue can beſtow.
Theſe are the charms, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.
You'll frown, and aſk to what intent
This blunt addreſs to you is ſent?
I'll ſpare the queſtion, and confeſs
I'd praiſe you, if I lov'd you leſs;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beaſts met friendly on the plain,
A panther, of majeſtic port,
(The vaineſt female of the court)
With ſpotted ſkin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every boſom with deſire.
Where'er ſhe mov'd, a ſervile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Aſſemblies every week ſhe held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And lies and ſcandal fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantaſtic thing,
Encircled by the ſpacious ring.
Low bowing, with important look,
As firſt in rank the monkey ſpoke.
" Gad take me, Madam, but I ſwear,
" No angel ever look'd ſo fair:
" Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow,
" You were not quite divine till now;
" Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe eyes!
" O, cloſe them, or the gazer dies!"
Nay, gentle pug, for goodneſs huſh,
I vow, and ſwear, you make me bluſh;
I ſhall be angry at this rate:
'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate.
The fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
To which the fair have vaſt pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they ſtrive not to attain,
And play'd ſo cunningly his part,
That pug was rival'd in his art.
The goat avow'd his am'rous flame;
And burnt—for what he durſt not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning underſtood.
Half angry at the bold addreſs,
She frown'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But ſtill his phraſe was ſomewhat rude.
The hog her neatneſs much admir'd;
The formal aſs her ſwiftneſs fir'd;
While all to feed her folly ſtrove,
And by their praiſes ſhar'd her love.
The horſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
Applauſe, by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, ſilence broke,
And thus with indignation ſpoke.
When flatt'ring monkeys fawn, and prate,
They juſtly raiſe contempt or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his ſelfiſh ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendſhips to betray.
Diſmiſs the train of fops, and fools,
And learn to live by wiſdom's rules;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely ſhape,
To be the rival of an ape?
He ſaid; and ſnorting in diſdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and ſought the plain.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

The prudent nymph, whoſe cheeks diſcloſe
The lily, and the bluſhing roſe,
From public view her charms will ſcreen,
And rarely in the crowd be ſeen;
This ſimple truth ſhall keep her wiſe,
" The faireſt fruits attract the flies."

One night, a glowworm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, ſo fine a creature.
All other inſects that I ſee,
The frugal ant, induſtrious bee,
Or ſilk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who ſervilely their lives employ
In buſineſs, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my ſcorn,
For grandeur only I was born,
Or ſure am ſprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth, to live and ſhine.
Thoſe lights that ſparkle ſo on high,
Are but the glowworms of the ſky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Becauſe they imitate my fire.
She ſpoke. Attentive on a ſpray,
A nightingale forbore his lay;
He ſaw the ſhining morſel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with ſober look,
And thus the trembling prey beſpoke.
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Leſs dazzling, long thou might'ſt have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, ſoon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks whom ſhe adorns.

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

Sixteen, d'ye ſay? Nay, then 'tis time;
Another year deſtroys your prime.
But ſtay—The ſettlement! " That's made."
Why then's my ſimple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable ſcan.

The ſhades were fled, the morning bluſh'd,
The winds were in the caverns huſh'd,
When Hymen, penſive and ſedate,
Held o'er the fields his muſing gait.
Behind him, through the green-wood ſhade,
Death's meagre form the god ſurvey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic ſtride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his ſide.
The chat on various ſubjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.
Relentleſs Death, whoſe iron ſway
Mortals reluctant muſt obey,
Still of thy pow'r ſhall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts
All over ſtuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel ſhafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.
Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miſer, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the ſtew,
Alone thy fell revenge purſue?
But muſt the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undiſtinguiſh'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd:
Weigh well the cauſe, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be juſtly laid;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus ſends;
Hence care, and bitterneſs, and ſtrife
Are common to the nuptial life.
Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compaſſion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and baſe,
Who ſeek the wretched to releaſe;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indiſſoluble but for me.
'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me, your crowded altars ſmoke:
For mortals boldly dare the nooſe,
Secure that death will ſet them looſe.

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

Why, Cælia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds, that ſhade your blooming face,
A little water might diſplace,
As nature every morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew, to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes,
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then, and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But every woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your huſband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs,
That gave your beauty power to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.

In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo, and the muſes there.
Through all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the play-houſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble youth, of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And fought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who, but the poet, and my lord!
Each day deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek,
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With juſt contempt his pat'ron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late repenting fool beſpoke.
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts, that taught them firſt to riſe.

FABLE VI

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

Duty demands, the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience ſhown;
To chooſe, belongs to her alone.
May horror ſeize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parents pow'r,
And claims, by purchaſe vile and baſe,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue ſickens: and the breaſt,
Where peace had built her downy neſt,
Becomes the troubled ſeat of care,
And pines with anguiſh and deſpair.

A wolf, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-ſpent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.

His purpose known, the savage race,
In numerous crowds, attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance fought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam:
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the dam bespoke.
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive
A wolf's address—In her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.
Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.
Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements, and jointure talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her commands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.
The loathing lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mama best knew
What inexperienc'd girls should do;
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A triumph as the couple marry'd.
Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howl'ing race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And slakes his thirst with streaming blood.
Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorise the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.
As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach balk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling, he grinds his empty jaws;
Food must be had, and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudful lie.
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
Thar, leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chase?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'ress vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
So saying, on the lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.
With what superior grace enchants
The face, which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaicty, and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from every look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder, more than love,
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.
Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At every public show are seen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity
Nature may under-do her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;

Truſt her; ſhe is your ſureſt friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The ſhrilleſt of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated creſt,
Precedence claim'd above the reſt.
Says ſhe, I laugh at human race,
Who ſay, geeſe hobble in their pace;
Look here! the ſtand'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is ſo erect
That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were ſtript, I'd pawn my word.
A gooſe would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geeſe ſet off with half that ſhow,
Would men admire the peacock? No.
Thus vaunting, croſs the mead ſhe ſtalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The ſun ſhot down his noon-tide beams,
The ſwans were ſporting in the ſtreams;
Their ſnowy plumes, and ſtately pride
Provok'd her ſpleen. Why there, ſhe cry'd,
Again, what arrogance we ſee!
Thoſe creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the waters ſkim,
Becauſe we geeſe are known to ſwim?
Humility they ſoon ſhall learn,
And their emptineſs diſcern.
So ſaying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave ſhe ſprings;
Her boſom ſwells, ſhe ſpreads her plumes,
And the ſwan's ſtately creſt aſſumes.
Contempt and mockery enſu'd,
And burſts of laughter ſhook the flood.
A ſwan, ſuperior to the reſt,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool addreſs'd.
Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
Theſe airs thy awkwardneſs impart,
And ſhow thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadſt eſcap'd the public mock.
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honeſt hobbling gooſe.
Learn hence to ſtudy wiſdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And ſtriving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

Love! thou divineſt good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know!
Our rebel hearts thy ſway diſown,
While tyrant luſt uſurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The ſexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To leſſen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he aſſign'd
That ſoft'ning goodneſs of mind,
That can, by ſympathy, impart
Its likeneſs to the roughеſt heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His roſy fingers on her face
Shed laviſh every blooming grace,
And ſtamp'd (perfection to diſplay)
His mildeſt image on her clay,
Man, active, reſolute, and bold,
He faſhion'd in a different mould,
With uſeful arts his mind inform'd,
His breaſt with nobler paſſions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taſte and ſenſe,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, reſiſtleſs to each wrong,
Demands protection from the ſtrong;
To man ſhe flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's ſov'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles, invade
The weakneſs he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inſpire
Protecting love, and ſoft deſire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breaſt points the dart,
Becomes the ſpoiler's baſe pretence
To triumph over innocence?
The wolf, that tears the tim'rous ſheep,
Was never ſet the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger, or the pard
Meant the benighted trav'ller's guard;
But man, the wildeſt beaſt of prey,
Wears friendſhip's ſemblance, to betray;
His ſtrength againſt the weak employs,
And where he ſhould protect, deſtroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the ſtudious lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earneſt of to morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds ariſe,
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Juſtice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to ſight.
The wretch with thrilling horror ſhook,
Looſe every joint, and pale his look;
Not having ſeen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He aſk'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence ſhe came?
Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimſon glow her viſage dy'd)
Canſt thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Juſtice grown ſo ſtrange a name?
Were not your courts for Juſtice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My ſacred temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should ſpurn the goddeſs for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Juſtice has neither ears, nor eyes;

In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainſt me the judge denounces war,
And rarely iſſues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.
She paus'd Her breaſt with fury burn'd,
The trembling lawyer thus return'd.
I own the charge is juſtly laid,
And weak th' excuſe that can be made;
Yet ſearch the ſpacious globe, and ſee
If all mankind are not like me
The gown-man, ſkill'd in Romiſh lies,
By faith's falſe glaſs deludes our eyes;
O er conſcience rides without controul,
And robs the man to ſave his ſoul.
The doctor, with important face,
By fly deſign, miſtakes the caſe;
Preſcribes, and ſpins out the diſeaſe,
To trick the patient of his fees.
The ſoldier, rough with many a ſcar,
And red with ſlaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's truſt betray,
The foe has offer'd d uble pay.
When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'reſt turns the ſcales,
Muſt I be better than the reſt,
And harbour juſtice in my breaſt?
On one ſide only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?
Thou blind to ſenſe, and vile of mind,
Th' exaſperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others' frauds excuſe thy own?
For fickly ſouls the prieſt was made;
Phyſicians, for the body's aid;
The ſoldier guarded liberty;
Man woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithleſs to their truſt,
They leave not thee the leſs unjuſt.
Henceforth your pleadings I diſclaim,
And bar the ſanction of my name;
Within your courts it ſhall be read,
That juſtice from the law is fled.
She ſpoke; and hid in ſhades her face
Till Hardwicke ſooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I ſaid, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I ſay ſhe equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But inſtantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit leſſen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All muſt be blind, becauſe you ſee.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the bloſſoms, and the flow'rs.
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in ſweetneſs with the roſe?
Or where the lily's ſnowy white,
That throws ſuch beauties on the ſight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That theſe are neither ſweet, nor fair,
The cryſtal ſhines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And fops will ſay, the di'mond dies,
Before the luſtre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither ſhine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the bloſſoms ſtray,
And ſweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Becauſe you breathe a ſweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs, that deck the field;
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield;
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows;
And ſweet, though ſweeter you, the roſe.
Shall envy then torment your breaſt,
If you are lovelier than the reſt?
For while I give to each her due,
By praiſing them I flatter you;
And praiſing moſt, I ſtill declare
You faireſt, where the reſt are fair.

As at his board a farmer ſate,
Repleniſh'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite ſpaniel near him ſtood,
And with his maſter ſhar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers ſcour'd;
'Till ſated now, ſupine he lay,
And ſnor'd the riſing fumes away.
The hungry cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a ſervant's ſhare;
Her modeſt worth the maſter knew,
And ſtraight the fatt'ning morſel threw:
Enrag'd the ſnarling cur awoke,
And thus, with ſpiteful envy, ſpoke.
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by ſervices their meat.
Me, zeal and induſtry inflame
To ſcour the fields, and ſpring the game;
Or, plunging in the wint'ry wave,
For man the wounded bird to ſave.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves, his fleecy ſheep;
At home his midnight hours ſecure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breaſt with kindneſs glows;
For this, his hand the food beſtows;
And ſhall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendſhip to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper ſuch vile things as you?
I own (with meekneſs puſs reply'd)
Superior merit on your ſide;
Nor does my breaſt with envy ſwell,
To find it recompens'd ſo well:
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whoſe claws deſtroy the pilf'ring mouſe?
Who drives the vermin from the houſe?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring ſwain,
From lurking rats ſecure the grain?
From hence, if he rewards beſtow,
Why ſhould your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happineſs to ſee,
Since there's enough for you and me?
Thy words are juſt, the farmer cry'd,
And ſpurn'd the ſnarler from his ſide;

FABLE X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

The nymph, who walks the public ſtreets,
And ſets her cap at all ſhe meets,
May catch the fool who turns to ſtare,
But men of ſenſe avoid the ſnare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With ſilken line, my Lydia ſtood,
I ſmil'd to ſee the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the foreſt as we ſtray'd,
You ſaw the boy his lime-twigs ſpread;
Gueſs'd you the reaſon of his fear,
Leſt, heedleſs, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the buſh we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the ſpray.
Needs there ſuch caution to delude
The ſcaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides, reveals,
Give but a glimpſe, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.
When Cælia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhows too much to raiſe deſire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very ſhoe has power to wound.
The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook, and bait alike;
While ſalmon play regardleſs by,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

Beneath a peaſant's homely thatch,
A ſpider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with reſtleſs care,
She ſpun her web, and wove her ſnare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedleſs captive ſlain,
Or flutt'ring, ſtruggled in the toils,
To burſt the chains, and ſhun her wiles.
A ſtraying bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with diſdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy ſlender threads no more;
A thoughtleſs fly or two, at moſt,
Is all the conqueſt thou canſt boaſt;
For bees of ſenſe thy arts evade,
We ſee ſo plain the nets are laid.
The gaudy tulip, thus diſplays
Her ſpreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all ſhe ſees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me; where bluſhing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modeſt roſe,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant boſom lie;
Reluctant, ſhe my ardour meets,
And baſhful, renders up her ſweets.
To wiſer heads attention lend,
And learn this leſſon from a friend.
She, who with modeſty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
While ſuch incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own ſchemes undo.

FABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'Tis true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peeviſh grow, and ſick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I liſten not to wild delights,
And tranſports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms
The whiteneſs of your neck and arms
Needs there no acquiſition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; paſs a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Senſe and good humour ever prove
The ſureſt cords to faſten love.
Yet, Phillis, ſimpleſt of your ſex,
You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with every ape
That ſtruts abroad in human ſhape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taſte,
But that it ſtings your lover's breaſt;
To morrow you reſign the ſway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-miſtreſs change for life,
To the ſubmiſſion of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, ſuſpend,
And learn inſtruction from a friend.
Reluctant, hear the firſt addreſs,
Think often, ere you anſwer, yes;
But once reſolv'd, throw off diſguiſe,
And wear your wiſhes in your eyes.
With caution every look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breaſt a wound.
Contemn the girliſh arts to teaze,
Nor uſe your pow'r, unleſs to pleaſe;
For fools alone with rigour ſway,
When ſoon, or late, they muſt obey.

The king of brutes, in life's decline,
Reſolv'd dominion to reſign;
The beaſts were ſummon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus addreſs'd the train.
Why cringe my friends with ſlaviſh awe,
Before this pageant king of ſtraw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counſels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wiſe;

Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And lothe the ills himself has felt.
He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.
The youthful lion thus reply'd.
What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules:
To them return; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I not condemn,
For liking those, who copy them.
Would'st thou the gen'rous lion bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessons not their debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives:
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays, with int'rest, scorn for scorn.

FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

Tell me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
And miser-like, withhold that store,
Which by imparting, blesses more?
Beauty s a gift, by heav'n assign'd,
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'was paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty, once possess'd:
How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind?
Corinna, left these whims prevail,
To such as you, I write my tale.

A colt, for blood, and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.
Where'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.
In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound;
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unsheltered sides assail.
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A farmer's welcome yard he sought.
The master saw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease, all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road,
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
While scanty meals, at night repay
The painful labours of the day.
Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led,
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,
Then had I, like my sires of yore,
The prize from every courser bore;
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my speed forgot,
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

FABLE XIII.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

To know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;

If Betty waits without her ſtays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When miſs comes in with boiſt'rous ſhout,
And drops no curtſy going out,
Depend upon't, mamma is one,
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirſt aſſuage,
She feels enthuſiaſtic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the ſpirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death, remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are ſweet to ſuch a wife.
At home, ſuperior wit ſhe vaunts,
And twits her huſband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground:
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order, but of ſoul;
With books her litter'd floor is ſpread,
Of nameleſs authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace
Fill up the intermediate ſpace.
Abroad, at viſitings, her tongue
Is never ſtill, and always wrong;
All meanings ſhe defines away,
And ſtands, with truth and ſenſe, at bay.
If e'er ſhe meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the houſewife's uſeful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She ſtarts at ſuch miſtakes in nature.
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!
Meliſſa, if the moral ſtrike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An owl, puff'd up with ſelf-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuſcripts he treaſur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocers ſhop;
At paſtry-cooks was known to ply,
And ſtrip, for ſcience, every pye.
For modern poetry, and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treaſures were his own;
To all his authors had acceſs,
And ſometimes would correct the preſs.
In logic he acquir'd ſuch knowledge,
You'd ſwear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art and ſcience,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And ſwallow'd wiſdom with that haſte,
That cits do cuſtards at a feaſt.
Within the ſhelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he muſing ſtood,
Hard by, upon a leafy ſpray,
A nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he ſtarts, with anger ſtung,
And, ſcreeching, interrupts the ſong.
Pert, buſy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations ſoar.
What is the muſic of thy voice,
But jarring diſſonance, and noiſe?
Be wiſe. True harmony, thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious ſtudy gain'd.
Go read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And, if thou needs muſt ſing, ſing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So ſhalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.
Thou wretch, the little warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,
Aſk all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyſelf, thy talents ſcan,
Science was only meant for man.
No uſeleſs authors we moleſt,
I mind the duties of my neſt;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a ſong.
Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applauſe;
While nurs'd in pedantry and ſloth,
An owl is ſcorn'd alike by both.

FABLE XIV.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN *.

As on my couch ſupine I lay,
Like others, dreaming life away;
Methought, expanded to my ſight,
A temple rear'd its ſtately height.
All ready built, without omitting
One ornament, for temples fitting.
Large look'd the pile, ſublime and fair;
But "Who the Godhead worſhip'd there?"
This to inquire, appearing meet,
Imagination lent me feet,
And thither, without further cavil,
I fairly undertook to travel.
At once, in bright proceſſion ſpied,
The female world was at my ſide,
Mingled, like many colour'd patterns,
Nymphs, mes dames, trollops, belles, and ſlatterns,
From point, and ſaucy ermine, down
To the plain coif, and ruffet gown;
All, by inquiry as I found,
On one important errand bound.
Their van, to either tropic ſpread,
Forerunning expectation led;
Pleaſure the female-ſtandard bore,
And youth danc'd lightly on before;
While prudence, judgment, ſenſe, and taſte,
The few directing virtues, placed

* *This and the three following Fables were written by Henry Brooke, Eſq., author of "Guſtavus Vaſa," the Earl of Eſſex, "Fool of Quality," &c. The three laſt were originally printed in Moore's Fables. The firſt is inſerted in this preſent edition, from Brooke's "Plays and Poems," 8vo. 1778, as a ſuitable companion to the reſt.*

To form and guide a woman's mind,
Discarded, sigh'd and slunk behind.
At length, in jubilee, arriving,
Where dwelt the jolly god of wiveing,
All pres promiscuously to enter,
Nor once reflected on the venture.
But here, the muse, affecting state,
Beckon'd her clamorous sex to wait,
Lest such a rendezvous should hinder
To say what past, the while, within door.
Against the portal, full in sight,
His sable vesture starr'd like night,
High thron'd upon an ebon seat,
Beneath a canopy of state,
That o'er his dusky temples nodded,
Was fix'd the matrimonial godhead.
Low at his feet, in pomp display'd,
The world's collected wealth was laid:
Where bags of mammon, pil'd around,
And chests on chests, o'erwhelm'd the ground,
With bills, bonds, parchments, the appointers
Of doweries, settlements, and jointures;
From whence, in just proportion weigh'd,
And down, by special tail, convey'd,
The future progenies inherit
Taste, beauty, virtue, sense, and merit.
Whatever titles here may suit us
For this same god, Hymen, or Plutus,
Who, from his trade of a gold-finder,
Might now become a marriage-binder,
And, haply, use that precious metal
To solder sexes, like a kettle;
No earthly god, in my opinion,
Claim'd such an absolute dominion.
To prove his right to adoration
Through every age, and every nation,
Around the spacious dome, display'd
By many a fabled light and shade,
Was emblematically told
The great omnipotence of gold.
And first, in yonder panel seen,
A lad, call'd Paris, strolled the green,
Poor, hungry, witless, and dejected,
By country, and by kin, neglected;
Till fortune, as she cross'd the plain,
Conceiv'd a crotchet in her brain,
And, laughing at the bashful blockhead,
Took a huge pippin from her pocket,
Of the true glittering tempting kind,
And gold throughout from core to rind;
This, in a whim, the dame bestow'd,
Then smiling, turn'd, and went her road.
The neighbours, now, when fame had shown
The youth had got the summum bonum, ['em
From many a hut and hamlet crowd,
And duly at his levy bow'd.
His reputation spreads apace—
O, such a shape, and such a face!
His mouth he opens, and they swear
The Delphic oracle is there.
Now, see the king of Troy aspire
To be the wealthy shepherd's sire.
For him, the brightest nymphs contended;
To him, three goddesses descended,
And show'd, in fair and open day,
Where honour, wit, and beauty lay,
O'er which, our poem, to conceal
From vulgar optics, drops a veil.
In the next panel, you discover
Olympic Jove, that thundering lover,
Who, charm'd with old Acrisius' daughter,
In many a shape had vainly sought her,
And run the round of all his tricks,
Yet still was doubtful where to fix;
Till, by some wiser head inclin'd,
To cast his blustering bolt behind,
His duller light'ning to withhold,
And wear the brighter form of gold,
He took the hint, he storm'd the tower,
And dropt in yon omnific shower.
In the next board, the tale so common is,
'Twixt Atalanta and Hippomenes,
I shall but slightly stop a minute,
To drop one observation in it;
Remarking, that howe'er prefer'd to
Their sex, for many a course in virtue,
The bright allurement, well applied,
May tempt good nymphs to turn aside.
Next, Lybia's golden orchard grew
Blooming temptation to the view,
In which a dragon, call'd the Law,
Kept conscientious fools in awe:
Yet, power superior to the crime,
And tall ambition skill'd to climb,
With traitors of a new invention,
Who sell their country for a pension,
Through many a thicket won their way,
And spoil'd the grove, and shar'd the prey
On the same golden system laid,
The world was in the fifth display'd:
The earth a golden axis turn'd;
The heavens, with golden planets, burn'd;
And thence, as astrologians know,
Derived their influence below:
A girdle, call'd the zodiac, grac'd
The glittering round of nature's waste,
Whose mystic charm from gold arises,
For this the Cæstus of the skies is;
And as in Homer's works, we read
(And Homer is the poet's creed)
Of a well twisted golden tether,
That tied the heavens and earth together,
Such was the cord, or such the cable,
That tied the spheres within this table;
By which, the artist, underhand,
Would give the wise to understand,
That interest, in every creature,
Throughout religion, law, and nature,
From east to west, and pole to pole,
Moves, binds, suspends, and turns the whole.
While thus, in passing slightly o'er, I
Surveyed the scenes of ancient story;
Or eyed, with more minute attention,
What prudence here forbids to mention;
The muse my shoulder tapp'd, to mind me
Of things that pass'd, the while, behind me.
I turn'd, and view'd, with deep surprise,
The phantom that assail'd my eyes:
His hinder-head disrob'd of hair,
His sapless back, and shoulders bare,
Confest the wrinkles of a sage
Who past ten Nestors in his age;

But clothed before, with decent grace,
And infant ſweetneſs in his face,
Not Smintheus with ſuch vigour ſtrung,
Nor blooming Hebe look'd ſo young.
On his left hand a palette lay,
With many a teint of colours gay;
While, guided with an eaſy ſlight,
The flying pencil graced his right.
Unnumber'd canvaſſes appear'd,
Before the moving artiſt rear'd,
On whoſe inſpirited expanſe he
Expreſt the creatures of his fancy;
So touch'd, with ſuch a ſwift command,
With ſuch a magic power of hand,
That Nature did herſelf appear
Leſs real than her ſemblance here,
And not a mortal, ſo betray'd,
Could know the ſubſtance from the ſhade!
Whate'er the world conceives in life,
Worth toil, anxiety, and ſtrife;
Whate'er by ignorance is bought,
By madneſs wiſh'd, or folly ſought,
The mitres, coronets, and garters,
To which ambition leads his martyrs;
With every joy, and toy, that can
Amuſe the various child of man,
Was painted here in many a ſcene,
A trifling, tranſient, charming train!
Awhile I ſtood, in thought ſuſpended,
To gueſs what theſe affairs intended;
When, lo! the muſe, in whiſpers, told,
"'Tis Father Time whom you behold;
"In part diſcovered to the wiſe,
"In part conceal'd from human eyes.
"A ſlave to you gold-giving power,
"For him he ſpends each reſtleſs hour;
"The product of his toil intends
"As gifts to thoſe his God befriends,
"And paints what other mortals view
"As ſubſtances, though ſhades to you."
She ceas'd, and turning to the ſentry,
Deſired he'd give the ladies entry;
And ſtraight the portal open'd wide,
And in they delug'd like a tide.
So, to ſome grove by ſtrefs of weather,
Faſt flock the fowl of every feather;
A mighty, pretty, prating rabble,
Like Iris rigg'd, and tongu'd like Babel;
Then crowding toward the nuptial throne,
By bags of ſtrong attraction known,
Low bending to their God they bow'd,
And vented thus their prayer aloud:
"Great Power! in whom our ſex confides,
"Who ruleſt the turns of female tides.
"Who kenſt while varying fancy ranges
"Through all its doubles, twirles and changes,
"To what a woman's heart is prone,
"A ſecret to ourſelves unknown—
"O give us, give us, Mighty Power!
"The wedded joy of every hour:
"Aſſign thy favourites in marriage,
"To coaches of diſtinguiſh'd carriage;
"To all the frippery of dreſſing,
"A nameleſs, boundleſs, endleſs bleſſing;
"To drums, ridottos, fights and ſounds;
"To viſits in eternal rounds;
"To card and counter, rake and rattle;
"To the whole luſt of tongue and tattle;
"And all the dear delightful trances
"Of countleſs frolics, fits, and fancies.
"You've heard, that men, unpoliſh'd boors!
"Lay naughty paſſions at our doors;
"'Tis your's to contradict the liar,
"Who are, yourſelf, our chief deſire.
"O then, as widow, or as wife,
"To you we yield each choice in life;
"Or would you every prayer fulfil,
"Wed us. O! wed us, to our will!"
They ceas'd, and, without more addition,
The God confirm'd their full petition:
To Time he beckon'd, and deſired
He'd give the good each nymph required;
And, from his viſionary treaſure,
Wed every woman to her pleaſure.
The firſt, who came, reſolv'd to fix
Upon a gilded coach and ſix;
The ſuit was granted her on ſight,
The nymph with ardour ſeiz'd her right.
A wonder! by poſſeſſion baniſh'd,
The coach and dappled courſers vaniſh'd;
And a foul waggon held the fair
Full laden with a weight of care:
She ſigh'd; her ſiſters caught the ſound,
And one inſulting laugh went round.
The ſecond was a dame of Britain,
Who by a coronet was ſmitten;
With boldneſs ſhe advanc'd her claim,
Exulting in ſo juſt a flame.
But ah! where bliſs alone was patent,
What unſuſpected miſchief latent!
The worſt in all Pandora's box,
Her coronet contain'd a ——.
With this example in her eye,
The third, a widow'd dame, drew nigh,
And fix'd her ſight and ſoul together
Upon a raking hat and feather;
Nor ſigh'd in vain, but ſeiz'd her due,
And claſp'd old age in twenty-two.
Thus, through the difference and degrees
Of ſword-knots, mitres, and toupees,
Prim bands pert bobs, and well hung blades,
Long robes, ſmart jackets, fierce cockades,
And all the fooleries in faſhion,
Whate'er became the darling paſſion,
The good for which they did importune,
Was ſtraight revers'd into misfortune;
And every woman, like the firſt,
Was, at her own entreaty, curſt.
At length, was introduced a fair,
With ſuch a face, and ſuch an air,
As never was on earth, I ween,
Save by poetic organs ſeen.
With decent grace, and gentle cheer,
The bright adventurer drew near;
Her mild approach the Godhead ſpied,
And, "Faireſt," with a ſmile, he cried,
"If aught you ſeek in Hymen's power,
"You find him in a happy hour."
At this, the virgin, half amazed,
As round the ſpacious dome ſhe gazed,
With caution every ſymbol eyed,
And, bluſhing, gracefully replied.

" If you are he, whose power controuls
" And knits the sympathy of souls.
" Then, whence this pomp of worthless geer,
" And why this heap of counters here?
" Is this vain show of glittering ore,
" The bliss, that Hymen has in store?
" Love sees the folly, with the gloss,
" And laughs to scorn thy useless dross.
" Where are the symbols of thy reign?
" And where thy robe of Tyrian grain,
" Whose teint, in virgin-colours dyed,
" Derives its blushing from the bride?
" Where is thy torch, serenely bright,
" To lovers yielding warmth and light,
" That from the heart derives its fire,
" And only can, with life, expire?
" Will this unactive mass impart
" The social feelings of the heart?
" Or can material fetters bind
" The free affections of the mind?
" Through every age, the great, the wise,
" Behold thee with superior eyes;
" Love spurns thy treasures with disdain,
" And virtue flies thy hostile reign.
" By love, congenial souls embrace,
" Celestial source of human race!
" From whence the cordial sense within,
" The bosom'd amities of kin,
" The call of nature to her kind,
" And all the tunings of the mind,
" That, winding Heaven's harmonious plan,
" Compose the brotherhood of man."
She said, and gracefully withdrew;
Her steps the muse and I pursue.
Along an unfrequented way
The virgin led, nor led astray;
Till, like the first, in form and size,
A second fabric struck our eyes:
We enter'd, guided by the fair,
And saw a second Hymen there.
A silken robe, of saffron hue,
About his decent shoulders flew;
While a fair taper's virgin light
Gave Ovid to his soul and sight.
An hundred Cupids wanton'd round,
Whose useless quivers strew'd the ground;
While, careless of their wonted trade,
They with the smiling Graces play'd.
Along the wall's extended side,
With taints of varying nature dyed,
In needled tapestry, was told
The tale of many a love of old.
In groves, that breath'd a citron air,
Together walk'd the wedded pair;
Or toy'd upon the vernal ground,
Their beauteous offspring sporting round,
Or, lock'd in sweet embracement, lay,
And slept, and lov'd, the night away.
There sat Penelope in tears,
Besieg'd, like Troy, for ten long years:
Her suitors, in a neighbouring room,
Wait the long promise of the loom,
Which she defers from day to day,
Till death determin'd to delay.
With thoughts of fond remembrance wrung,
Deep sorrowing, o'er her work she hung;
Where in the fields at Ilium fought,
The labours of her lord she wrought,
The toil, the dust, the flying foe,
The rallied host, the instant blow;
Then sighing, trembled at the view,
Scar'd at the dangers which she drew.
There too, suspended o'er the wave,
Alcione was seen to rave,
When, as the foundering wreck she spied,
She on her sinking Ceyx cried:
Her Ceyx, though by seas oppress,
Still bears her image in his breast;
And, with his fondest, latest breath,
Murmurs, " Alcione!" in death.
Panthea there, upon a bier,
Laid the sole lord of her desire:
His limbs were scatter'd through the plains;
She join'd and kiss'd the dear remains.
Too ponderous was her weight of woe
For sighs to rise, or tears to flow;
On the lov'd corse she fix'd her view,
No other use of seeing knew;
While high and stedfast as she gaz'd,
Her snowy arm a poniard rais'd,
Nor yet the desperate weapon staid,
But for a longer look delay'd;
Till, plung'd within her beauteous breast,
She on his bosom sunk to rest.
But, Oh! beyond whate'er was told
In modern tales, or truths of old,
One pair, in form and spirit twin'd,
Out-lov'd the loves of human kind;
She Hero, he Leander, nam'd,
For mutual faith as beauty fam'd!
Their story from its source begun,
And to the fatal period run.
While bow'd at Cytherea's shrine,
The youth adores her power divine,
He sees her blooming priestess there,
Beyond the sea-born goddess fair:
She, as some god, the stripling eyes,
Just lighted from his native skies—
The god whose chariot guides the hour,
Or haply love's immortal power.
At once their conscious glances spoke
Like fate the strong and mutual stroke;
Attracted by a secret force,
Like currents meeting in their course,
That thence one stream for ever rolls,
Together rush'd their mingling souls,
Too close for fortune to divide,
For each was lost in either tide.
In vain, by ruthless parents torn,
Their bodies are asunder borne,
And towering bulwarks intervene,
And envious ocean rolls between;
Love wings their letters o'er the sea,
And kisses melt the seals away.
And now the sable night impends,
Leander to the shore descends,
Exults at the appointed hour,
And marks the signal on the tower—
A torch, to guide the lover's way,
Endear'd beyond the brightest day:
At once he plunges in the tide;
His arms the Hellespont divide;

The danger and the toil he braves,
And daſhes the contending waves.
While near and nearer to his ſight
The taper darts a ruddier light,
Recruited at the view, he glows:
Aſide the whelming billow throws:
The winds and ſeas oppoſe in vain;
He ſpurns, he mounts, he ſkims the main.
Now from the tower, where Hero ſtood,
And threw a radiance o'er the flood,
Leander in the deep ſhe ſpied,
And would have ſprung to join his ſide;
Howe'er, her wiſhes make eſſay,
And claſp and warm him on his way.
The main is croſs'd, the ſhore is gain'd,
The long wiſh'd hour at laſt attain'd.
But, lovers, if there e'er aroſe
A pair ſo form'd and fond as thoſe,
So lov'd, ſo beauteous, and ſo bleſt,
Alone can ſpeak or think the reſt;
Nor will the weeping muſe unfold
The cloſe, too tragic to be told!
Long were the loving liſt to name
With Portia's faith, that ſwallow'd flame:
But much the longer liſt were thoſe
Whoſe joys were unallay'd by woes;
Whoſe bliſs no cruel parents croſt,
Whoſe love not ages could exhauſt,
Where not a cloud did intervene,
Or once o'ercaſt their bright ſerene,
But through the ſummer's day of life,
The huſband, tender as the wife,
Like Henry and his nut-brown maid,
Their faith nor ſhaken nor decay'd,
Together ran the bliſs-ful race,
Together liv'd, and ſlept in peace.
Long time the much inquiring maid
From ſtory on to ſtory ſtray'd;
Joy'd in the joys that lovers know,
Or wept her tribute to their woe;
Till Hymen, with a placid air,
Approaching, thus addreſs'd the fair:
"Hail to the nymph, whoſe ſacred train
"Of virtues ſhall reſtore my reign!
"Whate'er the wiſhes of thy ſoul,
"But ſpeak them, and poſſeſs the whole."
"Thanks, gentle power," the maid reply'd;
"Your bounty ſhall be amply try'd.
"I ſeek not titles, rank, or ſtate,
"Superfluous to the truly great;
"Nor yet to ſordid wealth inclin'd,
"The pooreſt paſſion of the mind;
"But, ſimply fix'd to nature's plan,
"I ſeek the aſſociate in the man.
"Yet, O beware! for much depends
"On what that ſyllable intends.
"Give him a form that may delight
"My inward ſenſe, my mental ſight;
"In every outward act deſign'd
"To ſpeak an elegance of mind:
"In him, by ſcience, travel, taſte,
"Be nature poliſh'd, not defac'd;
"And ſet, as is the brilliant ſtone,
"To be with double luſtre ſhown.
"Sweet be the muſic of his tongue,
"And as the lyre of David ſtrung,
"To ſteal from each delighted day
"Affliction, care, and time, away.
"Within his comprehenſive ſoul
"Let Heaven's harmonious ſyſtem roll;
"There let the great, the good, the wiſe,
"Of fam'd antiquity ariſe,
"From ev'ry age and ev'ry clime
"Eluding death, and circling time!
"There let the ſacred virtues meet,
"And range their known and native ſeat!
"There let the charities unite,
"And human feelings weep delight!"
"Kind power! if ſuch a youth you know,
"He's all the heaven I aſk below."
So wiſh'd the much aſpiring maid,
Pale turn'd the power, and, ſighing, ſaid:
"Alas! like him you fondly claim,
"Through every boaſted form and name,
"That graces nature's varying round,
"A ſecond is not to be found!
"Your ſuit, fair creature, muſt miſcarry,
"Till Charlemont reſolves to marry."

FABLE XV.

THE SPARROW, AND THE DOVE.

It was, as learn'd traditions ſay,
Upon an April's blithſome day,
When pleaſure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the ſpring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Inſtructing little hearts to beat;
A ſparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold addreſs, and flippant tongue,
Juſt left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conqueſt vain,
Flew off to ſeek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a ſaucy eaſe, bow'd round.
For every ſhe his boſom burns,
And this, and that he wooes by turns;
And here a ſigh, and there a bill,
And here—thoſe eyes, ſo form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he ſtrings
Unmeaning, ſoft, reſiſtleſs things;
With vows, and demme's ſkill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this ſhort eſſay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, truſt me, ſays our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous ſex much better;
But theſe he held as ſpecious arts,
To ſhow his own ſuperior parts,
The form of decency to ſhield,
And give a juſt pretence to yield.
Thus finiſhing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careleſs impudence drew near,
And whiſper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the maſon's ſign,
The conſcious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning——
Go prate to thoſe, that may endure ye——
To me this rudeneſs!—I'll aſſure ye!——

Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.
To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all further trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hist, love! the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while; I fear we're spy'd.
Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A turtle, rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young.
Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare,
In thine our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
Should I survive to see the day,
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!
Ye pow'rs, whom men, and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess,
Encrvates every pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above,
And life! what art thou, without love?
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart,
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue, rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.
Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure good nature—
Upon my soul a charming creature!
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt, that odious thing call'd duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other.
The greatest ill in the creation,
Is sure the want of education.
But think ye?—tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world and taste enjoyment;
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wise, be happy, and be free.
Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be bless'd
Is a deep thirst in every breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats, and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention,
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the nurse of marriage;
That fly decoy, when vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm, and lasting;
The sin, by heav'n's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake, that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcass still astray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!
Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.
What say you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I, for once, spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast every care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.
Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A question more, or so—and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
"No, no." How then? "Why, dare I tell,
"What does the business full as well."

Do you ne'er love? "An hour at leiſure."
Have you no friendſhips? "Yes, for pleaſure."
No care for little ones? "We get 'em,
"The reſt the mothers mind, and let 'em."
Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling dove,
Quite loſt to life, as loſt to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how juſt!
And come misfortune ſurely muſt;
In the dread ſeaſon of diſmay,
In that, your hour of trial, ſay,
Who then ſhall prop your ſinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all tranſient cheer,
And blaſts the melancholy year;
For times, at no perſuaſion, ſtay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That ſoul of pertneſs, whither fled?
All ſhrunk within thy lonely neſt,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbleſs'd;
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall ſeek thy cold, unſocial ſide;
No chirping prattlers, to delight
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her conſtant heart.
Freedom, reſtrain'd by reaſon's force,
Is as the ſun's unvarying courſe,
Benignly active, ſweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's ſacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and ſtorms, and ſtrife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.
Thou fool! by union every creature
Subſiſts, through univerſal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.
While womb'd in ſpace, primæval clay
A yet unfaſhion'd embryo lay,
The ſource of endleſs good above
Shot down his ſpark of kindling love
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion firſt exulting came;
Each atom ſought its ſep'rate claſs,
Through many a fair enamour'd maſs;
Love caſt the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form, and order o'er the ſky,
Firſt train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The ſun diſplay'd his orb to ſight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.
Hence nature's virgin womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her firſt-born heir,
And ſcal'd the breathing ſteep of air;
Then infant ſtems, of various uſe,
Imbib'd her ſoft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom diſclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breaſt repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endleſs form, and hue;
Then pour'd her leſſer offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, ſubliming, and refin'd,
Aſpir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond, celeſtial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown deſire,
And now with kind effuſion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd,
Beheld the ſympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own reſemblance there;
On all with circling radiance ſhone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There claſp'd the heaven-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.
Here ever bleſſing, ever bleſs'd,
Reſides this beauty of the breaſt;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliſs abroad,
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound,
Here bids his ſeat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.
The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in ſweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and ſpirit live,
Enrich'd by every joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in muſic twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can ſhake, nor pow'r invade;
But as the ſtem, and ſcion ſtand,
Ingrafted by a ſkilful hand,
They check the tempeſt's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and ſtrengthen into age.
A thouſand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks, and chaſte deſire,
Fan, and ſupport the mutual fire,
Whoſe flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
Nor yet the nuptial faction ends,
Like Nile it opens, and deſcends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celeſtial head.
The ſire, firſt ſpringing from above,
Becomes the ſource of life, and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondneſs down on ſons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremeſt verge they glide,
While kindred ſtreams, on either hand,
Branch forth in bleſſings o'er the land.
Thee, wretch! no liſping babe ſhall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinſman on thy road rejoice,
No ſiſter greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents ſee,
And bleſs'd their years reſtor'd in thee.
In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy ſcorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face,
Each ſpark unplume thy little pride,
All friendſhip fly thy faithleſs ſide,
Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſs rot,
In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving pow'r! great ſource of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life, thou lendeſt from above,
Though little, make it large in love.
O bid my feeling heart expand
To every claim, on every hand;
To thoſe, from whom my days I drew,
To theſe, in whom thoſe days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends, with ſteely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel not unkind!
But chief, the lord of my deſire,
My life, myſelf, my ſoul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
Chaſte paſſion claſp, and rapture name;
O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my lateſt hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my ſole enjoyment joy.
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And every needleſs bleſſing ſpare,
Wherein my darling wants a ſhare.
When he with graceful action wooes,
And ſweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own,
And in my circling wings careſs'd,
Give all the lover to my breaſt.
Then in our chaſte, connubial bed,
My boſom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with bliſsful ſlumbers cloſe,
And watch, with me, my lord's repoſe,
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.
And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my ſex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And ſpare me for my huſband's ſake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving, and belov'd unite;
One pure deſire our boſoms warm,
One will direct, one wiſh inform;
Through life, one mutual aid ſuſtain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain.
While, ſwelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endleſs ſtream,
The well-known wings a ſound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart!
Quick dropp'd the muſic of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, ſhe ſprung.
As ſwift her ent'ring conſort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings their ſouls embracing meet,
Their hearts with anſw'ring meaſure beat;
Half loſt in ſacred ſweets, and bleſs'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er expreſs'd.
Strait to her humble roof ſhe led
The partner of her ſpotleſs bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, ariſe,
Their welcome ſparkling in their eyes;
Tranſported, to their ſire they bound,
And hang with ſpeechleſs action round.
In pleaſure wrapt, the parents ſtand,
And ſee their little wings expand;
The fire, his life-ſuſtaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten ſpoil,
With tranſport giv'n, though won with toil;
While, all collected at the ſight,
And ſilent through ſupreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliſs beguiles,
And on her lord, and infants ſmiles.
The ſparrow, whoſe attention hung
Upon the dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little ſlights diſarm'd,
And from himſelf, by virtue, charm'd,
When now he ſaw, what only ſeem'd,
A fact, ſo late a fable deem'd,
His ſoul to envy he reſign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind,
In ſecret wiſh'd a turtle too,
And ſighing to himſelf, withdrew.

FABLE XVI.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being, in the breath of fame,
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn unenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never cloſe.
Though diſtant every hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendleſs ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before;
The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe;
Till, by conflicting waves oppreſs'd,
Her found'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.
Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a ſingle error? None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for ſacred ſtories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.
The ſtars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous, from her late diſgrace,
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Reſulgent riſe with new-born light.

In vain may death, and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in every heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is ſeen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed ſtem, and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe.
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er, like ev'ning ſuns, decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire
In ſome unguarded hour expire,
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte, and ſacred ſhade,
Of all the blooming ſpoil poſſeſs'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to reſt,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendour burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman falls, to riſe no more.

Within this ſublunary ſphere,
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.
A ſtream call'd life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue riſe.
Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect, as repoſe:
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And temp'rance, and religion, nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And chaſtity the name ſhe bore.
As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft through her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd,
The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen
To reach the criſis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd.
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dangerous way;
A painful journey, all muſt go,
Whoſe doubtful period none can know,
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where reaſon's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Through ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn what love, and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue, and her ſons purſue!
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk, for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread,
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.
Hence, as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And, taught by virtue, pain can pleaſe.
At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celeſtial ſhore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkneſs, leading up to light:
Senſe backward ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's groſs encumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs,
But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, O! thither wing thy ſpeed,
Though pleaſure charm, or pain impede!
To ſuch th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For preſent earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain,
And endleſs bliſs, for tranſient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;

There ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhow,
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear,
For death is vegetable there.
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte;
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow;
Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wiſe, and lightly vain,
Till verging on the gulfy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink, and riſe no more.
But liſt to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy preſence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd.
Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While honour, hand-maid, late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-ſtruck, the much admiring crowd
Before the virgin viſion bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught freſh virtues at the ſight:
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend,
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſs'd,
New-melts the froſt in every breaſt,
The cheek with ſecret flushing dies,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.

And now, for momentary reſt,
The nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſs'd,
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.
Out-ſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey,
The realms of ſweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtrait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk, and loſt in woes,
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung.
Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;
Taſte what eccſtaſies they give,
Dying raptures taſte and live.
In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
Nature empties all her treaſure,
Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh,
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
Liſt not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry, and pride,
Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.
Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, paſt the painting;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
So ſung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main,
That ſo our fair-one might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity with prying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd,
Taſteleſs of every good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſs'd.
With her, aſſociate, pleaſure came,
Gay pleaſure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around.
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone,

A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd:
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd,
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidſt a war of hopes, and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel, bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whoſe treach'rous land,
Lurk'd the dire rock, and dangerous ſand;
The pilot warns with ſail and oar,
To ſhun the much-ſuſpected ſhore,
In vain; the tide, too ſubtly ſtrong,
Still bears the wreſtling bark along,
Till found'ring, ſhe reſigns to fate,
And ſinks o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling every bar to ſin,
And heaven's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious, ſmooth deſcent,
With pow'rs increaſing as they went,
The dames, accuſtom'd to ſubdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The loſt, the long-reluctant maid.
Here ſtop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor ſend your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you, and heav'n, reſtor'd;
Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The ſervant of her better fate;
With honour, left upon the ſhore,
Her friend, and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch, betray'd;
But o'er her failing caſt a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourſelves are frail.
And now, from all-inquiring light
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The damſel, from a ſhort repoſe,
Conſounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore,
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure, and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou canſt boaſt?
Theſe, virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heaven-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, ſhe cry'd!
Her trumpet ſlander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd, and blaſted every grace;
Officious ſhame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe, in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her ſide,
And every lewd, inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.
What ſhould ſhe do? attempt once more
To gain the late-deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the mourner flew,
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhows her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left a hoſt of friends:
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n,
The nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant fate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and ſolar flame
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw,
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, care, and melancholy, made.
Through this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;

And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.

Lovely penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister-angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.
Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.
Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys, that in possession pass;
Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life, like all its circles, vain!
Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak, and bladeless shore?
Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.
Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' encumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.
Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre, grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.
Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.
Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience, and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.
Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy sorrows own.
What though hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.
When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.
Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise,
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.
More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.
On my wars, of shortest dare,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares, a period bless'd;
On my toils, eternal rest.
Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be every bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.

FABLE XVII.

LOVE AND VANITY.

The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and lusty labour rose,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.
A nymph, who lightly tript it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence and ease;
And, curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, slightly,—Sir, your servant.
Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair-one, you do the country grace;
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But love has small acquaintance there.
Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honour centers,
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.
As vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and measure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.
Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And every breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.
But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,

Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections;
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick, or sound,
I rule the female world around.
Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide;
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love, and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live, and choose to reign.
Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong,
And chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three,
And rosy peace, the cherub bless'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.
Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted every shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To every heart, and every eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.
The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess'd,
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt,
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by heav'n assign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood.
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.
And pray Sir, may I be so bold,
To hope your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, these highflown fancies
Show depth of learning—in romances.
Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.
O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for love to hit.
'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Trackless, and shifting as the wind,
A sea, whose fathom none can find,
A moon, still changing, and revolving,
A riddle, past all human solving,
A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A——something, which no man can tell.
Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.
Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,
And every woman is the same.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.
With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste to all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad;
Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.
Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise;

High on the floating lappet fail,
Or curl'd in treſſes, kiſs the gale.
Then to her glaſs I lead the fair,
And ſhow the lively idol there,
Where, ſtruck as by divine emotion,
She bows with moſt ſincere devotion,
And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In ſecret bids the world adore.
Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, maſquerading,
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what paſſion!
And churches, ſometimes—if the faſhion;
For woman's ſenſe of right and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And ſwims the ſtraw of every ſtream.
Her ſoul intrinſic worth rejects,
Accompliſh'd only in defects,
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wiſeſt acquiſition,
And ev'n from pity and diſdain,
She'll cull ſome reaſon to be vain.
Thus, Sir, from every form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice which you'd admire,
I gather fewel to my fire,
And on the very baſe of ſhame
Erect my monument of fame.
Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godſhip has not dreamt.
Thoſe ſhining virtues which you muſter,
Whence think you they derive their luſtre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Truſt me, from titled dames to ſpinners,
'Tis I make ſaints, whoe'er make ſinners;
'Tis I inſtruct them to withdraw,
And hold preſumptuous man in awe;
For female worth as I inſpire,
In juſt degrees ſtill mounts the higher,
And virtue ſo extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price;
Like Samſon's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the ſex's tottering ſtate:
Sap theſe, and in a moment's ſpace,
Down ſinks the fabric to its baſe.
Alike from titles and from toys,
I ſpring, the fount of female joys;
In every widow, wife, and miſs,
The ſole artificer of bliſs.
For them each tropic I explore;
I cleave the ſand of every ſhore;
To them uniting Indias ſail,
Sabæa breathes her fartheſt gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig ſenſe and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention.
Nor bliſs alone my pow'rs beſtow,
They hold the ſov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the Stoic's boaſted art,
I ſooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give ſplendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.
Alike the palace, and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign;
Through every age, in every nation,
Taſte, talents, tempers, ſtate, and ſtation,
Whate'er a woman ſays, I ſay;
Whate'er a woman ſpends, I pay;
Alike I fill, and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquets through folly range,
And with the prude diſdain to change.
And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But ſoft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmoſt mazes to unravel,
And touch the fartheſt ſtep they travel.
When every pleaſure's run a-ground,
And folly tir'd through many a round;
The nymph, conceiving diſcontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, ſhed in pious moiſture,
Diſmiſs her to a church or cloyſter;
Then on I lead her with devotion
Conſpicuous in her dreſs and motion,
Inſpire the heav'nly breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony, and grace.
Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her lateſt hour;
The couch of decent pain I ſpread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not, with her parting breath;
Then do I ſet, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to ſight,
The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,
The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier;
And laſt, preſenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To ſcenes of painted bliſs I waft her,
And form the heav'n ſhe hopes hereafter.
In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle god,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And ſtrange, in all the toilſome way,
No houſe of kind refreſhment lay,
No nymph, whoſe virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her ſex exempted.
For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by ſuch permiſſion,
Will hold herſelf the one ſelected,
And ſo my ſyſtem ſtands protected.
O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in ſtory!
The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then ſweatly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypſipile, who ſav'd her ſire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire,
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurell'd Daphne paſs unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceſte's voluntary ſteel,
And Catherine, ſmiling on the wheel

But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some ſhe evades or diſavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things call'd fables!
And thus the goddeſs turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flaſh'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conqueſt of ſo fair a field.
When happily arriv'd in view
A goddeſs, whom our grandames knew,
Of aſpect grave, and ſober gait,
Majeſtic, awful, and ſedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve ſerene,
When not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſcene,
Once prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their ſtrife to her decree.
And now by each the facts were ſtated,
In form and manner as related;
The caſe was ſhort. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the goddeſs, anſwering mild,
Firſt ſhook her gracious head, and ſmil'd.
Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I ſhar'd the fickle ſex with you,
But from their preſence long precluded,
Or held as one, whoſe form intruded,
Full fifty annual ſuns can tell,
Prudence has bid the ſex farewell.
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, ſtill biaſs'd in opinion,
And arrogant of ſole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the caſe compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gait, and air,
Who ne'er had croſs'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor ſeen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, now! cry'd love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conqueſt ſmil'd,
If vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence may be ſoon decided:
Behold yon wench; a fit occaſion
To try your force of gay perſuaſion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put thoſe boaſted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Tranſcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite conteſt o'er,
And ne'er will boaſt my empire more.
At once, ſo ſaid, and ſo conſented;
And well our goddeſs ſeem'd contented;
Nor pauſing, made a moment's ſtand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.
Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occaſion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erſt had wounded many a heart;
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-ſtring twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her ſecret ſoul addreſs'd,
Tranſfix'd the whiteneſs of her breaſt.
But here the dame, whoſe guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thouſand beauties ruſh to ſight;
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world, reveal'd to her alone:
Enraptur'd ſtands the love-ſick maid,
Suſpended o'er the darling ſhade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres every fond deſire.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A HYMN TO POVERTY.

O POVERTY! thou ſource of human art,
Thou great inſpirer of the poet's ſong!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the nine
Attend in vain, unleſs thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvas breathes no longer. Muſic's charms,
Uninfluenc'd by thee, forget to pleaſe:
Thou giv'ſt the organ ſound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine:
Thou gav'ſt to Nicolini every grace,
And every charm to Farinelli's ſong.
By thee the lawyer pleads. The ſoldier's arm
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman feels,
And, urg'd by thee, unfolds heav'n's myſtic truths,
The haughty fair, that ſwells with proud diſdain,
And ſmiles at miſchiefs, which her eyes have made.
Thou humbleſt to ſubmit and bleſs mankind.
Hail, pow'r omnipotent! me uninvok'd
Thou deign'ſt to viſit, far, alas! unfit
To bear thy awful preſence. O, retire!
At diſtance let me view thee; leſt too nigh,
I ſink beneath the terrors of thy face!

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O THOU, for whom my lyre I ſtring,
Of whom I ſpeak, and think, and ſing!
Thou conſtant object of my joys,
Whoſe ſweetneſs every wiſh employs!
Thou deareſt of thy ſex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring ſtrain;
No idle praiſe my verſe ſhall ſtain;
The lowly numbers ſhall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modeſty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not diſtant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not, faireſt, if I try
To ſteal the moiſture from your eye,
Or force your heart a ſigh to ſend,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what aroſe from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindneſs, or diſdain;
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years I ſtrove againſt the flame,
And ſuffer'd ills, that want a name:
Yet ſtill the painful ſecret kept,
And to myſelf in ſilence wept;
Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I ſaw you ſtill. Your gen'rous heart
In all my ſorrows bore a part;
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue beſtow'd,
But mildly bid me ceaſe to blend
The name of Lover with the Friend.

Sick with deſire, and mad with pain,
I ſeek for happineſs in vain:
Thou lovely maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindneſs, or I die!
From ſad deſpair my ſoul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd be all wealth that can deſtroy
My utmoſt hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O fortune I reſign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life ſhall lend,
Shall bleſs the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I ſtrive
To keep a dying hope alive;
The laſt ſad remedy remains,
'Tis abſence that muſt heal my pains,
Thy image from my boſom rend,
And force the Lover from the Friend.

Vain thought! though ſeas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my ſoul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea muſt depart,
And death's deciſive ſtroke muſt end
At once the Lover and the Friend.

SONGS, &c.

SONG I.

THUS I ſaid to my heart, in a pet th' other day,
I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
No throbbings, no wiſhes your moments employ,
But you ſleep in my breaſt without motion or joy.

When Cloe perplex'd me 'twas ſweeter by half,
And at Thais's wiles I could oftentimes laugh;
Your burnings and achings I ſtrove not to cure,
Though one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

When I walk'd up the Mall, or ſtroll'd through the ſtreet, [beat,
Not a petticoat bruſh'd me, but then you could
Or if bang went the hoop againſt corner or poſt,
In the magical round you were ſure to be loſt.

But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
Like Adam, unfallen, you never perceive;
Or the ſeat of delight if the tippet ſhould hide,
You tempt not my fingers to draw it aſide.

Is it caution, or dread, or the froſt of old age,
That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?
Tell me quickly the cauſe, for it makes me quite mad,
In the ſummer's gay ſeaſon to ſee you ſo ſad.

Have a care, quoth my heart, how you tempt me to ſtray; [way:
He that hunts down a woman muſt run a d——d
Like a hare ſhe can wind, or hold out with the fox,
And, ſecure in the chaſe, her purſuers ſhe mocks.

For Cloe I burn'd with an innocent flame,
And beat to the muſic that breath'd out her name;
Three ſummers flew over the caſtles I built,
And beheld me a fool, and my goddeſs a jilt.

Next Thais, the wanton, my wiſhes employ'd,
And the kind one repair'd what the cruel deſtroy'd:
Like Shadrach, I liv'd in a furnace of fire,
But, unlike him, was ſcorch'd, and compell'd to retire.

Recruited once more, I forgot all my pain,
And was jilted, and burnt, and bedevil'd again;

Not a petticoat fring'd, or the heel of a ſhoe,
Ever paſs'd you by day-light, but at it I flew.

Thus jilted, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
For reſt I retreated again to be whole;
But your eyes, ever open to lead me aſtray,
Have beheld a new face, and command me away.

But remember, in whatever flames I may burn,
'Twill be folly to aſk for, or wiſh my return:
Neither Thais nor Cloe again ſhall enflame,
But a nymph more provoking than all you can name.

This ſaid, with a bound from my boſom he flew;
O, Phillis! theſe eyes ſaw him poſting to you;
Enſlav'd by your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
And vows I ſhall never poſſeſs him again.

SONG II.

Collin.

Be ſtill, O ye winds, and attentive, ye ſwains,
'Tis Phebe invites, and replies to my ſtrains;
The ſun never roſe on, ſearch all the world through,
A ſhepherd ſo bleſt, or a fair one ſo true.

Phebe.

Glide ſoftly ye ſtreams, O ye nymphs round me throng,
'Tis Collin commands, and attends to my ſong;
Search all the world over, you never can find
A maiden ſo bleſt, or a ſhepherd ſo kind.

Both.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſures it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

Collin.

With Phebe beſide me, the ſeaſons how gay!
Then winter's bleak months ſeem as pleaſant as May;
The ſummer's gay verdure ſprings ſtill as ſhe treads,
And linnets and nightingales ſing through the meads.

Phebe.

When Collin is abſent 'tis winter all round,
How faint is the ſunſhine, how barren the ground!
Inſtead of the linnet and nightingale's ſong,
I hear the hoarſe raven croak all the day long.

Both.

'Tis love, like the ſun, &c.

Collin.

O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love ſhall be by:
Her Collin ſhall guard her ſafe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains ſhall repay.

Phebe.

By moonlight, when ſhadows glide over the plain,
His kiſſes ſhall cheer me, his arm ſhall ſuſtain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or ſleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

Both.

'Tis love, like the ſun, &c.

Collin.

Ye ſhepherds, that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your tranſports, how laſting your pain!
Inconſtancy ſhun, and reward the kind ſhe,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

Phebe.

Ye nymphs, who the pleaſures of love never try'd,
Attend to my ſtrains, and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconſtancy free,
And learn to be happy of Collin and me.

Both.

'Tis love, like the ſun, that gives light to the year,
The ſweeteſt of bleſſings that life can endear;
Our pleaſures it brightens, drives ſorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

SONG III.

As Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
Went forth to the meadows a maying,
A clown lay aſleep by a river ſo deep,
That round in meanders was ſtraying.

His boſom was bare, and for whiteneſs ſo rare,
Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of ſuch hue, that the roſe wet with dew,
Ne'er look'd half ſo freſh in a morning.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him ſhe lay,
Her wiſhes too warm for diſguiſing;
She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in ſurpriſe,
And bluſh'd like the ſun at his riſing.

She ſung him a ſong, as he leant on his prong,
And reſted her arm on his ſhoulder;
She preſs'd his coy cheek to her boſom ſo ſleek,
And taught his two arms to enfold her.

The ruſtic grown kind, by a kiſs told his mind,
And call'd her his dear and his bleſſing:
Together they ſtray'd, and ſung, frolic'd, and play'd,
And what they did more there's no gueſſing.

SONG IV.

He.

Let rakes for pleaſure range the town,
Or miſers doat on golden guineas,
Let plenty ſmile, or fortune frown,
The ſweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

She.

Let wanton maids indulge deſire,
How ſoon the fleeting pleaſure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And ſuch ſhall ſtill be mine and Johnny's.

Both.

Together let us ſport and play,
And live in pleaſure where no ſin is;
The prieſt ſhall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

He.

Let roving ſwains young hearts invade,
The pleaſure ends in ſhame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor, believing, ſimple Molly.

She.

So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmleſs maids who marry;
But now ſhe finds her ſhepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithleſs Harry.

Both.

But we'll together sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

He.

By cooling streams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies;
Or fondly stray where love shall lead,
And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

She

Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always bonny;
Content, and peace, and sweet delight,
And love, shall live with me and Johnny.

Both.

Together still we'll sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

SONG V.

Stand round, my brave boys, with heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

Chorus.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our shore,
And plenty and peace bless the isle;
The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.

Chorus.

The rebels, &c.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.

Chorus.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

SONG VI.

To make the wife kind, and to keep the house still,
You must be of her mind, let her say what she will;
In all that she does you must give her her way,
For tell her she's wrong, and you lead her astray.

Chorus.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

Abroad all the day if she chooses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come home;
The man she likes best, and longs most to get at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate him for that.

Chorus.

Then, husbands, &c.

What virtue she has, you may safely oppose,
Wherever her follies are, praise her for those;
Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man,
For accuse her of vice, and she'll sin if she can.

Chorus.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

SONG VII.

Damon.

Hark, hark, o'er the plains how the merry bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid!
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.

Phillis.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away,
O Damon! I'm young and afraid;
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid.

Damon.

The bride-maids are met, and mamma's on the fret,
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid;
Come upon the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

Phillis.

Dear shepherd, forbear, and to-morrow, I swear,
To-morrow I'll not be afraid;
I'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

Damon.

No, no, Phillis, no, on that bosom of snow
To-night shall your shepherd be laid;
By morning my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a maid.

Phillis.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolted before,
His bliss silly Damon delay'd;
To church let us go, and if there I say no,
O then let me die an old maid!

SONG VIII.

That Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek not to hide;
I dwell on her praises wherever I go,
They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no.

At ev'ning oft times with what pleasure I see
A note from her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
My heart how it bounds, when I hear her below!
But say not 'tis love, for I answer no, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo each strain,
Again I cry, Jenny! sweet Jenny, again!
I kiss her soft lips, and if there I could grow,
And fear I'm in love, though I answer no, no,

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me:
My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so;
Who knows but she loves, though she tells me no, no?

Yet such is my temper, so dull am I grown,
I ask not her heart, but would conquer my own:
Her bosom's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
And wish to persuade, while I answer no, no?

From beauty, and wit, and good humour, ah! why
Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly?
Thy bounties, O fortune! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I say no.

SONG IX.

You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
And easy, and chatty, and good humour'd too;
That my lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in tune:
All this has been told me by twenty before,
But he that would win me, must flatter me more.

If beauty from virtue receive no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good humour short raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring.
For charms such as these, then, your praises give o'er,
To love me for life, you must love me for more.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,
For Cloe, the wanton, can rival me there:
'Tis virtue alone that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good humour, as sunshine the day;
For that if you love me, your flame shall be true,
And I, in my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG X.

How blest has my time been, what days have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year through;
Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

SONG XI.

Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away;
The grave of thy Colin has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu;
I haste to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy arose;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Colin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night ravens croak'd all around.

How long, my lov'd Colin, she cry'd,
How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death shall her Colin deplore.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground:
I hear the kind call, and obey,
Oh, Colin, receive me, she cry'd!
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone and dy'd.

SONG XII.

For a shape and a bloom, and an air and a mien,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green;
But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
Those her beauties invited, her pride would destroy.

By the flocks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the vale,
Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear her soft tale;
Though fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,
And return'd with neglect, what she heard with disdain.

But beauty has wings, and too hastily flies,
And love unrewarded, soon sickens and dies.
The nymph cur'd by time of her folly and pride,
Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she denied.

No longer ſhe frolics it wide o'er the plain,
To kill with her coyneſs the languiſhing ſwain;
So humbled her pride is, ſo ſoftened her mind,
That, though courted by none, ſhe to all would be kind.

SONG XIII.

When Damon languiſh'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how ſweet!
But ah! how ſwift they flew!
The ſunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endleſs love.

The conqueſt gain'd, he left his prize
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And meaſure time by pain.
But heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to deſpair;
And the laſt ſigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the ſpirit there.

THE NUN;

A CANTATA.

Recitative.

Or Conſtance holy legends tell,
The ſofteſt ſiſter of the cell;
None ſent to heav'n ſo ſweet a cry,
Or roll'd at maſs ſo bright an eye.
No wanton taint her boſom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly viſion flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus ſhe breath'd divineſt airs.

AIR.

In hallow'd walks and awful cells,
Secluded from the light and vain,
The chaſte ey'd maid with virtue dwells,
And ſolitude, and ſilence reign.

The wanton's voice is heard not here,
To heav'n the ſacred pile belongs;
Each wall returns the whiſper'd pray'r,
And echoes but to holy ſongs.

RECITATIVE.

Alas, that pamper'd monks ſhould dare
Intrude where fainted veſtals are!
Ah, Francis! Francis! well I weet
Thoſe holy looks are all deceit.
With ſhame the muſe prolongs her tale,
The Prieſt was young, the Nun was frail,
Devotion faulter'd on her tongue,
Love tun'd her voice, and thus ſhe ſung.

AIR.

Alas, how deluded was I,
To fancy delights as I did!
With maidens at midnight to ſigh,
And love the ſweet paſſion, forbid!
O, father! my follies forgive,
And ſtill to abſolve me be nigh;
Your leſſons have taught me to live,
Come teach me, O! teach me to die!

To her arms in a rapture he ſprung,
Her boſom, half-naked, met his;
Tranſported in ſilence ſhe hung,
And melted away at each kiſs.
Ah, father! expiring, ſhe cry'd,
With rapture I yield up my breath!
Ah, daughter! he fondly reply'd,
The righteous find comfort in death.

SOLOMON,

A SERENATA:

Set to Muſic by Dr. Boyce.

PART I.

CHORUS.

Behold, Jeruſalem, thy king,
Whoſe praiſes all the nations ſing!
To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
All arts and wiſdom under heav'n:
For him the tuneful virgin throng
Of Ziion's daughters ſwell the ſong:
While young and old their voices raiſe,
And wake the echoes with his praiſe.

RECITATIVE.

She. From the mountains, lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes;
While zephyrs on his garments play,
And ſweets through all the air convey.

AIR.

Tell me, lovely ſhepherd, where
Thou feed'ſt at noon thy fleecy care?
Direct me to the ſweet retreat,
That guards thee from the mid-day heat:
Leſt by the flocks I lonely ſtray,
Without a guide, and loſe my way:
Where reſt at noon, thy bleating care,
Gentle ſhepherd, tell me where?

AIR.

He. Faireſt of the virgin throng,
Doſt thou ſeek thy ſwain's abode?
See yon fertile vale along
The new-worn path the flocks have trod:
Purſue the prints their feet have made,
And they ſhall guide thee to the ſhade.

RECITATIVE.

She. As the rich apple on whoſe boughs
Ripe fruit with ſtreaky beauty glows,
Excels the trees that ſhade the grove,
So ſhines, among his ſex, my love.

AIR.

Beneath his ample ſhade I lay,
Defended from the ſultry day:
His cooling fruit my thirſt aſſuag'd,
And quench'd the fires that in me rag'd;
Till ſated with the luſcious taſte,
I roſe and bleſt the ſweet repaſt.

RECITATIVE.

He. Who quits the lily's fleecy white,
To fix on meaner flow'rs the ſight?
Or leaves the roſe's ſtem untorn,
To crop the bloſſom from the thorn?
Unrival'd thus thy beauties are;
So ſhines my love among the fair.

AIR.

Balmy ſweetneſs, ever flowing,
From her dropping lips diſtils;
Flowers on her cheeks are blowing,
And her voice with muſic thrills.
Zephyrs o'er the ſpices flying,
Waſting ſweets from every tree,
Sick'ning ſenſe with odours cloying,
Breathe not half ſo ſweet as ſhe.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Let not my prince his ſlave deſpiſe,
Or paſs me with unheeding eyes.
Becauſe the ſun's diſcolouring rays
Have chas'd the lily from my face,
My envious ſiſters ſaw my bloom,
And drove me from my mother's home;
Unſhelter'd all the ſcorching day
They made me in their vineyard ſtay.

AIR.

Ah ſimple me! my own, more dear,
My own, alas! was not my care:
Invading love the fences broke,
And tore the cluſters from the ſtock,
With eager graſp the fruit deſtroy'd,
Nor reſted till the ravage cloy'd.

AIR.

He. Fair and comely is my love,
And ſofter than the blue-ey'd dove;
Down her neck the wanton locks
Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
Her teeth like flocks in beauty ſeem,
New ſhorn, and dropping from the ſtream;
Her glowing lips by far outvie
The plaited threads of ſcarlet dye;
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks the accents wound,
And muſic floats upon the ſound.

RECITATIVE.

She. Forbear, O charming ſwain, forbear!
Thy voice enchants my liſt'ning ear;
And while I gaze my boſom glows,
My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows,
The ſhades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And every ſenſe within me dies.

AIR

O fill with cooling juice the bowl!
Aſſuage the fever in my ſoul!
With copious draughts my thirſt remove,
And ſooth the heart that's ſick of love.

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

He. The cheerful ſpring begins to-day,
Ariſe, my fair one, come away!

RECITATIVE.

She. Sweet muſic ſteals along the air——
Hark!——my beloved's voice I hear!

AIR.

He. Ariſe, my fair, and come away,
The cheerful ſpring begins to-day:
Bleak winter's gone with all his train
Of chilling froſts, and dropping rain.
Amidſt the verdure of the mead
The primroſe lifts her velvet head:
The warbling birds, the woods among,
Salute the ſeaſon with a ſong:
The cooing turtle in the grove
Renews his tender tale of love:
The vines their infant tendrils ſhoot:
The fig-tree bends with early fruit:
All welcome in the genial ray:
Ariſe, my fair, and come away!

CHORUS.

All welcome in the genial ray,
Ariſe, O fair one, come away!

DUET.

Together let us range the fields,
Impearled with the morning dew;
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's cluſt'ring bough:
There in cloſe-embower'd ſhades,
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills, on roſy beds,
We'll love the ſultry hours away.

RECITATIVE.

He. How lovely art thou to the ſight,
For pleaſure form'd, and ſweet delight!
Tall as the palm-tree is thy ſhape,
Thy breaſts are like the cluſt'ring grape.

AIR.

Let me, love, thy bole aſcending,
On the ſwelling cluſters feed:
With my graſp the vine-tree bending,
In my cloſe embrace ſhall bleed.
Stay me with delicious kiſſes
From thy honey-dropping mouth;
Sweeter than the ſummer breezes
Blowing from the genial ſouth.

RECITATIVE.

She. O that a ſiſter's ſpecious name
Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!
Uncenſur'd then I'd own my love,
And chaſteſt virgins ſhould approve:
Then fearleſs to my mother's bed
My ſeeming brother would I lead:
Soft tranſports ſhould the hours employ,
And the deceit ſhould crown the joy.

AIR.

Soft! I adjure you by the fawns
That bound acroſs the flow'ry lawns,
Ye virgins, that ye lightly move,
Nor with your whiſpers wake my love!

RECITATIVE.

He. My fair's a garden of delight,
Enclos'd and hid from vulgar ſight;
Where ſtreams from bubbling fountains ſtray,
And roſes deck the verdant way.

AIR.

Softly ariſe, O ſouthern breeze!
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my ſpicy garden blow,
That ſweets from every part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye ſouthern breezes gently blow,
That ſweets from every part may flow.

PART III.

AIR.

He. Ariſe, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, ſhivering with the cold.

RECITATIVE.

She. My heart amidſt my ſlumbers wakes,
And tells me my beloved ſpeaks.

AIR.

He. Ariſe, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, ſhivering with the cold:
The chill drops hang upon my head,
And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erſpread:
Receive me dropping to thy breaſt,
And lull me in thy arms to reſt.

RECITATIVE.

She. Obedient to thy voice I hie;
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely wand'rer flown?
Ye blooming virgins, as you rove,
If chance you meet my ſtraying love,
I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant and die for his return.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming maid!
That from thy arms ſo late has ſtray'd?
Say what diſtinguiſh'd charms adorn,
And finiſh out his radiant form?

AIR.

She. On his face the vernal roſe,
Blended with the lily, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back;
His eyes with milder beauties beam
Than billing doves beſide the ſtream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs;
His lips are of the roſe's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye virgins, is the ſwain,
Whoſe abſence cauſes all my pain.

RECITATIVE.

He. Sweet nymph, whom ruddier charms adorn,
Than open with the roſy morn;
Fair as the moon's unclouded light,
And as the ſun in ſplendour bright;
Thy beauties dazzle from afar,
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

RECITATIVE.

She. O take me! ſtamp me on thy breaſt!
Deep let the image be impreſt!
For love, like armed death, is ſtrong,
Rudely he drags his ſlaves along:
If once to jealouſy he turns,
With never-dying rage he burns.

DUET.

Thou ſoft invader of the ſoul!
O love, who ſhall thy pow'r controul!
To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
Thy burning heat ſhall ſtill remain.
In vain we trace the globe to try
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treaſures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchaſe love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treaſures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchaſe love.

PROLOGUE TO GIL BLAS,

Spoken by Mr. Woodward, in the Character of a Critic, with a Catcall in his Hand.

Are you all ready? Here's your muſic! here *!
Author, ſneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
The fellow ſtopp'd me in a helliſh fright——
Pray, Sir, ſays he, muſt I be damn'd to-night?
Damn'd! ſurely, friend—Don't hope for our compliance,
Zounds, Sir!—a ſecond play's downright defiance.
Though once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, Sir, ſays he, e'en as you pleaſe, ſo then
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But harkee poet!—won't you though? ſays I.
'Pon honour.—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Sha'n't we, my Bucks? Let's take him at his word—
Damn him—or by my ſoul he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I ſuppoſe—but mind ye—
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we Bloods had bowels for a bard!
Beſides, what men of ſpirit now a-days
Come to give ſober judgments of new plays?
It argues ſome good nature to be quiet—
Good nature! Ay—but then we loſe a riot.
The ſcribbling fool may beg and make a fuſs,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis ſport to us.
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and jokes,
The bard may find us Bloods good-natur'd folks;
Not crabbed critics—foes to riſing merit——
Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with ſpirit—
Our author aims at no diſhoneſt ends,
He knows no enemies, and boaſts ſome friends;
He takes no methods down your throat to cram it;
So if you like it, ſave it; if not—damn it.

AN ELEGY †.

Written among the Ruins of a Nobleman's Seat in Cornwall.

Amidst theſe venerable drear remains
Of ancient grandeur, muſing ſad I ſtray;
Around a melancholy ſilence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,
Aloft his manſion roſe; around were ſeen
Extenſive gardens, deck'd with every grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves, through all the ſeaſons green.

Ah, where is now its boaſted beauty fled!
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the ſky,
And broken columns in confuſion ſpread,
A rude miſhapen heap of ruins lie.

Of ſplendid rooms no traces here are found:
How are theſe tottering walls by time defac'd!

---

* *Blowing his catcall*

† *From the "Poetical Calendar" for Auguſt* 1763.

Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapeſtry, with paintings grac'd!

In ancient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties luxury pour'd, and beauty ſpread
Her artful ſnares to captivate the ſoul.

Or here, attended by a choſen train
Of innocent delight, true grandeur dwelt,
Diffuſing bleſſings o'er the diſtant plain,
Health, joy, and happineſs, by thouſands felt.

Around now ſolitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with cheerful hopes the needy ſwains
At the once bounteous gate their viſits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
Which every clime was ranſack'd to ſupply?
O'er the drear ſpot ſee deſolation ſpread,
And the diſmantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with niceſt care
Arrang'd, from opening bloſſoms ſhed perfume,
And thick with fruitage ſtood, the pendent pear,
The ruddy-colour'd peach, and gloſſy plumb.

Extinct is all the family of flowers:
In vain I ſeek the arbour's cool retreat,
Where ancient friends in converſe paſs'd the hours,
Defended from the raging dog-ſtar's heat.

Along the terraſs-walks are ſtraggling ſeen
The prickly bramble, and the noiſome weed,
Beneath whoſe covert crawls the toad obſcene,
And ſnakes and adders unmoleſted breed.

The groves, where pleaſure walk'd her rounds, decay,
The mead untill'd a barren aſpect wears;
And where the ſprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waſte appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where oſiers ſpread, a pond capacious ſtood;
From far by art the ſtream was taught to flow,
Whoſe liquid ſtores ſupplied th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the ſilent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the ſcaly fry——
But periſh'd now are all the numerous race,
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye great! behold th' uncertain ſtate
Of earthly grandeur——beauty, ſtrength, and power,
Alike are ſubject to the ſtroke of fate,
And flouriſh but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no diſſolution fears,
Still permanent, though ages roll away;
Who builds on her immortal baſis, rears
A ſuperſtructure time can ne'er decay.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SAMUEL BOYSE.

Containing

DEITY,	ELEGIES,
VISION OF PATIENCE,	EPISTLES,
ODES,	PARAPHRASES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Far hence, ye viſionary charming maids,
Ye fancy'd nymphs, that haunt the Grecian ſhades;
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourſelves producing fictions as untrue:
But come, ſuperior Muſe! divinely bright,
Daughter of Heaven, whoſe offspring ſtill are light;
Oh condeſcend! celeſtial ſacred gueſt,
To purge my ſight, and conſecrate my breaſt;
While I preſume OMNIPOTENCE to trace,
And ſing that POWER who peopled boundleſs ſpace.

DEITY.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF BOYSE.

Samuel Boyse was born in Dublin, in 1708. His father, the Rev. Joſeph Boyſe, was paſtor of a congregation of Proteſtant diſſenters in Woodſtreet, and had for his coadjutor the Rev. Thomas Emlyn, ſo well known for his writings and ſufferings. He was one of the ſixteen children of Matthew Boyſe of Leeds in Yorkſhire. He was conſidered as a learned, pious, and uſeful divine; he was an aſſiduous preacher; and his credit was ſuch as procured him general eſteem. He had a principal ſhare in promoting the act of toleration in Ireland. He concurred in the orthodox perſecution of the excellent Emlyn, yet he was the only one of the Dublin diſſenting miniſters who viſited him in priſon, and it was in conſequence of his ſolicitations that the fine was mitigated. He died in 1728. The ſame year his works were publiſhed in 2 vols. folio. He is chiefly diſtinguiſhed, as a writer, by his controverſy with Archbiſhop King, concerning the office of a ſcriptural biſhop.

Young Boyſe received the rudiments of his education at a private ſchool in Dublin. At eighteen years of age, he was ſent to the Univerſity of Glaſgow, probably with a deſign of being educated for the miniſtry. His indolence and diſſipation, however, ſoon rendered this deſign abortive. He had not been a year at Glaſgow, before he unfortunately fell in love with Miſs Atchiſon, the daughter of a tradeſman in that city; and imprudently interrupted his ſtudies, by marrying her before he had entered into his twentieth year.

The natural extravagance of his temper ſoon expoſed him to the inconveniencies of indigence: and as he had now the additional charge of a family, the ſcantineſs of his finances obliged him to remove with his wife, who alſo carried her ſiſter with her, to Dublin; where he expected aſſiſtance and ſupport from his father; who, notwithſtanding the imprudence of his conduct, received him with paternal kindneſs.

His conduct in this dependent ſtate, was the very reverſe of what it ſhould have been. He directed his ſtudies to no uſeful purſuit, by which he might have ſupported himſelf and family, but gave himſelf up to abject trifling and diſſipation; which drew many heavy expences upon his father, who was ſupported by the ſubſcriptions of his congregation, and an eſtate which he poſſeſſed of fourſcore pounds a-year, in Yorkſhire. The behaviour of his wife alſo, was not commendable; her levity and extravagance contributed to accelerate his ruin. The good man was obliged to ſell his eſtate, to pay his ſon's debts; and when he lay in his laſt ſickneſs, he was entirely ſupported by preſents from his congregation, and buried at their expence.

Being deprived, by his father's death, of any farther proſpect of ſupport from him, he repaired to Edinburgh, where his poetical genius raiſed him many friends, and ſome patrons of conſiderable eminence.

In 1731, he publiſhed, by ſubſcription, a volume of *Poems on ſeveral occaſions*, in 8vo; to which was ſubjoined a tranſlation of the *Tablature of Cebes*, and a *Letter upon Liberty*, inſerted in the "Dublin "Journal," 1727. In the liſt of ſubſcribers, which is numerous and reſpectable, are the names of Tickell, Philips, and Brooke.

He acquired a great reputation by this publication, which he dedicated to the Counteſs of Eglinton, a lady of great accompliſhments, both of body and mind; who was a patroneſs of men of wit, and very much diſtinguiſhed Boyſe while he reſided in Scotland.

He alſo wrote an elegy on the death of the Viſcounteſs Stormont; which he intituled, *The Tears of the Muſes*; becauſe the deceaſed lady was a woman of taſte in the ſciences, and a great admirer of poetry.

Lord Stormont was ſo much pleaſed with this mark of reſpect paid to the memory of his lady, that he ordered a very handſome preſent to be given to Boyſe, by his agent at Edinburgh.

But though his writings had procured him ſome celebrity in that city, yet his perſon was very little known there, and eſpecially among perſons of faſhion and figure; for he was rather of an unſocial turn, and had but few acquaintances. It was, therefore, ſome time before he could be found out: and he would have reaped no benefit from Lord Stormont's generoſity, if an advertiſement had not been inſerted in one of the Edinburgh newſpapers, deſiring the author of the *Tears of the Muſes* to call at the houſe of the agent.

One of his moſt intimate and reſpectable acquaintances in Edinburgh, was a Mr. Stewart, a merchant or bookſeller, who had two beautiful and accompliſhed daughters, to whom he addreſſed ſome poems, under the names of *Hilaria* and *Clariſſa*, inſerted in the the ſecond volume of his poems, publiſhed in 1738.

The notice which Lady Eglinton and Lord Stormont took of Boyſe, was the means of recommending him to the patronage of the Ducheſs of Gordon, who was a lady of literary taſte, and cultivated a correſpondence with ſome of the moſt eminent poets then living.

She was ſo deſirous to raiſe Boyſe above neceſſity, that ſhe employed her intereſt in procuring the promiſe of a place for him; and accordingly gave him a letter, which he was next day to deliver to one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms at Edinburgh. But it unluckily happened that he was then ſome miles diſtant from the city; and the morning on which he was to have ridden to town with her Grace's letter of recommendation, proved to be rainy. This trivial circumſtance was ſufficient to diſcourage Boyſe, who was never accuſtomed to look beyond the preſent moment; he declined going to town, on account of the rainy weather; and while he let ſlip the opportunity, the place was beſtowed upon another; which the Commiſſioner declared he kept for ſome time vacant, in expectation of ſeeing a perſon recommended by the Ducheſs of Gordon.

Such imprudence and ſuch indolence, were naturally productive of indigence and diſtreſs; and at length, having defeated all the kind intentions of his patrons towards him, he fell into contempt and poverty, which obliged him to quit Edinburgh, as his creditors began to ſolicit the payment of their debts in a manner too importunate to be eaſily reſiſted.

Having reſolved to go to London, he communicated his deſign to the Ducheſs of Gordon; who ſtill retaining a high opinion of his poetical abilities, gave him a recommendatory letter to Pope, and obtained another for him to Lord Chancellor King. Lord Stormont alſo recommended him to his brother the Solicitor-General, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, and other perſons of rank and faſhion.

Upon his arrival in London, he repaired to Twickenham, in order to deliver the Ducheſs of Gordon's letter to Pope; but not finding him at home, he never gave himſelf the trouble to repeat his viſit. He did, however, as he ſaid himſelf, wait upon the Lord Chancellor; by whom he was well received, and with whom he occaſionally dined: but the truth of this was queſtioned by his friends; for he was always averſe to the company of perſons of rank and figure, among whom he had not ſpirit enough to ſupport a ſhare in the converſation.

It indeed appears, that his imprudent conduct prevented his deriving any advantage from the recommendations which he brought with him from Scotland; ſo that he was ſoon reduced to a ſtate of great indigence; from which he attempted no means of extricating himſelf, but by writing mendicant letters.

He frequently applied for aſſiſtance to ſome of the more eminent Diſſenters; from whom he received many benefactions, in conſequence of the reſpect which they paid to the memory of his father. But the pecuniary ſupplies which he received were ſoon diſſipated; for he was not only indolent and imprudent, but luxurious and extravagant.

He had no taſte for any thing elegant, and yet was to the laſt degree expenſive. Often when he had received half-a-guinea, in conſequence of a ſupplicatory letter, he would go into a tavern, order a ſupper to be prepared, drink of the richeſt wines, and ſpend all the money that had juſt been given him in charity, without having any one to participate the luxury with him, and while his wife and child were ſtarving at home.

This is an inſtance of baſe ſelfiſhneſs, which was perhaps never practiſed by the moſt ſenſual epicure, except, with ſome variation of circumſtances, by Savage, whom Boyſe reſembled as well in his genius as in his vices and poverty.

All his friends were at length wearied out with his perpetual applications. About the year 1740, he had brought himſelf to ſuch a ſtate of wretchedneſs, that he had not any clothes in which he could appear abroad, and therefore was wholly confined at home for ſome weeks, procuring, in the mean time, ſome ſcanty ſubſiſtence, by writing verſes for Mr. Cave, the proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine;" who paid him by the hundred lines; which, after a while, he wanted to make what is called the long hundred.

"He had not," ſays Shiels, from whom this account is chiefly taken, "a ſhirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel to put on, the ſheets in which he lay were carried to the pawn-broker's, and he was obliged to be confined to bed with no other covering than a blanket. Whoever had ſeen him in his ſtudy, muſt have thought the object ſingular enough. He ſat up in bed with the blanket wrapped about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and placing the paper upon his knee, ſcribbled in the beſt manner he could, the verſes he was obliged to make. For the future, wherever his diſtreſſes ſo preſſed as to induce him to diſpoſe of his ſhirt, he ſelt upon an artifical method of ſupplying one. He cut ſome white paper in ſlips, which he tied round his wriſts, and in the ſame manner ſupplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, with the additional inconvenience of want of breeches."

His connection with Mr. Cave, naturally made him acquainted with Dr. Johnſon; who informed Mr. Nichols, that he once collected a ſum of money to redeem his clothes, which he had pawned; and which, in two days after, were pawned again. Mr. Nichols relates, from the ſame reſpectable authority, that Boyſe tranſlated *well* from the French; but if any one employed him, by the time one ſheet of the work was done, he pawned the original. If the employer redeemed it, a ſecond ſheet would be completed, and the book again be pawned; and this perpetually

From this period, he wrote many poems; but theſe, though excellent in their kind, were loſt to the world, by being introduced with no advantage.

From an original letter, which, in July 1741, he ſent to a friend, with ſome paſſages from his poem, called *Deity*, it appears to have been publiſhed about this time.

"I have no great reaſon to brag of the ſucceſs of the poem, though the "Champion" early recommended it. Divine poetry is not the taſte of the age; but I hope ſhall be the ſupport of mine. It is the only ſubject I now take pleaſure in. I have all laſt ſummer been employed by Mr. Cave, in French tranſlations; a province highly agreeable to me, and the moſt profitable buſineſs ſtirring I have been, ſince laſt September, almoſt conſtantly with Dr Douglas, in the ſlaviſh work of index-making, *alias* word-catching, and am only now interrupted by his "Oſteology" which takes up his whole attention. I have the proſpect of having a new tranſlation from the French, in a few days; but bookſellers are ſo undiſtinguiſhing, and authors, or rather ſcribblers, ſo plenty, that learning unleſs ſupported, bids fair to ſtarve between them. I hope the beſt, as I begin to be a little known; and would endeavour, as far as I could, to ſupport a good character in the literary way."

In 1742, his diſtreſſes brought him into a ſpunging-houſe, in Grocer's-alley in the Poultry; from whence he wrote the following letter to Mr. Cave (Sylvanus Urban), ſoliciting for aſſiſtance.

"Inſcription for St. Lazarus' Cave.

Hodie, teſte cælo ſummo;
Sine pane, ſine nummo,
Sorte poſitus inſeſte,
Scribo tibi dolens meſte
Fame, bile tumet jecur
Urbane, mitte opem precor
Tibi enim cor humanum
Non a malis alienum;
Mihi mens nec male grata,
Pro a te favore data.
Ex gehenna debitoria,
Vulgo, Domo Spongiatoria. *Alcæus.*

"I am every moment," he adds, "threatened to be turned out here, becauſe I have not money to pay for my bed two nights paſt, which is uſually paid before hand; and I am loth to go into the

Compter, till I can ſee if my affairs can poſſibly be made up. I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to ſend me half-a-guinea for ſupport, till I finiſh your papers in my hands. I humbly entreat your anſwer, having not taſted any thing ſince Tueſday evening I came here; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed; ſo that I muſt go into priſon naked, which is too ſhocking for me to think of."

How long he was in confinement, does not appear; however, he at length obtained his liberty: but his wants and his imprudence ſtill continued; and he often had recourſe to the meaneſt arts, in order to procure occaſional benefactions.

In 1741, he wrote the *Viſion of Patience*, an allegorical poem, to the memory of Mr. Alexander Cuming, unfortunately loſt in the Northern Ocean, on his return from China, 1740.

Mr. Cuming was elder brother of his friend the late Dr. William Cuming of Dorcheſter, to whom he addreſſed an *Ode on his going to France*, in 1735.

In 1743, he publiſhed, without his name, an ode on the battle of Dettingen, intituled, *Albion's Triumph*.

In 1745, he was invited to Reading, by Mr. David Henry, the late worthy proprietor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," to compile an hiſtorical work, which was printed in that town, in 1747, in two vols. 8vo, under the following title: *An Hiſtorical Review of the Tranſactions of Europe, from the commencement of the War with Spain in 1739, to the Inſurrection in Scotland in 1745, with the proceedings in Parliament, and the moſt remarkable domeſtic occurrences during that period. To which is added, an Impartial Hiſtory of the late Rebellion, interſperſed with characters and memoirs, and illuſtrated with notes.* This work is not deſtitute of merit, and contains much uſeful information reſpecting the hiſtory of that period.

It appears that Boyſe was paid for this work at a very low rate.

"My ſalary," he writes a friend, in June 1746, "is wretchedly ſmall (half-a-guinea a week), both for writing the hiſtory, and correcting the preſs." In the ſame letter, he affectingly laments the loſs of his wife Emilia, who died while he was at Reading; and was buried at the expence of the pariſh. She is ſaid by Shiels to have been alſo vicious and diſſolute; but other accounts are more favourable, and probably more juſt. He afterwards deſcribes his ſituation as "not wholly uncomfortable."

"I bleſs God I enjoy a greater degree of health than I have known for many years, and a ſerene melancholy, which I prefer to the moſt poignant ſenſations of pleaſure I ever knew. All I ſigh for is a ſettlement, with ſome degree of independence, for my laſt ſtage of life, that I may have the comfort of my poor dear girl to be near me, and cloſe my eyes. I am now beginning the *Hiſtory of the Rebellion*, a very difficult and invidious taſk. All the accounts I have yet ſeen, are either defective, confuſed, or heavy. I think myſelf, from my long reſidence in Scotland, not unqualified for the attempt; but I apprehend it is premature; by waiting a year or two, better materials would offer. I am about a tranſlation (at my leiſure hours) of an invaluable French work, intituled, "L'Hiſtoire Univerſelle," by the late M. Boſſuet, Biſhop of Meaux. I propoſe only to give his diſſertations on the ancient empires, *viz.* the Egyptian, Aſſyrian, Grecian, and Roman; which he has deſcribed with ſurpriſing conciſeneſs, and with equal judgment and beauty. I deſign to inſcribe it to Mr. Lyttleton, one of the Lords of the Treaſury; one of the moſt amiable men I have ever known, and to whoſe uncommon goodneſs, if you knew my obligations, you would eſteem him as much as he deſerves."

After his return from Reading, his behaviour was more decent than it had been before, and ſome hopes were entertained of his reformation. He was employed by Mr. Sandby the bookſeller, to tranſlate Fenelon's *Demonſtration of the being of a God.* He began now to ſupport a better appearance than that to which he had lately been accuſtomed, and ſeemed to have ſome regard to his character. But while his circumſtances were mending, and his irregular appetites loſing ground, his health viſibly declined. During his illneſs, he had the ſatisfaction to obſerve his *Deity* commended by two eminent writers, Fielding and Hervey. The latter, touched with the ſtory of his misfortunes, and pleaſed with the deſign of his poem, depoſited two guineas with a friend, to give him as his neceſſities required. Of this favour, Boyſe expreſſed his grateful ſenſe, in a letter

to Hervey; which ſhows that he was neither in his laſt moments void of real religion, nor an elegant taſte.

" For your tender admonition, and excellent advice, I am truly indebted to you, as they diſcover a generous and compaſſionate concern for my better part. I bleſs God I have reaſon to hope that great work is not to do; for of all the marks of infatuation I know amongſt men, there can be none equal to that of truſting to a death-bed repentance.

" I do not pretend to vindicate my own conduct; nor can I ever forget the very Chriſtian ſenſe of my condition and misfortunes, which (notwithſtanding all my miſbehaviour) you have ſo pathetically expreſſed. The follies of my youth have furniſhed a plentiful harveſt of reflection for my latter years. As I have been now for a long time in a manner buried from the world, ſo it has been my endeavour to ſpend that time in lamenting my paſt errors, and in purſuing a courſe of life void of offence towards God and man.

" I have learned to truſt in God as my portion; to bleſs him for his fatherly corrections, which have been much gentler than my demerits; and by which I have been taught to know him and myſelf, his infinite mercy and goodneſs, my own ingratitude and unworthineſs; ſo that I may truly ſay with the returning prodigal, 'Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven and againſt thee, and am not worthy to be called thy ſon.'

" My health is in a very precarious ſtate; and the greateſt hopes of recovery I have (which are very ſmall), ariſe from warm weather and the country air. I thank God I am abſolutely reſigned to his holy and bleſſed will. I have ſeen enough of the vanity and folly of earthly things, and how inſufficient they are to ſatisfy the deſires of an immortal ſoul. I am ſenſible of my own wretchedneſs and nothingneſs; and that my only hope of ſalvation is through that bleſſed Redeemer, who died to ſave loſt ſinners. This is my rock of hope againſt an approaching eternity."

From this letter, may be eaſily deduced his real character. Happy it would have been, had he ſooner expreſſed theſe ſentiments and principles! His mind, indeed, was often religiouſly diſpoſed; he frequently talked upon that ſubject, and probably ſuffered a great deal from the remorſe of his conſcience. The early impreſſions of his good education, were never entirely obliterated; and his whole life was a continued ſtruggle between his will and reaſon, as he was always violating his duty to the one, while he fell under the ſubjection of the other. In conſequence of this war in his mind, he wrote a poem, called the *Recantation*.

After a lingering illneſs he died, in the month of May 1749, in obſcure lodgings near Shoe-lane, in the 51ſt year of his age. He was buried at the expence of the pariſh.

Mr. Giles, a late collector of poems, ſays, he was informed by Mr. Sandby, that he was found dead in his bed, in a garret in White-Friars, with the pen in his hand, and in the act of writing.

Dr. Johnſon aſſured Mr. Nichols, that the account of his death, by Mr. Sandby, is not true; it being ſuppoſed that, in a fit of intoxication, he was run over by a coach; at leaſt, he was brought home in ſuch a condition, as to make this probable, but too far gone to give the leaſt account of the accident.

Mr. Francis Stewart, the ſon of a bookſeller in Edinburgh, (probably the brother of *Hilaria*), and one of Dr. Johnſon's amanuenſes, who had been long intimately acquainted with Boyſe, gives the following account of his death.

" Poor Mr. Boyſe was one evening laſt winter attacked in Weſtminſter by two or three ſoldiers; who not only robbed him, but uſed him ſo barbarouſly, that he never recovered the bruiſes he received; which might very probably induce the conſumption of which he died.

" About nine months before his death, he married a cutler's widow, a native of Dublin, with whom he had no money; but ſhe proved a very careful nurſe to him during his lingering indiſpoſition.

" She told me, that Mr. Boyſe never imagined he was dying, as he always was talking of his recovery; but perhaps his deſign in this might be to comfort her; for one incident makes me think otherwiſe. About four or five weeks before he breathed his laſt, his wife went out in the morning, and was ſurpriſed to ſee a great deal of burnt papers upon the hearth, which he told her were old bills and accounts; but I ſuppoſe were his manuſcripts, which he had reſolved to deſtroy; for no-

thing of that kind could be found after his death. Though, from this circumſtance, it may be inferred that he was apprehenſive of death, yet I muſt own that he never intimated it to me; nor did he ſeem in the leaſt deſirous of any ſpiritual advice.

" For ſome months before his end, he had left off drinking all fermented liquors, except now and then a glaſs of wine, to ſupport his ſpirits; and that he took very moderately.

" After his death, I endeavoured all I could to get him decently buried, by ſoliciting thoſe Diſſenters who were the friends of him and his father, to no purpoſe; for only Dr. Groſvenor, in Hoxton-ſquare, a diſſenting teacher, offered to join towards it. He had quite tried out thoſe friends in his lifetime; and the general anſwer that I received was, " That ſuch a contribution was of no ſervice to him; for it was a matter of no importance how or where he was buried." As I found nothing could be done, our laſt reſource was an application to the pariſh; nor was it without ſome difficulty, occaſioned by the malice of his landlady, that we at laſt got him interred on the Saturday after he died. Three more of Dr. Johnſon's amanuenſes, and myſelf, attended the corpſe to the grave. Such was the miſerable end of poor Sam, who was obliged to be buried in the ſame charitable manner with his firſt wife; a burial of which he had often mentioned his abhorrence."

Another friend, in a letter to Mr. Nichols, gives the following ſupplementary narrative.

" I knew Mr. Boyſe well, from the year 1732 to the time of his death; have often relieved his neceſſities, and frequently correſponded with him. I have preſerved at leaſt thirty pieces of his, and have in manuſcript ſome of his poems that were never publiſhed. I never ſaw any thing in his wife's conduct that deſerved cenſure. He publiſhed a ſecond volume of poems, in 1738. He was a man of learning; when in company with thoſe by whom he was not awed, an entertaining companion; but ſo irregular and inconſiſtent in his conduct, that it appeared as if he had been actuated by two different ſouls on different occaſions."

" Boyſe," ſays another friend, " was a man of no party whatever; even his private ſentiments, and his public political creed, was influenced by his neceſſities. In regard to his perſon, he was of a middle ſize, of a thin habit, ſlovenly in his dreſs, which was increaſed by his neceſſities, very near-ſighted, and his hearing imperfect. Theſe circumſtances added to his natural diffidence, and his not having been accuſtomed to appear in good company but as neceſſitous, and a mendicant, gave him an awkward, ſheepiſh air, which by no means prejudiced ſtrangers in his favour."

As Boyſe depended for ſubſiſtence on his pen, it muſt be expected that his productions would be more numerous than excellent. His poetical pieces, if collected, would make ſix moderate volumes. Many of them are ſcattered in the " Gentleman's Magazine," marked with the letter Y, and others are ſubſcribed *Alcæus*. Two volumes of his poems were collected together, and publiſhed in London; which, as they never had any great ſale, are now difficult to be found. He was employed by Mr. Ogle to tranſlate ſome of *Chaucer's Tales* into modern Engliſh, which he performed with great ſpirit. He received, it is ſaid, at the rate of three pence a-line for his trouble. His liberal tranſlation of *Voltaire's three Epiſtles on Happineſs*, *Freedom of Will*, and *Envy*, is well executed. They were publiſhed in 1738, without his name; and as his clothes were then at the pawn-broker's, the manuſcript was ſold to Dodſley for two guineas.

An ode of his, in the manner of Spenſer, intituled *The Olive*, was addreſſed to Sir Robert Walpole, which procured him a preſent of ten guineas. He alſo tranſlated a poem from the High Dutch of Van Haren, in praiſe of peace, upon the concluſion of that made at Aix-la-Chapelle. His genius was not confined to poetry only; he had a taſte for painting, muſic, and heraldry; with the latter of which he is ſaid to have been well acquainted. Some of his friends adviſed him to turn his thoughts towards the drama, as that ſpecies of poetical compoſition is more lucrative than any other: and they thought him qualified for it: but he appears never to have attempted any thing of that kind.

The moſt celebrated of his performances was his poem called *Deity*; the third edition of which was printed in 1752. It has been frequently reprinted in the poetical miſcellanies; and is now, with the *Viſion of Patience*, and a few other pieces ſelected from the maſs of his miſcellaneous poetry, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The ſubject of his *Deity* is the attributes of the Supreme Being; a theme the moſt noble and ex-

tenſive, and capable of the higheſt poetical ornament. Though nothing ſhort of the ſimple grandeur of David's lyre, or the exalted majeſty of Milton's epic muſe, can ſatisfy the mind on this hallowed theme, yet he may be reckoned among the moſt ſucceſsful of thoſe writers who have ventured to tread the hallowed ground of ſacred poeſy. The poem is without a plan, or any connection of parts but it is executed. upon the whole, with great ſpirit and elegance, and bears marks of real genius. It abounds with beautiful and magnificent images, elevated ſentiments, animated deſcriptions, and flowing lines; but the poetical diction is not throughout conſiſtently ſupported. nor the harmony of the verſe uniformly preſerved. Several of the lines are flat and proſaic. The *Viſion of Patience* exhibits, with ſimilar inequalities of language, a tenderneſs of ſentiment, a fertility of imagination, and a facility of expreſſion, equal to the moſt ſucceſsful imitations of Spenſer.

The *Ode to Dr. Cuming*, is a pleaſing and poetical prrformance, though it breathes not the ardour of ſpirit which lyric poetry requires. His *Horace and Lydia*, is a happy imitation of that celebrated dialogue. It was written on a ſlight temporary jarring between Boyſe and his wife, whom he thought too much attached to Miſs Atchiſon, her ſiſter, a woman of an equivocal character.

His *Epiſtle to Brooke*. is truly penitentiary and poetical. Boyſe and Brooke had been long acquainted, and viſited each other frequently. While Brooke was compoſing his "Guſtavus Vaſa," Boyſe by his irregularities, ſome how, gave offence to Brooke, who for ſome time declined his viſits. Boyſe, ſenſible of his fault (for no man's repentance was more poignant for the time, but it was brief and fleeting), addreſſed to Brooke this epiſtle; which, with a ſolemn promiſe of amendment, reſtored him to favour.

His *Elegies* are equally valuable, as effuſions of poetry, and as monuments of gratitude and piety. The *Anniverſary Ode, to the memory of a Daughter*. contains an affectionate tribute to the memory of his father. If his daughter's death is correctly dated in 1726, he muſt have been born before 1708, or married before he was eighteen; the age at which, it is ſaid, he was ſent to Glaſgow.

The teſtimonies to his merits are few, but reſpectable. Fielding, in his "Tom Jones" (book vii. ch 1.), gives a quotation from his *Deity*, which he ſtyles "a very noble one;" and then adds: "It is taken from a poem called the *Deity*, publiſhed about nine years ago, and long ſince buried in oblivion; a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always ſurvive the bad."

Hervey, in his "Meditations" (vol. ii. p. 239), calls it "a very beautiful, ſublime, and inſtructive poem." And in his "Letters" (vol. i. p. 191), ſays, "It is a noble piece, quite poetical, truly evangelical. admirably fitted to delight and comfort the heart, to alarm and improve the reader."

Boyſe himſelf ſaid, that. upon the firſt publication of the *Deity*, a gentleman acquainted with Pope took occaſion to aſk him if he was not the author of it; to which Pope replied: "That he was not the author; but that there were many lines in it of which he ſhould not be aſhamed." This Boyſe conſidered as a very great compliment.

Such are the teſtimonies in favour of this unfortunate poet; who was a melancholy inſtance of the wretchedneſs and diſgrace which the moſt ingenious perſons may bring upon themſelves, by imprudence, indolence, and an indiſcriminate indulgence of their appetites and paſſions. Had he employed the powers with which nature endowed him, in a manner ſuitable to the duties of reaſon and virtue, he might have been a happy and reſpectable man; inſtead of which. he was expoſed to all the miſeries of the moſt extreme indigence; nor could the eminent talents which he poſſeſſed reſcue him from contempt.

The unhappy fate of Boyſe will bring to the recollection of thoſe who are but ſlightly acquainted with the lives of our Engliſh writers. many inſtances of men. of the brighteſt parts, whoſe lives, after an uninterrupted courſe of miſery have terminated under the preſſure of want. Otway Savage, Pattiſon, and Chatterton, were admired, and at the ſame time neglected; praiſed, and at the ſame time ſtarved.

"This relation," to uſe the forcible language of Dr. Johnſon on a ſimilar occaſion, "will not be wholly without its uſe, if it remind thoſe. who in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life. that nothing can ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

THE WORKS OF BOYSE.

DEITY.

" Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
" Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."
HOR.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues,
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the nine!
Recal, fond bard, thy long-enchanted sight,
Deluded with the visionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips did once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the author of their birth divine.

I. *Eternity.*

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame? or whence arose
The various forms the universe compose?
From what Almighty cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a Pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whose word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,
This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee?
Or fix the era of eternity!
Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below!
When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks!
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals?—not to own the skies!
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change?
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those pow'rs ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
" Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!
From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light!
Whence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely-wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich, and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend, and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er begun, nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose;
Assur'd, on his eternity depend,
" Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. *Unity.*

THUS recognis'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!

Approach, celeſtial muſe, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place ſupremely free,
And happy in eſſential unity!
Bleſs'd in himſelf, had from his forming hand
No creatures ſprung to hail his wide command;
Bleſs'd, had the ſacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundleſs ſea of bliſs that knows no ſhore!
Nor ſenſe can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reaſon two eternal gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill ſubſide!
Again would vanquiſh'd Arimanius bleed,
And darkneſs from prevailing light recede!
In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident diſparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thouſand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But ſhould two beings, equally ſupreme,
Divided pow'r, and parted empire claim;
How ſoon would univerſal order ceaſe!
How ſoon would diſcord harmony diſplace!
Eternal ſchemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, ſupported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroul'd his aim purſue,
The links diſſever, or the chain renew;
Matter from motion croſs impreſſions take,
As ſerv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos, from his deep receſs,
Would view the never ending ſtriſe increaſe,
And bleſs the conteſt that ſecur'd his peace!
While new creations would oppoſing riſe,
And elemental war deform the ſkies!
Around wild uproar and confuſion hurl'd,
Eclipſe the heav'ns, and waſte the ruin'd world.
Two independent cauſes to admit,
Deſtroys religion, and debaſes wit;
The firſt by ſuch an anarchy undone,
The laſt acknowledges its ſource but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;
So mindful of their ſpring, one courſe they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!
Exalted Pow'r! inviſible, ſupreme,
Thou ſov'reign, ſole unutterable name!
As round thy throne thy flaming ſeraphs ſtand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Tranſported with the ardors of thy praiſe,
The holy, holy, holy, anthem raiſe!
To them, reſponſive, let creation ſing,
Thee, indiviſible eternal King!

III. *Spirituality.*

O SAY, celeſtial muſe! whoſe purer birth
Diſdains the low material ties of earth!
By what bright images ſhall be deſin'd
The myſtic nature of th' eternal Mind?
Or how ſhall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reaſon can—is to adore!
That God's an immaterial eſſence pure,
Whom figure can't deſcribe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of paſſions, impulſe, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth ſevere:
Unmix'd his nature, and ſublim'd his pow'rs,
From all the groſs allay that tempers ours;
In whoſe clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear ſuffus'd with imperfection's ſtain!
Impervious to the man's, or ſeraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high;
Him would in vain material ſemblance feign,
Or figur'd ſhrines the boundleſs God contain;
Object of faith!—he ſhuns the view of ſenſe,
Leſt in the blaze of ſightleſs excellence!
Moſt perfect, moſt intelligent, moſt wiſe,
In whom the ſanctity of pureneſs lies;
In whoſe adjuſting mind the whole is wrought,
Whoſe form is ſpirit! and whoſe eſſence thought!
Are truths inſcrib'd by wiſdom's brighteſt ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!
Reaſon confeſs'd, (howe'er we may diſpute)
Fix'd boundary! diſcovers man from brute;
But dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depreſs'd in matter, and ally'd to clay!
In forms ſuperior kindles leſs conſin'd,
Whoſe dreſs is ether, and whoſe ſubſtance mind;
Yet all from him, ſupreme of Cauſes, flow,
To him their pow'rs and their exiſtence owe;
From the bright cherub of the nobleſt birth,
To the poor reaſoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to ſpirit ſtill aſcend,
Through ſpirit ſtill refining, higher tend;
Purſue, on knowledge bent, the pathleſs road,
Pierce through infinitude in queſt of God!
Still from thy ſearch, the centre ſtill ſhall fly,
Approaching ſtill—thou never ſhalt come nigh!
So its bright orb, th' aſpiring flame would join,
But the vaſt diſtance mocks the fond deſign.
If he, Almighty! whoſe decree is fate,
Could, to diſplay his pow'r, ſubvert his ſtate;
Bid from his plaſtic hand a greater riſe,
Produce a matter, and reſign his ſkies!
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The myſtic number of th' eternal name!
Then might revolting reaſon's feeble ray,
Aſpire to queſtion God's all-perfect day!
Vain taſk! the clay in the directing hand,
The reaſon of its form might ſo demand,
As man preſume to queſtion his diſpoſe,
From whom the pow'r, he thus abuſes, flows.
Here point, fair muſe! the worſhip God requires,
The ſoul inflam'd with chaſte and holy fires!
Where love celeſtial warms the happy breaſt,
And from ſincerity the thought's expreſs'd;
Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,
Re-conſecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God deſcends to viſit man below!

IV. *Omnipreſence.*

THROUGH the unmeaſurable tracts of ſpace,
Go, muſe divine! and preſent Godhead trace!
See where by place, uncircumſcrib'd as time,
He reigns extended, and he ſhines ſublime!

Should'ſt thou above the heav'n of heav'ns aſcend,
Couldſt thou below the depth of depths deſcend;
Could thy ſond flight beyond the ſtarry ſphere,
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear,
There ſhould his brighter preſence ſhine confeſs'd
Here his almighty arm thy courſe arreſt!
Could'ſt thou the thickeſt veil of night aſſume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patent to his piercing ſight,
Darkneſs itſelf would kindle into light:
Not the black manſions of the ſilent grave,
Nor darker hell from her perception ſave;
What pow'r, alas! thy ſootſteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipreſent day!

In his wide graſp, and comprehenſive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Syſtems enclos'd in his perception roll,
Whoſe all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his graſp, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that ſight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footſtool fix'd, in heav'n his ſeat;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his ſhining images below,
In ſtreams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His ſpirit broods along the boundleſs flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whiſpers in the wood;
Warms in the genial ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!

Should man his great immenſity deny,
Man might as well uſurp the vacant ſky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
His knowledge, pow'r, his goodneſs all confin'd,
And loſt th' idea of a ruling Mind:
Feeble the truſt, and comfortleſs the ſenſe,
Of a defective partial Providence!
Boldly might then his arm injuſtice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue liſt its hopeleſs eye:
And heavy ſorrow vent the heartleſs ſigh!
An abſent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or puniſh, than an abſent friend;
Diſtant alike, our wants or griefs to know,
To eaſe the anguiſh, or prevent the blow!
If he, ſupreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpuniſh'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a ſecond chaos lie,
And nature ſicken to the thoughtful eye!

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its ſlender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
Increaſing, own eternal Wiſdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the ſoul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpoſe dawns within the heart!
His ſteady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!
Knows what we ſay, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed!

But conſcience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Aſſerts its author, and reſtores the ſcene.

Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
"And vindicates the ways of God to man"

Then ſacred muſe, by the vaſt proſpect fir'd,
From heav'n deſcended, as by heav'n inſpir'd;
His all-enlight'ning Omnipreſence own,
Whence firſt thou feels thy dwindling preſence known;
His wide omniſcience, juſtly grateful ſing,
Whence thy weak ſcience prunes its callow wing!
And bleſs th' eternal—all-informing ſoul,
Whoſe ſight pervades, whoſe knowledge fills the whole!

V. *Immutability.*

As the Eternal and Omniſcient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd;
Is always independent, always free,
Hence ſhines confeſs'd immutability!
Change, whether the ſpontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force,—is imperfection ſtill.
But he, all-perfect, in himſelf contains
Pow'r ſelf-deriv'd, and from himſelf he reigns!
If, alter'd by conſtraint, we could ſuppoſe,
That God his fix'd ſtability ſhould loſe;
How ſtartles reaſon at a thought ſo ſtrange!
What pow'r can force Omipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet ſtranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence ſupreme new rays acquire?
Or ſtrong perfection raiſe its glories higher?
Abſurd!—his high meridian brightneſs glows,
Never decreaſes, never overflows;
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day!

Below, through different forms does matter range,
And life ſubſiſts from elemental change,
Liquids condenſing ſhapes terreſtrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire diſſolves in air;
While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconſtant as the ſhadows we ſurvey!
With them, along time's rapid current paſs,
And haſte to mingle with the parent maſs;
But thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal ſhalt for ever ſhine!
No change ſhall darken thy exalted name,
From everlaſting ages ſtill the ſame!

If God, like man, his purpoſe could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Deſponding faith would droop its cheerleſs wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeleſs thing!
Where could we, rational, repoſe our truſt,
But in a pow'r immutable as juſt?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If truth unerring gave not the deſign;
Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
All ſmiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow clouded ſpot below,
We darkly ſee around, and darkly know!
Religion lends the ſalutary beam,
That guides our reaſon through the dubious gleam,
Till ſounds the hour, when he who rules the ſkies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniſcience riſe!
Shall diſſipate the miſts that veil our ſight,
And ſhow his creatures—*all his ways are right!*

Then when aſtoniſh'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd time ſhall know his lateſt date!
When earth ſhall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds diſſolve in fire!
The univerſal ſyſtem ſhrink away,
And ceaſing orbs confeſs th' Almighty ſway!
Immortal he, amidſt the wreck ſecure,
Shall ſit exalted permanently pure!
As in the ſacred buſh, ſhall ſhine the ſame,
And from the ruin raiſe a fairer frame!

VI. *Omnipotence.*

Far hence, ye viſionary charming maids,
Ye fancy'd nymphs that haunt the Grecian ſhades!
Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourſelves producing phantoms as untrue;
But come, ſuperior muſe! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whoſe off'ſpring ſtill are light;
Oh condeſcend, celeſtial ſacred gueſt!
To purge my ſight, and animate my breaſt,
While I preſume Omnipotence to trace,
And ſing that pow'r who peopled boundleſs ſpace!
Thou preſent wert, when forth th' Almighty rode,
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!
Thou ſaw, when o'er th' immenſe his line he drew,
When nothing from his word exiſtence knew!
His word, that wak'd to life the vaſt profound,
While conſcious light was kindled at the ſound!
Creation fair! ſurpris'd the angelic eyes,
And ſov'reign wiſdom ſaw that all was wiſe!
Him, ſole Almighty, nature's book diſplays,
Diſtinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild ſceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy ſoft impreſſion touch his breaſt,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfeſs'd!
Should the ſtray pilgrim, tir'd of ſands and ſkies,
In Libya's waſte behold a palace riſe,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheiſt, hence, and mend thy juſter thought!
What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine
Could give the model of this vaſt deſign?
What hand but thine adjuſt th' amazing whole?
And bid conſenting ſyſtems beauteous roll
What hand but thine ſupply the ſolar light?
Ever beſtowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the ſtarry train array,
Or give the moon to ſhed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex ſpread?
What hand but thine compoſe the ocean's bed?
To the vaſt main the ſandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb reſtrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood aſſwage,
Or ſtop the tempeſt in its wildeſt rage!
Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination ſinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ableſt of thy creatures know,
Leſt were thy unity, for he were thou!
Yet preſent to all ſenſe thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where art preſent to the eye!
The ſenſe how ſtupid, and the ſight how blind,
That fails this univerſal truth to find!

Go! all the ſightleſs realms of ſpace ſurvey,
Returning trace the planetary way!
The ſun, that in his central glory ſhines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repoſe,
And view yon lunar ſatellite that glows!
Or caſt along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the ſky;
Around, behold earth's variegated ſcene,
The mingling proſpects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And ſay, are theſe the wild effects of chance?
Oh, ſtrange effect of reaſ'ning ignorance!
Nor pow'r alone confeſs'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet, or the painted ſkies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dreſs,
The wiſdom of Omnipotence confeſs;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous maſs,
With the ſmall inſect in the crowded graſs;
The mite that gambols in its acid ſea,
In ſhape a porpus, though a ſpeck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plumb ſurrounds,
A living world, thy failing ſight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation ſhows,
Where millions taſte the bounty God beſtows!
Great Lord of life, whoſe all-controuling might,
Through wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming ſhine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldſt thou withdraw thy ſtill-ſupporting hand,
How languid nature would aſtoniſh'd ſtand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night reſtore,
And raiſe a blank—where ſyſtems ſmil'd before!
See in corruption, all-ſurpriſing ſtate,
How ſtruggling life eludes the ſtroke of fate;
Shock'd at the ſcene, though ſenſe averts its eye,
Nor ſtops the wond'rous proceſs to deſcry;
Yet juſter thought the myſtic change purſues,
And with delight Almighty wiſdom views!
The brute, the vegetable worlds ſurveys,
Sees life ſubſiſting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark there, ſelf-taught, the penſive reptile come,
Spins his thin ſhroud, and living builds his tomb!
With conſcious care his former pleaſures leave,
And dreſs him for the buſineſs of the grave!
Hence, paſs'd the ſhort-liv'd change, renew'd he ſprings,
Admires the ſkies, and tries his ſilken wings!
With airy flight the inſect roves abroad,
And ſcorns the meaner earth he lately trod!
Thee, potent, let deliver'd Iſrael praiſe,
And to thy name their grateful homage raiſe!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy juſtice, awfully ſevere!
How did thy frown benight the ſhadow'd land?
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command?
When jarring elements their uſe forgot,
And the ſun felt thy overcaſting blot!
When earth produc'd the peſtilential brood,
And the foul ſtream was crimſon'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How ſtrong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy ſword vindictive paſt,
And men and infants breath'd at once their laſt,

How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way?
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While through the deep the long proceſſion led,
And ſaw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd, till black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his hoſt appear!
Plunge down the ſteep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning ſtorm beneath the ſea!
Nor yet thy pow'r thy choſen train forſook,
When through Arabia's ſands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was preſent to the ſight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidſt the waſte their table ſpread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderneſs no ſtreams ſupply'd,
Guſh'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obſtacles oppoſe thy arm divine?
Since ſtones and waves their ſettled laws forego,
Since ſeas can harden, and ſince rocks can flow!
On Sinai's top, the muſe with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would ſing,
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud diſplay'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful ſhade!
When ſhrunk the ear h from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted baſe;
Yet where thy maj ſty divine appear'd,
Where ſhone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh ſhame to thought — Thy ſacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. *Wiſdom.*

O THOU, who when th' Almighty form'd this all,
Upheld the ſcale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
And as his hand completed each deſign,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the ſeal divine;
O wiſdom infinite! creation's ſoul,
Whoſe rays diffuſe new luſtre o'er the whole,
What tongue ſhall make thy charms celeſtial known?
What hand, fair goddeſs! paint thee but thy own?
What though in nature's univerſal ſtore,
Appear the wonders of Almighty pow'r?
Pow'r unattended, terror would inſpire,
Aw'd muſt we gaze, and comfortleſs admire.
But when fair wiſdom joins in the deſign,
The beauty of the whole reſult's divine!
Hence life acknowledges its glorious cauſe,
And matter owns its great Diſpoſer's laws.
Hence in a thouſand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now ally'd to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence riſes harmony, and order ſprings,
Elſe had the maſs a ſhapeleſs chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of wiſdom's day!
See, how aſſociate round their central ſun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-diſtant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed ſphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb purſues,
While from the ſun her monthly light renews;
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in courſe the conſtant ſeaſons riſe,
Deform the earth, or beautify the ſkies:
Firſt ſpring advancing, with her flow'ry train,
Next ſummer's hand that ſpreads the ſylvan ſcene,
Then autumn with her yellow harveſts crown'd,
And trembling winter cloſe the annual round.
The vegetable tribes obſervant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping graſs:
The chain of animated beings ſcale,
From the ſmall reptile to th' enormous whale,
From the ſtrong eagle ſtooping through the ſkies,
To the low inſect that eſcapes thy eyes!
And ſee, if ſee thou canſt, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wiſdom ſhine confeſs'd the ſame:
As proper organs to the leaſt aſſign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As juſt the ſtructure, and as wiſe the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!
Hence, reas'ning creature, thy diſtinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of heav'n be blind.
Wiſdom in outward beauty ſtrikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or ſeas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to pleaſe?
Oh ſay, in whom does beauty's ſelf reſide,
The beautifier, or the beautify'd?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright diſguiſe,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes!
His works our love, and our attention ſteal,
His works (ſurpriſing thought!) the Maker veil;
Too weak our ſight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where wiſdom ſhines, in all her charms avow'd.
O gracious God, omnipotent and wiſe,
Unerring Lord and ruler of the ſkies;
All-condeſcending to my feeble heart,
One beam of thy celeſtial light impart;
I ſeek not ſordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r,
O grant me wiſdom—and I aſk no more!

VIII. *Providence.*

As from ſome level country's ſhelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green incloſures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a tranſient viſta as it ſtrays;
The pilgrim to ſome riſing ſummit tends,
Whence opens all the ſcene as he aſcends:
So Providence the friendly height ſupplies,
Where all the charms of Deity ſurpriſe;
Here goodneſs power and wiſdom all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the raviſh'd ſight!
Almighty Cauſe 'tis thy preſerving care,
That keeps thy works for ever freſh and fair!
The ſun from thy ſuperior radiance bright,
Eternal ſheds his delegated light,
Lends to his ſiſter orb inferior day,
And paints the ſilver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waſte of eating time renews,
Th u ſhedd'ſt the tepid morning's balmy dews;
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy ſpirit rides commiſſion'd in the ſtorm;
Bids at thy will the ſlack'ning tempeſt ceaſe,
While the calm ocean ſmooths its ruffled face;

When light'nings through the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is looſen'd to deſtroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aſide the ſtroke,
Thy word the fiend's commiſſion can revoke;
When ſubterraneous fires the ſurface heave,
And towns are bury'd in the yawning grave;
Thou ſuffer'ſt not the miſchief to prevail,
Thy ſov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rocks thou ſend'ſt the cheerful gleam;
O'er Libya's ſands thou pour'ſt the cooling ſtream;
Thy watchful Providence o'er all intends,
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
When man too long the paths of vice purſu'd,
Thy hand prepar'd the univerſal flood;
Gracious to Noah gave the timely ſign,
To ſave a remnant from the wrath divine!
One ſhining waſte the globe terreſtrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled ſea;
Thou bad'ſt the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The ſkies were clear'd—the mountain tops were ſeen,
The dove pacific brought the olive-green.
On Ararat the happy patriarch toſt,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had loſt;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleaſing ſcene,
The earth all verdant, and the air ſerene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark diſplay'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow,
The promiſe of a faſer world below.
When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And riſing Babel heav'n with pride ſurvey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the maſs to moulder with the ground.
From thee all human actions take their ſprings,
The riſe of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vaſt theatre of time diſplay'd,
While o'er the ſcene ſucceeding heroes tread!
With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy Providence aſſign'd,
Their pride, their paſſions to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that remembrance ſays—*The things have been!*
" But (queſtions doubt) whence ſickly nature [feels
" The ague-fits her face ſo oft reveals?
" Whence earthquakes heave the earth's aſtoniſh'd breaſt? [feſt?
" Whence tempeſts rage? or yellow plagues in-
" Whence draws rank Afric her empoiſon'd ſtore?
" Or liquid fires exploſive Ætna pour?"
Go, ſceptic mole! demand th' Eternal Cauſe,
The ſecret of his all-preſerving laws?
The depths of wiſdom infinite explore,
And aſk thy Maker—why he knows no more?
Thy error ſtill in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.
To aſk why proſp'rous vice ſo oft ſucceeds,
Why ſuffers innocence, or virtue bleeds!
hy monſters, nature muſt with bluſhes own,
W crimes grow pow'rful, and diſgrace a throne!
By

Why ſaints and ſages, mark'd in ev'ry age,
Periſh the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell:
In vain hy reaſon is the maze purſu'd,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.
Fix'd to the hold, ſo might the ſailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the ſteerage blame;
As we direct to God what ſhould belong,
Or ſay that ſov'reign wiſdom governs wrong.
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded paſs below!
Oft ſacred juſtice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' uſurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than ſevere,
Arreſts the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæſar fall:
Or when the curſed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monſters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel ſpear,
Or ſetters cunning in its crafty ſnare:
Relieves the innocent, exalts the juſt,
And lays the proud oppreſſor in the duſt!
But faſt as time's ſwift pinions can convey,
Haſtens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes,
God's high tribunal ſhall majeſtic riſe,
When the loud trumpet ſhall aſſemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing ſound!
Where men and angels ſhall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then ſhall fair Providence, to all diſplay'd,
Appear divinely bright without a ſhade;
In light triumphant, all her acts be ſhown,
And bluſhing doubt eternal wiſdom own!
Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence ſupreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whoſe watchful hand, and all-obſerving ken,
Faſhions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table ſpread,
Or meaſure ſparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the ſcene,
Or wants deform, and waſting anguiſh ſtain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bleſs'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their conſtant friend,
Through life ſhall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlaſting arms their cauſe embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. *Goodneſs.*

Ye ſeraphs, who God's throne encircling ſtill,
With holy zeal your golden cenſers fill;
Ye flaming miniſters to diſtant lands,
Who bear, obſequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs who compoſe the ſacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who ſpend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In bliſsful meads and amaranthine bow'rs,
Oh lend one ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
Oh deign my glowing boſom to inſpire,

And aid the muſe's unexperienc'd wing,
While goodneſs, theme divine, ſhe ſoars to ſing!
Though all thy attributes divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams ſuperior to the reſt,
Oh let thy goodneſs faireſt be confeſs'd:
As ſhines the moon amidſt her ſtarry train,
As breathes the roſe amongſt the flow'ry ſcene,
As the mild dove her ſilver plumes diſplays,
So ſheds thy mercy its diſtinguiſh'd rays.
This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formleſs Chaos heard thy high command;
When pleas'd, thy eye thy matchleſs works review'd,
And goodneſs, placid, ſpoke that all was good!
Nor only does in heav'n thy goodneſs ſhine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital ſun's illuminating beam,
The ſilver creſcent, and the ſtarry gleam;
As day and night, alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry diſtant land.
See ſmiling nature, with thy treaſures fair,
Confeſs thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful ſeaſons riſe,
And earth with plenty all her ſons ſupplies.
The generous lion and the brinded boar,
As nightly through the foreſt walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, ſeek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unfated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preſerving eye:
From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or thoſe who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with conſtant courſe th' appointed food,
And taſte the cup of univerſal good;
Thy hand thou open'ſt, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'ſt, they faint;—thou ſmil'ſt, and they revive!
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's ſtores,
See heav'n impartial, deal the fruitful ſhow'rs!
"Life's common bleſſings all her children ſhare,"
Tread the ſame earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without diſtinction, boundleſs bleſſings fall,
And goodneſs, like the ſun, enlightens all!
Oh man, degenerate man! offend no more;
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall theſe, through ev'ry tribe, his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind, when ſov'reign goodneſs charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blaſphemes,
His pity ſpares,—his clemency reclaims!
Obſerve his patience with the guilty ſtrive,
And bid the criminal repent and live:
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beſeech the obſtinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderneſs—amazing moſt,
The ſoul on whom ſuch mercy ſhould be loſt!
But would'ſt thou view the rays of goodneſs join,
In one ſtrong point of radiance all divine!
Behold, celeſtial muſe! yon eaſtern light;
To Bethle'em's plain, adoring, bend thy ſight!
Hear the glad meſſage to the ſhepherds giv'n,
"Good-will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n."
Attend the ſwains, purſue the ſtarry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!
Redemption! oh thou beauteous myſtic plan!
Thou ſalutary ſource of life to man!
What tongue can ſpeak thy comprehenſive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When loſt in ſin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful juſtice claim'd her righteous pay:
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And ſtop the light'ning juſt prepar'd to fly!
(O ſtrange effect of unexampled love!)
View him deſcend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarſe his food,
His life one fair continued ſcene of good:
For us ſuſtain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal juſtice bleed!
Look! to the croſs the Lord of life is ty'd,
They pierce his hands, and wound his ſacred ſide!
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan!
Advance, thou hopeleſs mortal, ſteel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou can'ſt, forbear to melt!
Shall Jeſus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuſe thy kind aſſent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverſe, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and ſtreaming in his blood!
Whoſe virtue can thy deepeſt crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raiſe thee from a rebel, to a ſon!
O bleſt Redeemer, from thy ſacred throne,
Where ſaints and angels ſing thy triumphs won!
(Where, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliſs ſupreme,
Look down on thoſe who bear thy ſacred name;
Reſtore their ways, inſpire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy ſteps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light diſplay;
Fair Sun of Righteouſneſs! in beauty riſe,
And clear the miſts that cloud the mental ſkies!
To Judah's remnant, now a ſcatter'd train,
Oh great Meſſiah! ſhow thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide, thy ſaving warmth diffuſe,
As ſpreads the ambient air, or falling dews,
And haſte the time when, vanquiſh'd by thy pow'r,
Death ſhall expire, and ſin deſile no more!

X. *Rectitude.*

Hence diſtant far, ye ſons of earth profane,
The looſe, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd ſlaves of ſtate,
The wanton vulgar, and the fool did great!

But come, ye purer ſouls, from droſs refin'd,
The blameleſs heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaſte hands the holy altars raiſe.
Freſh incenſe bring, and light the glowing blaze;
Your grateful voices aid the muſe t ſing
The ſp tleſs juſtice of th' Almighty King!
As only rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and ſanctity his thoughts compoſe;
So theſe the dictates which th' *Eternal Mind*
To reaſonable beings has aſſign'd;
Theſe has his care on ev'ry mind impreſ'd,
The conſcious ſeals the hand of heav'n atteſt!
When man, perverſe, for wrong fortakes the right,
He ſtill attentive keeps the fault in ſight;
Demands the ſtrict atonement ſhould be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!
But doubt demands,—"Why man diſpos'd this
"way?
"Why left the dang'rous choice to go aſtray?
"If heav'n that made him did the fault foreſee,
"Thence follows, heav'n is more to blame than
"he."
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had virtue been aſſign'd?
From obſtacles her nobleſt triumphs flow,
Her ſpirits languiſh, when ſhe finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have ſo been happy ſtill,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And juſt, becauſe his hands were ty'd from ill!
O wond'rous ſcheme to mend th' Almighty plan,
By ſinking all the dignity of man!
Yet turn thy eyes, vain ſceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happineſs and choice ally'd;
See virtue from herſelf her bliſs derive,
A bliſs beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice of empire and of wealth poſſeſs'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herſelf unbleſs'd.
And ſay, were yet no farther marks aſſign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is heav'n unkind?
"Yes, all the woes from heav'n permiſſive fall,
"The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them
"all."
From his wild luſt, or his oppreſſive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, ſacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice, famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the ſky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.
Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celeſtial Juſtice balances her ſcales,
With eye unbiaſs'd all the ſcene ſurveys,
With hand impartial, ev'ry crime ſhe weighs;
Oft cloſe purſuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful preſence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidſt the blaze of ſtate,
The regal tyrant, with ſucceſs elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain paſs unpuniſh'd here,
'Tis but to make the future ſtroke ſevere;
For ſoon or late, eternal Juſtice pays
Mankind the juſt deſert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-diſcloſing day!
When high Omniſcience ſhall her books diſplay;
When juſtice ſhall preſent her ſtrict account,
While conſcience ſhall atteſt the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn'd, the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!
Oh then while penitence can fate diſarm,
While ling'ring juſtice yet withholds its arm;
While heav'nly patience grants the precious time,
Let the loſt ſinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the ſeat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—left to-night he die!
But tremble, all ye ſins of blackeſt birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye ſons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let ſorrow learn to melt;
Remorſeleſs murder! drop thy hand ſevere,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, luſt impure! converſe with friendly light,
Forſake the manſions of defiling night;
Quit, dark hypocriſy, thy thin diſguiſe,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the ſkies!
Unſocial avarice, thy graſp forego,
And bid the uſeful treaſure learn to flow!
Reſtore, injuſtice, the defrauded gain!
Oppreſſion, bend to eaſe the captive's chain,
Ere awful Juſtice ſtrike the fatal blow,
And drive you to the realms of night below!
But doubt reſumes,—"If juſtice has decreed
"The puniſhment proportion'd to the deed;
"Eternal miſery ſeems too ſevere,
"Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
"Too harſh!—that endleſs torments ſhould re-
"pay
"The crimes of life,—the errors of a day!"
In vain our reaſon would preſumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counſels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his meaſur'd juſtice ſcan!
His ways, how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee, his ſecrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wiſely ſhun the woe;
Warn'd by his threat'nings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft paſs the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partial pow'r, to ſerve its own deſign,
Warps from the text, exceeding reaſon's line;
Strikes, biaſs'd, at the perſon, not the deed,
And ſees the guiltleſs unprotected bleed!
But God alone, with unimpaſſion'd ſight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while, ſubſervient, as his will ordains,
Obedient nature yields the preſent means;
While neither force nor paſſions guide his views,
Ev'n evil works the purpoſe he purſues!
That bitter ſpring, the ſource of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
Thus human juſtice—(far as man can go)
For private ſafety ſtrikes the dubious blow;
But rectitude divine, with nobler ſoul,
Conſults each individual in the whole!
Directs the iſſues of each moral ſtrife,
And ſees creation ſtruggle into life!
And you, ye happier ſouls! who in his ways
Obſervant walk, and ſing his daily praiſe!

Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts,
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life t. whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown!

XI. *Glory.*

But oh! advent'rous muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne, with dread surprise,
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours;
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!
See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant east!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey, confounded and outdone,
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee, the glorious author of his frame!
Transcendent Pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love!)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.
Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist ye orbs that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound:
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise ye misty vapours wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews;
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale:
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale.
His praise, ye feather'd choirs distinguish'd sing
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious and supremely bless'd!
Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
Forgives the lowly muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey!
Delighted oft through nature's beauteous field,
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still with-held her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way,
Thy goodness own, thy Providence adore,
And yield thee only——what was thine before.

THE VISION OF PATIENCE,

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM,

Sacred to the Memory of Mr Alexander Cuming, a Young Gentleman unfortunately lost in the Northern Ocean, on his Return from China,* 1740.

"Ne jaceat nullo, vel ne meliore sepulchro."
LUCAN, lib. viii.

'Twas on a summer's night I lay repos'd,
In the kind arms of hospitable rest,
When fancy to my waking thought disclos'd
And deep the visionary scene impress:
Close by my side, in robes of morning grey,
A form celestial stood, or seem'd to stand;
Intranc'd in admiration as I lay,
She rais'd with aspect calm my feeble hand;
And while through all my veins the tumult ran,
With mild benignity she placid thus began 10

* *Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the Suecia, a Swedish East India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles east of the island of North Ronalsha, the northernmost of the Orkney Islands, Nov.* 18. 1740. *Immediately on the ship's striking Mr Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of a hundred, the ship's complement.*

" Patience my name—of Lachesis the child,
Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice;
By me afflicted virtue suffers mild,
And to th' eternal will submits its choice.
Behold, commission'd from the heavenly sphere,
I come to strengthen thy corrected sight;
To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,
And eye misfortune in a friendly light:
Nor thou my present summons disobey,
But cheerfully prepare to wait me on my way."

" Daughter of heaven (methought I straight replyd),
Gladly by me thy summons is obey'd;
Content I follow thee, celestial guide,
Beneath thy sure protection undismay'd:
Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes
Thy salutary presence have I found;
Then lead wherever thy direction shows,
To distant seas, or earth's remotest bound:
Ready am I to wait thy purpos'd flight,
Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright."

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud,
Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,
While the pale moon a dubious light bestow'd,
Lands as we pass'd and intermingled sea:
Nor ceas'd our voyage, till the blushing dawn
Dispell'd the glimmering of the starry host;
And night's dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,
We found ourselves on Thulé's sky-girt coast:
Where Silence sits on her untroubled throne,
As if she left the world to live and reign alone.

Here no invading noise the goddess finds,
High as she sits o'er the surrounding deep;
But pleas'd she listens to the hollow winds,
Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening-sleep;
Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,
Spangled the roof with many an artless gem:
Slowly she rose, and met us in the shade,
As half disturb'd that such intrusion came:
But at her sister's sight, with look discreet,
She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye
A boundless prospect! lay the azure waste,
Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky;
By measurable distance faintly trac'd;
Whence now arising from his war'ry bed,
The sun emerging spread his golden ray;
When sweetly Patience rais'd her pensive head,
And thus the goddess said, or seem'd to say:
" Mark, mortal, with attention's deepest care,
The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven prepare."

With look intent, across the shining void,
(An object to the weak beholder lost!)
Just in the horizon dim a sail I spied,
As if she made some long-expected coast;
Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,
As, swift advancing o'er the placid main
She shap'd her course, increasing by degrees,
Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain;
And show'd her on the yielding billows ride,
In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride!

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,
A sight delightful to the pleas'd eye!
Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,
Heedless, alas! of hidden danger nigh:
The joyful sailor, hanging on ocean toss'd,
Already thought his tedious sufferings o'er;
Already hail'd the hospitable coast,
And trod in thought along the friendly shore:
When, dreadful to behold!—disastrous shock!
Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave-cover'd rock!

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view
The wild confusion suddenly took place!
The different gestures of the frighted crew!
The fear that mark'd each death-distracted face.
All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,
Some wildly rav'd, while others scarce could speak.
No order was observ'd, no reason heard,
For mortal paleness sat on every cheek!
I look'd at Patience, as she sat me nigh,
And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye!

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,
Distinct I saw a manly youth appear,
Launch the oar'd pinnace to the swelling tide,
Nor show'd his steady brow a guilty fear!
The sad remainder with a mournful hail
His just design and bold departure blest;
With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,
As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest;
Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew,
And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

Immediate Patience from her seat arose,
And all abrupt the transient visit broke;
While Silence, pleas'd, return'd to her repose,
With air compos'd, for never word she spoke:
Again cloud-wafted we pursu'd our way
Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride.
When thus, methought, I heard the goddess say,
" 'Tis mine to wait yon boat that braves the tide,
For well, alas! too well I now foresee, [me."
Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind
O'er many a sea-girt isle and rocky coast,
We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,
To watch the little bark in ocean toss'd:
For now from sight of land diverted clear,
They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,

Ver. 11. Patience, the first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of Necessity, or Lachesis, one of the three Destinies.

Ver. 38 Thulé is here taken for the Orkney Isles.

Ver. 39. Silence, the second allegorical person, and sister of Patience.

Ver. 113. The pinnace was probably driven into the great ocean that lies to the westward of the isles of Orkney and Shetland, where it perished.

Nor gave the adverſe gale due courſe to ſteer,
Nor durſt they the deſign'd direction keep:
The gathering tempeſt quickly rag'd ſo high,
The wave-encompaſs'd boat but faintly reach'd my eye.

Yet could I mark, amidſt the noiſy waſte,
The peaceful exit blameleſs virtue gave;
Calm ſat the youth in the loud threatening blaſt,
And firm prepar'd him for his wat'ry grave:
One fond regard, his lateſt debt, he paid,
Eaſtward, to Caledonia's native ſhore;
And thus (methought) in dying accents ſaid,
"Farewel my country!" he could ſay no more,
For the wild ſurge with rage devouring ſpread,
And whelm'd the hapleſs youth in ocean's liquid bed.

Then Patience meek, as from my rending heart,
She heard deep utter'd the expreſſive ſighs,
"Seeſt thou (ſhe ſaid) that youth's undaunted part,
Who yonder ev'n in death unvanquiſh'd lies?
There view the bleſt effects from virtue flow,
The cow'rd from fate to ſhameful ſafety flies;
The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,
Nor ſhrinks from danger, but with honour dies:
For guilt of all defence diſarms the ſlave,
But innocence in death ſupports the good and brave.

"Yet, ere yon ſetting ſun his light renew,
Shalt thou behold the decent honours paid
To the pale corſe now floating in thy view,
And ſee it in the earth lamented laid;
For though he dies from each expecting friend,
Whoſe vows were offer'd for his ſafe return,
The mournful ſtranger o'er his grave ſhall bend,
The bluſhing virgins weep around his urn!
Such privilege his ſpotleſs truth ſhall boaſt,
Though to your diſtant world in dark oblivion loſt!"

The tempeſt ceas'd—and all the ſober night
Intent our courſe aërial we purſu'd;
Till as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light,
An iſland we perceiv'd that ſtemm'd the flood;
No hills nor trees adorn'd the level ſoil,
Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage found;
Low lay the proſpect of the bleating iſle.
With here and there a ſpot of tillage-ground:
By which the humble village ſtood deſcried,
Where never enter'd arts, or luxury, or pride!

O'er many a ſea-green holm we wafted went,
Where undiſturb'd the feather'd nations lay!
Till lighting on the plain with ſoft deſcent,
We ſaw a reverend form advance our way;
And now approaching with an eaſy pace,
The venerable ſage before us ſtands;
White were his hairs, and cheerful was his face,
At once delights his aſpect and commands:
I felt all care ſuſpended at his view,
Whom better far than I his kindred goddeſs knew.

Of homeſpun ruſſet was the garb he bore,
Girt with a velvet ſeal's divided ſkin;
Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore,
To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin:
An eaſy path along the verdant ground
Soon to his hoſpitable cottage led,
Ere yet inſtructed I my error found,
Nor knew the cauſe my firſt emotion bred,
Till, as into his clean abode we went,
Kind Patience whiſper'd me our hoſt was call'd Content.

Sweet was his earthen floor with ruſhes ſpread,
Sweet was each ſhell-wrought bowl and wooden diſh,
Sweet was the quilt compos'd his healthy bed,
Nor wanted he for fowl or ſun-dried fiſh,
And milk of ſheep, and turf, a plenteous ſtore,
Which lay beneath his comfortable roof;
No ſtorms, no accidents, could make him poor,
He and his houſe I ween were weather-proof.
A batchelor he wonde, devoid of care,
Which made him now appear ſo healthy and ſo fair.

Long time with Patience fair diſcourſe he held,
(Oft had the goddeſs been his welcome gueſt)
Nor ſhe the friendly intercourſe repell'd,
But the good ſire familiarly addreſs'd:
Thus were we happily converſant ſet,
When from the neighbouring village roſe a cry,
And drew our haſty ſteps where numbers met,
Like us, appear'd to know the reaſon—why?
Nor needed anſwer: on the ſea-weed ſpray,
Too viſible reply!—the wave-toſs'd body lay.

How ſtood I ſhock'd, when in the ſemblant face
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood),
I could of Lycidas each feature trace,
Young Lycidas, the learned and the good!
"O Heaven (cried I) what ſorrows will he feel,
Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return?
Not all his ſkill the mental wound can heal,
Or cure a loſs he muſt ſo juſtly mourn!
How will he weep, when in the ocean grave
He hears a brother loſt he could have died to ſave!"

Here with obſervant eye, and look ſerene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive ſpeech;
"Beſt in ſubmiſſion piety is ſeen,
That leſſon let thy kind conductreſs teach:
But leſt the youth thy friend bewails ſhould want
The rites departed merit ought to find,
Let theſe aſſembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven aſſign'd:
A corpſe that claim'd a due interment more,
Yet never wafted wave to Faroe's guiltleſs ſhore!"

He ſaid—obedient to his juſt commands
The zealous youth the breathleſs body bear,
Some form the ſepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artleſs tear.

Ver. 157. The Faroe Iſles, ſubject to Denmark. See Bede's Deſcription of them.

Ver. 180. Content, the third allegorical figure introduced.

Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers around with pious care they shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,
Allotted to the sage or warrior dead:
While as these fruitless honours are bestow'd,
Content with sober speech his purpose thus avow'd:

"What boots thee now, lost youth! that cross the main,
Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain:
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul!
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast;
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Dress in each excellence that youth could boast,
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepar'd thee in the skies.

"Yet take these honours, thy deserv'd reward!
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own;
Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown.
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end,
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth,
To show that death no terrors can attend,
Where piety resides and holy truth:
Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,
Till the last trump emit the dead awakening sound!"

He ceas'd—attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honour'd clay;
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless grave, where never mortal lay!
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive;
Here could have dwelt with old Content awhile,
And learn'd of him the happiness to live!
When Patience from my side abruptly broke,
And, starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke!

JOB. CHAP. III.

TRANSLATED.

THUS Job began,——Curst be the fatal morn
In which distinguish'd wretchedness was born!
From the fair round of the revolving year
Perish that day! nor let the night appear,
In which this speck of entity began
To swell to misery, and promise man!
Let darkness stain it o'er, no friendly ray
Pierce through the gloom of that affrighted day!
But shades of terror o'er its circuit spread,
And fold it in the mantle of the dead!
O'er that curst night may double horrors dwell,
Such as enwrap the punishments of hell!
No cheerful sounds its solitude awake,
But such as fiends and tortur'd wretches make;
Such as may wound the soul, and shock the ear,
The groans of death, and howlings of despair!
May all its stars with rays diminish'd show,
And through the dusky air obscurely glow!
No glimpse of hope the dreadful scene adorn,
Nor let it see the promise of a morn ——
Because it shut not up my mother's womb,
And join'd at once my cradle and my tomb:
Why dy'd I not? Why did preventive care
My destin'd life for future sorrows spare?
Then had I found that ease I seek in vain,
Nor known this load of unexampled pain!

O grave! thou refuge of the sad distrest!
When shall I sink into thy downy rest?
There kings and mighty ones neglected rot,
In their own mould'ring monuments forgot:
(Though once of grandeur and of pow'r possest,
And all the treasures of the shining east)
There men no longer vain distinctions boast,
In common dust the prince and slave are lost:
Low lies th' oppressor bound in lasting chains,
There of his rod the wretch no more complains!
There cease the wailings of the heart distrest,
And there the weary find eternal rest!

Why spares thou, O Lord! a life like mine?
While with incessant prayers for death I pine:
Why is that blessing given to wealth and pride?
But to the wretch, distress'd like me, denied.
While o'er my head thy awful terrors brood,
Beset my path, and mingle with my food.
In vain my cries and groans continual rise,
In vain my tears I pour, and waste my sighs:
While all my fears upon my soul are come,
By thee forsaken, hopeless and undone!

Ver. 227. The inhabitants of all these northern isles observe the custom of singing over the dead.

Ver. 254. Virgin.

VERSES

Sacred to the memory of the Reverend

*MR. JOHN ANDERSON**,

MINISTER AT GLASGOW, OB. ANNO 1721.

SHALL streaming tears a nation's eyes o'erflow,
And not a muse partake the general woe?
Shall we be dumb because he speaks no more,
Who charm'd attentive multitudes before.
Clos'd are those eyes, and silent is that tongue
Where sparkled zeal and mild instruction hung.
By nature form'd to shine in ev'ry scene,
To charm th' ambitious, or allure the vain:
Early he learn'd the prospect to despise
And make his nobler choice his kindred skies:
For this himself and rising hopes resign'd,
To live to heav'n, and live for human kind;
Hard trial to the mind, could ought controul
A Roman virtue in a Christian soul?
Oh could the muse his generous labours say!
To justify the debt of tears we pay;
No streams of grief should be immod'rate thought,
Excess of sorrow is an honest fault
His widow'd flock best know his pious care,
Taught by his words and guarded by his prayer;
No more shall in his eyes his ardour shine,
No longer from his lips flow truths divine.

* *Author of "A Dialogue on the Common prayer Book" 4to 1711, "Letters upon Presbyteries," &c. 8vo. 1720, and grandfather of the learned and ingenious John Anderson, F. R. S. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.*

How wont the willing crowd to gather round,
Hang on ' is lips, and catch th' enchanting ſound;
While in ſuch terms his thoughts he ſtill expreſt
The love of virtue roſe in every breaſt
And ev'ry heart its ſecret faults confeſt.
Then with what eaſe the tumult would he calm,
And to the wounds he ſcarch'd apply the balm!
So firſt their danger to mankind he taught,
Then, like ſome guardian angel, comfort brought.
Nor had his ſpeech alone ſuch wond'rous pow'r,
Though wond'rous that—but ſtill his life was more;
Where all the charms of virtue were diſplay'd;
And taught the world even more than all he ſaid;
Where all was open, unreſerv'd and fair,
A generous boſom, and a heart ſincere,
So firm to truth, to reaſon ſo reſign'd,
At once impartial, and at once ſo kind,
That ſcarce we knew which moſt we ſhould commend,
The free reprover, or the tender friend:
Such were the paſtors that in ancient days,
Reclaim'd mankind, and led in virtue's ways,
Such Aſia boaſted, and ſuch Rome of old,
E'er ſouls were barter'd for unrighteous gold;
Such great Eraſmus, gentle Cranmer ſhone,
And ſuch a man, O Glaſgow! late thy own:
Whoſe life like theirs, in generous labours paſt,
Was ſtill the ſame and lovely to the laſt.
So in calm ev'nings and unclouded ſkies
Not leſs reſplendent in his fall than riſe;
The weſtering ſun into the main declines,
Bright and more bright, and as he ſets he ſhines!

WRITTEN

IN MR. WATTS'S HORÆ LYRICÆ.

Here let th' attentive reader learn
On heavenly wings to riſe;
And all-contemplative diſcern
The wonders of the ſkies!

Compaſſion kind, and boundleſs love,
Here ſeem divinely bright:
And mercy like the ſilver dove
Allures the raviſh'd ſight.

Thy ſoul, great Watts! forſakes the earth,
And ſcorns the glitt'ring toy:
While conſcious of her higher birth
She ſeeks immortal joy.

Thy melting numbers touch the ſoul,
And kind devotion warm;
Each jarring thought with eaſe controul,
And bleſs us while they charm.

O happy whoſe ſeraphic mind,
Such heights ſublime can riſe!
Can leave the leſſening world behind,
And mingle with the ſkies

But happier far ſhall be thy fate,
When death ſhall break the chain;
And ſet thee looſe to bliſs complete,
To joys that know no pain.

There ſhalt thou thy immortal lyre,
In ſongs of praiſe employ!
And feel the ſacred taſk inſpire
Thy breaſt with endleſs joy.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. M— S—,

At Glaſgow, May 28. 1730.

INSCRIBED TO MR. A — S —.

While thy torn heart with varied woe is preſt,
And all the friend lies bleeding in thy breaſt:
Forgive the muſe who would our loſs deplore,
And mourn with thee—that Marcus is no more!
The cruel tyrant, whoſe reſiſtleſs rage
Alike employs itſelf on youth and age;
Smiles at our tears—and as our grief runs high,
Points Marcus out; and bids us learn to die!
Shows all the op'ning virtues of the youth,
His native goodneſs, modeſty, and truth:
What early worth juſt blaſted in its bloom!
How many graces ſhrowded in the tomb!
See Caledonia weeping o'er the urn!
As if ſhe ſeem'd her fav'rite ſon to mourn;
Oft for her ſake he read th' hiſtoric page,
And trac'd the mazes of remoteſt age;
Earlier aſſerter of her glorious cauſe,
Fond of her freedom, zealous for her laws:
Great liberty inſpir'd his honeſt breaſt,
And his dear country all his ſoul poſſeſt:
In youth a patriot—ſteady to the right,
In manners humane, and in arts polite.
His heart all-generous, candid, and ſerene,
Sweet as his look, engaging as his mien:
To friendſhip faithful, to misfortune kind,
His life a lovely copy of his mind.
So near perfection in his early day,
Why ſhould we weep to ſee him ſnatch'd away?
To ſee him reach at once th' immortal prize,
And riſe triumphant to his native ſkies.
Behold th' exalted youth with ſmiles ſurvey,
The fond miſtaken debt of grief we pay!
Behold him ſeated on the bliſsful ſhore,
Hear from afar the noiſy tempeſt roar!
Safe from the taint of a corrupted age,
From vicious manners, and from party-rage.
No paſſions there his purer boſom move;
But harmony divine, and peace, and love;
Such as on earth were wont to ſooth his breaſt,
The pleaſing foretaſte of his heav'nly reſt.
See him point out the path he left in view,
And bid his friends the noble race purſue!
Diſplay the fair example to their eyes,
And bid them live like him—like him to riſe!
So the bright all-enlivening orb of light,
When he withdraws himſelf from mortal ſight;
With fairer glories ſhines in milder ſkies,
And ſets to us, for better worlds to riſe!
Thou dear departed friend! if greatly bleſt,
One meaner thought can touch thy peaceful breaſt,
Look on a heart, by paſſions rent like mine,
That weeping waits to mingle joys with thine!
Fir'd by the flight—that ſtruggles to be free,
And join ſociety with heav'n and thee.

TO MR. THOMSON,

UPON HIS TRAGEDY OF SOPHONISBA.

Forgive the muſe, that with unpractis'd ſtring,
And fond ambition dares thy praiſe to ſing;

Pleas'd who beholds thy tow'ring genius riſe,
And ſees thy merit ſhine in ſouthern ſkies.
When nature firſt inſpir'd thy early ſtrain,
To paint the beauties of the flow'ry plain;
The charming page I read with ſoft delight,
And every lively landſkip charm'd my ſight:
Now led by thee, while I again explore,
New patriots riſing on a barbarous ſhore;
A beauteous breaſt that glows with love of fame,
A female Cato, with a ſofter name!
My raviſh'd heart exults in being free,
And burns with love of ſacred liberty!
Let Rome the bleſſing arrogate no more,
The goddeſs reigns upon a diſtant ſhore;
And there in all her native charms confeſt,
She fires immortal Saphoniſba's breaſt:
Great Carthage riſes from oblivion's womb,
By thee reviv'd, ſhe quits her awful tomb;
And emulates again her haughty rival Rome.
So when great Titian roſe, immortal man!
With rural ſcenes his pencil firſt began;
Employ'd all genial nature's laws to trace,
And copy from her ever-blooming face;
Here paint the precipice and falling flood,
There ſtrike the vale—or mark the diſtant wood;
Till riſing in his ſkill by juſt degrees,
He form'd th' idea of th' hiſtoric piece;
Where ſome great hero boldly he deſign'd,
And touch'd th' exalted paſſions of the mind:
Of art with nature ſuch the generous ſtriſe,
That all the ſpeaking canvas ſwell'd with life!
So ſtrong the figures ſtrike the raviſh'd eye,
We quite forget the hand that gives the joy!
Till by reflection warm'd, we feel thoſe joys,
Still from one great original ariſe;
Who follows nature charms without deſign,
Who follows her like you—like you muſt ſhine.

TO MRS. OLDFIELD,

ON HER ACTING CLEOPATRA.

Oft has my ſoul with ſtrong compaſſion ſtrove,
To think of Antony's ill-fated love;
To ſee him ſhrink before th' ambitious boy,
Fame, life, and honour, given for tranſient joy!
Thus once I thought—but now my error ſee,
And the loſt hero ſtands abſolv'd by thee.
Had Cleopatra's charms like Oldfield's ſhone!
Had ſhe the tuneful magic of thy tongue!
Well might the Roman of his ſoftneſs boaſt,
And think that love aton'd for empire loſt:
Well might he from the glorious war remove,
And barter crowns and provinces for love!
For oh! who would not make the fate his own?
And wiſh to be ſo glorioufly undone!

ANNIVERSARY ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A DAUGHTER.

Ob. An. 1726.

Begin my muſe, and ſtrike the lyre,
Let grief the melting notes inſpire!
And ſadly conſecrate the day,
That ſnatch'd my ſoul's delight away!
When firſt the beauteous infant maid,
The early ſeeds of ſenſe diſplay'd,
With her dear prattle ſooth'd my cares,
And charm'd my fond tranſported ears.
How did her op'ning bloom ariſe!
And as it ſtruck my raviſh'd eyes,
Oft promis'd to my years increaſe,
A ſtore of innocence and peace.
But ſoon, too ſoon, theſe flattering joys,
Fate's interpoſing hand deſtroys;
And loſt in death's all-gloomy ſhade,
The dear deluſive viſion fled.
So does the early-budding roſe,
Its bluſhing fragrancy diſcloſe,
Allure the touch, and ſmell, and ſight,
And yield each ſenſe a ſoft delight.
Till ſome raſh foe its pride invade,
And raviſh'd from its native bed,
Its odour and its hue decay,
And all its beauties fade away.
Thus were my dreams of comfort croſt,
And with the fav'rite virgin loſt;
And all my ſchemes of bliſs to come,
Enclos'd within her early tomb!
Thence clouds of new afflictions riſe,
And brooding o'er the darken'd ſkies;
With their ſad melancholy ſhade,
The horizon of life o'erſpread.
While o'er the young Sabina's urn,
Thus with paternal grief I mourn:
Around my ſoul new ſorrows break,
And leave my wōes no room to ſpeak.—
On Atticus' delightful age,
Fate next employed his cruel rage;
With eaſe diſſolv'd life's feeble chain,
And freed the ſuff'ring ſaint from pain.
O ever honour'd ſacred name!
If in the bright immortal train
One thought of earth can touch thy reſt,
Look down on this afflicted breaſt.
Teach me, like thee, through life to ſteer,
Patient and calm my lot to bear;
Teach me thy heav'nly ſteps to trace,
And reach like thee the realms of peace!

ODE TO MR. WILLIAM CUMING,

ON HIS GOING TO FRANCE, AUGUST 31. 1735.

" ——— Finibus [Gallicis]
" Reddes incolumem precor,
" Et ſerves animæ dimidium meæ!"

O blow ſerene! ye ſoft Eteſian gales,
Curl the gay main, and fill the ſwelling ſails!
The guardian veſſel through the deep attend:
Shine every favourable planet bright,
To guide the proſp'rous navigation right,
And bear to Gallia's ſhore my happy friend!

Thence to Lutetia's walls, a pleasing way,
Through scenes by nature dress'd profusely gay!
Auspicious fortune still his passage guide;
Till safe arriv'd he views the wond'rous town,
Which all agree unprejudic'd to own
At once fair Europe's envy and its pride!

There while his thoughts explore th' amazing plan
Of pow'r divine—the microcosm of man;
From every danger shield his spotless youth,
With manly strength his growing virtue arm,
To break the force of every siren charm,
And keep untainted all his native truth.
When views of pomp or bright processions rise,
When Louvre or Versailles enchants the eyes,
The grand assembly or the royal train!
Oh liberty! thy faithful prospect lend,
To Britain's isle his calm reflection bend,
And say, that slav'ry makes the splendour mean.

When artful beauty lays the secret snare,
Instruct him, friendly goddess, to beware,
Defend him from each captivating art!
For there fair Venus holds her sov'reign court,
There all her wanton sportive loves resort,
And in a thousand forms surprise the heart.

Yet, goddess! let him, as intent he sees
That airy nation's native skill to please,
Shun the reflection of the mimic glass!
Of all the Britons I have ever seen,
Who ap'd the graces of the Gallic mien,
Scarce one but chronicled himself an ass.

Yet that politeness of the truest kind,
Which both adorns and cultivates the mind,
This let his careful study borrow thence!
Manners from hence new ornament receive,
To knowledge this does double lustre give,
And travel finishes the man of sense.

Sometimes from crowds retir'd if chance he strays,
Where Seine along th' Elysian meadows plays,
Let some kind genius whisper in his ear,
How many vows for his success are paid,
How many for his safe return are made,
How many think his absence tedious here.

But oh, too harsh, my friend! these precepts flow,
The specious coverings of my secret woe,
While fortune's partial favour I accuse:
Who, when my sorrows needed most a friend,
Was pleas'd in thee the precious gift to send,
Malicious bounty! but bestow'd to lose.

Oh no, forgive, the sacred tie I wrong!
Where virtue binds, the mutual union strong.
Distance, misfortune, time, and fate defies;
From pole to pole, from Ganges to the Thame,
Immortal friendship spreads th' etherial flame
For ages still the same, and never dies!

Edinæ, Aug. 21. 1735.

Amico opt. W. C. mœstus hoc doloris
et gratitudinis monumentum P.

HORACE AND LYDIA,

BOOK III. ODE IX. IMITATED.

Alexis.

While, Phyllis, transported I lay in your arms,
And, possess'd of your fondness, was bless'd in your charms,
On wealth and ambition with scorn I look'd down,
Nor envy'd great Lewis that bauble, his crown.

Phyllis.

While faithful with me you delighted at home,
As happy was I, as the Pope is at Rome;
But now new acquaintance your fancy mislead,
And Peter's folk * never are out of your head.

Alexis.

The charge I submit to—I own they're my friends,
Their agreeable converse fair virtue commends.
With their sense and good humour my woes I relieve,
And with them for an age I unweary'd could live.

Phyllis.

Miranda's fine voice and good humour for me,
My comrade she is, and my comrade shall be!
In spite of all scandal, I'll live with her still,
And let the world censure, or say what it will.

Alexis.

But what if, dear Phyllis, this diff'rence should end,
Suppose, for your sake, I abandon'd my friend,
And, in spite of my judgment, too bias's'd my view,
Relinquish'd the world to be bury'd with you.

Phyllis.

Though Miranda's still constantly pleasing and gay,
Though her notes far exceed all the music of May,
And though you, like old ocean, look muddy and sour,
Our ancient alliance I'll gladly restore, [more.
And resolve that till death we will differ no

Alexis.

No, Phyllis, though kind, that concession won't take,
I ne'er can consent our joint friends to forsake,
Who in making of treaties forget their allies,
Will never be reckon'd or honest or wise.

Phyllis.

Then be judg'd by the rule you've so gravely laid down,
Nor hope that Miranda my heart shall disown.
With her, gentle heav'n, grant me freedom to rove,
While friendship shall pay me the interest of love.

Alexis.

Beware, charming Phyllis, a fatal mistake,
Where interest's the motive, there friendship is weak
'Tis virtue alone can establish the tie, [we die.
Through life still unbroken, which holds when
The taste may be modish, yet ne'er can last long,
To lose an old lover, to hear a new song.

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* *By "Peter's folk," is meant the hospitable and agreeable family of a Mr. Stewart, a merchant in Edinburgh; who had two amiable daughters, to whom Boyse addressed some poems.*

If novelty charms you, delighted in change,
From pleasure to pleasure, oh long may you range!
For me, from henceforth on some quieter shore,
Where fortune and love shall disturb me no more,
I'll seek in retirement the noblest of joys,
'Tis time must discover the truth of each choice.

EPISTLE TO HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

Though 'midst the cruel storm of passion tost,
I view the shore, and sigh for safety lost,
While every distant hope of good is gone,
And left by thee! 'tis joy to be undone,
Oh, read the thought where no design has part,
The last faint purpose of my wretched heart;
Long had between us (in a moment torn)
The holy band of friendship's faith been worn:
I claim'd the bliss, so happy once was I,
Dear to your breast, and cherish'd in your eye:
Now lost the privilege shall one short day
Snatch all the labour of our lives away?
But oh, I err!—I am not what I seem,
Friendship can ne'er subsist without esteem;
Death were my choice, if heaven my choice approv'd,
More easy than to lose the friend I lov'd:
Happy in this, that to your better care
I gave a friend, will never lose his share,
Whose truth will still increase, the longer known,
Whose faith, whose goodness, are so like your own:
Forget I bless you,—if this wish succeeds,
Then live Gustavus, though Arvida bleeds.

ON THE EXTRAORDINARY EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN PORTEOUS, SEPT. 7. 1736.

"——— Nec lex est justior ulla,
"Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."

"By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
"The dire artificers of death shall bleed."

Porteous! thou strong example, timely given,
How sovereigns should employ the power of heaven;
Thy wanton hands a sanguine deluge spread,
Thy country's equal voice pronounc'd thee dead:
But tools like thee were thought such useful things,
That sordid greatness mov'd all secret springs;
In vain the great applied, the court repriev'd,
Eternal Justice thought too long you liv'd:
Mercy grew vain; when such a crime grew slight,
'Twas time the people should assert their right.
Yet let the muse the just encomium draw,
Self-injur'd, how they kept the sight of law,
The gentleness, denied their fellows, gave,
And left thee time to arm thee for the grave:
Let none behold thy exit with regret,
You died, the noblest way, a public debt:
May the auspicious omen rise in you,
And villains (screen'd however) meet their due!

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM THOMPSON.

Containing

SICKNESS,	ODES,
HYMN TO MAY,	EPISTLES,
THE NATIVITY,	SONGS,
THE MAGI,	GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS,
CORESUS AND CALLIRHOE,	EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Come, *Spenser*, awful genius, come along,
Mix with the muſic of th' aërial throng;
O reath a penſive ſtillneſs through my breaſt,
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,
And ſweetly ſooth my paſſions into reſt,
Hint pureſt thoughts in pureſt colours dreſt;
Even ſuch as angels prompt in golden dreams,
To holy hermits high in raptures bleſt,
His boſom burning with celeſtial beams;
N leſs the raptures of my ſummer day,
If *Spenſer* deign with me to moralize the lay.

GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

POLITICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM THOMPSON

THE LIFE OF THOMPSON.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of Thompson, the preſent writer is ſorry that the intelligence which his inquiries have obtained, is ſo ſcanty, that he muſt give his life to the world much more briefly than his qualifications deſerve. A few detached dates and notices, leſs ample and ſatisfactory than the inſcription on a common grave-ſtone, collected chiefly from his writings, compoſe the ſlender memorials of his life.

William Thompſon, was ſecond ſon of the Rev. Francis Thompſon, B. D. Senior Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and thirty-two years vicar of Brough in Weſtmoreland.

Of the time and place of his birth there are no memorials. But it is probable, he was born at Brough, about 1712. His mother was firſt married to Joſeph Fiſher, M. A. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, Vicar of Brough, and Arch-deacon of Carliſle, by whom ſhe had no children. His father died Auguſt 31. 1735, aged 70. His mother died October 25. 1737, aged 65.

After paſſing through the uſual courſe of elementary learning in the country, he was ſent to the Univerſity of Oxford, and entered at Queen's College, where he afterwards became a Fellow.

Early in life, he diſcovered a propenſity to poetry, and wrote, as he himſelf informs us, *Six Paſtorals*, in 1734.

His early conceptions of love, of friendſhip, and of virtue, were very warm and elevated, and prompted a variety of poetical effuſions, amatory, ſentimental, and ſerious.

In his retirement in Weſtmoreland, on the banks of his native Eden, which "firſt heard the Doric reeds" of the unfortunate Pattiſon, and the amiable Langhorne, he wrote his *Stella, five Amores*, *Elegiarum tres Libri*, in 1736.

Theſe *Paſtorals* and *Love Elegies*, written when the young poet's ſoul was high-tuned to the tender emotions of nature, without any deſign of printing them, have not been collected into his works.

In 1736, he wrote an *Epithalamium on the Royal Nuptials*, as a college exerciſe, which procured him conſiderable reputation.

He took the degree of Maſter of Arts, February 26. 1738; and entering into orders, was preſented to the rectory of South Weſton and Hampton-Pyle, in Oxfordſhire.

About this time, on his recovery from the ſmall-pox, he wrote his poem called *Sickneſs*; which was publiſhed in 1746, and very favourably received by the polite and religious world.

Not long after, he publiſhed his *Hymn to May*, in the manner of Spenſer, which completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation.

In 1751, he was a candidate for the poetry profeſſorſhip at Oxford; but did not ſucceed in his application.

Soon after, he publiſhed *Gratitude, a Poem*, on the Counteſs of Pomfret's benefactions to the Univerſity of Oxford, which has eluded the inquiries of the preſent writer.

In 1757, he publiſhed, by ſubſcription, a collection of his *Poems on Several Occaſions*, and *Gondibert and Birtha*, a tragedy, with a dedication to the Counteſs of Northumberland. In a ſhort advertiſement, he informs the reader, "that the greater part of the poems were written when the author was very young, and without any deſign of printing them, which," he ſays, "is only men-

tioned with hopes to procure the reader's pardon for the imperfection of ſome, and the lightneſs of others. Yet

> Non ego mordaci diſtrinxi carmine quemquam
> Nulla venenato litera miſta joco eſt." OVID.

" The tragedy," he adds, " was likewiſe chiefly compoſed when the author was an under-graduate in the Univerſity. as an innocent relaxation from thoſe ſeverer and more uſeful ſtudies; for which the College, where he had the benefit of his education, is ſo deſervedly diſtinguiſhed. I have cauſed it (with all its juvenile imperfections on its head) to be printed as it was firſt written, and have even added the original motto, that it might be all of a piece"

This ſeems to be the language of unaffected modeſty; ſome of the earlier little pieces might probably have admitted of ſome improvements, if he had judged it proper to retouch them afterterwards: but as a ſpirit of ingenuouſneſs is manifeſt throughout his ſentiments, he has probably given his moſt private productions, as they were firſt conceived and written; upon which ſuppoſition, there appears very little reprehenſible in them, and not a little, for their quantity, that may be juſtly commended.

" The poem called *Sickneſs*," he ſays, " was republiſhed at the requeſt of ſeveral of my ſubſcribers; to which, without regarding the additional expence, I very readily agreed. I have made ſome alterations, which, in the diviſions of the books, I hope will be thought improvements."

He ſurvived this publication ſeveral years, and intended to republiſh " Browne's Britannia's Paſtorals," upon which he left ſome ſhort notes, inſerted in T. Davies's edition, 1772; but the preſent writer has not been able to diſcover when he died.

This is all that is known of Thompſon, an amiable and ingenious poet, whoſe writings ſeem not hitherto to have received ſo much attention as they deſerve.

His *Poems on Several Occaſions*, with the omiſſion of a few trifling ſongs, and his *Garden Inſcriptions*, publiſhed in the " Poetical Calendar" for Auguſt 1763, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry. The reader may perhaps wiſh, for the ſake of his reputation, that ſome more of his lighter pieces had been omitted. The majority of them are, however, worthy of him.

As a poet, his compoſitions are characterized by fertility of invention, ſplendour of imagination, tenderneſs of ſentiment, facility of expreſſion, and harmony of numbers. He is of the ſchool of Spenſer and Milton; but he imitates the former more than the latter. He ſeems to have been an enthuſiaſtic admirer, and an attentive obſerver of the charms of nature, as his compoſitions abound in minute rural imagery, and picturеſque deſcription. His faults are thoſe of his maſter. Rich in native ſtores, he ſometimes employs traditionary imagery, and hereditary ſimiles. His deſcriptions are ſometimes puerile and extravagant, and ſometimes overwrought, and loſt in a profuſion of colours.

His capital performance is *Sickneſs*, a poem, in five books, in blank verſe. In this work, boldneſs of perſonification, energy of language, ſublimity of ſentiment, pathetic repreſentation, and the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, are ennobled with Chriſtian and moral truths. Almoſt every line glows with devotion, riſes into the moſt exalted apprehenſions of the Creator, and is animated with the moſt lively faith in the all-ſufficient mediation of the Redeemer of mankind. In the firſt book, which bears only the general title of *Sickneſs*, after propoſing his ſubject, he thus reflects on the levity of ſome of his earlier poetical amuſements.

> ———Too long the muſe,
> Ah! much too long, a libertine diffus'd,
> On Pleaſure's roſy lap, has idly breath'd
> Love-ſighing elegies, and paſtoral ſtrains,
> The ſoft ſeducers of our youthful hours,
> Soothing away the vigour of the mind,
> And energy of virtue But farewell,
> Ye myrtle walks, ye lily mantled meads
> Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale.

The second book is called the *Palace of Diseaſe*. This palace is very poetically imagined and executed, and the malignant power inhabiting it is very correſpondently pourtrayed. He thus deſcribes one of her ſix attendant furies, the ſmall-pox, whoſe ſevere infection occaſioned the poem.

> The laſt, ſo turpid to the view, affrights
> Her neighbour hags Happy herſelf is blind,
> Or madneſs would enſue, ſo bloated black,
> So loathſome to each ſenſe, the ſight or ſmell,
> Such foul corruption on this ſide the grave,
> *Variola* yclep'd; ragged and rough,
> Her couch perplex'd with thorns. What heavy ſcenes
> Hang o'er my head, to feel the theme is mine!

In the third book, called the *Progreſs of Sickneſs*, after a ſucceſſion of dreams of different complexions, which are very poetically enumerated and contraſted, on waking affrighted from the imaginary blaſt of *Aſtolpho's* horn, in "Orlando Furioſo;" he thus energetically exclaims:

> Pain empties all her vials on my head,
> And ſteeps me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd ſhirt
> Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
> With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,
> Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
> Eat up the marrow frying in my bones.
> O whether, whether ſhall I turn for aid!

The metaphorical diſplay of friendſhip at the cloſe of this book is warm and delicate.

> Friendſhip's
> ——————a holy fire,
> Where honour beams on honour truths on truths,
> Bright as the eyes of angels, and as pure.
> An altar whence two gentle loving hearts
> Mount to the ſkies in one conſpiring blaze,
> And ſpotleſs union——

The fourth book is called the *Recovery*. In this, Mercy ſends *Hygeia* or Health, to the well of life, in which he ingeniouſly feigns the angel who deſcended into the pool of Betheſda, to have previouſly moiſtened his wings. His ſurpriſe at the firſt return of ſight, and his ſucceeding exultation on it, are finely expreſſed.

> I thank thee *Sleep!*—Heav'ns! is the day reſtor'd
> To my deſiring eyes? Their lids, unglew'd,
> Admit the long-loſt light, now ſtreaming in
> Painfully clear!—O check the rapid gleam
> With ſhading ſilk, till the weak viſual orb,
> Stronger and ſtronger, dares imbibe the ſun,
> Nor, wat'ring, twinkle at unfolded day.
> *Sight*, all-expreſſive! Though the *feeling* ſenſe
> Thrills from Ianthe's hand; at Handel's lyre
> Tingles the ear; though ſmell from bloſſom'd beams
> Arabian ſpirit gathers; and the draught,
> Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vines,
> Streams *nectar* on the *palate*; yet, O *ſight!*
> Weak their ſenſations, when compar'd with thee.

The laſt book, ſtyled the *Thankſgiving*, is replete with much devout and animated gratitude. The following parody of a very poetical paſſage in the "Pſalms," is well executed.

> ——For me (who late
> A neighbour of the worms) when I forget
> The wonders of thy goodneſs ray'd on me,
> And ceaſe to celebrate with matin harp
> Or veſper ſong, thy plenitude of love,
> And healing mercy, may the *nightly Pow'r*,
> Which whiſpers on my ſlumbers, ceaſe to breathe
> Her *modulating* impulſe through my ſoul;

Untun'd, unhallow'd! Diſcord, ſtring my lyre,
Idly, my finger, preſs the fretted gold,
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
When indolent, to ſwell the notes for thee,
FATHER of heav'n and earth!———

The *Hymn to May*, is a profeſſed imitation of Spenſer; and without oſtentatious praiſe, it is but juſt to obſerve, that in opulence of imagery, brilliancy of colouring, diſtinctneſs and propriety of attribute, and harmony of numbers, it challenges every modern production, and rivals, if not ſurpaſſes every thing of the kind, even in Spenſer, from whom he caught his inſpiration. The diction is florid and luxuriant, and the ſentiments rapturous and tender in the higheſt degree. He gives a looſe to the luxuriance of his imagination, and indulges himſelf in every extravagance that poetry allows. The exuberance of his diction inveſts his thoughts with ſplendour, through which, perhaps, they are not always eaſily diſcerned. Spenſer being not leſs celebrated for his deſcription of the beauties of nature, than for his dreſs and portraiture of allegorical perſonages, Thompſon has thus charmingly delineated and arrayed his poetical *May*.

She comes!—A ſilken camus, emerald-green,
Gracefully looſe, adown her ſhoulders flows,
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)
And with the labours of the needle glows,
Purfled by nature's hand! The amorous air
And muſky weſtern breezes faſt repair,
Her mantle proud to ſwell, and wanton with her hair.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it ſeems)
With the gay honours of the ſpring entwin'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets ſtreams,
Floats glitt'ring on the ſun, and ſcents the wind,
Love-ſick with odours!---Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her boſom's dainty mould,
Or, curling round her waiſt, diſparts its wavy gold.

Young circling roſes, bluſhing round them throw
The ſweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lilies dipt in fragrance, freſhly blow,
With blended beauties, in her angel face.
The humid radiance beaming from her eyes,
The air and ſeas illumes, the earth and ſkies,
And open, where ſhe ſmiles, the ſweets of Paradiſe.

On zephyr's wing the laughing goddeſs view
Diſtilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
Attended by the ſilver-footed dew,
The ravages of winter to repair.
She gives her naked boſom to the gales,
Her naked boſom down the ether fails;
Her boſom breathes delight; her breath the ſpring exhales.

In ſtanzas 47, 48, 49, 50, and 51, the ſuppoſition of Venus being born in this month, and celebrating her birth-day near Acidalus, a fountain in Bœotia, is happily imagined, and expreſſed with that ſoftneſs of ſentiment which he profeſſes to have indulged in this poem, though with an avowal of the pureſt intention. The ſtanzas 19, 20, 21, &c. ſhow him a great maſter in the deſcriptive. The *Nativity*, a college exerciſe, and the *Epithalamium* on the royal nuptials, are alſo fine imitations of Spenſer. In the *Nativity*, the lines beginning, *Hark, the jolly pipe and rural lay*, and ending, *Hell groan'd through all her dens, and grim death dropp'd down dead*, are remarkably fine. The verſes *on Pope's Works* are agreeably various and ſpirited Thoſe eſpecially on his tranſlation of "Homer," are exquiſitely animated. The *Epiſtle to the Author of Leonidas*, The fall of *Coreſus and Callirhoe*, from Pauſanias; and the *Magi*, a Sacred Eclogue are all maſterly. The lines in the Eclogue in which the ſages are introduced paying their adoration to the infant Saviour, are eminently beautiful. His *Epitaphs*

on both his parents, compriſe two moſt worthy characters pourtrayed by filial poetry. The verſes *Written on the Holy Bible*, in his grave religious character, have an original air. The *Garden Inſcriptions*, prove him no languid admirer, but a fervent worſhipper of the excellencies of his favourites, particularly Spenſer, Milton, Thomſon, and Young. The eulogy is ſometimes overcharged; yet the the overflowing fulneſs with which he meaſures out to others, ſprings from a moſt amiable ſource. It is the very contraſt of narrow ſelf-love, of envy and detraction, and entitles him to the moſt liberal regard from every lover of candour and benevolence.

His *Love verſes* are, for the moſt part, tender and unaffected; dictated by his own feelings, when the paſſion is quite new, romantically ſweet, and, perhaps, at the utmoſt purity which is compatible with deſire.

His two Latin odes on *Winter* and *Summer*, rank with the beſt compoſitions of our Engliſh writers, who have cultivated Latin poetry with ſucceſs. Poetical verſions, by Mr. Tatterſal, fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge, were publiſhed along with the originals; which I believe," ſays he, " will be thought the beſt verſes in the collection: they are finiſhed in ſo eaſy and maſterly a manner, that I muſt own, that I had rather have been the author of them than of the originals themſelves."

His tragedy of *Gondibert and Birtha*, taken from Davenant's poem of " Gondibert," ſeems very little adapted to the ſtage, being much more poetical than dramatic. The ſentiments are warm and elevated; but ſeem rather ſuch as he had collected from an acquaintance with the illuſtrious dead, than from being " hackneyed in the ways of men," as he appears more delighted with what *Syphax* malignantly calls the " extravagance of virtue," than experienced in a knowledge of the world, and the ordinary conduct of mankind.

THE WORKS OF THOMPSON.

SICKNESS, A POEM: IN FIVE BOOKS.

The Lord comfort him, when he lieth ſick upon his bed; make thou all his bed in his ſickneſs.

Pſalms.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

SUBJECT propoſed. The folly of employing poetry on wanton or trifling ſubjects. Invocation of Urania. Reflections on the inſtability of life itſelf: Frailneſs of youth, beauty, and health. The ſuddenneſs and firſt attacks of a diſtemper, in particular of the ſmall-pox. Moral and religious obſervations reſulting from ſickneſs.

Of days with pain acquainted, and of nights
Unconſcious of the healing balms of ſleep,
That burn in reſtleſs agonies away;
Of ſickneſs, and its family of woes,
The felleſt enemies of life, I ſing,
Horizon'd cloſe in darkneſs. While I touch
The ebon inſtrument, of ſolemn tone,
Pluck'd from the cypreſs' melancholy boughs,
Which, deep'ning, ſhade the houſe of mourning, groans
And hollow wailings, through the damps of night,
Reſponſive wound the ear. The ſprightly pow'rs
Of muſical enchantment wave their wings,
And ſeek the fragrant groves and purple fields,
Where pleaſure rolls her honey-trickling ſtreams,
Of blooming health and laughter-dimpled joy.
Me other ſcenes than laughing joy, and health
High-blooming, purple-living fields and groves,
Fragrant with ſpring, invite. Too long the muſe,
Ah! much too long, a libertine, diffus'd
On pleaſure's roſy lap, has idly breath'd
Love-ſighing elegies, and paſtoral ſtrains,
The ſoft ſeducers of our youthful hours,
Soothing away the vigour of the mind,
And energy of virtue. But farewel
Ye myrtle walks, ye lily-mantled meads
Of Paphos, and the fount of Acidale,
Where oft in ſummer, Grecian fables tell,
The daughters of Eurynome and Jove,
Thalia and her ſiſter-graces, cool
Their glowing features, at the noontide hour,
Farewel!—But come, Urania, from thy bow'rs
Of everlaſting day; O condeſcend
To lead thy votary (with rapt'rous zeal
Adoring nature's God, the great Three-One!)
To Salem, where the ſhepherd-monarch wak'd
The ſacred breath of melody, and ſwell'd
His harp, to angels kindred notes attun'd,
With muſic worthy heaven! O bathe my breaſt,
With praiſes burning, in the morning dews,
Which ſparkle, Sion, on thy holy hill.
The prophets, eagle-ey'd, celeſtial maid,
Thoſe poets of the ſky! were taught to chaunt
The glories of Meſſiah's reign by thee!
Kindled by thee, the eaſtern pages flame
With light'ning, and with thunder ſhake the ſoul;
While from the whirlwind God's all-glorious voice
Burſts on the tingling ears of Job: the writ
Of Moſes, meek in ſpirit, but his thoughts
Lofty as heav'n's blue arch. My humble hopes
Aſpire but to the alpha of his ſong;
Where, roll'd in aſhes, digging for a grave,
More earneſt than the covetous for gold
Or hidden treaſures, cruſted o'er with boils,
And roaring in the bitterneſs of ſoul,
And heart-ſick pain, the man of Uz complains.
Themes correſpondent to thy ſervant's theme.
I ſing to you, ye ſons of men! of duſt
Say rather: What is man, who proudly lifts
His brow audacious, as confronting Heav'n,
And tramples with diſdain his mother earth,
But moulded clay? an animated heap
Of duſt, that ſhortly ſhall to duſt return?
We dream of ſhadows, when we talk of life,
Of Pelops' ſhoulder, of Pythagoras' thigh,
Of Surius's ſaints, and Ovid's gods;
Mere tales to cheat our children with to reſt;
And, when the tale is told, they ſink to ſleep,
Death's image! ſo inane is mortal man!
Man's but a vapour, toſs'd by every wind,

The child of ſmoke, which in a moment flies,
And, ſinking into nothing, diſappears.
Man's a briſk bubble, floating on the waves
Of wide eternity: He dances now
Gay-gilded by the ſun (though empty, proud;)
Phantaſtically fine! and now he drops
In a broad ſheet of waters deep involv'd,
And gives his place to others. O, ye ſons
Of vanity, remember, and be wiſe!
Man is a flow'r, which, in the morning, fair
As day-ſpring, ſwelling from its ſlender ſtem,
In virgin-modeſty, and ſweet reſerve,
Lays out its bluſhing beauties to the day,
As Gideon's fleece, full with the dews of heav'n.
But if ſome ruder gale, or nipping wind,
Diſaſtrous blow too hard, it weeping mourns
In robes of darkneſs; it reclines its head
In languid ſoftneſs; withers every grace;
And, ere the ev'ning-ſtar the weſt inflames,
It falls into the portion of thoſe weeds
Which with a careleſs hand we caſt away—
Ye thoughtleſs fair ones, moralize my ſong!

Thy pulſe beats muſic; thou art high in health;
The rather tremble. When the leaſt we fear,
When folly lulls us on her couch of down,
And wine, and lutes, and odours, fill the ſenſe
With their ſoft affluence of bewitching joys;
When years of rapture in thy fancy glow
To entertain thy youth; a ſudden burſt
Of thunder from the ſmalleſt cloud of fate,
Small as the prophet's hand, deſtroys, confounds,
And lays thy viſionary hopes in duſt.
By my example taught, examples teach
Much more than precepts, learn to know thy end.

The day was Valentine's: when lovers wounds
Afreſh begin to bleed, and ſighs to warm
The chilly rigour of relenting ſkies:
Sacred the day to innocence and mirth,
The feſtival of youth! in ſeeming health
(As cuſtom bids) I hail'd the year's fair morn,
And with its earlieſt purple braid my brows,
The violet or primroſe breathing ſweets
New to the ſenſe. Ianthe by my ſide,
More lovely than the ſeaſon! rais'd her voice,
Obſervant of his rites, in feſtal lays,
And thus addreſs'd the patron of the ſpring:

"Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Profuſe of gems, the boſom of the earth
Her fragrant ſtores unfolds: the fields rejoice,
And, in the infancy of plenty, ſmile:
The vallies laugh and ſing: the woods, alive,
Sprout into floating verdure, to embow'r
Thoſe happy lovers who record thy praiſe.

Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Inhaling genial raptures from the ſun,
The plumy nations ſwell the ſong of joy,
Thy ſoaring choriſters! The lark, the thruſh,
And all th' aërial people, from the wren
And linnet to the eagle, feel the ſtings
Of amorous delight, and ſing thy praiſe.

Hail, Valentine! at thy approach benign,
Quick o'er the ſoft'ning ſoul the gentle gales
Of ſpring, awaking bliſs, inſtinctive move
The ardent youth to breathe the ſighs of faith
Into the virgin's heart; who, ſick of love,
With equal fires, and purity of truth,
Conſenting, bluſhes while ſhe chaunts thy praiſe."

So ſung Ianthe: to my heart I preſt
Her ſpotleſs ſweetneſs: when (with wonder hear!)
Though ſhe ſhone ſmiling by, the torpid pow'rs
Of heavineſs weigh'd down my beamleſs eyes,
And preſs'd them into night. The dews of death
Hung clammy on my forehead, like the damps
Of midnight ſepulchres; which ſilent op'd
By weeping widows, or by friendſhip's hand,
Yawn hideous on the moon, and blaſt the ſtars
With peſtilential reek. My head is torn
With pangs inſufferable, pulſive ſtarts,
And pungent aches, griding through the brain,
To madneſs hurrying the tormented ſenſe,
And hate of being.—Poor Ianthe wept
In bitterneſs, and took me by the hand
Compaſſionately kind: "Alas! ſhe cry'd,
What ſudden change is this? (Again ſhe wept.)
Say, can Ianthe prove the ſource of pain
To Thamalin? forbid it, gracious Heav'n!"
No, beauteous innocence! As ſoon the roſe
Shall poiſon with its balm; as ſoon the dove
Become a white diſſembler, and the ſtream
With lulling murmurs, creeping through the grove,
Offend the ſhepherd's ſlumber.—Scarce my tongue
Theſe fault'ring accents ſtammer'd, down I ſink,
And a lethargic ſtupor ſteeps my ſenſe
In dull oblivion: till returning pain,
Too faithful monitor! and dire diſeaſe,
Bid me remember pleaſure is a dream,
That health has eagle's wings, nor tarries long.

New horrors riſe. For in my pricking veins
I feel the forky flame: the rapid flood
Of throbbing life, excurſive from the laws
Of ſober nature and harmonious health,
Boils in tumultuary eddies round
Its burſting channels. Parching thirſt, anon,
Drinks up the vital maze, as Simois dry,
Or Xanthus, by the arm-ignipotent,
With a red torrent of involving flames
Exhauſted; when Achilles with their floods
Wag'd more than mortal war: the god of fire
Wide o'er the waters pour'd th' inundant blaze,
The ſhrinking waters to the bottom boil,
And hiſs in ruin, O! ye rivers, roll
Your cooling cryſtal o'er my burning breaſt,
For Ætna rages here! Ye ſnows, deſcend;
Bind me in icy chains, ye northern winds,
And mitigate the furies of the fire!

Good Heav'n! what hoards of unrepented guilt
Have drawn this vengeance down, have rais'd this fiend
To laſh me with his flames? But, O! forgive
My raſhneſs, that dares blame thy juſt decrees.
It is thy rod: I kiſs it with my heart
As well as lips: like Aaron's may it bloom
With fruits of goodneſs; not, like Moſes' turn
A ſerpent; or to tempt me to accuſe
The kind oppreſſion of thy righteous hand,
Or ſting me to deſpair.—Affliction, hail!
Thou ſchool of virtue! open wide thy gates,
Thy gates of ebony! Yet, O! correct
Thy ſervant but with judgment, not in wrath,
But with thy mercy, Lord! thy ſtripes will heal.

Thus, without herefy, afflictions prove
A purgatory; fave us as by fire:
And purifying off the drofs of fin,
Like old Elijah's chariot, rap the foul,
On wings of meditation, to the fkies.
In health we have no time to vifit truth:
Health's the difeafe of morals: few in health
Turn o'er the volumes which will make us wife.
What are ye now, ye tuneful triflers! once
The eager folace of my eafy hours,
Ye dear deluders or of Greece or Rome,
Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, Homer, what?
The gay, the bright, the fober, the fublime?
And ye of fofter ftrain, ye amorous fools,
Correctly indolent, and fweetly vain,
Tibullus, Ovid, and the female verfe
Of her, who, plunging from Leucadia's heights,
Extinguifh'd with her life her hopelefs fires,
Or rofe a fwan, as love-ftruck fancy deem'd.
Who would not, in thefe hours of wifdom, give
A vatican of wits for one Saint Paul?
Dare Tully, with the golden mouth of Greece,
With Chryfoftom in rhet'ric-thunder join
Advent'rous now? as foon the feeble found,
Salmoneus, of thy brazen bridge contends
With Jove's etherial peal, and burfting roar
Fulminous, rending earth, o'erturning air,
And fhaking heav'n. Or fhall the pointed pen
Of * Corduba, with hoftile labour bend
Its fentences obfcure againft the force
Of Hierom's noble fire? as foon the moon,
With blunted horn, dares pour her pallid beam
Againft the boundlefs majefty of day,
The fun's refulgent throne, when high in noon
He kindles up the earth to light and joy.
My beft inftructor, ficknefs, fhuts the eye
From vanity; fhe draws the curtains round
The couch, nor gives admittance to the world:
But to Harpocrates configns the door,
And, filent, whifpers me, that "life is vain."
If life be vain on what fhall man depend?
Depend on virtue. Virtue is a rock
Which ftands for ever; braves the frowning flood,
And rears its awful brow, direct, to heaven.
Though virtue fave not from the grave, fhe gives
Her votaries to the ftars; fhe plucks the fting
From the grim king of terrors; fmooths the bed
Of anguifh, and bids death, though dreadful, fmile.
Death fmiles on virtue: And his vifage, black,
Yet comely feems. A Chriftian fcorns the bounds
Where limited creation faid to time,
"Here I have end." Rapt'rous, he looks beyond
Or time or fpace; he triumphs o'er decay;
And fills eternity: the next to God!

* *Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain.*

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK I.

Ver. 8. Thus Horace:

Barbiton hic Paries habebit. *Lib.* iii. *Ode* 26.

And, a greater than Horace in lyric poetry, the royal Pfalmift, repreſents the ſame image:

As for our harps we hanged them up, upon the trees that are therein. *Pſal.* cxxxvii. 2.

Ver. 26. Paphos, a city of Cyprus; formerly dedicated to Venus.

Acidale, a fountain in Orchomenus, a city of Bœotia, where the graces were ſuppoſed to bathe themſelves. The geneology of the graces is very diverſly related. But Heſiod ſays, they were the offſpring of Jupiter and Eurynome. Theog.

Ver. 47. The book of Job is aſcribed to various authors, and amongſt the reſt to Moſes. I am proud to obſerve, that Dr. Young has ſtrengthened this opinion in his notes to his admirable poem on Job. Moſt of the arguments on each ſide of the queſtion may be found in Pole's Synopſis Critic. in the beginning of his notes on the book of Job; and in Mr. S. Weſley's curious diſſertation on the ſame ſubject.

Ver. 63.

Σκιαι οναρ ανθρωποι. *Pind. Pith. Ode* 8.

Sophocles has much the ſame thought in his Ajax; and, to dignify the ſentiment, he puts it into the mouth of Ulyſſes:

Ορω γαρ ημας ωδεν οντας αλλο πλην
Ειδωλ' οσοι περ ζωμεν, η κουφην σκιαν.

The Scholiaſt obſerves, that he borrowed the ſentiment from Pindar.

Ver. 63. The poets feign that Tantalus ſerved up his ſon Pelops to the table of the gods: They reunited the fragments, and formed his ſhoulder, which was loſt, of ivory. Ovid. Met. Lib. vi.

—— Humeroque Pelops inſignis eburno.
Virg. Georg. iii.

I ſhall add this beautiful paſſage from Tibullus:

——— Carmina ni ſint,
Ex humero Pelopis non nituiſſet ebur.
Lib. i. *Eleg.* 4.

Ver. 64. This is told with ſo much humour by Mr. Addiſon, in one of his fineſt works, that I rather chooſe to give an authority from him, than any of the ancients. "The next man aſtoniſhed the whole table with his appearance: He was ſlow, ſolemn, and ſilent, in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiouſly wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the ſkirt of it, and diſcovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the ſight of it, declared againſt keeping company with any who were not made of fleſh and blood; and therefore deſired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted the fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious exiſtence," &c.

The Table of Fame, Tatler, Vol. II. *No.* 81.

Ver. 65. Surius writ the voluminous legend of the Romiſh ſaints, in ſix volumes in folio. Dr.

Donne, in his ſatires, has given him this character:

——————— outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together. *Sat.* 4.

Ver. 112. Sickneſs being a ſubject ſo diſagreeable, in itſelf, to human nature, it was thought neceſſary, as fable is the ſoul of poetry, to relieve the imagination with the following, and ſome other epiſodes. For to deſcribe the anguiſh of a diſtemper without a mixture of ſome more pleaſing incidents, would, no doubt, diſguſt every good-natured and tender reader.

Ver. 223. Salmoneus king of Elis, a province in the Peloponneſus. He was ſo arrogant as to affect being thought a god: for which end he built a bridge of braſs, by driving over which in his chariot, he endeavoured to make himſelf be believed the thunderer. But Jupiter, enraged at his impiety, ſtruck him dead with a real thunderbolt.

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas,
Dum flammas Jovis et ſonitus imitatur Olympi—
Demens qui nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen
Ære et cornipedum curſu imitarat equorum.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

Ver. 237. Harpocrates, the god of ſilence amongſt the Egyptians.

Si quicquam tacite commiſſum eſt fido ab amico,
Me unum eſſe invenies illorum jure ſacratum,
Corneli, et factum eſſe puta Harpocratem.
Catull.

Hence Eraſmus, Lib. Adag. tells us, that *reddere Harpocratem*, is the ſame as, *mutum reddere*. So Catullus in another place:

Patruum reddidit Harpocratem.

Ovid deſcribes him in the ſame manner, without taking notice of his name, amongſt the attendants of Iſis:

Quique premit vocem, digitoque ſilentia ſuadet.
Metam. Lib. ix.

This deſcription entirely agrees with the ſeveral medals and ſtatues of Harpocrates, which the learned antiquary Giſb. Cuperus exhibits in his laborious diſſertation on that ſubject, printed with Monumenta Antiqua.

But upon another account likewiſe, Harpocrates may juſtly be appointed to attend upon the ſick; for he is numbered amongſt the ſalutary gods, who aſſiſted in extreme dangers, as appears from Artemidorus, Oneir. l. ii. c. 44. where, after having mentioned Serapis, Iſis, Anubis, and Harpocrates, he goes on thus: "Semper enim ſervatores crediti ſunt hi dii, eorum qui per omnia exercitati ſunt, et ad extremum periculum pervenerunt," &c. Kircher alſo, in his Oedip. Egyp. p. 2. vol. ii. p. 315. amongſt others to the ſame purpoſe, has theſe remarkable words:

"Reverebantur Egypti, præter cætera numina maximè Iſin et Oſirin, ac horum ſive Harpocratem, tanquam Iatricos genios."

THE PALACE OF DISEASE.

Diſeaſes dire, of which a monſtrous crew
Before thee ſhall appear. *Milton.*

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS. Invocation of the genius of Spenſer. Apoſtrophe to the Ducheſs of Somerſet. The palace of diſeaſe. War. Intemperance. Melancholy. Fever. Conſumption. Small pox. Complaint on the death of Lord Beauchamp.

DEATH was not man's inheritance, but life
Immortal, but a paradiſe of bliſs,
Unfading beauty, and eternal ſpring,
(The cloudleſs blaze of innocence's reign):
The gifts of God's right hand! till monſtrous ſin,
The motly child of Satan and of hell,
Invited dire diſeaſe into the world,
And her diſtorted brood of ugly ſhapes,
Echidna's brood! and fix'd their curs'd abode
On earth, inviſible to human ſight,
The portion and the ſcourge of mortal man.

Yet though to human ſight inviſible,
If ſhe, whom I implore, Urania deign,
With Euphraſy to purge away the miſts
Which, humid, dim the mirror of the mind;
(As Venus gave Æneas to behold
The angry gods with flame o'erwhelming Troy,
Neptune and Pallas), not in vain, I'll ſing
The myſtic terrors of this gloomy reign:
And, led by her, with dangerous courage preſs
Through dreary paths, and haunts, by mortal foot
Rare viſited; unleſs by thee, I ween,

Father of fancy, of deſcriptive verſe,
And ſhadowy beings, gentle Edmund, hight,
Spenſer! the ſweeteſt of the tuneful throng,
Or recent, or of *eld. Creative bard,
Thy ſprings unlock, expand thy fairy ſcenes,
Thy unexhauſted ſtores of fancy ſpread,
And with thy images enrich my ſong.
Come †Hertford! with the muſe, awhile, vouchſafe
(The ſofter virtues melting in thy breaſt,
The tender graces glowing in thy form)
Vouchſafe in all the beauty of diſtreſs,
To take a ſilent walk among the tombs:
There lend a charm to ſorrow, ſmooth her brow,
And ſparkle through her tears, in ſhining woe.
As when the ‡dove (thy emblem, matchleſs dame!
For beauty, innocence, and truth are thine),
Spread all its colours o'er the boundleſs deep
(Empereal radiance quivering round the gloom),
Chaos reform'd, and bade diſtraction ſmile!
Deep in a deſert vale, a palace frowns
Sublimely mournful: to the eye it ſeems
The manſion of deſpair, or ancient night.
The graces of the ſeaſon's never knew
To ſhed their bounty here, or ſmiling, bleſs,
With hoſpitable foot, its bleak domain,
Uncultivated. Nor the various robe
Of fluſhing ſpring, with purple gay, inveſts
Its blighted plains; nor ſummer's radiant hand
Profuſive, ſcatters o'er its baleful fields
The rich abundance of her glorious days;
And golden autumn here forgets to reign.
Here only hemlock, and whatever weeds
Medea gather'd, or Canidia brew'd,
Wet with Avernus' waves, or Pontus yields,
Or Colchos, or Theſſalia, taint the winds,
And choke the ground unhallow'd. But the ſoil
Refuſes to embrace the kindly ſeeds
Of healing vegetation, ſage, and rue,
Dittany, and amello, blooming ſtill
In Virgil's rural page. The bitter yew,
The church-yard's ſhade! and cypreſs' wither'd arms
In formidable ranks ſurround its courts
With umbrage dun; adminiſt'ring a roof
To birds of ominous portent; the bat,
The raven boding death, the ſcreaming owl
Of heavy wing, while ſerpents, ruſtling, hiſs,
And croaking toads the odious concert aid.
The peeviſh eaſt, the rheumy ſouth, the north
Pregnant with ſtorms, are all the winds that blow:
While, diſtant far, the pure Eteſian gales,
And weſtern breezes fan the ſpicy beds
Of Araby the bleſt, or ſhake their balm
O'er fair Britannia's plains, and wake her flow'rs.
Eternal damps, and deadly humours, drawn
In pois'nous exhalations from the deep,
Conglomerated into ſolid night,
And darkneſs, almoſt to be felt, forbid
The ſun, with cheerful beams, to purge the air,
But roll their ſuffocating horrors round
Inceſſant, baniſhing the blooming train
Of health, and joy, for ever, from the dome.
In ſad magnificence the palace rears
Its mouldering columns; from thy quarries, Nile,
Of fable marble, and Egyptian mines
Embowell'd. Nor Corinthian pillars, gay
With foliag'd capitals and figur'd frize,
Nor feminine Ionique, nor, though grave,
The fluted Doric, and the Tuſcan plain,
In juſt proportions rife: but Gothic, rude,
Irreconcil'd in ruinous deſign:
Save in the centre, in relievo high,
And ſwelling emblematically bold,
In gold the apple roſe *, "whoſe mortal taſte
"Brought death into the world, and all our "woe."
Malignantly delighted, dire diſeaſe
Surveys the glittering peſt, and grimly ſmiles
With helliſh glee. Beneath, totters her throne,
Of jarring elements; earth, water, fire;
Where hot and cold, and moiſt and dry, maintain
Unnatural war. Shapeleſs her frightful form,
(A chaos of diſtemper'd limbs in one)
Huge as Megæra, cruel as the grave,
Her eyes, two comets; and her breath, a ſtorm.
High in her wither'd arms, ſhe wields her rod,
With adders curl'd, and dropping gore; and points
To the dead walls, beſmear'd with curſed tales
Of plagues red-ſpotted, of blue peſtilence,
Walking in darkneſs; havoc at their heels;
Lean famine, gnawing in deſpight her arm:
Whatever Egypt, Athens, or Meſſine,
Conſtantinople, Troynovant, Marſeilles,
Or Cairo felt, or Spagnolet could paint.
A fickly taper, glimmering feeble rays
Acroſs the gloom, makes horror viſible,
And puniſhes, while it informs, the eye.
A thouſand and ten thouſand monſtrous ſhapes
Compoſe the group; the execrable crew
Which Michael, in viſion ſtrange, diſclos'd
To Adam, in the Lazar-houſe of woe;
A colony from hell. The knotted gout,
The bloated dropſy, and the racking ſtone,
Rolling her eyes in anguiſh; lepra foul,
Strangling angina; ephialtic ſtarts;
Unnerv'd paralyſis; with moiſt catarrhs;
Pleuritis bending o'er its ſide in pain;
Vertigo; murderous apoplexy, proud
With the late ſpoils of Clayton's honour'd life:
Clayton the good, the courteous, the humane;
Tenacious of his purpoſe, and his word
Firm as the fabled throne of Grecian Jove.
Be juſt, O memory! again recal
Thoſe looks illumin'd by his honeſt heart,
That open freedom, and that cheerful eaſe,
The bounteous emanations of his ſoul:
His Britiſh honour, Chriſtian charity,
And mild benevolence for human kind.

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*Old.

†*The preſent Ducheſs of Somerſet.*

‡*The Platoniſts ſuppoſe that Love, or the celeſtial Venus (of whom the dove is likewiſe an emblem) created the world out of Chaos.*

**Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, Book I.*

From every quarter, lamentations loud,
And ſighs reſound, and rueful peals of groans
Roll echoing round the vaulted dens, and ſcreams
Dolorous, wreſted from the heart of pain,
And brain-ſick agony. Around her throne
Six favourite furies, next herſelf accurſt,
Their diſmal manſions keep; in order each
As moſt deſtructive. In the foremoſt rank,
Of poliſh'd ſteel, with armour blood-diſtain'd,
Helmets, and ſpears, and ſhields, and coats of mail,
With iron ſtiff, or tin, or braſs, or gold,
Swells a triumphal arch; beneath grim war
Shakes her red arm: for war is a diſeaſe,
The felleſt of the fell! Why will mankind,
Why will they, when ſo many plagues involve
This habitable globe (the curſe of ſin),
Invent new deſolations to cut off
The Chriſtian race? At leaſt in Chriſtian climes
Let olives ſhade your mountains, and let peace
Stream her white banner o'er us, bleſt from war,
And laurels only deck your poets brows.
Or, if the fiery metal in your blood.
And thirſt of human life your boſom ſting,
Too ſavage! let the fury looſe of war,
And bid the battle rage againſt the breaſts
Of Aſian infidels: redeem the tow'rs
Where David ſung, the Son of David bled;
And warm new Taſſos with the epic flame.

Right oppoſite to war a gorgeous throne
With jewels flaming, and embоſs'd with gold,
And various ſculpture, ſtrikes the wond'ring eye
With jovial ſcenes (amid deſtruction gay),
Of inſtruments of mirth, the harp, the lute,
Of coſtly viands, of delicious wines,
And flow'ry wreaths to bind the careleſs brow
Of youth or age; as youth or age demand
The pleaſing ruin from th' enchantreſs, vile
Intemperance: than Circe ſubtler far;
Only ſubdu'd by wiſdom; fairer far
Than young Armida, whoſe bewitching charms
Rinaldo fetter'd in her roſy chains;
Till by Ubaldo held, his diamond ſhield
Blaz'd on his mind the virtues of his race,
And quick diſſolv'd her wanton miſts away.
See, from her throne flow-moving, ſhe extends
A poiſon'd goblet! fly the beauteous bane:
The adder's tooth, the tiger's hungry fang,
Are harmleſs to her ſmiles; her ſmiles are death.
Beneath the foamy luſtre of the bowl,
Which ſparkles men to madneſs, lurks a ſnake
Of mortal ſting: fly: if you taſte the wine,
Machaon ſwears that moly cannot cure.
Though innocent and fair her looks, ſhe holds
A lawleſs commerce with her ſiſter peſts,
And doubly whets their darts: away—and live.

Next, in a low-brow'd cave, a little hell,
A penſive hag, moping in darkneſs, ſits
Dolefully ſad: her eyes (ſo deadly dull!)
Stare from their ſtonied ſockets, widely wild;
For ever bent on ruſty knives and ropes;
On poignards, bowls of poiſon, daggers red
With clotted gore. A raven by her ſide
Eternal croaks; her only mate deſpair;
Who, ſcowling in a night of clouds, preſents
A thouſand burning hells, and damned ſouls,
And lakes of ſtormy fire, to mad the brain
Moon-ſtrucken. Melancholy is her name;
Britannia's bitter bane. Thou gracious pow'r,
(Whoſe judgments and whoſe mercies who can tell!)
With bars of ſteel, with hills of adamant,
Cruſh down the ſooty fiend; nor let her blaſt
The ſacred light of Heav'n's all-cheering face,
Nor fright from Albion's iſle the angel hope.

Fever the fourth: aduſt as Afric wilds,
Chain'd to a bed of burning braſs: her eyes
Like roving meteors blaze, nor ever cloſe
Their wakeful lids: ſhe turns, but turns in vain
Through nights of miſery. Attendant thirſt
Graſps hard an empty bowl, and ſhrivell'd ſtrives
To drench her parched throat. Not louder groans
From Phalaris's bull, as fame reports,
Tormented with diſtreſsful din the air,
And drew the tender tear from pity's eye.

Conſumption near; a joyleſs meagre wight,
Panting for breath, and ſhrinking into ſhade
Eludes the graſp: thin as th' embodied air,
Which, erſt, deceiv'd Ixion's void embrace,
Ambitious of a goddeſs! ſcarce her legs
Feeble ſhe drags, with wheezing labour on,
And motion ſlow: a willow wand directs
Her tottering ſteps, and marks her for the grave.

The laſt ſo turpid to the view, affrights
Her neighbour hags. Happy herſelf is blind,
Or madneſs would enſue; ſo bloated black,
So lothſome to each ſenſe, the ſight or ſmell,
Such foul corruption on this ſide the grave;
Variola yclep'd, ragged and rough,
Her couch perplex'd with thorns.—What heavy [ſcenes
Hang o'er my heart to feel the theme is mine!
But Providence commands; His will be done!
She ruſhes through my blood; ſhe burns along,
And riots on my life!—Have mercy, Heav'n!—
Variola, what art thou? whence proceeds
This virulence, which all but we eſcape?
Thou nauſeous enemy to human kind:
In man, and man alone, thy myſtic ſeeds,
Quiet, and in their ſecret windings hid,
Lie unprolific! till infection rouſe
Her pois'nous particles, of proper ſize,
Figure, and meaſure, to exert their pow'r
Of impregnation; atoms ſubtle, barb'd,
Infrangible, and active to deſtroy;
By geometric or mechanic rules
Yet undiſcover'd: quick the leaven runs,
Deſtructive of the ſolids, ſpirits, blood
Of mortal man, and agitates the whole
In general conflagration and miſrule.
As when the flinty ſeeds of fire embrace
Some fit materials, ſtubble, furze or ſtraw,
The crackling blaze aſcends: the rapid flood
Of ruddy flames, impetuous o'er its prey,
Rolls its broad courſe, and half the field devours.

As adders deaf to beauty, wit, and youth,
How many living lyres, by thee unſtrung,
E'er half their tunes are ended, ceaſe to charm
Th' admiring world? So ceas'd the matchleſs name,
By Cowley honour'd, by Roſcommon lov'd,
Orinda: blooming Killigrew's ſoft lay:
And manly Oldham's pointed vigour, curs'd

By the gor'd ſons of Loyola and Rome.
And he who Phædra ſung, in buſkin'd pomp,
Mad with inceſtous fires, ingenious Smith:
Oxonia's ſons! And, O, our recent grief!
Shall * Beauchamp die, forgotten by the muſe,
Or are the muſes with their Hertford dumb!
Where are ye? weeping o'er thy learned Rhine,
Bononia, fatal to our hopes! or elſe
By Kennet's chalky wave, with treſſes torn,
Or rude, and wildly floating to the winds,
Mute, on the hoary willows hang the lyre,
Neglected? or in rural Percy-lodge,
Where innocence and he walk'd hand in hand,
The Cypreſs crop, or weave the laurel-bough
To grace his honour'd grave! Ye lilies, riſe
Immaculate; ye roſes, ſweet as morn;
Leſs ſweet and leſs immaculate than he.
His op'ning flow'r of beauty ſoftly ſmil'd,
And ſparkling in the liquid dews of youth,
Adorn'd the bleſſed light! with bloſſoms fair,
Untainted; in the rank Italian ſoil
From blemiſh pure. The virgins ſtole a ſigh,
The matrons lifted up their wond'ring eyes,
And bleſs'd the Engliſh angel as he paſs'd,
Rejoicing in his rays! Why did we truſt
A plant ſo lovely to their envious ſkies,
Unmercifully bright with ſavage beams?
His were the arts of Italy before,
Courting, and courted by the claſſic muſe.
He travell'd not to learn, but to reform,
And with his fair example mend mankind.
Why need I name (for diſtant nations know,
Heſperia knows; O would Heſperia ſing!
As Maro erſt, and late Marino rais'd
The blooming Beauchamps of the former times,
Marcellus and Adonis to the ſtars,
On wings of ſoaring fire! ſo would ſhe ſing!)
His uncorrupted heart; his honour clear
As ſummer ſuns, effulging forth his ſoul
In every word and look: his reaſon's ray
By folly vanity, or vice unſtain'd,
Shining at once with purity and ſtrength,
With Engliſh honeſty, and Attic fire:

His tenderneſs of ſpirit, high-inform'd
With wide benevolence, and candid zeal
For learning, liberty, religion, truth;
The patriot-glories burning in his breaſt,
His king and country's undivided friend!
Each public virtue, and each private grace;
The Seymour dignity, the Percy flame;
All, all—Ere twenty autumns roll'd away
Their golden plenty. Further ſtill! behold
His animated bloom; his fluſh of health;
The blood exulting with the balmy tide
Of vernal life! ſo freſh for pleaſure form'd
By nature and the graces: yet his youth
So temperately warm, ſo chaſtely cool,
Ev'n Seraphims might look into his mind,
Might look, nor turn away their holy eyes!
Th' unutterable eſſence of good heav'n,
That breath of God, that energy divine
Which gives us to be wiſe, and juſt, and pure,
Full on his boſom pour'd the living ſtream,
Illum'd, inſpir'd, and ſanctify'd his ſoul!
And are theſe wonders vaniſh'd? are thoſe eyes,
Where ardent truth, and melting mildneſs, ſhone,
Clos'd in a foreign land? no more to bleſs
A father, mother, friend! no more to charm
A longing people? O, lamented youth!
Since fate and gloomy night thy beauties veil'd
With ſhade myſterious, and eclips'd thy beams,
How many Somerſets are loſt in thee?
Yet only loſt to earth!—For truſt the muſe,
(His virtues rather truſt) ſhe ſaw him riſe,
She ſaw him ſmile along the tiſſu'd clouds,
In colours rich embroider'd by the ſun,
Engirt with cherub wings, and kindred forms,
Children of light, the ſpotleſs youth of heav'n?
They hail their bleſt companion, gain'd ſo ſoon
A partner of their joys! and crown with ſtars,
Almoſt as fair the radiance of his brows,
Ev'n where the angel hoſt, with tongues of fire,
Chaunt to their glittering harps th' Almighty's praiſe,
And, in a burning circle, ſhout around
The jaſper-throne, he mingles flames with them;
He ſprings into the centre of the choir,
And drinking in the ſpirit moſt divine,
He ſings as ſweet, and glows as bright as they.

* *Lord Beauchamp, only ſon of the Earl of Hertford, died at Bologna, of the ſmall-pox, Sept.* 11. 1744, *aged* 19.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS ON BOOK II.

Ver. 14. Eyebright. This herb was unknown to the ancients; at leaſt, it is not mentioned by them. It is of extraordinary ſervice to the eye, curing moſt of its diſtempers.

—— Cum debilitat morbi vis improba viſum,
Aut vinum, aut cœcus, luminis oſor, amor, &c.
Tunc ego, non fruſtrà, vocar——
Couleis Lib. Plant. p. 39.

——— Purg'd with euphraſy and rue
The viſual nerve. *Milton.*

Ver. 16. See Virgil. Æn. Lib. ii. Which ſeems to be borrowed from Homer, Ilias. Lib. v. We have ſeveral of the like inſtances in the ſacred volumes. Gen. xxi. 19. "And God opened her eyes, and "ſhe ſaw a well of water." Numbers, xxii. 31. "Then the Lord opened the eyes of Balaam, and "he ſaw the angel of the Lord," &c.

Ver. 21. See Virgil.
Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor: Juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum,
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.
Georg. Lib. iii.
Which is imitated by Lucretius, lib. ii.
Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius ante
Trita pede, &c.

Ver. 24. The date of our Engliſh poetry may with great juſtice begin with Spenſer. It is true, Chaucer, Gower, and Ludgate, were maſters of uncommon beauties, conſidering the age they lived in; and have deſcribed the humours, paſſions, &c. with great diſcernment. Yet none of them ſeem to have been half ſo well acquainted with the very life and being of poetry, invention, painting, and deſign, as Spenſer. Chaucer was the beſt before him; but then he borrowed moſt of his poems, either from the ancients, or from Boccace, Petrarch, or the Provençal writers, &c. Thus his Troilus and Creſſida, the largeſt of his works, was taken from Lollius; and the Romaunt of the Roſe was tranſlated from the French of John de Meun, an Engliſhman, who flouriſhed in the reign of Richard II.; and ſo of the reſt. As for thoſe who followed him, ſuch as Heywood, Scogan, Skelton, &c. they ſeem to be wholly ignorant of either numbers, language, propriety, or even decency itſelf. I muſt be underſtood to except the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, Sir Philip Sidney, ſeveral pieces in the Mirror of Magiſtrates, and a few parts of Mr. G. Gaſcoign's and Turbervill's works.

Ver. 55. Medea, notorious for her incantations in Ovid, &c. as Canidia in Horace.

Ver. 56. Pontus, Colchos, and Theſſalia, well known for producing noxious and pois'nous herbs and plants.

Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena,
Ipſe dedit Mœris; naſcuntur plurima Ponto.
Virg. Ecl. 8.

Herbaſque quas et Colchos et Iberia mittit,
Venenorum ferax. *Hor. Epod.* 5.

Theſſala quinetiam tellus herbaſque nocentes.
Rupibus ingenuit. *Lucan. Lib.* v.

Ver. 61.
Eſt etiam flos in pratis cui nomen Amello
Fecere agricolæ. *Virg. Georg. Lib.* vi.

Beſides there grows a flow'r in marſhy ground,
Its name amellus, eaſy to be found:
A mighty ſpring works in its root, and cleaves
The ſprouting ſtalk, and ſhows itſelf in leaves.
The flow'r itſelf is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue, &c.
Addiſon's Works, Vol. I. *4to.*

Ver. 114. A famous painter, eminent for drawing the diſtreſſes and agonies of human nature.

Ver. 120. See Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, B. xi.

Ver. 129. Sir Willſam Clayton, Bart. died at Marden in Surrey, December 28. 1744.

Ver. 165. Though a cruſade may ſeem very romantic (and perhaps it is ſo), yet it has been applauded by the greateſt writers of different ages; by Æneas Sylvius, by Beſſarion, by Naugerius, &c. who have each writ orations upon that ſubject. And here I cannot help obſerving, that Caſimire and Jac. Baldè, the two moſt celebrated of the modern lyric poets, have writ ſeveral of their fineſt odes to animate the Chriſtian princes to ſuch a deſign; and that Taſſo has adorned the expedition of Godfrey of Bullogin with the moſt beautiful and perfect poem ſince the Æneis (for I prefer Milton to Virgil himſelf.)

Ver. 176. See Homer's Odyſſey, Lib. 10.

Ver. 178. See Taſſo's Il Godfredo, cant. iv. ſtan. 29, &c. cant. xiv. ſtan. 68. cant. xvi. ſtan. 29.

Ver. 190. Machaon celebrated in Homer; but here uſed, in general, for any phyſician. So Ovid:

Firma valent per ſe, nullumque Machanoa quærunt.

And Martial:

Quid tibi cum medicis? dimitte Machaonas omnes.

Ibid. Mercury is ſaid to have preſented moly to Ulyſſes, to preſerve him from the charms of Circe.
Homer's Odyſſ. Lib. x.

Thus while he ſpoke, the ſovereign plant he drew.
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,
And ſhow'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r;
Black was the root, but milky white the flow'r:
Moly the name. POPE.

Laudatiſſima herbarum eſt Homero, quam vocari a diis puta moly, et inventionem ejus Mercurio aſſignat, contraque ſumma veneficia demonſtrat, &c. *Plinius, Lib.* xxv. *Chap.* 4.

Ver 219. Amongſt ſeveral inſtruments of torment that Phalaris cauſed to be contrived, there was a bull of braſs, in which people being caſt, and a fire placed under it, they bellowed like oxen. Perillus the artiſt, demanding a great reward for his invention, was put in it himſelf to try the firſt experiment Upon which Pliny makes this good-natured reflection: "Perillum nemo laudat, fæviorem Phalaride tyranno, qui taurum fecit, mugitus hominis pollicitus, igne ſubdito, et primus eum expertus crucitatum juſtiore fævitia," &c.
Plinius, Lib. 34. *Chap.* 8.

Ver. 225. Ixion being invited to dine with Jupiter, fell in love with Juno, and endeavoured to debauch her, who acquainted her huſband. He, to try Ixion, formed a cloud into Juno's likeneſs, upon which he ſatisfied his luſt. *Hygini Fab. Diodor.* vi. &c.

Ver. 266. Mrs. K. Philips, ſtyled the matchleſs Orinda. See her poems in folio Cowley has two odes upon her, in the 2d vol. of his works, 8vo.

Ibid. See her poems in 4to. Mr. Dryden celebrates her death in an excellent ode. See his works, vol. iii. folio, p. 186. See likewiſe Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. ii.

Ver. 268. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jeſuits; againſt whom Mr. Oldham writ thoſe ſatires, which are the beſt of his works.

Ver. 275. Bolognia, a city in Italy, the firſt ſchool of the Lombard painters, and a famous univerſity.

—— Parvique Bononia Rheni.
Silius Ital. Lib. viii.

Ver. 291 At Bolognia he went by the name of "L'Angelo Ingleſe." The fame compliment

seems to have been paid by that people to our great Milton in his travels, as we learn by this epigram of a learned Italian nobleman, in the 2d volume of Milton's poetical works:

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum herc'le Angelus, Ipse, fores.

Ver. 336.

Heu miserande Puer, siqua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris——
Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.
Virg. Æn. Lib. vi.

THE PROGRESS OF SICKNESS.

When I waited for light there came darkness.
My skin is black upon me; and my bones are burnt with heat.
My harp also is turned to mourning. JOB.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

REFLECTIONS. The progress of the disease. Blindness. Delirious Dreams. Remedies for the mind. 1. Patience. 2. Hope. 3. Prayer. Human aid and relief in sickness. 1. Physic; Eulogium on that Science. 2. Friends; Digression on Friendship.

THE fair, the bright, the great, alas! are fall'n,
Nipt in the bloom of beauty, wit, and youth,
Death's undistinguish'd prey. Shall I complain
(When such th' establish'd ordinance of Heav'n)
If sickness at my bosom lay the siege?
A worm to them! and to their light a shade,
Ungilded with one beam, which melted down
The tear fast trickling o'er their honour'd tombs:
We all must die! Our every pulse that beats,
Beats toward eternity, and tolls our doom.
Fate reigns in all the portions of the year.
The fruits of autumn feed us for disease;
The winter's raw inclemencies bestow
Disease on death; while spring, to strew our herse,
Kindly unbosoms, weeping in their dews,
Her flow'ry race! and summer (kinder still)
With the green turf and brambles binds our graves.
But am I wake? or in Ovidian realms,
And Circè holds the glass? What odious change,
What metamorphose strikes the dubious eye?
Ah! whither is retir'd the scarlet wave,
Mantling with health, which floated through the cheek, [where
From the strong summer-beam imbib'd? And
The vernal lily's softly-blended bloom?
The forehead roughens to the wond'ring hand.
Wide o'er the human-field, the body, spreads
Contagious war, and lays its beauties waste.
As once thy breathing harvest, Cadmus, sprung,
Sudden, a serpent-brood! an armed crop
Of growing chiefs, and fought themselves to death.
One black-incrusted bark of gory boils,
One undistinguish'd blister, from the soal
Of the foot sore, to the head's sorer crown.
Job's punishment! With patience like his own,
O may I exercise my wounded soul,
And cast myself upon his healing hand,
Who bruiseth at his will, and maketh whole!

Ah, too, the lustre of the eyes is fled!
Heavy and dull, their orbs neglect to roll,
In motionless distortion stiff and fix'd;
Till by the trembling hand of watchful age
(A weeping matron, timorous to affright,
And piously fallacious in her care,
Pretending light offensive, and the sun)
Clos'd; and, perhaps, for ever! ne'er again
To open on the sphere, to drink the day,
Or (worse!) behold Ianthe's face divine,
And wonder o'er her charms.—But yet forbear,
O dare not murmur! 'tis heav'n's high behest
Though darkness through the chambers of the grave
This dust pursue, and death's sad shade involve,
E'er long, the Filial-light himself shall shine;
(The stars are dust to him, the sun a shade)
These very eyes, these tunicles of flesh,
Even though by worms destroy'd, shall see my God,
And, seeing, ne'er remember darkness more,
Environ'd with eternity of day.
Though, at their visual entrance, quite shut out
External forms, forbidden, mount the winds,
Retire to chaos, or with night commix;
Yet, fancy's mimic work, ten thousand shapes,
Antic and wild, rush sweeping o'er my dreams,
Irregular and new; as pain or ease
The spirits teach to flow, and in the brain
Direction diverse hold: Gentle and bright
As hermits, sleeping in their mossy cells,
Lull'd by the fall of waters! by the rills
From Heliconian cliffs devolv'd; or where
Thy ancient river Kishon, sacred stream!
Soft murmurs on their slumbers: peace within,
And conscience, ev'n to ecstasy sublim'd
And beatific vision. Sudden, black,
And horrible as murderers; or hags,
Their lease of years spun out, and bloody bond

Full-flashing on their eyes: the gulf, beneath,
Mad'ning with gloomy fires; and heav'n, behind,
With all her golden valves for ever clos'd.
Now in Elysium lapp'd, and lovely scenes,
Where honeysuckles rove, and eglantines,
Narcissus, jes'min, pinks, profusely wild,
In every scented gale Arabia breathe:
As blissful Eden fair; the morning-work
Of Heav'n, and Milton's theme! where innocence
Smil'd, and improv'd the prospect.—Now, anon,
By Isis' favourite flood supinely laid,
In tuneful indolence, behold the bards
(Harps in each hand, and laurel on each brow)
A band of demigods, august to sight,
In venerable order sweetly rise,
(The muses sparkling round them) who have trod
In measur'd pace its banks, forever green,
Enamell'd from their feet! harmonious notes,
Warbled to Doric reeds, to Lesbian lyres,
Or Phrygian minstrelsy, steal on the ear
Enamour'd with variety: and loud
The trumpets shrilling clangours fill the sky
With silver melody—Now, happier still!
Round thy Italic cloisters, musing slow,
Or in sweet converse with thy letter'd sons,
Philosophers, and poets, and divines,
Enjoy the sacred walk, delighted, * Queen's!
Where Addison and Tickell lay inspir'd,
Inebriated from the classic springs,
And tun'd to various-sounding harps the song,
Sublime, or tender, humourous, or grave,
Quaffing the muses' nectar to their fill.
Where Smith in hoary reverence presides,
(Crown'd with the snow of virtue for the skies)
With graceful gravity, and gentle sway;
With perfect peace encircled and esteem.
Whose mild and bright benevolence of soul,
By reason cool, and by religion warm,
And generous passion for the college-weal,
More than a muse inspire.—Momental bliss!
For sudden rapt, the midnight howl of wolves,
The dragon's yell, the lion's roar, astound
My trembling ear. Ha! down a burning mount
I plunge deep, deep: sure Vulcan's shop is here—
Hark, how the anvils thunder round the dens
Flammivomous! What? are those chains to bind
This skeleton! the cyclops must be mad:
Those bolts of steel, those adamantine links
Demand Typhœus' strength to burst.—Away—
Venus and Mars—beware.—In giddy whirls
I ride the blast, and tow'ring through the storm
Enjoy the palace of the morn. The sun
Resigns the reins of Phlegon to my hands:
His mane waves fire: he scorches me to dust:
Avaunt, thou fiend! I'll hurl thee down the deep
Of heav'n, with bolted thunder, and enwrapt
With forky light'ning.—Now staggering I reel,
By murderers pursu'd: my faithless feet
Scarce shift their pace: or down rushing amain,
I cease to recollect my steps, and roll
Passive on earth.—Sure, 'twas Astolpho's horn
Pour'd on my ear th' annoying blast: at which,
Rogero trembled, Bradamant grew pale,
And into air dissolv'd th' enchanted dome.
Now starting from this wilderness of dreams,
I wake from fancy'd into real woe,
Pain empties all her vials on my head,
And steeps me o'er and o'er. Th' envenom'd shirt
Of Hercules enwraps my burning limbs
With dragon's blood: I rave and roar like him,
Writhing in agony. Devouring fires
Eat up the marrow, frying in my bones.
O whither, whither shall I turn for aid?—
Methinks a seraph whispers in my ears,
Pouring ambrosia on them, "Turn to God;
So peace shall be thy pillow, ease thy bed,
And night of sorrow brighten into noon.
Let the young cherub patience, bright-ey'd hope,
And rosy-finger'd pray'r, combining hold
A sure dominion in thy purpos'd mind,
Unconquer'd by affliction."—I receive
The mandate as from Heav'n itself.—Expand
Thyself, my soul, and let them enter in.
Come, smiling angel, patience, from thy seat;
Whether the widow's cot, or hermit's cell,
By fasting strong, and potent from distress;
Or midnight-student's taper-glimmering roof,
Unwearied with revolving tedious tomes,
O come, thou Panacæa of the mind!
The manna of the soul! to every taste
Grateful alike: the universal balm
To sickness, pain, and misery below.
She comes! she comes! she dissipates the gloom;
My eyes she opens, and new scenes unfolds
(Like Moses' bush, though burning, not consum'd)
Scenes full of splendour, miracle, and God.
Behold, my soul, the martyr-army, who
With holy blood the violence of fire
Quench'd, and with ling'ring constancy fatigu'd
The persecuting flame: or nobly stop'd
The lion's mouth, and triumph'd in his jaws.
Hark, how the virgin white-rob'd tender train
Chaunt hallelujah to the rack; as dear
And pleasing to the ear of God, as hymns
Of angels on the resurrection-morn,
When all the host of heaven hosanna sing!
Yet further; lift thy eyes upon the cross,
A bleeding Saviour view, a dying God!
Earth trembles, rend the rocks, creation groans:
The sun, asham'd, extinguishes the day:
All nature suffers with her suffering Lord.
Amidst this war of elements, serene,
And as the sun-shine brow of patience, calm,
He dies without a groan, and smiles in death.
Shall martyrs, virgins, nay, thy Saviour bleed
To teach thee patience? and yet bleed in vain?
Forbid it, reason; and forbid it, Heav'n.
No; suffer: and, in suffering, rejoice.
Patience endureth all, and hopeth all.
Hope is her daughter then. Let hope distil
Her cordial-spirit, as Hybla-honey sweet,
And healing as the drops of Gilead-balm.
Cease to repine, as those who have no hope;
Nor let despair approach thy darkest hour.
Despair! that triple death! th' imperial plague!
Th' exterminating angel of th' accurst,
And sole disease of which the damn'd are sick,

* *Queen's College in Oxford.*

Kindling a fever hotter than their hell—
O pluck me from despair, white-handed hope!
O interpose thy spear and silver shield
Betwixt my bosom and the fiend! detrude
This impious monster to primeval hell;
To its own dark domain but light my soul,
Imp'd with thy glittering wings, to scenes of joy,
To health and life; for health and life are thine:
And fire imagination with the skies.
But whence this confidence of hope? in thee,
And in thy blood, my Jesus! (bow, O earth!
Heav'n bends beneath the name, and all its sons,
The hierarchy! drop low the prostrate knee,
And sink, in humble wise, upon the stars.)
Yes, on thy blood and name my hope depends.—
My hope? nay, worlds on worlds depend on thee;
Live in thy death, from thy sepulchre rise.
Thy influential vigour reinspires
This feeble frame; dispels the shade of death;
And bids me throw myself on God in prayer.
A Christian soul is God's beloved house;
And pray'r the incense which perfumes the soul:
Let armies then of supplications rise,
Besiege the golden gates of heav'n, and force,
With holy violence, a blessing down
In living streams. If Hezekiah's pray'r
The sun arrested in his prone career,
And bade the shadow ten degrees return
On Ahaz' dial, whirling back the day:
Pour out thyself my soul! with fervent zeal,
With overflowing ardour, and with faith
Unwav'ring. To assist me, and to swell
My fainting spirits to sublime desires,
Wou'd † Taylor from his starry throne descend,
How fear wou'd brighten! by his sacred aid,
To live were happiness, and gain to die.—
No: let him still adorn his starry throne,
Well-merited by labours so divine:
For, lo! the Man of God, and friend of man,
Theron, the purest breast, and warmest heart,
Flies on the wings of charity and love
To join me in the saving task, and raise
My weaker pow'rs with his abundant zeal;
Pure, sweet, and glowing as the incens'd fires,
Of Solomon, thy golden-altar, fann'd
By wings of cherubims into a flame;
Till on the skies the aromatic gale
In pyramids of fragrance softly stole,
A grateful offering to the throne of grace.
Still, though I feel these succours from the skies,
In operation mighty: still remain
Inferior aids behind: terrestrial stores
Medicinal: the instruments of God.
For God created the physician! God
Himself on earth, our great Physician! spread
O'er sick and weak, shadowing, his healing wings:
Each miracle a cure!—before disease,
Offspring of sin, infested human-kind,
In Paradise, the vegetable seeds
Sprung from their Maker's hand, invigorate strong
With med'cine. He foresaw our future ills;
Foreseeing, he provided ample cure;
Fossils, and simples: Solomon, thy theme,
Nature's historian; wisest of the wise!
Though Paradise be lost, the tree of life
In med'cine blooms; then pluck its healing fruits;
And with thanksgiving eat; and, eating, live.
Ev'n pagan wisdom bade her sons adore,
As one, the God of physic and the day,
Fountain of vegetation and of life,
Apollo, ever blooming, ever young,
And from his art immortal! thus, of yore,
The prime of human race from heav'n deduc'd
The bright original of physic's pow'r:
And, nor unjustly, deem'd that he who sav'd
Millions from death, himself shou'd never die.
An instrument of various pipes and tubes,
Veins, arteries, and sinews, organiz'd,
Man, when in healthy tune, harmonious wakes
The breath of melody, in vocal praise,
Delighting earth and heav'n! discordant, oft,
As accident, or time, or fate prevail,
This human-organ scarce the bellows heaves
Of vital-respiration; or in pain,
With pauses sad: what art divine shall tune
To order and refit this shatter'd frame?
What fingers touch into a voice again?
Or music reinspire? who, but the race
Of Pæan? who but physic's saving sons?
A Ratcliff, Frewin, Metcalf, or a friend?—
But something yet, beyond the kindly skill
Of Pæan's sons, disease, like mine, demands
Nepenthe to the soul, as well as life.
O for a mother's watchful tenderness,
And father's venerable care!—but * they,
In life immortal, gather endless joys,
Reward of charity, of innocence,
Of pleasing manners, and a life unblam'd!
The tears of poverty and friendship oft
Their modest tombs bedew, where Eden's flood,
(Ituna 'clep'd by bards of old renown,
Purpled with Saxon and with British blood)
Laves the sweet vale, that first my prattling muse
Provok'd to numbers, broken as the ruins
Of Roman towers which deck its lofty banks,
And shine more beauteous by decay.—But hark!
What music glads my ear? 'tis Theron's voice,
Theron a father, mother; both, a friend!—
Pain flies before his animating touch:
The gentle pressure of his cordial hand,
A burning mountain from my bosom heaves!
What wonders, sacred friendship, flow from thee!
One period from a friend enlivens more,
Than all Hippocrates and Galen's tombs,
Than all the med'cines they unfold. I feel
Myself renew'd! not only health, but youth,
Roll the brisk tide, and sparkles at my heart.
As the live-atoms of Campanian wines
Dance in the virgin crystal, and o'erlook
With glorifying foam, the nectar'd brim;
Smiling, and lending smiles to social wit,
The jocund hearth, and hospitable board.
Friendship is a religion, from the first,
The second-best: it points, like that, to heav'n,
And almost antedates on earth its bliss.

† *Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

* *See Tome 1st, page 132, &c.*

But vice and folly never friendſhip knew;
Whilſt wiſdom grows by friendſhip ſtill more wiſe.
Her feſters are a ſtrong defence; her chains
A robe of glory; Ophir gold her bands;
And he who wears them, wears a crown of joy.
Friendſhip's the ſteel, which ſtruck, emits the ſparks
Of candour, peace, benevolence, and zeal;
Spreading their glowing ſeeds.—A holy fire
Where honour beams on honour, truth on truth;
Bright as the eyes of angels and as pure.
An altar whence two gentle-loving hearts
Mount to the ſkies in one conſpiring blaze
And ſpotleſs union. 'Tis the nectar-ſtream
Which feeds and elevates ſeraphic love—
Health is diſeaſe, life death, without a friend.

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS TO BOOK III.

Ver. 28. Cadmus is reported by the poets to have ſlain a monſtrous ſerpent in Bœotia, at the command of Minerva; and ſowed its teeth in a field, which produced an hoſt of armed ſoldiers; who, fighting, ſlew one other. See Ovid. Met. l. iii. Suidas, Pauſanias, &c. It is ſaid, that he ſowed ſerpents teeth, and that ſoldiers in armour ſprung up from them; becauſe, as Bochart obſerves, in the Phœnician language, to expreſs men armed with brazen darts and ſpears of braſs, they made uſe of words, which might be tranſlated, "armed with the teeth of a ſerpent."

Ver 61. The following lines upon delirious dreams may appear very extravagant to a reader, who never experienced the diſorders which ſickneſs cauſes in the brain; but the author thinks that he has rather ſoftened than exaggerated the real deſcription, as he found them operate on his own imagination at that time.

Ver 68 Sir G. Wheeler, in his voyages, has given a very beautiful deſcription of an hermitage on the borders of Mount Helicon, belonging to the convent of Saint Luke the hermit, not the Evangeliſt, called Stiriotes, from his dwelling in thoſe deſerts. See Wheeler's Journey into Greece, Fol. B. iv. P. 325.

Ver. 93. Thoſe different inſtruments are deſigned to expreſs the ſeveral parts of poetry, to which they were adapted, viz. paſtoral, ode, heroic, &c.

Ver. 119. See Hom. Ilias, B. xviii. Virg. Æn. B. viii.

Ver. 135.

A horn, in which if he do once but blow,
The noiſe thereof ſhall trouble men ſo ſore,
That all both ſtout and faint ſhall fly therefro,
So ſtrange a noiſe was never heard before.

Arioſto's Orlando Furioſo, tranſlated by Sir John Harrington, B. xv. *Stan* 10.

With this horn Aſtolpho affrighted the Amazons. See B. xx Stan. 60, &c. and even Rogero, Bradamant, &c. in diſſolving the enchanted palace, B. xxii. Stan. 18, &c. Drives away the harpies from Senapo, B. xxxiii. Stan. 114, &c.

Ver. 301.

———Eden, though but ſmall,
Yet often ſtain'd with blood of many a band
Of Scots and Engliſh both, that tined on his ſtrand.

Spenſer's Faery Queen, B. iv. *Can.* 11.

Ver. 327. It was an obſervation of Socrates, that wicked men cannot be friends either amongſt themſelves or with good men

Xenoph. Memorab. l. ii.

THE RECOVERY.

Thou haſt delivered my ſoul from death, and my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living. *Pſalms.*

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Reflections. Sickneſs at the worſt. Hopes of recovery caſt on Heaven alone. Proſpect of futurity at this juncture. Guardian Angel's hymn to Mercy. Deſcription of her. She ſends Hygeia to the well of life; both deſcribed. Her deſcent. The effects. Abatement of the diſtemper. Apoſtrophe to ſleep. Recovery of ſight; and pleaſure flowing from thence. Health by degrees reſtored. Compariſon between ſickneſs and health in regard to the body and mind.

Swift foo, thy tale is told: a ſound, a name,
No more than Lucian, Butler, or Scarron.
Fantaſtic humour drop'd the feeling ſenſe,
Her empire leſs'ning by his fall. The ſhades

Of frolic Rabelais, and HIM of Spain,
Madrid's facetious glory, join his ghoſt;
Triumvirate of laughter!—Mirth is mad;
The loudeſt languiſhing into a ſigh:
And laughter ſhakes itſelf into decay.
"Lord! what is man?" the prophet well might aſk;
We all may aſk, "Lord! what is mortal man?"
So changeable his being, with himſelf
Diſſimilar; the rainbow of an hour!
A change of colours, tranſient through his life,
Brightens or languiſhes;—then fades to air.
Ev'n e'er an artful ſpider ſpins a line
Of metaphyſic texture, man's thin thread
Of life is broken: how analogous
Their parallel of lines! ſlight, ſubtle, vain.
Man, in a little hour's contracted round
Perplexes reaſon: now to triumph ſwell'd,
To joyous exultations, to a blaze
Of ecſtaſy; and now depreſs'd again,
And drooping into ſcenes of death and woe.
That ſudden flow of ſpirits, bright and ſtrong,
Which play'd in ſprightly ſallies round my heart;
Was it a gleam, forewarning me from heav'n,
Of quick-approaching fate? As tapers mount
Expiring into wide-diffuſive flame,
Give one broad glare, into the ſocket ſink,
And ſinking diſappear.—It muſt be ſo!—
The ſoul, prophetic of its voy'ge, deſcry'd
The bliſsful ſhore, exulting on the wing,
In a glad flutter: then, o'erwhelm'd with joy,
She warn'd her old companion of her flight,
(The feeble tenement of mould'ring clay)
Who ſadden'd at their parting—Yes,—I feel
Thy leaden hand, O death! it preſſes hard,
It weighs the faculties of motion down,
Inactive as the foot of a dull rock,
And drags me to thy duſty chains: the wheels
Of life are faſt'ned to the grave, nor whirl,
Longer, the fiery chariot on. The war,
The ſtruggle for eternity begins.
Eternity! illimitable, vaſt,
Incomprehenſible! For heav'n and hell,
Within her univerſal womb, profound,
Are center'd.—Sleep or death are on my heart:
Swims heavily my brain:—My ſenſes reel.
What ſcenes diſcloſe themſelves! What fields of joy!
What rivers of delight! What golden bow'rs!
Sweetly oppreſs'd with beatific views,
I hear angelic inſtruments, I ſee
Primeval ardours, and eſſential forms;
The ſons of light, but of created light,
All energy, the diligence of God!
Might I but join them! Lend your glitt'ring wings,
Waft me, O quickly waft me to yon crown,
Bright with the flaming roſes of the zone
Sidereal: Gracious, they beck'ning, ſmile,
They ſmile me to the ſkies! Hope leads the way:
Mounting I ſpring to ſeize!—What fury ſhakes
Her fiery ſword, and intercepts the ſtars?
Ha! Amartia? Conſcience, conſcience ſends
Her grieſly form, to blaſt me at my end.
Behold! ſhe points to burning rocks, to waves
Sulphureous, molten lead, and boiling gulfs,
Tempeſtuous with everlaſting fire.—
'Tis horrible!—O ſave me from myſelf!—
O ſave me, Jeſu!—Ha! a burſt of light
Blends with the empyréum's azure tide,
While faith, triumphant, ſwells the trump of God,
And ſhouting, "Where's thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy ſting?" I ſee her ſpread
Her ſaving banner o'er my ſoul (the croſs!)
And call it to its peers. Thick crowds of day,
Immaculate, involve me in their ſtreams,
And bathe my ſpirit, whiten'd for the ſky.
While on this iſthmus of my fate I lie,
Jutting into eternity's wide ſea,
And leaning on this habitable globe,
The verge of either world! dubious of life,
Dubious, alike, of death; to mercy thus,
Inſpirited with ſupplicating zeal,
My guardian angel rais'd his potent pray'r.
(For angels miniſter to man, intent
On offices of gentleneſs and love.)
"Hear, Mercy! ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies;
Thou lovelieſt image of thy Father's face,
Thou bleſſed ſount, whence grace and goodneſs flow,
Auſpicious, hear! extend thy helping arm,
With pitying readineſs, with willing aid,
O lift thy ſervant from the vale of death,
Now grovelling in the duſt, into the fields
Of comfort, and the paſtures green of health.
Hear, Mercy, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies!
If e'er thy ſervant to the poor his ſoul
Drew out, and taught the fatherleſs to ſing;
If e'er by pity warm'd, and not by pride,
He cloth'd the naked, and the hungry fed;
If e'er diſtreſs, and miſery, forelorn,
Deceiv'd his cheek, and ſtole his untaught tear,
An humble drop of thy celeſtial dew!
Hear, Mercy, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies.
Sprung from the boſom of eternal bliſs,
Thy goodneſs reaches farther than the grave;
And near the gates of hell extends thy ſway,
Omnipotent! All, ſave the curſed crew
Infernal, and the black rebellious hoſt
Of Lucifer, within thy ſweet domain
Feed on ambroſia, and may hope the ſtars.
Hear, Mercy, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies.
By thee, the great Phyſician from the bed
Of darkneſs call'd the ſick, the blind, the lame;
He burſt the grave's relentleſs bars by thee,
And ſpoke the dead to life and bloom again.
His miracles, thy work; their glory, thine:
Then, O thou deareſt attribute of God!
Thy ſaving health to this thy ſervant lend!
Hear, Mercy, ſweeteſt daughter of the ſkies!"
Inclin'd upon a dewy-ſkirted cloud
Purpled with light, and dropping fatneſs down,
Plenty and bliſs on man, with looks as mild
As ev'ning ſuns (when flowry-footed May
Leads on the jocund hours, when love himſelf
Flutters in green) effuſing heart-felt joy
Abundant, Mercy ſhone with ſober grace,
And majeſty at once with ſweetneſs mix'd
Ineffable. A rainbow o'er her head,
The covenant of God, betok'ning peace

'Twixt Heaven and earth, its florid arch display'd,
High bended by th' Almighty's glorious hand;
The languish of the dove upon her eyes
In placid radiance melted, from the throne
Of grace infus'd, and fed with light: her smiles
Expansive cheer'd the undetermin'd tracks
Of all creation, from th' ethereal cope,
August with moving fires, down to the shades
Infernal, and the reign of darkness drear.
Ev'n men refine to angels from her gaze,
Gracious, invigorating, full of heav'n!

This daughter of the Lamb, to fervent pray'rs
And intercession, opes her ready ear,
Compassionate; and to Hygeia thus:
"Hygeia, hie thee to the well of life;
There dip thy fingers; touch his head and breast;
Three drops into his mouth infuse, unseen,
Save by the eye of faith: he yonder lies—
Descend, and take the ev'ning's western wing."

She said, Hygeia bow'd; and bowing, fill'd
The circumambient air with od'rous streams,
Pure essence of ambrosia! Not the breath
Of Lebanon, from cedar alleys blown,
Of Lebanon, with aromatic gales
Luxuriant, spikenard, aloes, myrrh and balm;
Nor the wise eastern monarch's garden vy'd
In fragrance, when his fair Circassian spouse,
Enamour'd, call'd upon the south to fan
Its beds of spices, and her bosom cool.
Panting with languishment and love-sick fires.

Forth from th' eternal throne the well of life,
Pouring its crystal, laves the streets of God,
(Where sickness never comes, nor age, nor pain)
Fast-trickling o'er the pebble-gems. Beneath
Unfading Amarant and Asphodel,
A mirror spreads its many-colour'd round,
Mosaic work, inlaid by hands divine
In glist'ring rows, illuminating each,
Each shading: beryl, topaz chalcedon,
Emerald and amethyst. Whatever hues
The light reflects, celestial quarries yield,
Or melt into the vernant-showry bow,
Profusive vary here in mingling beams.
Collected thus the waters, dimpling, end
Their soft-progressive lapse. The cherubs hence
Immortal vigour quaff and bliss unblam'd.
Nor only flow for you, ye sons of light,
The streams of comfort and of life, but flow
To heal the nations. Wonderful to tell,
The aged they renew, the dead revive,
And more, the festers of the wounded soul,
Corrupted, black, to pristine white relume
And saint-like innocence. The mystic dove
Broods, purifying o'er them, with his wings.
The angel, who Bethesda's troubled pool
Stirr'd, first his pinions with these vital drops
Sprinkled; then pour'd himself into the flood,
Instilling health and nutriment divine,
Its waves to quicken, and exalt its pow'rs.

Here lights Hygeia, ardent to fulfil
Mercy's behest. The bloom of Paradise
Liv'd on her youthful cheek, and glow'd the spring.
The deep carnations in the eastern skies,
When ruddy morning walks along the hills,
Illustriously red, in purple dews,
Are languid to her blushes; for she blush'd
As through the op'ning file of winged flames,
Bounding, she light'ned, and her sapphire eyes
With modest lustre bright, improving heav'n,
Cast sweetly round, and bow'd to her compeers,
An angel amid angels. Light she sprung
Along th' empyreal road: Her locks distill'd
Salubrious spirit on the stars. Full soon
She pass'd the gate of pearl, and down the sky,
Precipitant, upon the ev'ning wing
Cleaves the live ether, and with healthy balm
Impregnates, and fecundity of sweets.

Conscious of her approach, the wanton birds,
Instinctive, carol forth, in livelier lays,
And merrier melody, their grateful hymn,
Brisk-flutt'ring to the breeze. Eftsoons the hills,
Beneath the gambols of the lamb and kid,
Of petulant delight, the circling maze
(Brush'd off its dews) betray. All nature smiles,
With double day delighted. Chief on man
The goddess ray'd herself: He, wond'ring, feels
His heart in driving tumults, vig'rous, leap,
And gushing ecstasy: bursts out his tongue
In laud, and unpremeditated song,
Obedient to the music in his veins.
Thus, when at first, the instantaneous light
Sprung from the voice of God, and, vivid, threw
Its golden mantle round the rising ball,
The cumb'rous mass, shot through with vital warmth
And plastic energy, to motion roll'd
The drowsy elements, and active rule:
Sudden the morning stars, together, sang,
And shouted all the sons of God for joy.

Enters Hygeia, and her task performs,
With healing fingers touch'd my breast and head;
Three drops into my mouth infus'd, unseen,
Save by the eye of faith: Then reascends.

As snow in Salmon, at the tepid touch
Of southern gales, by soft degrees, dissolves
Trickling, yet flow, away; and loosen'd frosts
The genial impress feel of vernal suns,
Relenting to the ray; my torpid limbs
The healing virtue of Hygeia's hand
And salutary influence perceive,
Instant to wander through the whole. My heart
Begins to melt, o'er-running into joy,
Late froze with agony. Kind tumults seize
My spirits, conscious of returning health,
And dire disease abating from the cells
And mazy haunts of life. The judging leech
Approves the symptoms, and my hope allows.

The hostile humours cease to bubble o'er
Their big-distended channels; quiet now
And sinking into peace. The organs heave
Kindlier with life: And nature's fabric near
To dissolution shatter'd, and its mould
To dust dissolv'd, though not its pristine strength
(The lusty vigour of its healthy prime)
Yet gentle force recovers; to maintain
Against the tyrant-death's batt'ring assaults,
The fort of life.—But darkness, present still,
And absent sweet repose, best med'cine, sleep,
Forbid my heart the full carouse of joy.

"Soft pow'r of slumbers, dewy-feather'd sleep,

Kind nurſe of nature! whither art thou fled,
A ſtranger to my ſenſes, weary'd out
With pain, and aching for thy preſence? Come,
O come! embrace me in thy liquid arms;
Exert thy drowſy virtue, wrap my limbs
In downy indolence, and bathe in balm,
Faſt-flowing from th' abundance of thy horn,
With nouriſhment replete, and richer ſtor'd
Than Amalthea's; who (ſo poets feign)
With honey and with milk ſupply'd a god,
And fed the thunderer. Indulgent quit
Thy couch of poppies! ſteal thyſelf on me,
(In rory miſts ſuffus'd and clouds of gold)
On me, thou mildeſt cordial of the world?
The ſhield his pillow, in the tented field,
By thee, the ſoldier, bred in iron war,
Forgets the mimic thunders of the day,
Nor envies luxury her bed of down.
Rock'd by the blaſt, and cabbin'd in the ſtorm,
The ſailor hugs thee to the doddering maſt,
Of ſhipwreck negligent, while thou art kind.
The captive's freedom, thou! the labourer's hire;
The beggar's ſtore; the miſer's better gold;
The health of ſickneſs; and the youth of age!
At thy approach the wrinkled front of care
Subſides into the ſmooth expanſe of ſmiles.
And, ſtranger far! the monarch, crown'd by thee,
Beneath his weight of glory gains repoſe.
What guilt is mine, that I alone am wake,
Ev'n though my eyes are ſeal'd, am wake alone?
Ah ſeal'd, but not by thee! The world is dumb;
Exhal'd by air, an awful ſilence rules,
Still as thy brother's reign, or ſdot of time;
Ev'n nightingales are mute, and lovers reſt,
Steep'd in thy influence, and ceaſe to ſigh,
Or only ſigh in ſlumbers. Fifteen nights
The moon has walk'd in glory o'er the ſky;
As oft the ſun has ſhone her from the ſphere,
Since, gentle ſleep, I felt thy cordial dews.
Then liſten to my moaning; nor delay
To ſooth me with thy ſoftneſs: to o'erſhade
Thy ſuppliant with thy pinions: or at leaſt,
Lightly to touch my temples with thy wand.
So, full and frequent, may the crimſon fields
With poppies bluſh, nor feel a Tarquin's hand.
So may the weſt wind's ſigh, th' murm'ring brook,
The melody of birds, Ianthe's lute,
And muſic of the ſpheres, be all the ſounds
That dare intrude on thy devoted hour.
Nor Boreas bluſter, nor the thunder roar,
Nor ſcreech-owl flap his wing, nor ſpirit yell,
As 'neath the trembling of the moon he walks,
Within the circle of thy ſtill domain.
He comes! he comes! the reconciling pow'r
Of pain, vexation, care, and anguiſh comes!
He hovers in the lazy air:—He melts,
With honey heavineſs, my ſenſes down.
—I thank thee ſleep!—Heav'ns! is the day reſtor'd
To my deſiring eyes? their lids, unglew'd,
Admit the long-loſt light, now ſtreaming in
Painfully clear!—O check the rapid gleam
With ſhading ſilk, 'till the weak viſual orb,
Stronger and ſtronger, dares imbibe the ſun,
Nor, wat'ring, twinkles at unfolded day.

As, where, in Lapland, night collects her reign,
Oppreſſive, over half the rounded year
Uninterrupted with one ſtruggling beam;
Young Orra-Moor, in furry ſpoils enroll'd,
Shagged and warm, firſt ſpies th' imperfect bluſh
Of op'ning light, exulting; ſcarce her eyes
The luſtre bear, though faint; but, wid'ning faſt
Th' unbounded tide of ſplendour covers, fair,
Th' expanded hemiſphere; and fills her ſight
With gladneſs, while her heart, warm-leaping, burns.
Sight, all expreſſive! though the feeling ſenſe
Thrills from Ianthe's hand; at Handel's lyre
Tingles the ear; though ſmell from bloſſom'd beans
Arabian ſpirit gathers; and the draught,
Sparkling from Burgundy's exalted vines,
Streams nectar on the palate: Yet, O ſight!
Weak their ſenſations, when compar'd with thee.
Without thee, nature lies unmeaning gloom.
Whatever ſmiles on earth, or ſhines in heav'n,
From ſtar of Venus to Adonis flow'r;
Whatever ſpring can promiſe; ſummer warm
To rich maturity; gay autumn roll
Into the lap of plenty, or her horn;
Winter's majeſtic horrors;—all are thine.
All varying in order's pleaſing round,
In regular confuſion grateful all!
And now progreſſive health, with kind repair,
My fever-weaken'd joints and languid limbs
New brace. Live vigour and auxiliar'd nerves
Sinew the freſhen'd frame in bands of ſteel.
As in the trial of the furnace ore,
From baſer dregs refin'd, and droſſy ſcum,
Flames more refulgent, and admits the ſtamp
Of majeſty to dignify the gold,
Cæſar or George! the human body, thus,
Enamel'd, not deform'd, from ſickneſs' rage
More manly features borrows, and a grace
Severe, yet worthier of its ſovereign form.
The patriarch of Uz, ſon of the morn,
Envy'd of Lucifer, by ſores and blanes
Sharply improv'd, to fairer honours roſe;
Leſs his beginning bleſt than latter end.
How late a tortur'd lump of baleful pain,
The ſoul immerg'd in one inactive maſs
Of breathing blanes, each elegance of ſenſe,
Each intellectual ſpark and fiery ſeed
Of reaſon, mem'ry, judgment, taſte, and wit,
Extinct and ſmother'd in unwieldy clay
Scarce animated: and (O bleſſing!) now
I ſeem to tread the winds; to overtake
The empty eagle in her early chaſe,
Or nimble-trembling dove, from preyful beak,
In many a rapid, many a cautious round,
Wheeling precipitant: I leave behind,
Exulting o'er its aromatic hills,
The bounding Beher-roe. The poet's mind,
(Effluence eſſential of heat and light!)
Not mounts a loftier wing, when fancy leads
The glitt'ring track, and points him to the ſkies,
Excurſive: He empyreal air inhales,
Earth fading from his flight! triumphant ſoars
Amid the pomp of planetary worlds,
Ranging infinitude, beyond the ſtretch

Of Newton's ken, reformer of the ſpheres,
And, gaining on the heav'ns, enjoys his home!
The winter of diſeaſe all paſs'd away,
The ſpring of health, in bloomy pride, calls forth
Embroſom'd bliſs, of roſy-winged praiſe
The riſing incenſe, the impaſſion'd glance
Of gratitude, the pant of honour, quick
With emulating zeal; the florid wiſh
For ſacred happineſs, and cordial glow
From conſcious virtue felt: all the ſweet train
Of vernal ſolitude's refining walks,
Beſt gift of Heav'n, and ſource of nameleſs joys!

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS ON BOOK IV.

Ver. 55. Light is the firſt-born of all creatures, and it is commonly obſerved, that the angels were created at the ſame period of time. St. Auſtin thinks them meant under *fiat lux*, "let there be light:" *De civitate Dei*, l. xi. c. 9. This indeed is only conjectural, and we have no article of the Apoſtles' creed which directs upon any conſiderations of angels; becauſe perhaps it exceeds the faculties of men to underſtand their nature, and it may not conduce much to our practical edification to know them. Yet, however, this obſervation may ſerve to illuſtrate that beautiful paſſage in the book of Job: When "the morning-ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy."

Ver. 182. White has been accounted in all ages the peculiar tincture of innocence, and white veſtments worn by perſons delegated for ſacred offices, &c. When our Saviour was transfigured before his diſciples, his raiment became ſhining, "exceeding white as ſnow," Mark, ix. 3. When he aſcended into heaven, the angels deſcended in "white apparel," Acts i. 10. "And to the ſpouſe of the Lamb was granted that ſhe ſhould be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, which is the righteouſneſs of the ſaints," Rev. xix. 8. 14. Hence the cuſtom of the primitive church of clothing the perſons baptized in white garments.

Inde parens ſacro ducens de fonte ſacerdos
Infantes, niveo corpore, mente, habitu.
Paulinus, Epiſt. xii.

The heathens paid likewiſe a great regard to white:

Color albus præcipuè Deo charus eſt.
Cicero de Leg. Lib. ii.

—— Ante aras ſtat veſte ſacerdos
Effulgens nivea. *Silius Ital. Lib.* iii.

Delius hic longè candenti veſte ſacerdos
Occurrit. *Valerius Flacc. Lib.* ii.

And not only the prieſts, but likewiſe thoſe who attended at the ſacrifices and paid their devotions to their gods:

Cernite fulgentes ut eat ſacer agnus ad aras,
Tinctaque poſt oleâ candida turba comas.
Tibull. Lib. ii. *Eleg.* i.

And Ovid:

Linguis candida turba favet. *Faſt. Lib.* ii.

I ſhall only add one paſſage from Plautus:

—— Ergo æquius vos erat
Candidatas venire, hoſtiataſque ad hoc
Fanum. *Rudenſ. Act.* i. *Sc.* 5.

Ver. 230. Hygeia here performs her office in the very manner ſhe was ordered by Mercy. I have, after the manner of Homer, uſed the ſame expreſſions over again, as when ſhe received the mandate. The father of poetry conſtantly makes his envoys obſerve this practice, as a mark of decency and reſpect.

Ver. 268. Amalthea the daughter of Meliſſus King of Crete, and nurſe of Jupiter, who fed him with goat's milk and honey. But this ſtory is differently related. See Strabo, l. x. Diodor. Sicul. l. iv. c. 5. and Ovid. Faſt. l. v. It is very remarkable, that the tranſlation of the Septuagint uſes the expreſſion Amalthea's horn, for the name of Job's third daughter, Keren-happuc (ſo called from her beauty), alluding to a Grecian fable invented long after, Job ch. the laſt, ver. 14. The ſame tranſlation likewiſe mentions Arachne in the ninetieth Pſalm, and 9th verſe, which image is left out in all our late verſions. A Chriſtian poet, therefore, may ſurely be excuſed for uſing the word Ambroſia, &c. or drawing metaphors or compariſons from the Pagan mythology in a ſerious compoſition; which is the practice of Milton and ſome of the beſt poets. The fault only is, when the poet weaves the heathen fables with the Jewiſh and Chriſtian truths. As when Sannazarius introduces the furies, Cerberus, &c. into his poem (which is otherwiſe a very fine one) *De partu Virginis*. And likewiſe when Camoens blends the adventures of Bacchus with the miracles of Chriſt, &c. in his Luſiad. But this is by the by.

THE THANKSGIVING.

The grave cannot praiſe Thee; death cannot celebrate Thee.—The living, the living, he ſhall praiſe Thee, as I do this day. *Iſaiah.*

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE effects which the reſtoration of health ought to have in the ſolitudes of ſpring. Rural proſpect. Excurſion to the battle at Tournay. Reflections on the abuſes of modern poetry. Hymn to the ever-bleſſed and glorious Trinity: 1ſt, To God the Father, as Creator and Preſerver: 2dly, To God the Son, as Mediator and Redeemer: 3dly, To God the Holy Ghoſt, as Sanctifier and Comforter. Concluſion.

COME, contemplation! therefore, from thy haunts,
From Spenſer's tomb, (with reverent ſteps and flow
Oft viſited by me; certès, by all,
Touch'd by the muſe:) from Richmond's-green retreats,
Where * Nature's bard the ſeaſons on his page
Stole from the year's rich hand: or Welwyn groves,
Where Young, the friend of virtue and of man,
Sows with poetic ſtars the nightly ſong,
To Phœbus dear as his own day! and drowns
The nightingale's complaint in ſadder ſtrains
And ſweeter elegance of woe, O come!
Now ev'ning mildly ſtill and ſofter ſuns
(While every breeze is flowing balm) invite
To taſte the fragrant ſpirit of the ſpring
Salubrious; from mead or hawthorn-hedge
Aromatiz'd, and pregnant with delight
No leſs than health. And what a proſpect round
Swells greenly grateful on the cheriſh'd eye!
A univerſal bluſh! a waſte of ſweets!
How live the flow'rs, and, as the zephyrs blow,
Wave a ſoft luſtre on their parent-ſun,
And thank him with their odours for his beams;
Mild image of himſelf! reflected fair,
By ſaintneſs fair, and amiably mild.
Hark! how the airy echoes talk along
With undulating anſwer, ſoft or loud,
The mocking ſemblance of the imag'd voice,
Babbling itinerant from wood to hill,
From hill to dale, and wake their ſiſters round,
To multiply delight upon the ear.
As float the clouds, romantic fancy pours
The magazines of Proteus forth, and builds
Huge caſtles in the air; while veſſels ſail
Spacious, along the fluid element;
And dragons burn in gold, with azure ſtains
Speckled: ten thouſand inconſiſtent ſhapes
Shift on the eye, and through the welkin roll.

Here tuſted hills! there ſhining villas riſe,
Circling; and temples, ſolemn, fill the mind
With beauty, ſplendour, and religious awe!
Peace o'er the plains expands her ſnowy wing,
Dove-ey'd; and buxom plenty laughs around!
Far different objects mortify the eye
Along thy borders, Sheldt: (with William's tears
Ennobled, tears from brave humanity
And royal pity drawn! nor of his blood
Leſs prodigal!) inſtead of herbag'd plains,
Of fields with golden plenty waving wide,
Of lowing vallies, and of fleécy hills:
What magazines of death! what flaming ſwords
Deſtruction brandiſh; what a burniſh'd glare
Of horror wanders round; what carnage vile
Of dubitable limbs; what groaning piles
Of dying warriors on th' enſanguin'd earth
(Ev'n ſons of Britain, chiefs of high renown)
Grov'ling in duſt, and with unmartial fires
Sheer blaſted! O 'tis pitiful to ſight!
It ſmites the honeſt brain and heart! The cloud,
Belch'd from the brazen throat of war, would hide,
Induſtrious, the ruin which it ſpreads,
As if aſham'd of maſſacre—But hark!—
What dire exploſion tears th' embowel'd ſky,
And rumbles from th' infernal caves? The roar
Of Ætna's troubled caverns, when ſhe heaves
Trinacria from her marble pillars, fix'd
On the foundations of the ſolid earth,
And Theris' bellows from her diſtant dens,
O'erwhelm the ear!—A mine with deadly ſtores
Infuriate, burſt; and a whole ſquadron'd hoſt
Whirl'd through the riven air. A human ſhow'r
With ſmouldry ſmoke enroll'd and wrapt in fire,
To cover earth with deſolation drear!—
Curſt be the man, the monk, the ſon of hell,
The triple Moloch! whoſe mechanic brain,
Maliciouſly inventive, from its forge,
Of cruel ſteel, the ſulphur ſeeds of wrath
Flaſh'd on the world, and taught us how to kill;
To hurl the blazing ruin, to diſgorge

* *Mr. James Thomſon.*

From ſmoking braſs the ragged inſtruments
Of fate, in thunder, on the mangled files
Of gallant foes:---the cowardice of hell!
And, what the barb'rous nations never knew,
(Though nouriſh'd by the tigers. and their tongues
Red with the gore of lions) to involve
The holy temples, the religious fanes,
To hallelujahs ſacred and to peace,
With dreadleſs fires. Shudd'ring the angels weep
At man's impiety, and ſeek the ſkies:
They weep! while man, courageous in his guilt,
Smiles at the infant writhing on his ſpear;
The hoary head pollutes the flinty ſtreets
With ſcanty blood; and virgins pray in vain.
Bluſh, bluſh! or own Deucalion for thy ſire.
Yet ſhould rebellion, burſting from the caves
Of Erebus, uprear her Hydra form,
To poiſon, liberty, thy light divine;
If ſhe, audacious, ſtalk in open day,
And hiſs againſt the throne by heav'n's own hand
Eſtabliſh'd, and religion heav'n-reform'd,
Britannia! reſcue earth from ſuch a bane:
Exert thy ancient ſpirit; urge thyſelf
Into the bowels of the glowing war,
Sweep her from day to multiply the fiends,
And ſcare the damn'd!---and thou! the God of hoſts,
Supreme! the Lord of lords, and King of kings!
Thy people, thy anointed with thy ſhield
Cover and ſhade: unbare thy righteous arm,
And ſave us in the hollow of thy hand!
Michaël ſend, as erſt againſt the hoſt
Of Lucifer, and let his ſword be drunk
With rebel-blood. The battle is thy own;
When virtue, liberty, religion call:
Thine is the victory: the glory thine!
Turn, contemplation, from this ſavage ſcene
Of violence and waſte: my ſwimming eyes
Have loſt the beauties of the vernal view!
Sweet are the beauties of the vernal view!
And yet devotion wafts to nobler themes,
And lifts the ſoul to heav'n! for who, untouch'd,
With mental adoration feeling laud,
Beholds this living-vegetable whole,
This univerſal witneſs of a God!
Though ſilent, yet convincing, uncontrol'd,
Which meets the ſenſe, and triumphs in the ſoul?
Let me, by Iſaac's wife example fir'd,
When meditation led him through the fields,
Sweetly in pious muſings loſt, adore
My God! for meditation is too poor,
Below the ſacrifice of Chriſtian hearts:
Plato cou'd meditate; a Chriſtian, more:
Chriſtians, from meditation, ſoar to pray'r.
Methinks I hear, reprov'd by modern wit,
Or rather pagan, "though ideal ſounds
Soft-wafted on the zephyr's fancy'd wing,
Steal tuneful ſoothings on the eaſy ear,
New from Iliſſus' gilded miſts exhal'd;
Though gently o'er the academic groves,
The magic echoes of unbodied thoughts
Roll their light billows through th' unwounded air,

In mildeſt undulations' yet a * prieſt,
Taſteleſs and peeviſh, with his jargon ſhrill,
Scorns Academus; though its flow'rs beſtow
On Hybla nectar, purer than her own,
From Plato's honey-dropping tongue diſtill'd
In copious ſtreams, devolving o'er the ſenſe
Its ſweet regalement!" Philodemus, yes:
(Though learn'd Lycæum's cloiſters lead the mind
Attentive on, as far as nature leads:
And Plato, for a heathen, nobler dreams
Than dream ſome modern poets). yes, a prieſt,
A prieſt dares tell you, Salem's hallow'd walks,
And that illumin'd mountain, where a God,
The God of my ſalvation, and I hope
Of thine, unutterable beauty beam'd,
(Though ſhaded from exceſs of deity,
Too fierce for mortal-aching eyes to prove
The ruſh of glory) me, deſirous, draw
From Athen's owls, to Jordan's myſtic dove.
Thou ſing of nature, and the moral charms
Gild with thy painted muſe: my fingers lift
The lyre to God Jehovah! Eloim!
Truth is my leader; only fancy, thine:
Sweet Farinelli of enervate ſong)!
I quit the myrtle, for a ſtarry crown.
And know, if ſickneſs ſhed her bluiſh plagues
From fog, or fen, or town-infected damps,
(And, ſure I'd pity thee) among thy veins:
Then, then no Platoniſt! thy inmoſt ſoul
Will thank me for this preaching; nor diſdain
To breath itſelf in pray'r, as low as mine;
From God begin, with God conclude the ſong;
Thus glorifying with a Chriſtian zeal.
Father of heav'n and earth! coeval Son!
And co-exiſting Spirit! Trinal-One!
Myſterious Deity, inviſible;
Indefinite, and Omnipreſent God,
Inhabiting eternity! ſhall duſt,
Shall aſhes, dare preſume to ſing of thee?
O for a David's heart, and tongue of fire
To rival angels in my praiſe and zeal!
Yet love immenſe, and gratitude, with awe
Religious mix'd, ſhall elevate the hymn,
My heart enkindle, and inſpire my tongue.
Father-Creator! who beholds thy works,
But catches inſpiration! thou the earth
On nothing hung, and balanc'd in the void
With a magnetic force, and central poiſe.
Ocean of brightneſs thou! thy grand beheſt
Flung on thy orb, the ſun, a ſparkling drop,
To light the ſtars, and feed their ſilver urns
With unexhauſted flame; to bid them ſhine
Eternal in their courſes, o'er the blue
Which mantles night, and woo us to repoſe
With roſcid radiance. They harmonious roll,
In majeſty of motion, ſolemn, loud,
The univerſal hallelujah: ſphere,
In lucid order, quiring ſweet to ſphere,
Deep-felt and loftier than a ſeraph's ſong;
The ſymphony of well-according worlds!

* *The very expreſſions of one of our diſciples of Socrates.*

But man, thy beam, thy breath, thy image, ſhines
The crown, the glory, and the lord of all;
Of all below the ſtars! a plant, from heav'n
Traduc'd, to ſpread the riches of its bloom
O'er earth, and water'd with ethereal dews;
Incorruptible aliment! the birds
Warble among his boughs; the cattle, ſafe,
Paſture within his ſhade; and earth beneath
Th' imperial umbrage of his branches ſmiles.
The ſmiling earth, the ſpangled ſpheres, and man
Their great Creator praiſe! but praiſe how long,
Unleſs by thy Almighty arm upheld,
Preſerver infinite? by thee unleſs
Upheld, the earth wou'd from her baſis reel;
The ſpheres forego their courſes (off their orbs
The ſilver ſoftneſs melted into ſhade),
Obſcurely diſſonant; and mortal man
(Void of thy foſtering fires) his ſtately form
To duſt be moulder'd chaos wou'd reſume
Her ancient anarchy; confuſion, rule;
And darkneſs ſwallow all. In thee we live,
In thee we move: our beings in thy chain,
Linkt to eternity, faſten on thee,
The pillar of our ſouls! for me, (how late
A neighbour of the worm)! when I forget
The wonders of thy goodneſs ray'd on me,
And ceaſe to celebrate, with mattin-harp
Or veſper-ſong, thy plenitude of love,
And healing mercy; may the nightly pow'r,
Which whiſpers on my ſlumbers, ceaſe to breathe
Her modulating impulſe through my ſoul;
Untun'd, unhallow'd! diſcord, ſtring my lyre,
Idly, my finger, preſs the fretted gold,
Rebellious to the dictates of my hand,
When indolent, to ſwell the notes for thee,
Father of heav'n and earth!---Coeval Son!
(His word, his eſſence, his effulgence pure!)
Not leſs thy filial likeneſs I adore,
Nor from thy Father's glory aught disjoin,
Redeemer! Mediator! from the birth
Of uncreated time, thy Father's wrath
(Sprung from Omniſcience)! to appeaſe, for man,
Upright as yet, to mediate, mercy wak'd
Unbounded love in thee; unbounded love
Contracted to the meaſure of a ſpan
Immenſity of Godhead, and thy crown
Reſt from thy faded brow. Liſten, O earth!
And wonder, O ye heav'ns! ſhall he, whoſe feet
Are cloth'd with ſtars, (the glory of his head
For who can tell)? whoſe looks divine illume
The dazzel'd eyes of cherubs, and the youth
Of ſaints with everlaſting bloom renew:
Shall he, whoſe vital ſmiles with ſplendor fill
The circuits of creation, and ſuſtain
Th' abodes of all exiſtence, from the depths
Of hell beneath, above heav'n's higheſt orb,
With life, and health, and joy! ſhall he, to God
Dear as his eye and heart, engraven there
Deep from eternity; alone belov'd,
Alone begotten! ſay, ſhall he become
A man of grief---for man? nay more his foe,
Rebellious next the fiends?---aſtoniſhment
Had chain'd my tongue to ſilence, if the pow'rs
Of tendereſt pity and of warmeſt love
Provok'd not penſive meaſures, ſadder ſtrains
Of elegiac ſorrow, with the theme
Mournfully varying. Take, my ſoul redeem'd!
O take the moaning dove's dew-dropping wing,
Fly, fly to Solyma! and melt thy woe
To Cedron's murmurs. Thence, extend thy flight
To Golgotha's accurſed tree. Behold!
Clouds roll'd on clouds of wrath (the blackeſt wrath
Of an offended God)! his beauties ſhade;
But ſhade not long: it ſoon in drops diſſolves,
Sweet to the ſoul as manna to the taſte,
As pride of ſummer-flow'r to ſight or ſmell!
Behind this ſhadowing cloud, this myſtic gloom,
The Sharon roſe, dy'd in the blood of heav'n,
The lilly of the valley, white from ſtain,
Bows the fair head, in lovelineſs declines,
And, ſweetly languiſhing, it droops and dies.
But darkneſs veils the ſun: a curtain draw
Before the paſſion; beyond wonder great,
Great beyond ſilence!---(Awe-ſtruck pauſe a-while---)
And heavy as the burden of our ſins!---
'Tis finiſh'd!---Change the lyre, the numbers change;
Let holy anthem-airs inſpire the hymn.
Glory in heav'n! redemption to mankind,
And peace on earth! dominion! bleſſing! praiſe!
Thankſgiving! pow'r! ſalvation to our God!
Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb!
And, co-exiſting Spirit! thou, whoſe breath
My voice informs, ſhall it be mute to thee,
Eternal Paraclete? in order, laſt,
Equal in glory to Omnipotence
The firſt, as to the ſecond; and from both
Proceeding; (O inexplicable name!)
Myſtical link of the unnumber'd Three!
To learning, night; to faith, the noon-tide day.
Soul of the univerſe! thy wiſdom, firſt,
The rage compos'd of warring * elements,
(The ſubject of a nobler future ſong)
Yon all ſurrounding heav'ns with cryſtal orbs
Garniſh'd, and living gems, in goodly ranks
And diſciplin'd array; dividing night
From day, their ordinances 'ſtabliſh'd ſure.
Moving the waters ſaw thee o'er their face;
O God, the waters ſaw thee, and, afraid,
Into their channels ſhrunk, (capricious bed
Of liquid element)! and own'd their bounds
Impaſſable, as that eternal gulf
'Twixt bliſs and woe.---The Prince of peace thy beams
Largely imbib'd, when, dovelike, o'er his head,
Faſt by the banks of Jordan's ſacred ſtream,
Thy mantling wings diffus'd their heav'nly hues;
And Abba glorify'd his only Son,
Well pleaſed. From thy tongues of cloven fire
Kindled, the nations burn'd in flaming zeal,
And unextinguiſh'd charity, diſpers'd
And glowing as the ſummer blaze at noon.
The ruſhing winds on all their wings convey'd
Thy doctrine, ſtrong to ſhake the guilty ſoul;
As erſt the dome, low-ſtooping to its baſe,

* *The Elements. A poem: in four books.*

Before thy mighty preſence learn'd to bend.
Thou, from the morning womb, upon our ſouls,
Barren and dry, thy ſanctifying dews
Abroad in ſilent ſoftneſs ſheds: the dews
Of love unſpotted, uncorrupted joy,
Obedient goodneſs, temperance ſubdu'd,
Unſhaken faith, and meekneſs without guile.
Hence flow the odours out, our pray'rs perfume,
Like incenſe, riſing fragrant on the throne,
From golden vials pour'd by elder hands!
Extinct thy influential radiance ſin,
Incumbent on the ſoul, as black as hell,
Holds godleſs anarchy: by thee refin'd,
Incens'd, ſublim'd, and ſanctify'd, the ſoul
Invites the Holieſt (O abyſs of love!)
To chooſe a temple, purer than the ſun,
Incorruptible, formed not by hands,
Where beſt he loves to dwell.—Thou all my bed,
Moſt holy Comforter! in ſickneſs ſmooth'd,
And violet buds and roſes without thorn
Shower'd round the couch. From darkneſs and the vale
Of ſhadowy death, to paſtures fair, and ſtreams
Of comfort, thy refreſhing right hand led
My wearied ſoul, and bath'd in health and joy!
To light reſtor'd, and the ſweet breath of heav'n,
Beneath thy olive boughs, in plenteous flow,
The golden oil effuſing on my head,
Of gladneſs, let me ever ſit and ſing,
Thy numerous Godhead ſparkling in my ſoul,
Thyſelf inſtilling praiſes, by thy ear
Not unapprov'd! For wiſdom's ſteady ray
Th' enlight'ning gift of tongues, the ſacred fires
Of poeſy are thine, united Three!
Father of heav'n and earth! coeval Son!
And coexiſting Spirit! Trinal One!

NOTES AND ALLUSIONS ON BOOK V.

Ver. 44. This was written at the time of the ſiege of Tournay.

Ver. 130. Far be it from me to ſpeak with diſreſpect of this Pagan philoſopher. For my part, I could almoſt declare my admiration of Plato's beautiful deſcriptions, &c. in the words of B. Johnſon on Shakſpeare: "To juſtify (ſays he) my own candour, I honour his memory (on this ſide idolatry) as much as any." See his Diſcoveries, vol. ii. fol. of his works, p. 98.

I only here would obſerve how falſely, not to ſay impiouſly, ſome modern writers ſeem to take pains to recommend Plato's ideal morality, in oppoſition to the glorious doctrines ſo fully revealed in the holy ſcriptures.

Ver. 146. Alluding to Q. Sectanus's admirable ſatires; who introduces much ſuch another character under this name. The true author, as we are informed by Monſ. Blainville in his curious travels, is Monſ. Sergardi, one of the fineſt and politeſt gentlemen of Rome; by Philodemus, he means one Gravina, an atheiſtical pretender to philoſophy, the Greek language, &c. He thus makes him boaſt of himſelf, as if he drew the principles of his ſyſtem from Socrates.

Nos etenim (puto jàm noſti) docti ſumus, et quos
Socraticâ cœpi tractandos mollitèr arte
Sordibus emergunt vulgi, totâque probantur
Urbe.

See Q. Sectani Satyr, 4to. vol. i. ſat. 1. lib. 1. v. 108, &c.

Ver. 299. The Heathens frequently give the appellation of Soul or Spirit to God.

Thus Virgil:

Cœlum et terram campoſque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque aſtra
Spiritus intùs agit.

That he means God by Spirit, appears from another place.

——————— Deum ire per omnes
Terraſque tractuſque maris cœlumque profundum.

And Zeno's opinion is very remarkable;

Θεος εστι πνευμα διηκον δι ολε τε κοσμε.

See Lactantius, B. vii. c. 3. and Diogenes Laertius in the life of Zeno.

Ver. 306. Cicero tells us that it was Thales's opinion that God was the Spirit which created all things from the water. Thales aquam dixit eſſe initium rerum, Deum autem eſſe mentem quæ ex aqua cuncta fingeret. De Nat. Deor. l. 1.

Ver. 323. The very Heathens imagined a commotion in nature at the preſence of the Deity.

——— Vibratus ab æthere fulgor
Cum ſonitu venit, ruere omnia viſa repentè.
Æneis, lib 8.

And in another place, Virgil:

Vix ea fatus eram, tremere omnia viſa repentè
Liminaque laurusque Dei, totuſque moveri
Mons circum. *Æneis, lib.* 3.

So likewiſe Statius:

Mirabur cur templa mihi tremuere Dianæ.
Theb. lib. 4.

And Seneca:

—— Imo mugit è fundo ſolum,
Tonat dies ſerenus, ac totis domus
Ut fracta tectis crepuit. *Thyeſtes, Act.* 2.

Ver. 324. Pſalm cx. 3. This is a noble metaphor to expreſs the beauties and graces of the Holy Spirit. So that "from the womb of the morning" in the Pſalmiſt, ſignifies this: From the heavenly light of the goſpel, which is the wing or beam whereby the Sun of Righteouſneſs revealeth himſelf, and breaketh out upon the world, the people ſhall adorn themſelves from the firſt forming of Chriſt in them, with the dews of grace, and the gifts and emanations of the Holy

Ghoſt; which are love, joy, peace, long-ſuffering, gentleneſs, goodneſs, faith, meekneſs, temperance. Gal. v. 22, &c. When the Spirit of Chriſt bloweth thus upon us, and the dews of grace are poured into our hearts, then the ſpices flow out, which ariſe from the holy duties and ſpiritual infuſions mentioned above.

Ver. 332. Rev. v. 8. The four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the ſaints; that is, the prayers of good men are as grateful to God as incenſe from the tabernacle. So David, Pſ. xiv. 2. "Let my prayer be directed to thee as incenſe."

Ver. 348. Alluding to the two olive branches in Zechariah, ch. iv. ver. 11. and 12. which empty the golden oil out of themſelves. Amongſt other expoſitions of which words, Junius and Tarnovius interpret them to mean the various gifts and effuſions of the Holy Spirit, which are by Chriſt derived upon the church. For Chriſt is called the Meſſiah, on account of his being anointed with the "oil of gladneſs," Pſ. xiv. 8. And St. John, ſpeaking thus of the Holy Ghoſt: "Ye have an unction from the Holy One," 1 John ii. 20. "The anointing which ye received from him abideth in you," John ii. 27.

To conclude; a recovery from the ſmall-pox, a few years ago, gave occaſion to the preceding poem. I only at firſt (in gratitude to the great Phyſician of ſouls and bodies) deſigned to have publiſhed this hymn to the Trinity upon a recovery from ſickneſs. But the ſubject being very extenſive, and capable of admitting ſerious reflections on the frail ſtate of humanity, I expatiated farther upon it. It cannot be ſuppoſed that I ſhould treat upon ſickneſs in a medicinal, but only in a deſcriptive, a moral, and religious manner: the verſification is varied accordingly; the deſcriptive parts being more poetical, the moral more plain, and the religious, for the moſt part, drawn from the holy ſcriptures. I have juſt taken ſuch notice of the progreſs of the ſmall-pox, as may give the reader ſome ſmall idea of it, without offending his imagination. Theſe few notes are not intended for the learned reader, but added to aſſiſt thoſe who may not be ſo well acquainted with the claſſical and other alluſions. I do not remember to have ſeen any other poem on the ſame ſubject to lead me on the way, and therefore, it is to be hoped, the good-natured reader will more readily excuſe its blemiſhes.

I have here added, by way of concluſion to the notes, a ſhort hymn, written (when very young) in the great epidemical cold in 1732.

A HYMN IN SICKNESS.

O Lord! to thee I lift my ſoul,
To thee direct my eyes,
While fate in every vapour rolls,
And ſick'ning nature ſighs.

Ev'n air, the vehicle of life,
The ſoft receſs of breath,
Is made the harbinger of fate,
And poiſon'd dart of death.

No gentle ſtrains relieve my ears;
But hark! the paſſing toll,
In a long ſadly-ſolemn knell,
Alarms anew my ſoul.

No lovely proſpect meets my eye,
But melancholy fear,
Attended with the hollow pomp
Of ſickneſs and deſpair.

My ſins wide-ſtaring in my face,
In ghaſtly guiſe alarm;
The pleaſing ſins of wanton youth,
In many a fatal charm.

I ſink beneath their black approach:
My God! thy mercy lend;
Let hope her healing wings diffuſe;
O ſnatch me from the fiend!

I feel, I feel thy ſaving health:
New raptures fill my heart:
A ſhining train of bliſs ſucceeds;
The gloomy ſcenes depart.

Though ſtraining coughs this mortal frame
To diſſolution bring,
Yet dreary death in vain affrights
And points in vain his ſting:

If gracious Heaven at that ſad hour
Its guardian arm extend;
If angels watch my parting ſoul,
And ſave me at my end.

O Lord, or let me live or die,
Thy holy will be done!
But let me live alone to thee,
And die in thee alone.

AN HYMN TO MAY.

Nunc formoſiſſimus annus. VIRGIL.

PREFACE.

As Spenſer is the moſt deſcriptive and florid of all our Engliſh writers, I attempted to imitate his manner, in the following vernal poem. I have been very ſparing of the antiquated words,

which are too frequent in moſt of the imitations of this author; however, I have introduced a few here and there, which are explained at the bottom of each page where they occur. Shakſpeare is the poet of nature, in adapting the affections and paſſions to his characters; and Spenſer in deſcribing her delightful ſcenes and rural beauties. His lines are moſt muſically ſweet, and his deſcriptions moſt delicately abundant, even to a wantonneſs of painting; but ſtill it is the muſic and painting of nature. We find no ambitious ornaments or epigrammatical turns in his writings, but a beautiful ſimplicity; which pleaſes far above the glitter of pointed wit. I endeavoured to avoid the affectation of the one, without any hopes of attaining the graces of the other kind of writing.

Te ſequor, O noſtræ gentis decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono preſſis veſtigia ſignis:
Non ità certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem
Quòd te imitari aveo: Quid enim contendat hirundo
Cycnis?— *Lucretius.*

A modern writer has, I know, objected againſt running the verſe into alternate and ſtanza: But Mr. Prior's authority is ſufficient for me, who obſerves that it allows a greater variety, and ſtill preſerves the dignity of the verſe. As I profeſſed myſelf in this canto to take Spenſer for my model, I choſe the ſtanza; which I think adds both a ſweetneſs and ſolemnity at the ſame time, to ſubjects of this rural and flowery nature. The moſt deſcriptive of our old poets have always uſed it from Chaucer down to Fairfax, and even long after him. I followed Fletcher's meaſure in his Purple Iſland; a poem printed at Cambridge in twelve cantos in quarto, ſcarce heard of in this age, yet the beſt in the allegorical way (next to the Faery Queen) in the Engliſh language. The Alexandrine line, I think, is peculiarly graceful at the end, and is an improvement on Shakſpeare's Venus and Adonis. After all, Spenſer's hymns will excuſe me for uſing this meaſure; and Scaliger, in the third book of his Poetics, tells us (from Dydimus) that the hymns of the Athenians were ſung to the lyre, the pipe, or ſome muſical inſtrument: And this, of all other kinds of verſe, is certainly lyrical. But enough of the ſtanza: For (as Sir William Davenant obſerves in his admirable preface to Gondibert) numbers in verſe, like diſtinct kinds of muſic, are compoſed to the uncertain and different taſte of ſeveral ears. I hope I have no apology to make for deſcribing the beauties, the pleaſures, and the loves of the ſeaſon, in too tender or too florid a manner. The nature of the ſubject required a luxurioufneſs of verſification, and a ſoftneſs of ſentiment; but they are pure and chaſte at the ſame time, otherwiſe this canto had neither been ever written or offered to the public. If the ſentiments and verſe be florid and tender, I ſhall excuſe myſelf in the words of Virgil (though not in his ſenſe)

—— Nunc molliſſima fandi
Tempora!

THE ARGUMENT.

Subject propoſed. Invocation of May. Deſcription of her: Her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this ſeaſon. Vernal apoſtrophe. Love the ruling paſſion in May. The celebration of Venus her birth-day in this month. Rural retirement in ſpring. Concluſion.

Ethereal daughter of the luſty Spring,
And ſweet Favonius, ever gentle May!
Shall I, unblam'd, preſume of thee to ſing,
And with thy living colours gild my lay?
Thy genial ſpirit mantles in my brain;
My numbers languiſh in a ſofter vein:
I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenſer's ſtrain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With ſtorms when winter blackens nature's face;
When whirling winds the howling foreſt tear,
And ſhake the ſolid mountains from their baſe:
Say, what refulgent chambers of the ſky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,
For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children die?

Where * Leda's twins, forth from their diamond tow'r,
Alternate o'er the night their beams divide;
In light emboſom'd, happy, and ſecure
From winter rage, thou chooſeſt to abide.

* *Caſtor and Pollux.*

Bleſt reſidence! For, there, as poet's tell,
† The power's of poetry and wiſdom dwell;
Apollo wakes the arts; the muſes ſtrike the ſhell.

‡ Certes o'er Rhedicyna's laurell'd mead,
(For ever ſpread, ye laurels, green and new)!
The brother ſtars their gracious nurture ſhed,
And ſecret bleſſings of poetic dew.
They bathe their horſes in the learned flood,
With flame recruited for the ethereal road,
And deem fair Iſis' ſwans || fair as their fa
god.

No ſooner April, trimm'd with girlands § gay,
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly ſhow'rs;
But, in the eaſtern pride of beauty, May,
To gladden earth, forſakes her heav'nly bow'rs,

† *The Gemini are ſuppoſed to preſide over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful poem called Urania.* Lib. 2. de Geminis.

‡ *Surely, certainly.* Ibid.—Rhedicyna, &c. Oxford.

|| *Jupiter deceived Leda in the ſhape of a ſwan, as ſhe was bathing herſelf in the river Eurotas.*

§ *Garlands.*

Reſtoring nature from her palſy'd ſtate.
April, retire; ne * longer nature wait;
Soon may ſhe iſſue from the morning's golden gate.

Come, bounteous May! in fulneſs of thy might,
Lead briſkly on the mirth-infuſing hours,
All-recent from the boſom of delight,
With nectar nurtur'd; and involv'd in flow'rs:
By ſpring's ſweet bluſh, by nature's teeming womb;
By Hebe's dimply ſmile, by Flora's bloom;
By Venus' ſelf (for Venus' ſelf demands thee) come!

By the warm ſighs, in dewy even-tide,
Of melting maidens in the woodbine groves,
To pity looſen'd, ſoften'd down from pride;
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves;
By the youth's plainings ſtealing on the air,
(For youths will plain, though yielding be the fair)
Hither to bleſs the maidens and the youths repair.

With dew beſpangled, by the hawthorn buds,
With freſhneſs breathing, by the daiſy'd plains,
By the mix'd muſic of the warbling woods,
And jovial † roundelays of nymphs and ſwains;
In thy full energy, and rich array,
Delight of earth and heaven! O bleſſed May!
From heav'n deſcend to earth: on earth vouchſafe to ſtay.

She comes!—A ſilken ‡ camus, em'ral'd-green,
Gracefully looſe, adown her ſhoulders flows,
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)
And with the labours of the needle glows,
|| Purfled by nature's hand! The amorous air
And muſky weſtern breezes faſt repair, [hair.
Her mantle proud to ſwell, and wanton with her

Her hair (but rather threads of light it ſeems)
With the gay honours of the ſpring entwin'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets ſtreams,
Floats glitt'ring on the ſun, and ſcents the wind,
Love-ſick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her boſom's dainty mould,
Or, curling round her waſte, diſparts its wavy gold.

Young circling roſes, bluſhing round them throw
The ſweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lilies, dipp'd in fragrance, freſhly blow,
With blended beauties in her angel face.
The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
The air and ſeas illumes, the earth and ſkies;
And open, where ſhe ſmiles, the ſweets of Paradiſe.

On zephyr's wing the laughing goddeſs view,
Diſtilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
Attended by the ſilver-footed dew,
The ravages of winter to repair.
She gives her naked boſom to the gales,
Her naked boſom down the ether ſails;
Her boſom breathes delight; her breath the ſpring exhales.

All as the Phœnix in Arabian ſkies,
New burniſh'd from his ſpicy funeral pyres,

* *Nor.* † *Songs.*
‡ *A light gown.* || *Flouriſhed with a needle.*

At large, in roſeal * undulation flies;
His plumage dazzles and the gazer tires:
Around their king the plumy nations wait,
Attend his triumph, and augment his ſtate:
He tow'ring, claps his wings, and wins th' ethereal height.

So round this phœnix of the gawdy year
A thouſand, nay, ten thouſand ſports and ſmiles,
Fluttering in gold, along the hemiſphere,
Her praiſes chaunt: her praiſes glad the iſles.
Conſcious of her approach (to deck her bow'rs)
Earth from her fruitful lap and boſom pours
A waſte of ſpringing ſweets, and voluntary flow'rs.

† Narciſſus fair, in ſnowy velvet gown'd;
Ah fooliſh! ſtill to love the fountain-brim:
‡ Sweet hyacinth, by Phœbus || erſt bemoan'd;
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim.
Whate'er, § Armida, in thy gardens blew;
Whate'er the ſun inhales, or ſips the dew;
Whate'er compoſe the chaplet on Ianthes' brow.

He who ¶ undaz'd can wander o'er her face,
May gain upon the ſolar blaze at noon!—
What more than female ſweetneſs and a grace
Peculiar! ſave, Ianthe, thine alone,
Ineffable effuſion of the day!
So very much the ſame, that lovers ſay,
May is Ianthe; or the dear Ianthe May.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
The leſſer lamps of night in ** ſheen excel;
So far in ſweetneſs and in beauty May
Above all other months doth bear the bell
So far as May doth other months exceed,
So far in virtue and in †† goodlihead,
Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the ‡‡ mead.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet, wine,
To fire his fancy and enlarge his ſoul:
He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.
Welcome! as beauty to the loveſick ſwain,
For which he long had ſigh'd, but ſigh'd in vain;
He darts into her arms; quick vaniſhes his pain.

* *Pliny tells us, Lib.* 11. *that the phœnix is about the bigneſs of an eagle: The feathers round the neck ſhining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue, with feathers reſembling roſes. See Claudian's fine poem on that ſubject, and Marcellus Donatus, who has a ſhort diſſertation on the phœnix, in his Obſervations on Tacitus.* Annal. Lib. 6. Weſtley on Job, and Sir Thomas Brown's Vulgar Errors.

† *A beautiful youth, who, beholding his face in a fountain, fell in love with himſelf, and pining away was changed into a flower which bears his name.* See Ovid's Metamorphoſes, lib. 3.

‡ *Beloved and turned into a flower by Apollo. See the ſtory in Ovid, Met lib.* 10. *There is likewiſe a curious dialogue in Lucian betwixt Mercury and Apollo on this ſubject Servius, in his notes on Virgil's ſecond Bucolic takes the hyacinth to be the* vacinium *of the Latins, bearing ſome ſimilitude with the name.*

|| *Formely: long ago*
§ *See Taſſo's Il Goffredo. Canto.* 16.
¶ *Undazzled.* ** *Brightneſs. Shining.*
†† *Beauty.* ‡‡ *Prize.*

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,
Roll to harmonious meaſures, active all!
Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
Exult to celebrate thy feſtival.
Fire glows intenſer; ſofter blows the air;
More ſmooth the waters flow; earth ſmiles more fair:
Earth, water, air, and fire, thy glad'ning impulſe ſhare.

What boundleſs tides of ſplendour o'er the ſkies,
O'erflowing brightneſs! ſtream their golden rays!
Heav'ns azure kindles with the varying dies,
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.
Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether been
With colours damaſk'd rich, and goodly ſheen,
And all above is blue, and all below is green.

At thy approach, the wild waves' loud uproar
And foamy furges of the mad'ning main,
Forget to heave their mountains to the ſhore;
Diffus'd into the level of the plain.
For thee, the Halcyon builds her ſummer's neſt;
For thee, the ocean ſmooths her troubled breaſt,
Gay from thy placid ſmiles, in thy own purple dreſt.

Have ye not ſeen, in gentle even tide,
When Jupiter the earth hath richly ſhower'd,
Striding the clouds, a bow * diſpredden wide
As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd
With bright variety of blending dies?
White, purple, yellow melt along the ſkies,
Alternate colours ſink, alternate colours riſe.

The earths embroidery then have ye ey'd,
And ſmile of bloſſoms, yellow, purple, white;
Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, dy'd
In Flora's liv'ry, painted by the light.
Lights' painted children in the breezes play,
Lay out their dewy boſoms to the ray,
Their ſoft enamel ſpread, and beautify the day.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth
The flow'rs, the herbs, the plants, their incenſe roll;
The orchards ſwell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;
The vermil gardens breathe the ſpicy ſoul.
Grateful to May, the nectar-ſpirit flies,
The wafted clouds of laviſh'd odours riſe,
The zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the ſkies.

The bee, the golden daughter of the ſpring,
From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,
And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing
With all the eſſence of the flufhing groves:
Extracts the aromatic ſoul of flow'rs,
And, humming in delight, its waxen bow'rs
Fills with the luſcious ſpoils, and lives ambroſial hours.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and luſty droves
That low in paſtures, or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolics and renew their loves,
Stung to the marrow with a generous heat.

* *Spread.*

The ſtately courſer, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,
(High-arch'd his neck) and, ſnuffing, hopes the dappled train.

The aëreal ſongſters ſooth the liſt'ning groves:
The mellow thruſh, the * ouzle ſweetly ſhrill,
And little linnet celebrate their loves
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill;
The ſoaring lark, the lowly nightingale,
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy muſic dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous ſpring,
The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale,
The woods that bloſſom, and the birds that ſing,
The murmuring fountain and the breathing dale:
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,
The vales, the mountains and the ſpring invite,
Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the ſight.

When nature laughs around, ſhall man alone,
Thy image, hang (ah me!) the ſickly head?
When nature ſings, ſhall nature's glory groan,
And languiſh for the pittance poor of bread!
O may the man that ſhall his image ſcorn,
Alive, be ground with hunger, moſt forlorn,
Die † unanell'd, and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not ſo).
Nay doubly curs'd be ſuch a breaſt of ſteel,
Which never melted at another's woe,
Nor tenderneſs of bowels knew to feel.
His heart is black as hell, in flowing ſtore
Who hears the needy crying at his door,
Who hears them cry, ‡ ne recks; but ſuffers them be poor.

But bleſt, O more than doubly bleſt be he!
Let honour crown him and eternal reſt,
Whoſe boſom the ſweet fount of charity,
Flows out to § nourſle innocence diſtreſt.
His ear is open to the widow's cries,
His hand the orphan's cheek of ſorrow dries;
Like mercy's ſelf he looks on want with pity's eyes.

In this bleſt ſeaſon, pregnant with delight,
|| Ne may the boading owl with ſcreeches wound
The ſolemn ſilence of the quiet night,
Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd ſound,
Ne damned ghoſt ¶ affray with deadly yell
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty ſpell,
To pale the ſtars, till Heſper ſhine it back to hell.

Ne witches riſle gibbets, by the moon,
(With horror winking, trembling all with fear)
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:
Nor imp in viſionary ſhape appear,
To blaſt the thriving verdure of the plain;
Ne let hobgoblin, ne the pouk, profane
With ſhadowy glare the light, and mad the burſting brain.

* *Blackbird.*
† *Without a funeral knell.*
‡ *Nor is concern'd.*
§ *To nurſe.*
|| *Nor.*
¶ *Affright.*

Yet fairy-elves (ſo * ancient cuſtom's will)
The green-gown'd fairy elves, by ſtarry † ſheen,
May gambol or in valley or on hill,
And leave their footſteps on the circled green.
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;
Full ‡ featly, Ob'ron, thou, o'er graſs-turf bound:
Mab bruſhes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no ground.

§ Ne bloody rumours violate the ear,
Of city's ſack'd, and kingdoms deſolate,
With plague or ſword, with peſtilence or war;
Ne rueful murder ſtain thy era-date;
Ne ſhameleſs calumny, for fell deſpight,
The fouleſt fiend that e'er blaſphem'd the light,
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our ſtreets nor fields be heard,
Ne voice of miſery aſſault the heart;
Ne fatherleſs from table be debar'd;
Ne piteous tear from eye of ſorrow ſtart;
But plenty, pour thyſelf into the bowl
Of bounty-head; may never want controul
That good, good-honeſt man, who feeds the famiſh'd ſoul.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders ſleep;
The viol wake alone, and tender flute:
The Phrygian lyre with ſprightly fingers ſweep,
And, Erato, diſſolve the Lydian lute.
Yet Clio frets, and burns, with honeſt pain,
To rouſe and animate the martial ſtrain, [plain.
While Britiſh banners flame o'er many a purpled

The trumpet ſleeps, but ſoon for thee ſhall wake,
Illuſtrious chief! to ſound thy mighty name,
(Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake)
Triumphant ſwelling from the mouth of fame.
Meanwhile, diſdain not (ſo the virgins pray)
This roſy crown, with myrtle wove and bay;
('Too humble crown I ween): the offering of May.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flow'rs,
And in the fondneſs of their heart rejoice
To ſooth, with dance and ſong, thy gentler hours;
Indulge the ſeaſon, and with ſweet repair
Embay thy limbs, the vernal beauties ſhare:
Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war

Britannia's happy iſle derives from May
The choiceſt bleſſings liberty beſtows:
When royal Charles (for ever hail the day)!
In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes.
Reſtor'd with him, the arts the drooping head
Gaily again uprear'd; the muſes ſhade [array'd.
With freſher honours bloom'd, in greener trim

And thou, the goodlieſt bloſſom of our iſles!
Great Frederick's and his Auguſta's joy,
Thy native month approv'd with infant ſmiles,
Sweet as the ſmiling May, imperial boy!
Britannia hopes thee for her future lord,
Lov'd as thy parents, only not ador'd!
Whene'er a George is born, Charles is again reſtor'd.

O may his father's pant for finer fame,
And boundleſs bountyhead to humankind;
His grandſire's glory, and his uncle's name,
Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind:
So arts ſhall flouriſh 'neath his equal ſway,
So arms the hoſtile nations wide affray;
The laurel, victory; Apollo, wear the bay.

Through kind infuſion of celeſtial pow'r,
The dullard earth May quick'neth with delight:
Full ſuddenly the ſeeds of joy * recure
Elaſtic ſpring, and force within † empight.
If ſenſeleſs elements invigorate prove
By genial May and heavy matter move,
Shall ſhepherdeſſes ceaſe, ſhall ſhepherds fail to love?

Ye ſhepherdeſſes, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood ſhade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground!
And ‡ deftly lead the dance along the glade;
(O may no ſhow'rs your merry-makes affray!)
Hail at the op'ning, at the cloſing day,
All hail, ye § bonnibels, to your own ſeaſon, May.

Nor ye abſent yourſelves, ye ſhepherd-ſwains,
But lend to dance and ſong the liberal May,
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks ſhall nibble and your lambkins play,
Friſking in glee. To May your girlands bring,
And ever and anon her praiſes ſing: [ring.
The woods ſhall echo May, with May the vallies

Your May-pole deck with flow'ry coronal;
Sprinkle the flow'ry coronal with wine;
And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
Shepherds and ſhepherdeſſes, lively join.
Hither from village ſweet and Hamlet fair,
From bordering cot and diſtant ‖ glenne repair
Let youth indulge its ſport, to ¶ eld bequeath its care.

Ye wanton dryads and light-tripping fawns,
Ye jolly ſatyrs, full of ** luſtyhead,
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns,
O come with rural chaplets gay diſpread:
With heel ſo nimble wear the ſpringing graſs,
To ſhrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling braſs;
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himſelf apace.

In this ſoft ſeaſon, when creation ſmil'd,
A quivering ſplendor on the ocean hung,
And from the fruitful froth, his faireſt child,
The queen of bliſs and beauty, Venus ſprung.

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* *The Lemuria, or rites ſacred to the Lemures, were celebrated by the Romans in May. See Ovid, Faſt. l. 5. &c. They imagined the Lemures (in Engliſh, Fairies) to be like ghoſts of deceaſed perſons: but our traditional accounts are very different in reſpect to the nature of fairies. Shakſpeare's Midſummers Night's Dream, Drayton's Faery Tale and a celebrated Old Ballad, are maſter-pieces in their kind.*

† *Brightneſs.* ‡ *Nimbly.* § *Nor.*

* *Recover.* † *Placed, fixed.*
‡ *Finely.* § *Pretty women.*
‖ *A country hamlet.*
¶ *Old age.* ** *Vigour.*

The dolphins gambol o'er the wat'ry way,
Carrol the Naiads, while the Triton's play,
And all the sea-green sisters bless the holiday.

In honour of her natal-month the queen
Of bliss and beauty, consecrates her hours,
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
To buxom ladies, and their paramours.
Love tips with golden alchemy his dart;
With rapt'rous anguish, with an honey'd smart
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,
(Myrtles to Venus * algates sacred been)
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,
Forever fragrant and forever green,
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
By beauty form'd for amorous regale.
Was ever hill so sweet, as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flow'rs,
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
Through mossy grotto's amaranthine bow'rs,
And form a laughing flood in vale below:
Where oft their limbs the loves and graces † bay
(When summer sheds insufferable day) [play
And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy;
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
Who yield obeisance to the Cyprian boy:
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale;
Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale,
Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court
In light festivity and gladsome game:
The young and gay, in frolic troops resort,
Without censure and without blame
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
Night steals upon the day, the day on night:
Each knight, his lady loves; each lady loves her knight.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)
In idle wilderness or desart drear,
To beauty's sacred pow'r an enemy?
Let foul fiends ‡ harrow him: I'll drop no tear.
I deem that § carl, by beauty's pow'r unmov'd,
Hated of Heav'n, of none but hell approv'd.
O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of spring!
Beauty and wit declare the sexes even;
Beauty to woman, wit to man is given; [Heav'n.
Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of

Alliance sweet! let beauty, wit approve,
As flow'rs to sunshine ope the ready breast:
Wit beauty loves, and nothing else can love:
The best alone is grateful to the best.

* *Ever.* † *Bathe.*
‡ *Destroy.* § *A clown.*

Perfection has no other parallel!
Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell?
As soon, * perdie, shall heav'n communion hold with hell.

I sing to you, who love alone for love:
For gold the beauteous fools (O fools before)!
Can win; though brighter wit shall never move:
But folly is to wit the certain cure.
Curs'd be the men (or be they young or old),
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

Not Julia such: she higher honour deem'd
To languish in the Sulmo poet's arms,
Than, by the potentates of earth esteem'd,
To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.
Not Laura such: in sweet Vaucluse's vale
She list'ned to her Petrarch's amorous tale.
But did poor † Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail?

Howe'er that be; in ‡ Acidalian shade,
Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day:
No dreams of banishment his loves invade;
Encircled in eternity of May.
Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd
On violets, gives sorrow to the wind:
And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,
That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill:
Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain!
Of bliss and melody O take thy fill.
Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,
Though low my numbers, and though rude my style;
Ne quit for Acidale, fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then, Ianthe! milder than the spring,
And grateful as the rosy month of May,
O come; the birds the hymn of nature sing,
Inchanting wild, from every bush and spray:

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* *An old word for asserting any thing.*

† *Spenser.*

‡ *These three celebrated poets and lovers were all of them unhappy in their amours. Ovid was banished on account of his passion for Julia. Death deprived Petrarch of his beloved Laura very early; as he himself tells us in his account of his own life: These are his words, "Amore acerrimo, sed unico et honesto, in Adolescentia laboravi, et diutius laborassem, nisi jam tepescentem ignem mors acerba, sed utilis, extinxisset." See his works, Basil, Vol. Tom* I. *Yet others say, she married another person; which is scarce probable, since Petrarch lamented her death for ten years afterwards, as appears from Sonetto* 313, *with a most uncommon ardour of passion. Thomasinus in his curious book, called Petrarcha Redivivus, has given us two prints of Laura, with an account of her family, their loves, and his sweet retirement in Vaucluse. As for Spenser, we may conclude that his love for Rosalinda proved unsuccessful, from his pathetical complaints, in several of his poems, of her cruelty. The author, therefore thought it only a poetical kind of justice, to reward them in this imaginary retreat of lovers, for the misfortunes they really suffered here, on account of their passion.*

Swell the green gems and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promiſe of the future wine,
The ſpirits to exalt, the genius to refine!

Let us our ſteps direct where Father Thames.
In ſilver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval ſtream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.
Or by the banks of Iſis ſhall we ſtray,
(Ah why ſo long from Iſis banks away)!
Where thouſand damſels dance, and thouſand
ſhepherds play.

Or chooſe you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Emboſom'd, Surrey, in thy verdant vale,
At once the muſes and the graces ſeat!
There gently liſten to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taſte the odours of the mazy-grove: [love.
Hark how the turtles coo: I languiſh too with

Amid the pleaſaunce of Arcadian ſcenes,
Love ſteals his ſilent arrows on my breaſt;
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
Can ſooth my anguiſh, or invite to reſt.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my ſmart:
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of ſilk, with hook of barbed ſteel,
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's cryſtal boſom ſteal
Upon the graſſy bank the finny prey:
The perch, with purple ſpeckled manifold;
The eel, in ſilver labyrinth ſelf roll'd, [gold.
And carp, all-burniſh'd o'er with drops of ſcaly

Or ſhall the meads invite, with Iris hues
And nature's pencil gay diverſify'd,
(For now the ſun has lick'd away the dews)
Fair-fluſhing and bedeck'd like virgin bride?
Thither (for they invite us), we'll repair,
Collect and weave (whate'er is ſweet and fair)
A poſy for thy breaſt, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily, clad in balmy ſnow;
Sweet is the roſe, of ſpring the ſmiling eye;
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lilies bow;
Cropt by the hand, the roſes fade and die.
Though now in pride of youth and beauty dreſt,
O think, Ianthe, cruel time lays waſte
The roſes of the cheek, the lilies of the breaſt.

Weep not; but, rather taught by this, improve
The preſent freſhneſs of thy ſpringing prime:
Beſtow thy graces on the god of love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of time.
In chaſte endearments, innocently gay,
Ianthe! now, now love thy ſpring away;
Ere cold October blaſts deſpoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
With grateful diligence, we wind our way;
What op'ning ſcenes our raviſh'd ſenſes fill,
And, wide, their rural luxury diſplay! [ſpires,
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and
Villa's of learned clerks, and gentle ſquires;
The villa of a friend the eye-ſight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I ſtrung [veins
The gladſome lyre, when * livelood ſwell'd my
And Eden's nymphs and Iſis damſels ſung
In tender † elegy, and ‡ paſtoral-ſtrains;
Collect and ſhed thyſelf on Theron's bowr's,
O green his gardens, O perfume his flow'rs,
O bleſs his morning walks and ſooth his ev'ning
hours.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
The walks of nature, ſtill to virtue kind,
For ſacred ſolitude can never cloy;
The wiſdom of an uncorrupted mind!
O very long may Hymen's golden chain
To earth confine you and the rural reign;
Then ſoar, at length, to heaven! nor pray, O
muſe, in vain.

Where'er the muſes haunt, or poets muſe,
In ſolitary ſilence ſweetly tir'd,
Unlooſe thy boſom, May! thy ſtores effuſe,
Thy vernal ſtores, by poets moſt deſir'd,
Of living fountain, of the woodbind ſhade,
Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.
Thy bounty, in his verſe, ſhall *certes* be repay'd.

On Twit'nam bow'rs (Aonian-Twit'nam bow'rs)!
Thy ſofteſt plenitude of beauties ſhed,
Thick as the winter ſtars, or ſummer flow'rs;
§ Albê the tuneful maſter (ah!) be dead.
To Colin next he taught my youth to ſing,
My reed to warble, to reſound my ſtring:
The king of ſhepherd's he, of poet's he the king.

Hail, happy ſcenes, where joy wou'd chooſe to
dwell;
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
Hail muſic, which the muſe ‖ ſcant excel;
Hail flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown.
Ye linnets, larks, ye thruſhes, nightingales;
Ye hills ye plains, ye groves, ye ſtreams ye vales,
Ye ever happy ſcenes! all you, your poet hails.

All hail to thee, O May! the crown of all!
The recompence and glory of my ſong:
Ne ſmall the recompence, ne glory ſmall,
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful-throng,
With lovers-myrtle, and with poet's-bay
Fairly ¶ bedight, approve the ſimple lay,
And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee,
May!

EPITHALAMIUM

On the Royal Nuptials, in May 1736.

On Thamis' banks, where many a flow'ry gem
Blooms wanton-wild, advanc'd a jovial crew,
Thick as the daiſies which his meadows hem,
And with ſweet herbs the liquid cryſtal ſtrew;

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* *Livelineſs.*

† *Stella; ſive Amores: Elegiarum Tres Libri. Written in the year* 1736.

‡ *Six paſtorals: written in the year* 1734.

§ *Although.* ‖ *Scarcely.*

¶ *Adorned.*

For on the liquid cryſtal gaily flew
A painted * gondelay, bedecked fair
With gold and purple, gorgeous to the view!
While loud approving ſhouts divide the air,
"Hail, happy future bride of Albion's worthy
"heir."

† Eſſoons the father of the ſilver flood,
The noble Thames, his azure head uprais'd,
And ſhook his dewy locks, worthy a God!
A lambent glory round his temples blaz'd,
On which the Naiads all with wonder gaz'd.
So ſparkle Thetis purple-trembling ſtreams,
When Phœbus, for his golden car yprais'd,
Strikes the calm ſurface with his morning beams,
And ſprinkles ſpangles round, and the wide blue
inflames.

The wanton Naiads, Doris' daughters all,
Range in a ring: Pheruſa, blooming-fair,
Cymodoce dove-ey'd, with Florimal [hair,
Sweet-ſmelling flowrets deck'd their long green
And Erato, to love to Venus dear,
Galene dreſt in ſmiles and lily-white,
And Phao, with her ſnowy boſom bare,
All theſe, and more than theſe, a dainty ſight!
In daunce and merriment and ſweet ‡ belgards
delight.

Around the bark they daunce, wherein their ſat
A lady freſh and fair, ah! ſuch a one,
So freſh and fair, ſo amiably great,
So goodly-gracious ſeem'd as never none.
And like thy ſweet-beam'd planet, Venus, ſhone.
They much admire, O very much her face,
Her ſhape, her breaſt, for love a downy throne!
Her beauty's glorious ſhine, her every grace;
An angel ſhe appear'd, at leaſt of angel race.

Her Thamis (on his golden urn he lean'd)
Saluted with this Hymeneal ſong,
And hail'd her ſafe. Full ſilent was the wind,
The river glided gently-ſoft along,
§ Ne whiſpered the breeze the leaves among,
Ne love-learn'd Philomel out-trill'd her lay;
A ſtillneſs on the waves attentive hung,
A brighter gladneſs bleſt the face of day,
All nature gan to ſmile, her ſmiles diffus'd the
May.

"Ah ſacred ſhip, to Albion wafting gond,
Our wiſh, our hope, our joy! who ſafe convey'd
Through perilous ſea, from Ila's little flood,
This beauty's paragon, this royal maid,
Iſprung, iwiſt, of high empyreal ſeed;
The child of heaven, the daughter of delight,
Nurſt by a grace, with milk and honey fed!
Oh Frederick! oh, ‖ certes, bleſſed wight,
To whom the gods conſign the nymph Auguſta ¶
hight.

Ah ſacred ſhip! may favourable gales,
The kindeſt breath of heav'n attend thy way,
And ſwell the winged canvaſs of thy ſails:
May calmneſs be thy path, and pleaſaunce lay
On the ſoft boſom of the yielding ſea,
Where'er thou wind, or to the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt, or Indias bay,
Where diamonds kindle, and the golden ore
Flames into purity, to deck Auguſta more!

Auguſta, faireſt princeſs under ſky,
Welcome to Albion's renowned land,
Albion well known to thy great anceſtry,
Made dearer far to thee by Hymen's band,
The band of love, of honour and command!
Deign to receive the nation's public voice,
Of heartineſs unfeign'd, who gleeful ſtand
In meet array, and thus expreſs their joys
In peals of loud acclaim, and mirth's confuſed
noiſe.

With warmer raptures, and more paſſionate,
Though hard to be! the Royal Youth, I trow
Shall thee embrace: him tenfold fires elate,
And ſacred paſſions in his boſom glow,
Which from thy picture erſt began to flow.
For thee he burns, for thee he ſighs and prays,
Pours out his ſoul to thee, nor reſt can know;
But dreams of thee long, livelong nights and days,
By beauty led through all love's roſy thorny ways.

To heal his pains ſoft muſic does divide
Moſt heavenly melody in ſoothing ſtrains;
Nor heavenly melody, nor aught beſide,
Save thee, ah deareſt dread can heal his pains;
Thy form too deeply in his breaſt remains.
So ever and anon he chides the gales,
That ſlowly ſeem to bruſh the liquid plains;
Oh! fly on all the wings of heav'n, ye ſails,
Oh fly! he cries; and lo! a lover's pray'r pre-
vails

Now ceaſe thy ſighs. She comes, (oh bleſſed
day)!
She comes, by all the loves and graces dreſt,
In proud humility - See, Hymen play,
With ſaffron robe and flame embroider'd veſt,
(Such colours * ſikerly ſuit Hymen beſt)
And Cupid catches roſy wafts of air
To ſtretch the ſails and fan the royal gueſt.
Nor chaſtity, meek ey'd, is wanting there,
For ſhe, and modeſty, ſweet bluſhing, guide the
ſteer.

Not Venus, queen of beauty and of bliſs
So goodly ſhone, when * erſt the goddeſs ſprung
From ocean's ſparkling foam, ſweet nakedneſs!
A thouſand ſmiles and loves upon her hung,
And all the gods for joy and wonder ſung.
The waves ſo proud the beamy burden bore
Exulting, ſhe, around her odours flung,
And bade the billows laugh and ceaſe to roar;
They gladly her obey, and gently kiſs the ſhore.

So fair ſhe looks, nay fairer could it be;
Did never mortal man ſuch charms behold
In bow'r or hall Spring waits upon her eye;
Lo! Flora has her richeſt ſtores out-roll'd
Of variable flow'rs and blooming gold.

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* *A Boat.* † *Presently.* ‡ *Beautiful looks.*
§ *Nor.* ‖ *Certainly.* ¶ *Named.*

* *Surely.* † *Formerly.*

he meadows ſmile, the birds renew their love,
And throw themſelves in pairs the young and old;
All nature glows where'er her glances move,
And beauty paints each field, and muſic fills each grove.

But who is yon, each other youth excelling
As much as orient gold ſurmounteth braſs?
Sure honour in his viſage choſe her dwelling,
And ſacred truth, * perdie, adorns his face;
Such goodlihead and humbleneſs never was.
Bleſt be the ſight! full well whoſe looks I kenn,
Where joyaunce ſits and ever-ſmiling grace;
Frederick! 'tis he! the firſt and beſt of men,
Our dearling prince to meet Auguſta † well-beſeen.

And lo! what medled paſſions in him move,
He gazes—wonders—(great is beauty's pow'r)!
And, ſweetly loſt in eccſtaſy and love,
His eyes her whole, his lips her lips devour,
Which Venus had beſprent with nectar-ſhow'r.
Her ſlippery charms allow his eyes no reſt,
But thouſand arrows, nay ten thouſand pour
Into his wounded and tranſported breaſt;
Sure none like her is fair, ſure none like him is bleſt!

O bleſſed youth! receive thy ‡ bonnibel,
Eternal fount of virtue, love, and grace!
O kneel to all the gods and pray to all,
Who ſparkle ſo divinely in her face,
And with celeſtial fires her boſom bleſs.
So ſhines Aurora in her rich attire,
When ſhe Hyperion would fain careſs:
Gaze all the hoſt of ſtars, and all admire,
Then twinkle in their urns, and into night retire.

O bleſſed maid! receive thy § belamour,
With glee receive him and o'erflowing heart:
Ne in high monarch's court, ne lady's bow'r,
A youth ſo form'd by nature and by art,
Conſpiring both, ere cheriſh'd Cupid's dart.
So Phœbus, luſty bridegroom of the ſky,
With native ſplendours ſhine on every part;
From eaſt to weſt his pointed glories fly,
He warmeth every heart, he dazzleth every eye."

Here Themis ended. Now the goodly train
Of all the Naiads, in moſt comely wiſe,
A preſent make of myrtle-girland green,
Entrail'd with flow'rets and with rare device.
The graces eke, with laughter-ſwelling eyes,
A roſy chaplet, ſteep'd in nectar bring,
(The roſes gather'd in the morning ſkies)
Then, joining with the Naiads, form a ring,
And round them deftly daunce, and round them blithely ſing.

"As roſes and as myrtles kindly weave
Their ſweets in one, much ſweeter as they blend;
Emblem of marriage-love! So you receive
Sweets interchang'd, and to each other lend;
Then, in a bleſt perfume to heav'n, aſcend,
And mingle with the gods! While here below,
New myrtles, roſes new, withouten end,
From your luxurious ſtock, full plenteous grow,
And with their parent-ſweets, and parent beauty glow."

Next Albion's genius came, bedite in gold,
An oaken chaplet nodded on his head;
The crown he held was glorious to behold,
And royally he taught his feet to tread.
Soon as he ſpy'd the prince's goodlihead,
He pointed to the crown, and rais'd his voice
To hail the royal pair and bleſs their bed;
The jolly chorus catch the grateful noiſe,
Echo the woods and vales, and heav'n and earth rejoice.

Next liberty, the faireſt nymph on ground;
The flowing plenty of her golden hair
Diffuſing laviſhly ambroſia round;
Her hands a flow'ry cornucopia bear,
Which ſcatters joy and pleaſaunce through the air.
Earth ſmil'd, and gladneſs danc'd along the ſky;
Before her vaniſh'd grief and pale-ey'd care,
And * eft, in courteous guiſe, ſhe caſt her eye
On that ſame gentle twain, her glory and her joy.

And theſe beſide, a ſacred perſ'nage came,
Immaculate and ſweet as Sharon-roſe:
Upon her breaſt a bloody croſs did flame,
Anmail'd with gold and gems in goodly rows:
A pall of lawn adown her ſhoulders flows:
† Yclep'd Euſebia. She pray'd aloud,
Then, bleſſing both, for her defenders choſe,
And ſpread her glories in a purple cloud:
Softly Auguſta ſmil'd, full lowly Frederick bow'd.

Fair Fame behind a ſilver trumpet blew,
Sweet to the earth, and fragrant to the ſky!
Her mantle of a many-colour'd hue,
Her rainbow-wings powder'd with many an eye,
And near her honour, pow'r, and courteſy:
Honour, of open front, and ſteady grace;
Pow'r, clad in ſteel, a faulchion brandiſh'd high;
Courteſy, dreſt in ſmiles her bounteous face: [caſe!
When theſe attend a prince, thrice happy ſubject's

The muſes clos'd this intellectual ſcene
From Helicon; who knows not Helicon?
Gold were their lyres, their laurels evergreen.
Soon Clio to the prince a ſtarry crown
Preſents, another to his ‡ bellibone.
Then all in lofty chorus ſwell the ſong,
Big with their happy loves and great renown,
Prophetic numbers float the woods emong,
For ſhepherd lad too high, for memory too long.

‖ Nathleſs thy tuneful ſons, O Oxford dear!
By muſes viſited, may catch the lay,
Sweet pouring ſtreams of nectar on the ear,
And from their lips, in viſion, learn to raiſe
Their loves and fame, to brighten future days.
Thee firs not, Thomalin, a ſimple ſwain,
High deeds to ſing, but gentle roundelays:

* *An affirmation.* † *Handſome.*
‡ *Beautiful virgin.* ‖ *Charming lover.*

† *Often* ‡ *Called*
‖ *Fair damſel.* § *Nevertheleſs.*

Go feed thy flock, renew the rural ſtrain
On oaten pipe, content to pleaſe the humble plain.

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

AN ODE.

AIR I.

O SOFTLY ſigh into the flute,
While dear Ianthe breathes the love-ſick lay:
Now teach the melancholy lute
In tender trills to melt the notes away,
Melodious in decay!—
But hark, ſhe louder, louder ſings,
Sink, boldly ſink into the ſtreams:
Shake, O ſhake the numerous wire,
Fire the blood, the ſpirits fire
With muſical thunder and burning deſire!

AIR II.

Our ſouls divided with a fond ſurpriſe!
Diſſolve in woe;
With rapture glow;
Fall with her notes; or with her boſom riſe;
Rais'd with hopes; with fears depreſt;
Sweetly tortur'd ſweetly bleſt;
Sav'd by her voice, and vanquiſh'd by her eyes,

RECITATIVE.

The god of love, to her ſtrains
Leaves his Acidalian plains,
And, as th' harmonious charmer ſings,
In triumph points his darts and waves his wings.
Th' harmonious charmer paus'd to ſee
A liſt'ning wondering deity;
While ſilence ſoftly chain'd her tongue,
The god reſponſive rais'd the ſong,
In ſtrains like theſe, if ſtrains can be
Rais'd to the raptures of a deity,
The raptures of a wond'ring deity!

AIR III.

Beauty, ſacred beauty ſing,
Flowing from the wond'rous ſpring
Of uncreated and primeval light!
Beauty, ſacred beauty ſing,
Spoke into being in his high abode,
And next his own eternal eſſence bright!

AIR IV.

With beauty muſic join,
The breath of heav'n
To mortals given
To ſwell their bliſs to bliſs divine!
With beauty muſic join.

CHORUS.

Beauty, ſilent harmony!
Softly ſtealing through the eye
Smiles into the breaſt a dart.
Muſic, fine-proportion'd ſounds!
Pours balm upon the lover's wounds
Through the ear into the heart.

RECITATIVE.

Thus once Cecilia (tuneful Dryden ſings),
To fire with ſacred rage her ſoul,
Touch'd into voice the ſprightly ſtrings,
And bade the ſilver tides of muſic roll,
An angel, liſt'ning to her lyre,
To lift the modulations higher,
Apply'd the aiding graces of his tongue;
And while the virgin play'd, the ſeraph ſung.

AIR V.

Sweeteſt mortal, to befriend thee,
Angels from their quires attend thee,
Angels leave their thrones to hear
Muſic with devotion glowing,
Muſic heavenly joys beſtowing,
Worthy a ſeraphic ear!

RECITATIVE.

Again ſhe trembles o'er the ſilver ſtrings,
The ſilver ſtrings, exulting to her hand,
Obey the ſweet command,
And thus again the angel ſings.
(While ſilence wav'd her downy wings around,
And gladneſs ſmil'd along the purple ſkies;
All nature ſoft'ned at their flows of ſound,
And bright'ned at the radiance of their eyes.)

AIR VI.

Harmony, the ſoul refining!
Beauty, ſenſe, and virtue, joining
In a form and mind like thine,
Nobly raiſe a mortal creature
To a more exalted nature;
We alone are more divine!

RECITATIVE.

Rapt'rous thus the angel ſung,
Manna melting from his tongue,
Attemper'd to Cecilia's golden lyre:
The blended pow'rs of harmony
Trembled up the willing ſky,
And mingled with the ſeraph's flaming quire.

CHORUS.

How ſweet the muſic, how divine,
When heaven and earth in conſort join!
O ſweet the muſic! O divine!

AIR VII.

Skill'd the ſofteſt notes to ſing,
Skill'd to wake the ſweeteſt ſtring,
Dear Ianthe both ſupplies:
Thee, Cecilia, thee we find
In her form and in her mind,
The angel in her voice and eyes!

CHORUS.

Happy, O beyond expreſſing!
He who taſtes th' immortal bleſſing
Dear Ianthe may beſtow!
Beauty, in its pride, poſſeſſing,
Ever loving and careſſing,
Muſic moving,
Bliſs improving!—
He'll enjoy a heav'n below!
Happy he, beyond expreſſing!

THE DESPAIRING MAIDEN.

WITHIN an unfrequented grove,
As late I laid alone,
A tender maid in deep diſtreſs,
At diſtance, made her moan.

She cropt the blue-ey'd violet,
Bedew'd with many a tear;
And ever and anon her ſighs
Stole ſadly on my ear.

" Ah faithleſs man! how could he leave
So fond and true a maid?
Can ſo much innocence and truth
Deſerve to be betray'd?

Alas, my mother! (if the dead
Can hear their children groan)
What ills your helpleſs orphan feels,
To ſorrow left alone.

To ſorrow left by him I lov'd;
Ah perjur'd and ingrate!—
Ye virgins, learn the wiles of men,
And learn to ſhun my fate.

For whom do I theſe flourets crop,
For whom this chaplet twine?
Say, ſhall they glow on Damon's brow,
Or fade away on mine?

But he the blooming wreath will ſcorn,
Who ſcorn'd my virgin-bloom:
And me—alas! they ſuit not me,
Unleſs to deck my tomb.

How oft the dear perfidious youth
Invok'd each pow'r above!
How oft he languiſh'd at my feet,
And vow'd eternal love!

How ſweet the minutes danc'd away,
All melted in delight!
With him each ſummer-day was ſhort,
And ſhort each winter-night.

'Twas more than bliſs I felt:—and now
Alas! 'tis more than pain.—
Ye ſoft, ye roſy hours of love,
Return—return again.

Ah no!—Let blackneſs ſhade the night,
When firſt he breath'd his vows:
The ſcene of pleaſure then—but, ah!
The ſource of all my woes.

How could I think ſo ſweet a tongue
Could e'er conſent to lie?—
'Twas eaſy to deceive a maid
So ſoft and young as I.

And yet he lays the fault on me
(Where none could e'er be laid,
Unleſs my loving him too well),
And calls me perjur'd maid.

The nymphs, who envious ſaw my charms,
Rejoice to ſee my woe,
And taunting cry, " why did you leave
The youth that lov'd you ſo?"

But oh, believe me, lovely youth,
Far dearer than my eye,
I love you ſtill, and ſtill will love,
Till oh, for you, I die!

Ev'n though you hate, I doat to death;
My death my truth ſhall prove.
My lateſt pray'rs are pray'rs for you,
And ſighs are ſighs of love."

She ceas'd:—(while pity from the clouds
Diſſolv'd in ſilent ſhow'rs:—)
Then faintly " Damon!" cry'd:—and breath'd
Her ſoul amid the flow'rs.

CORESUS AND CALLIRHOE; A TALE.

Veteres Renovamus Amores. CATULLUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following tale is related by Pauſanias, in Achaicis, Græciæ, Lib. 7.; but inſtead of giving the original, or the Latin verſion by Romulus Amaſæus (both which the learned reader may find in the edition publiſhed by Joach. Kuhnius in fol. Lipſiæ, 1696, p. 575.), I ſhall content myſelf with the tranſlation of the ſtory into Engliſh, as it is done from the Greek in the learned and ingenious travels of Sir G. Wheler: which book, upon many accounts, deſerves to be reprinted, and made more common.

" Coreſus, the prieſt of Bacchus, fell in love with a fair virgin of Calydon, called Callirhoe; who, the more ſhe was courted, the more ſhe deſpiſed the prieſt; ſo that neither his rich preſents, vows, nor tears, could move her to the leaſt compaſſion. This, at laſt, made the prieſt run in deſpair to the image of Bacchus for ſuccour, imploring vengeance from him. Bacchus made it appear that he heard his prayers, by a diſeaſe he ſent on the town; which ſeemed a kind of drunken madneſs; of which mad fit people died in abundance. Whereupon they ſent deputies from Calydon to the oracle of Jupiter of Dodona, to know what they ſhould do to be freed from that woeful malady. Anſwer was given, that Coreſus muſt ſacrifice Callirhoe, or ſome other perſon, that would dedicate himſelf in her ſtead, to appeaſe the anger of Bacchus. The virgin, when ſhe could no way obtain her life of her relations, was brought to the altar, adorned as victims uſed to be, to be ſacrificed by her lover Coreſus: Whoſe wonderful love, even at that preſent, ſo conquered all paſt thoughts of revenge, that inſtead of her he ſlew himſelf: The virgin alſo, relenting of her cruelty to him, went and ſlew herſelf at a fountain near the town; from thence called by her name, Callirhoe."

Thus far Sir George Wheler. See his Journey into Greece, fol. book 4th, p. 292.
I ſhall only add, that the ancient cuſtoms, particularly of the Orgia. or Rites of Bacchus, and of the ſacrifice, are alluded to, and carefully obſerved, in the ſeveral parts of this little poem.

High in Achaia, ſplendid from afar,
A city flouriſh'd; Calydon its name,
Waſh'd by Evenus' chalky flood; the ſeat
Of Meleager, from the ſlaughter'd boar
Glorious. A virgin here, amazing, ſhone,
Callirhoe the fair: her father's boaſt!
For, ah! ſhe never knew a mother's ſmile;
Nor learn'd what happineſs from marriage ſprings.
In flow'r of youth, and purer than the ſnow,
Which, with a ſilver circle, crown'd the head
Of the ſteep neighbour mountain; but averſe
To Hymen's rites, the lovely foe of man.
O why will beauty, cruel to itſelf,
No leſs than others, violate the laws
Which nature dictates, and itſelf inſpires!
A thouſand lovers from th' Olenian hill,
From rough Pylene, and from Pleuron's tow'rs,
Their paſſion pleaded. But Coreſus, chief,
The Calydonian prieſt of Bacchus, form'd
By Venus' ſelf for love; in beauty's pride;
Young, bounteous, affable. What tender arts,
What winning carriage, and reſpectful ſuit,
Almoſt to zealous adoration ſwell'd,
Did he not practiſe? But in vain. And now
Drew near the Orgial feſtival, and rites
Lyæan. Poor Coreſus, to approve
The wonders of his love and dear regard,
By ſcorn unquench'd, and growing by neglect
(In hopes to ſoften her, at leaſt adorn),
Preſented to this murdreſs of his peace
The ritual ornaments, by virgins worn
Upon the ſolemn feaſt. The ivy ſpear,
With winding green, and viny foliage gay,
Curl'd by his hand: a mitre for his head,
Curious aumail'd with imitated grapes,
Of bluſhing rubies form'd: the pall of lawn,
Flower'd with the conqueſts of the purple god:
The ciſta, ſilver; and the cymbals, gold:
And piny torch (O were it Hymen's) ting'd
With ſpicy gums, to feed the ready flame.
Open'd the feſtival---looſe to the winds,
Diſhevell'd, bare, the virgins give their necks
And wanton hair. Evœ! they mad'ning cry,
And ſhake their torches. Evœ! Io! rends
The air, and beats the echoing vault of heav'n.
The hills, the vales with Io Evœ! ring.
The temple opens to the ſacred throng;
When foremoſt enters, as in dreſs and charms,
Callirhoe, ſo in ſpeed. Their lovers wait,
With burning expectation, to enfold
His beauteous miſtreſs each. High on a throne
Coreſus blaz'd in jewels and in gold,
More charming in himſelf. Quick with his eye
He catch'd Callirhoe, and, deſcending, claſp'd
With eager tranſport her reluctant waiſt.
A thouſand vows he breath'd, and melting things
He ſpoke and look'd; but to the rocks and wind.
What cou'd he more? yes more he did: for what,
What can't a lover, like Coreſus, do?
Neglectful of his dignity he ſunk
(Still love diſdains what dignity demands,
O'er Jupiter himſelf ſupreme) he ſunk,
And trembled at her feet, with proſtrate zeal,
As to his God. He dy'd upon her hand
With ſighing languiſhment: he gaz'd his ſoul
At every ardent glance into her eyes;
Moſt eloquently ſilent! o'er his cheek
The guſhing tears, in big, round drops, diffus'd
The dews of paſſion, and the brain's ſoft ſhow'r,
Potent to warm the moſt obdurate breaſt,
Though cold as marble. Idle were his tears,
His glances, languiſhment, and proſtrate zeal.
Diſdainful---frowning: "Hence, (ſhe cry'd)
nor dare
To interrupt my progreſs in the rites
With thy capricious rudeneſs. Shall the prieſt
The myſteries of Bacchus thus profane,
In his own temple too? and rather pay
To Venus his devotion, than his God?"
Then, haughty as away ſhe turn'd, he graſp'd
Her knees; upon her garments flowing train
Shivering he hung: and with beſeeching eyes,
Thus, from th' abundance of his heart, complain'd.
"If pity be no ſtranger to thy breaſt,
(As ſure it ſhould not to a breaſt like thine,
Soft as the ſwanny down!) relenting, hear;
In feelingneſs of ſpirit, mildly lend
Attention to the language of my heart,
Sick with o'erflowing tenderneſs and love.
I love thee with that innocence of truth,
That purity of paſſion, and deſire
Unutterable, of bequeathing up
My heart, my life, my all into thy hands,
Into thy gentle cuſtody,---that all,
My heart, my life, are bitterneſs and weight
Of agony without thee. Since I firſt,
(By Bacchus' ſelf I ſwear), beheld that face,
And nameleſs magic of thoſe radiant eyes,
All the foundation of my peace gave way:
While hopes and fears roſe up in boſom-war
To deſolate the quiet of my days.
Thy dear idea was my fancy's dream;
It mingled with my blood; and in my veins
Throbb'd, undulating, as my life were ſtung.
I live but on the thought of thee; my breaſt
Bleeds in me, with diſtreſs to ſee thee frown.
O ſmile! by thy dead mother's reverend duſt,
By all thy bowels are moſt fond of, ſmile,
And chaſe theſe heavy clouds of grief away.
I beg by Bacchus; for his ſake be kind."
Here, interrupted by the ſwelling ſtorm
Of paſſion labouring in his breaſt, his words
Gave way for ſighs and tears to ſpeak the reſt.
She, in contempt'ous deriſion, ſmil'd,
To which her frowns were innocent: and thus:
"Thy ſtaggering pow'r, and thee I ſcorn alike;
Him I deſpiſe, for chooſing thee his prieſt;
Thee, for thy arrogance, and courtſhip vile."
Indignant he, in wrathful mood (alarm'd
More at his God revil'd, than ſcorn for him)
Firſt calling on the ground his mitred-crown,
With hands and eyes uplifted, ardent, pray'd.

" Offspring of Jove, Evœ Lyæus, hear!
If e'er theſe hands with ivy wreaths thy brow
Circled, and twining tendrils of the vine:
If e'er my grateful tongue, big with thy praiſe,
Evœ, Lyæus Io Bacchus ſung:
If e'er thy ſervant on thy altars pour'd,
Copious, the purple wave of offer'd wine,
And, buſy, fed the conſecrated fire
With fat of aſs, or hog, or mountain goat;
Devoutly laviſh in the ſacrifice:
Avenge thy prieſt: this curſed race deſtroy:
Thy honours violated thus, avow;
Till they confeſs this ſtaggering pow'r a God."
He pray'd.—Loud peals of thunder ſhook the fane:
The image, nodding, his petition ſeal'd;
And Bacchus gave the Caledonian race
To madneſs, and unutterable woes.
The frantic crowd, as if with wine poſſeſt,
And the ſtrong ſpirit of the flamiug grape,
To and fro' reel, and ſtagger to and fro',
In dithyrambic meaſures, wild, convolv'd.
They toſs their cymbals, and their torches ſhake,
Shrieking, and tear their hair, and gaſh their fleſh,
And howl, and foam, and wheel the rapid dance
In giddy maze: with fury then o'erborn,
Enthuſiaſtic, whirling in deſpair,
Flat, drop down dead; and heaps on heaps expire.
Amaz'd confounded at the raging peſt,
The venerable fathers, in debate,
To ſpeed inquiring deputies, reſolv'd,
To high Dodona's grove; with vocal oaks
Umbrageous, aged, vaſt, the ſtruggling day
Excluding: the prime oracle of Greece!
Obſequious, they haſte: inquire: return:
And thus the counſels of the god diſcloſe.
" The rage of Bacchus for his injur'd prieſt,
Coreſus, by Callirhoe's ſcorn repuls'd,
Your city waſtes: and with funereal fires
Your ſtreets ſhall redden, formidably bright,
Till by Coreſus' hand the cruel maid
A ſacrifice be offer'd up: or one,
Free, uncompell'd, embrace the deſtin'd ſteel,
Devoted in her ſtead; and bleed for her.
So you'll appeaſe the God; the plague be ſtay'd."
They ſaid. Staring affright, and dumb amaze
The fathers ſeize: but chief, Æneùs, thee,
Callirhoe's old miſerable ſire!
Tenfold affliction to the grave weighs down
Thy ſilver'd hairs. But fate and heav'n require.
Soon through the city ſpread the news, and ſoon
Wounded Callirhoe's ear. Her ſpindle drops
Neglected from her hand. Prone on the floor,
She falls, ſhe faints; her breath, her colour fled:
Pale, cold and pale. Till, by aſſiſting care,
The fragrant ſpirit hovers o'er her lips,
And life returning ſtreams in roſy gales;
Rekindled only to deſpair. She knew
The virgins envy'd; and the injur'd youth
Stung with her ſcorn, wou'd wanton in her wounds,
Nor one, one offer up the willing breaſt
A victim for her life. And now the crowd,
Impatient of their miſeries, beſiege
The marble portal; burſt the bolted gates;
Demand Callirhoe; furious to obey
The oracle, and pacify the god.
What pangs, unhappy maid, thy boſom tear,
Sleepleſs, and ſad? relenting now too late,
Thy ſtubborn cruelty. Coreſus' charms
Blaze on thy mind; his unexampled love,
His every virtue riſing to thy thought.
Juſt in his fury, ſee the pointed ſteel
Waves, circling o'er thy throbbing breaſt: He ſtrikes;
He riots in thy blood with dire delight;
Inſatiate! He gluts his heart of rage
With thy warm guſhing life; and death enjoys,
Redoubling wound on wound, and blow on blow.
Thus paſs'd her hours. And now the dewy morn
The mountains tip'd with gold, and threaten'd day.
Without the city gates, a fountain wells
Its living waters, clear as ſhining glaſs:
Haunt of the nymphs! A cypreſs' aged arms
Threw round a venerable gloom, and ſeem'd
Itſelf a grove. An altar on the brink
Convenient roſe: for holy cuſtom wills
Each victim to be ſprinkled with its ſtreams,
New from pollution, worthier of the god.
Fierce for the ſacrifice Coreſus here
Waited; and, ſtimulated with revenge,
He curs'd and chid the lazy-circling hours
Too ſlow, as if injurious to his hate.
But ſoon the gath'ring crowd and ſhouts proclaim
Callirhoe near. Her weeping damſels lead
The deſtin'd offering, lovely in diſtreſs,
And ſparkling through her tears. A myrtle crown
With roſes glowing, and ſelected green,
Th' ambroſial plenty of her golden hair
Entwine: in looks, a Venus; and a Grace
In motion. Scarce the flow'rs of ſixteen ſprings
The fields had painted, ſince Æneùs firſt
Fondled his babe, and bleſt her on his knee.
Ev'n mountain clowns, who never pity knew,
Relented, and the hardeſt heart wept blood,
Subdu'd by beauty, though the fatal ſource
Of all their miſery. What tumults then
Roll in thy breaſt, Coreſus! while thy hands
The purifying waters on her head
Pour'd trembling, and the ſacred knife unſheath'd!
Wiping the ſilver-ſtreaming tears away,
She with a look nor cheerful, nor diſmay'd,
But languiſhingly ſweet, her ruby lips
Soft op'ning, thus began: " Father and friends,
Wound me not doubly with your tender grief:
I was not born alone for you. My life
I gladly offer for my country's weal:
'Tis glory thus to die Receive my blood,
Dear native ſoil! O may it health reſtore
And peace; and Bacchus' wrath be now appeas'd!
And thou, Coreſus, whom I moſt have wrong'd,
Look not ſo fiercely on me, while the ſteel
My once-lov'd boſom lances; drop a tear;
One ſigh in mercy heave, and drop one tear,
And I will thank thee for thy blow. For oh,
I never hated thee! but female pride,
Our ſex's curſe! forbade me to comply;
Too eaſy won!—Then pity me, Coreſus;
O pity, and, if poſſible, forgive!"

He anſwer'd not: but, ardent, ſnatch'd the knife,
And running o'er her beauties, ſtrangely wild,
With eyes which witneſs'd huge diſmay and love,
"Thus, thus I ſatisfy the gods!" he cry'd,
And bury'd in his heart, in his own heart,
The guilty blade. Then, reeling to her arms,
He ſunk and groaning, "O Callirhoe!"—dy'd.
Heav'n rings with ſhouts, "Was ever love like this?"
Callirhoe ſhriek'd; and from the gaping wound,
Quick as the lightning's wing, the reeking knife
Wrench'd. In an agony of grief and love,
Her boſom piercing, on his boſom fell,
And ſigh'd upon his lips her life away.
Their blood uniting in a friendly ſtream,
With bubbling purple ſtain'd the ſilver flood,
Which to the fountain gave Callirhoe's name.

THE DESPAIRING LOVER.

When gloomy November, to nature unkind,
Both ſaddens the ſkies, and oppreſſes the mind,
By beauty undone, a diſconſolate ſwain
Thus ſigh'd his deſpair to the winds and the rain.

"In vain the wind blows, and in vain the rains beat,
They fan but my flame, without quenching the heat
For ſo fierce is the paſſion which Stella inſpires,
Not the ocean itſelf could extinguiſh its fires.

Why gaz'd ye, my eyes, with ſuch aching delight,
'Till paradiſe open'd and ſwam in my ſight:
Yes, paradiſe open'd, and, oh! to my coſt,
The ſerpent I found, but the paradiſe loſt.

Heav'n knows with what fondneſs her heart I addreſt,
What paſſionate tenderneſs bled in my breaſt:
Yet ſo far was my truth from engaging belief,
That ſhe frown'd at my vows, though ſhe ſmil'd at my grief.

Sure never was love ſo ill-fated as mine; reſign?—
If a friend ſhall demand her, what, muſt I re-
Yes, yes, O reſign her, be bravely diſtreſt;
And though I die unhappy, yet—may he be bleſt!

And how bleſt muſt he be?—O to live on her charms.— arms!—
At her wit while he wonders to ſink in her
But yet, O my ſoul, to his friendſhip be juſt:
Let him live on her charms;—I'll go down to the duſt.

To the chambers of darkneſs I gladly will go,
For the light without her is the colour of woe:
Come, death, then relieve me, my life I reſign,
Since the arrows of love are leſs friendly than thine.

Ye virgins of Iſis, the fair and the young,
Whoſe praiſes ſo often have ſweet'ned my tongue,
In pity, when of my ſad fate you ſhall hear,
Oh, honour my grave with a roſe and a tear!

Perhaps the dear beautiful cauſe of my doom
May ſteal, by the ſtar-light, and viſit my tomb:
My ghoſt, if one ſigh ſhall but heave in her breaſt,
Though reſtleſs without it, contented will reſt.

TO THE AUTHOR OF LEONIDAS: A POEM.

AN EPISTLE.

Warm'd with thy verſe, which liberty inſpires,
Which nature forms, and ſacred reaſon fires,
I pour a tributary lay. Receive
The honeſt praiſe a friend may dare to give.
Moſt of our poets chooſe their early theme
A flow'ry meadow, or a purling ſtream.
Thy genius took a flight above the groves,
The pipe neglected, and the rural loves;
To godlike Newton's praiſes ſwell'd thy lyre,
Play'd with the light, and graſp'd etherial fire.
So the young lyric-lark, on trembling wings,
O'er meadows warbles, and to ſhepherds ſings;
The youthful eagle, born to nobler ſway,
Enjoys the ſun, and boldly faces day.
Next brave Leonidas, with virtue warm'd,
The child of heav'n and thee! our wonder charm'd:
Our wonder and our ſilence beſt can tell
How much he lov'd his Greece, how great he fell.
His arm how dreadful, how compos'd his mien!
Fierce as a god, and as a god ſerene.
Horrid with gold, and formidably bright,
He lightens and he thunders through the fight;
With bleeding hills he heaps the groaning plain,
And crimſon torrents mingle with the main.
At laſt, collecting all his patriot-fires,
In the full blaze of liberty expires.
If bleſt immortals bend their thoughts below,
(And verſe like thine may lift'ning angels draw),
What new felt raptures through the hero roll,
To find his deeds immortal as his ſoul!
To ſhine above each patriot's honour'd name,
Thron'd in thy verſe, the temple of his fame!
Rich as the pillars which ſupport the ſkies,
And bright with wit as heav'n with ſtarry dyes:
As virtue, firm; as liberty, ſublime;
A monument to mock the rage of time.
Did Homer, ſay, thy glowing breaſt inſpire
To ſing the Spartan with Athenian fire?
Or Homer's ſelf revives again in thee:
For Grecian chiefs and Grecian wit I ſee.
His mighty ſpirit all thy genius guides,
And o'er thy boſom roll his golden tides.
Bleſt is thy fancy, which durſt firſt deſpiſe
Gods in machines, and bullies from the ſkies.
Nor Arioſto's fables fill thy page,
Nor Taſſo's points, but Virgil's ſober rage.
Pure-temper'd fires an equal light maintain,
To warm the reaſon, not to ſcorch the brain.
How ſoft, how ſtrong, thy varied numbers move,
Or ſwell'd to glory, or diſſolv'd to love.
Correct with eaſe, where all the Graces meet,
Nervouſly plain, majeſtically ſweet.
The muſes well thy ſacrifice repay,
Attendant warbling in each heavenly lay!
When Ariana graſps th' abhorred dart,
Each lover bleeds, and feels it in his heart.
Ah faithful pair! by miſery improv'd:
Who would not die to love as you have lov'd?
Like Teribazus gladly I could die,
To draw one tear from dear Ianthe's eye.

One sigh of hers would recompence my breath,
Would sweeten pain, and sanctify my death.
O might I, while her eyes inflict the wound,
Or her soft lute dissolves a plaintive sound,
Might I, while she inhales my lateſt breath,
Sink from her arms into the arms of death!
Then rise (so pure a wish may be forgiven),
O sweet transition, from her breast to heav'n!
Forgive this fond excursion of my woe;
Forgive these tears, that will, rebellious, flow;
Forgive these sighs, that will, unbidden, rise,
Till death for ever close her from my eyes.
But thou, bleſt youth, may thou for ever know
The chaste endearment, and paternal glow:
The still, the sacred, the melodious hour,
The morning closet, and the ev'ning bow'r.
There, when thy muse shall let her eagle fly,
And nobly lift a mortal to the sky,
When all th' inspiring god dilates thy soul,
And quick ideas kindle as they roll,
Let British valour thy brave care engage,
With British valour fire the glorious page.
Bid Henry's honours in thy poem glow,
On Edward's immortality bestow.
Let Agincourt, let Cressy's well-fought plain
Run purple in thy lines and bleed again;
Britannia then, no more her sons shall mourn,
Extinct, forgotten in the silent urn:
Borne on the wings of verse their names shall rise,
Dear to the earth and grateful to the skies.
Hail, poetry! whose life infusing lays
Bid time roll back, and sleeping atoms raise;
Dust into being wake, expand the tomb,
Dead glory quicken, and restore lost bloom:
As God, from mortals heighten to divine,
And give us through eternity to shine!
Glover! thy mind, in various virtue wise,
Each science claims, and makes each art thy prize.
With Newton soars, familiar to the sky,
Looks nature through, so keen thy mental eye,
Or down descending on the globe below,
Through humbler realms of knowledge loves to flow.
Promiscuous beauties dignify thy breast,
By nature happy, as by study bleſt,
Thou, wit's Columbus! from the epic throne
New worlds descry'd, and made them all our own:
Thou first through real nature dar'd explore,
And waft her sacred treasures to our shore.
The merchant thus, by heav'nly wisdom led
(Each kingdom noted, and each law survey'd),
On Britain pours whate'er can serve mankind,
Adorn the body, or delight the mind.
Spices which blow'd in Araby the bleſt,
And breath'd a paradise around the east.
Unclouded sapphires show their azure sky,
Em'ralds with smiling green refresh the eye:
Here bleeds the ruby, diamonds sparkle there,
To tremble on the bosoms of our fair
Yet should the sun with tenfold lustre shine,
Exalt with deeper dyes the flaming mine,
Should softer breezes and more genial skies
Bid sweeter spice, in blooming order, rise,
Nor gems, nor spice, could nature know to name,
Bright as thy wit, or fragrant as thy fame.

THE NATIVITY.

A COLLEGE-EXERCISE. 1736.

'Twas morn! the fields were sprinkled o'er with light,
The folds unpent sent out their flocks to feed:
A shepherd boy (young Thomalin he * hight),
With flying fingers deftly tun'd his reed;
Where ancient Isis laves the muses' mead
(Forever smile the mead and flow the stream)!
He sung the birth of David's holy seed:
Though low his voice, full lofty was his theme;
† Wightly his senses all were rapt into a dream.

‡ Esrsoons he spy'd a grove, the season's pride,
All in the centre of a pleasant glade,
Where nature flourish'd like a virgin-bride;
Mantled with green, with hyacinths inlay'd,
And crystal rills o'er beds of lilies stray'd;
The blue-ey'd violet and king-cup gay,
And new blown roses, smiling sweetly red,
Outglow'd the blushing infancy of day,
While amorous west winds kist their fragrant souls away.

A rich pavilion rear'd within its height,
The capitals and freezes gold entire,
Glist'ning with carbuncles; a various light
Wav'd tremulous, and set the eye on fire.
A silken curtain, drawn on silver wire,
And ting'd with colours of the summer sky,
Flow'd round, and bade the ruder gales retire.
Four forms attendant at the portals lie,
The same Ezekiel saw with keen prophetic eye.

Unlike, O much unlike the strawy shed,
Where Mary, queen of Heaven, in humbleſs § lay,
Where ‖ erst the infant God repos'd his head,
And deign'd to dwell in tenement of clay;
The clouded tabernacle of the day!
The shepherd's dream was mystical, ¶ I ween,
Isaiah on his bosom pour'd a ray,
And painted to his eyes the gentle scene,
Where lions dandled lambs; O peace, thy golden reign!

High smiling in delight a lady sate.
Young as the dawning morn, on iv'ry throne;
Upon her looks the virgin-virtues wait,
The virgin-virtues wait on her alone!
Her sapphire eyes with gentle spirit shone:
Fair bountyhead was open'd in her face,
Of honour and of love the ** paragon!
A sweet regard and most auspicious grace
Bespoke her lineage high: She was of David's race.

Upon her lap a lovely infant lay,
And ken'd the mother by her smiling grace.
His looks were radiant as the bloom of day,
And angel sweetness purpled in his face.

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* *Named or called.* † *Quickly.*
‡ *Immediately.* § *Humility.*
‖ *ormerly, sometime since.*
¶ *I think.* ** *The pattern or model.*

Oh! how the mother did the babe embrace
With tender blandiſhment and fondling care!
She gaz'd, and gaz'd, * ne could enough careſs
His cheeks, as roſes red, as lilies fair, [heir!
The holy day-ſpring hight, heav'ns everlaſting

Near him a goodly pers'nage mildly ſhone,
With looks of love, and ſhedding peace and joy:
Her looks were love, ſoft-ſtreaming from the throne
Of grace, and ſweetly melted on the boy: [cloy.
Her tongue dropp'd honey, which wou'd never
Mercy † yclep'd. All nature on her hung,
To drink her manna and her ſmiles enjoy;
Young laughing angels "mercy, mercy," ſung;
Heav'n echo'd "mercy" back, the ſpheres with "mercy" rung.

Thus if the clouds, enroll'd with deadly food,
Forgot to thunder in the ethereal tow'rs,
But ſilently diſſolve in kindly mood,
In ſoftering dews, and balm, and honey ſhow'rs;
Laugh all the fields for joy, and all the bow'rs.
The ſhrubs and herbs freſh odours round them fling,
Pop up their ſmiling heads the little flow'rs,
Warble the birds, exulting on the wing, [ſing.
And all the wild-wood notes the genial bleſſings

High o'er his head was held a ſtarry crown,
Emblem of royalty and princely might:
His prieſthood was by golden mitre ſhown;
An eagle young, with ey'n moſt piercing bright,
To prove the prophet drink the diſtant light.
But ſtrangeſt was to ſee a bloody hand
Uprear a croſs, the croſs with blood ‡ bedight:
Ten thouſand angels, fluttering in a band,
Admir'd the myſtic ſign but could not underſtand.

Now dulcet ſymphonies, and voices meet,
Mellifluous ſtole upon the ſhepherd's ear,
Which ſwell'd ſo high, and di'd away ſo ſweet,
As might have charm'd a ſeraph from his ſphere.
Happy the ſwain that § mote ſuch muſic hear!
Eftſoons a joyous fellowſhip was ſeen
Of ladies ‖ gent, and beauties without ¶ peer,
As they a train of goddeſſes had been,
In manner of a maſk, radiant along the green.

Faith led the van, her mantle dipt in blue,
Steady her ken, and gaining on the ſkies;
Obedient miracles around her flew:
She pray'd, and heav'n burſt open on her eyes,
And golden valves roll'd back in wondrous wiſe:
And now ſome hill, with all its ſhaggy load
Of trees and flocks, unto the ocean ** hies:
Now wings of cherubs, flaming all abroad,
Careering on the winds in ſight upbear their God.

Next hope, the gayeſt daughter of the ſky!
Her nectar-dewed locks with roſes bound;
An Eden flouriſh'd where ſhe caſt her eye,
And flocks of ſports and joys their temples crown'd,
Plum'd their bright wings, and thump'd the hollow ground.
Grief gladden'd, and forgot to drop a tear
At her approach; ne ſorrow * mote be found,
Ne rueful looking † drad, ne pale-ey'd care;
And 'neath her chariot wheels ſhe cruſh'd hell-black deſpair.

Then charity full zon'd, as her beſeems,
Her breaſts were ſofter ivory, her hair
Play'd with the ſunny rays in amber ſtreams,
And floated wanton on the buxom air;
As mercy kind, as hope divinely fair.
Her ſoul was flame, and with prolific rays
The nations warm'd, all bright withouten glare.
Both men and angels, as ſhe paſſes, gaze,
But chief the poor, the lame, the blind, the naked, praiſe.

The train of virtues next, a dainty train!
Advance their ſteps, ſweet daughters of delight,
Awfully ſweet majeſtically plain
Celeſtial love, as ey'n of ſeraphs bright,
And ſpotleſs as their robes of new-ſpun light.
Truth, ſimple as the loveſick village maid;
Health-blooming temperance, a comely ‡ wight;
Humility, in homely weeds array'd,
And by her, in a line, an aſſes colt ſhe led.

But hark, the jolly pipe, and rural lay!
And ſee, the ſhepherd clad in mantle blue,
And ſhepherdeſs in ruſſet kirtle gay,
Come dancing on the ſhepherd-lord to view,
And pay, in decent wiſe, obeyſance due.
Sweet ſmelling flow'rs the gentle votaries bring,
Primroſes, violets, wet with morning dew,
The ſweeteſt incenſe of the early ſpring;
A humble, yet ſweet, a grateful offering.

Jocund to lead the way, with ſparkling rays,
Danc'd a ſtar-errant up the orient ſky;
The new-born ſplendour ſtreaming o'er the place,
Where Jeſus lay in bright humility,
Seem'd a fix'd ſtar unto the wond'ring eye:
Three ſeers § unwiſt the captain-glory led,
Of awful ‖ ſemblance, but of ¶ ſable dye.
Full royally along the lawn they tread,
And each with circling gold ** embraved had his head.

Low, very low on bended knee they greet
The virgin mother, and the Son adore,
The Son of Love! and kiſs his bleſſed feet;
Then ope the veſes and preſent their ſtore,
Gold, frankincenſe, and myrrh; what could they more!
For gold and myrrh a dying king †† divine;
The frankincenſe, from Arab's ſpicy ſhore,
Confeſs'd the God; for God did in him ſhine:
Myrrh, frankincenſe, and gold, God-man, were meetly thine.

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* *Nor.* † *Called or named.*
‡ *Stained or adorned.* § *Might or muſt.*
‖ *Gentle or handſome.* ¶ *Without equal.*
** *Haſtens.*

* *Might.* † *Fear or terror.*
‡ *Perſon.* § *Unknown, unlook'd for.*
‖ *Appearance.*
¶ *Commonly painted black; but a vulgar error.*
** *Adorned or made brave.* †† *Foretel.*

And laſt, triumphant on a purple cloud,
Fleecy with gold, a band of angels ride:
They boldly ſweep their lyres, and, hymning loud,
The richeſt notes of harmony divide;
Scarce Thomalin the rapture could abide:
And ever and anon the babe they eye,
And through the fleſhly veil the God deſcry'd,
Shrill hallelujahs tremble up the ſky:
"Good-will and peace to man," the choirs in heav'n reply.

They ended: and all nature ſoon was chang'd!
O'er diamond pebbles ran the liquid gold:
And ſide by ſide the lamb and lion rang'd
The flow'ry lawn. The ſerpent gently roll'd
His gliſtering ſpires, and playful tongue outloll'd
To lick the infant hand. Together fed
The wolf and kid, together ſought a fold.
The roſes bluſh'd with more celeſtial red;
Hell groan'd through all her dens; and grim death dropp'd down head.

* Whilome theſe ſcenes the tuneful Twick'nham ſwain,
With Eſay's heav'nly pencil taught to glow:
Then ceaſe, O ceaſe, the antiquated ſtrain;
Nor † marr his ſong: but reverently go,
And in the temple of his muſes bow.—
Delight and wonder broke the ſhepherd's dream;
Faded the ſcenes: and, in a goodly row,
Ruſh'd on his eyes the muſes well-lov'd theme,
Fair Rhedicyna's tow'rs, and Iſis' ſacred ſtream!

THE BOWER.

Blow, blow, thou ſummer breeze,
O gently fan the trees,
That form yon fragrant bow'r;
Where Sylvia, loveliеſt maid!
On nature'e carpet laid,
Enjoys the ev'ning hour.

Hence, hence, ye objects foul,
The beetle bat, and owl,
The hag-worm, neute, and toad;
But fairy elves, unſeen,
May gambol o'er the green,
And circle her abode.

Breathe, breathe thy incenſe, May;
Ye flow'rs, your homage pay,
To one more fair and ſweet:
Ye op'ning roſe-buds, ſhade,
With fragrant twine, her head,
Ye lilies, kiſs her feet.

Shed, ſhed thy ſweeteſt beams,
In particolour'd ſtreams,
Thou fount of heat and light!
No, no, withdraw thy ray,
Her eyes effuſe a day,
As mild, as warm, as bright.

Flow, flow, thou cryſtal rill,
With tinkling gurgles fill
The mazes of the grove:
And if thy murmuring ſtream
Invite my love to dream,
O may ſhe dream of love!

Sing, ſing ye feather'd quires,
And melt to ſoft deſires
Her too obdurate breaſt:
Then, in that tender hour,
I'll ſteal into her bow'r,
And teach her—to be bleſt.

* *Formerly, ſometime ago.* † *Spoil.*

THE LOVER.

Since Stella's charms, divinely fair,
Firſt pour'd their luſtre on my heart,
Ten thouſand pangs my boſom tear,
And ev'ry fibre feels the ſmart.
If ſuch the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love!

I meet my boſom friends with pain,
Though friendſhip us'd to warm my ſoul;
Wine's generous ſpirit flames in vain,
I find no cordial in the bowl
If ſuch the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love!

Though nature's volume open lies,
Which once with wonder I have read,
No glories tremble from the ſkies,
No beauties o'er the earth are ſpread.
If ſuch the mournful moments prove,
O who would give his heart to love!

Ev'n poetry's ambroſial dews
With joy no longer feed my mind,
To beauty, muſic, and the muſe,
My ſoul is dumb, and deaf, and blind.
Though ſuch the mournful moments prove,
Alas! I give my heart to love.

But ſhould the yielding virgin ſmile,
Dreſt in the ſpotleſs marriage robe,
I'd look upon this world as vile,
The maſter of a richer globe.
If ſuch the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love!

The buſineſs of my future days,
My every thought, my every pray'r,
Shall be employ'd to ſing her praiſe,
Or ſent to bounteous heav'n for her.
If ſuch the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart ro love!

Poets ſhall wonder at my love,
Painters ſhall crowd her face to ſee,
And when they would the paſſions move,
Shall copy her, and think of me.
If ſuch the rapt'rous moments prove,
O let me give my heart to love.

Old age ſhall burn as bright as youth,
No reſpite to our bliſs be given:
Then mingled in one flame of truth,
We'll ſpurn at earth, and ſoar to heav'n.
Since ſuch the rapt'rous moments prove,
We both will give our hearts to love.

THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

Lull'd in the arms of him she lov'd
Ianthe sigh'd the kindest things:
Her fond surrender he approv'd
With smiles; and thus, enamour'd, sings.

"How sweet are lover's vows by night,
Lap'd in a honeysuckle grove!
When Venus sheds her gentle light,
And sooths the yielding soul to love.

Soft as the silent-footed dews
That steal upon the starlight-hours;
Warm as a love-sick poet's muse;
And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.

To hear our vows the moon grows pale,
And pants Endymion's warmth to prove:
While, emulous, the nightingale,
Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

The silver-sounding shining spheres,
That animate the glowing skies,
Nor charm so much, as thou, my ears,
Nor bless so much, as thou, my eyes.

Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,
Thus sink in softness on thy breast!
No cares, shall haunt us; danger, part,
For ever loving, ever blest.

Censorious envy dares not blame
The passion which thy truth inspires:
Ye stars, bear witness that my flame
Is chaste as your eternal fires."

Love saw them (hid among the boughs)
And heard him sing their mutual bliss:
"Enjoy, cry'd he, Ianthe's vows;
But, oh!—I envy thee her kiss."

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

AN ODE.

Auspicious sprung the morning into light,
By love selected from the golden tide
Of time, illustrious with peculiar white,
And mended from the blushes of the bride.

The muse observ'd the fond-approaching hour,
And thus her Philo's gentle ear addrest.
"Behold, descending from yon maiden tow'r
The beauteous object of thy eyes and breast.

Fair issuing, down the hill I see her move,
Like the sweet morn, in dews and blushes gay:
You, like the bridegroom sun, her charms approve;
And warm her dawning glories into day.

I own the radiant magic of her eyes,
But more the graces of her soul admire;
Those may lay traps for lovers, fops, and flies,
But these the husband and the muse inspire.

A husband is a venerable name!
O happy state, when heart is link'd to heart!
Nor less the honour of the wedded dame:
Sweet interchange! which only death can part.

O blest with gentle manners, graceful ease;
Gay, yet not trifling; serious, yet not grave;
Skillful, to charm the wits; the wise, to please;
Though beauteous, humble; and though tender, brave.

Riches and honours wait on either name:
But they in life are but the last desert:
Your richer happiness and fairer fame,
Shall be the good behaviour of the heart.

When such the wonders both of form and mind,
What rapture fancy'd, reason will approve;
By time your inclinations be refin'd;
And youth, be spent in passion; age in love?"

Thus far the muse. When Hymen, from the sky,
The lovers in the band of concord ty'd;
The Virtues and the Graces too were by,
And Venus left her cestus with the bride.

TO DR. LINDEN,

ON HIS TREATISE ON CHALYBEATE WATERS.

With healing wings, intent on doing good,
An angel visited Bethesda's flood;
Quick as the morning ray, or ev'ning beam,
Himself diffusing through the vital stream:
The sick who drink, the impotent who lave,
Dive from diseases, and deceive the grave.
Though miracles are ceas'd, yet all confess,
Your work, and you, are—only something less.
So much is to your worth and learning due,
Bath is Bethesda; the good angel, you.

PARADISE REGAINED:

TO A FRIEND.

Lord of himself, and sole of humankind,
In rectitude of reason Adam shone:
Till the still-voice infus'd into his mind,
"It is not good for man to be alone."

By God's own hand his Virgin-Eve was led.
Now Paradise with fresher beauties glows:
The conscious roses form a blushing bed:
Consenting nature sooths them to repose.

A single is an inconsistent life:
Completely blest, O friend! to thee is given,
A sweet, a fair, a wise, a modest wife,
The bloom of innocence, and blush of heav'n!

May Eden-life in bright succession flow,
When all was happiness, for love was all:
Her beauties will a Paradise bestow,
And both your virtues guard you from a fall.

TO MISS ADDISON.

ON SEEING MR. ROWE'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Erected at the Expence of his Widow.

Late an applauding people rear'd the stone
To Shakspeare's honour, and alike, their own.
A perfect whole, where part consents to part;
The wonder he of nature, this of art.

And now a wife (ye wits, no more deſpiſe
The name of wife) bids Rowe in marble riſe.
Smiling, he views her conjugal regard;
A nation's coſt had been a leſs reward:
A nation's praiſe may vulgar ſpirits move,
Rowe more deſerv'd and gain'd,—a ſponſal love.

O Italy! thy injur'd marble keep
Deep in thy bowels, providently deep,
When fools wou'd force it over knaves to weep.
But when true wit and merit claim a ſhrine,
Pour forth thy ſtores and beggar every mine.
They claim them now: for virtue, ſenſe and wit
Have long been fled, and want thy ſuccours—yet:
They claim them now for one,---yes, one I ſee:---
Marble wou'd weep---if Addiſon be he.

O crown'd with all the glories of thy race,
The father's candour, and the mother's grace!
With Rowe, Charlotta! vie, in generous ſtriſe,
And let the daughter emulate the wife.
Be juſtly pious; raiſe the honour'd ſtone,
And ſo---deſerve a Rowe, or---Addiſon!

THE MILKMAID.

'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour,
When ev'ning ſteals upon the ſky,
That Lucy ſought a woodbine grove,
And Colin taught the grove to ſigh;
The ſweeteſt damſel ſhe, on all the plains;
The ſofteſt lover he, of all the ſwains.

He took her by the lily hand,
Which oft had made the milk look pale;
Her cheeks with modeſt roſes glow'd,
As thus he breath'd his tender tale:
The liſt'ning ſtreams awhile forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.

"O ſmile my love! thy dimply ſmiles
Shall lengthen on the ſetting ray:
Thus let us melt the hours in bliſs,
Thus ſweetly languiſh life away:
Thus ſigh our ſouls into each other's breaſt,
As true as turtles, and as turtles bleſt!

So may thy cows for ever crown
With floods of milk thy brimming pail;
So may thy cheeſe all cheeſe ſurpaſs,
So may thy butter never fail:
So may each village round this truth declare,
That Lucy is the faireſt of the fair.

Thy lips with ſtreams of honey flow,
And pouring ſwell with healing dews:
More ſweets are blended in thy breath,
Than all thy father's fields diffuſe:
Though thouſand flow'rs adorn each blooming field,
Thy lovely cheeks more blooming beauties yield.

Too long my erring eyes had rov'd
On city dames in ſcarlet dreſt;
And ſcorn'd the charmful village-maid,
With innocence and grogram bleſt:
Since Lucy's native graces fill'd my ſight,
The painted city dames no more delight.

The ſpeaking purple, when you bluſh,
Out-glows the ſcarlet's deepeſt dye;
No diamonds tremble on thy hair,
But brighter ſparkle in thy eye.
Truſt me, the ſmiling apples of thy eyes,
Are tempting as were thoſe in Paradiſe.

The tuneful linnet's warbling notes,
Are grateful to the ſhepherd-ſwain;
To drooping plants, and thirſty fields
The ſilver drops of kindly rain;
To bloſſoms, dews, as bloſſoms to the bee;
And thou, my Lucy! only art to me.

But mark, my love! yon weſtern clouds:
With liquid gold they ſeem to burn:
The ev'ning ſtar will ſoon appear,
And overflow his ſilver urn.
Soft ſtillneſs now, and falling dews invite
To taſte the balmy bleſſings of the night.

Yet e'er we part, one boon I crave,
One tender boon! nor this deny:
O promiſe that you ſtill will love,
O promiſe this! or elſe I die:
Death elſe my only remedy muſt prove;
I'll ceaſe to live, whene'er you ceaſe to love."

She ſigh'd and bluſh'd a ſweet conſent;
Joyous he thank'd her on his knee,
And warmly preſs'd her virgin-lip.—
Was ever youth ſo bleſt as he!—.
The moon, to light the lovers homeward, roſe,
And Philomela lull'd them to repoſe.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

A book, a friend, a ſong, a glaſs,
A chaſte, yet laughter-loving laſs
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the ſenſe, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they, who careleſs laid
Beneath a kind-embow'ring ſhade,
With roſy wreaths their temples crown,
In roſy wine their ſorrows drown.

Mean while the Muſes wake the lyre,
The Graces modeſt mirth inſpire,
Good natur'd humour, harmleſs wit;
Well temper'd joys, nor grave, nor light.

Let ſacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there.
Muſic and wine in concert move
With beauty, and refining love.

There Peace ſhall ſpread her dove like wing,
And bid her olives round us ſpring.
There Truth ſhall reign, a ſacred gueſt!
And Innocence, to crown the reſt.

Begone, ambition, riches, toys,
And ſplendid cares, and guilty joys.---
Give me a book, a friend, a glaſs,
And a chaſte, laughter-loving laſs.

THE BEE.

Leave, wanton bee, thoſe bloſſoms leave,
Thou buzzing harbinger of ſpring,

To Stella fly, and sweeter spoils
Shall load thy thigh, and gild thy wing.

Her cheeks, her lips with roses swell,
Not Paphian roses deeper glow;
And lilies o'er her bosom spread
Their spotless sweets, and balmy snow.

Then, grateful for the sacred dews,
Invite her, humming round, to rest;
Soft dreams may tune her soul to love,
Though coldness arm her waking breast.

But if she still obdurate prove,
O shoot thy sting.---The little smart
May teach her then to pity me
Transfix'd with love's and beauty's dart.

Ah no, forbear, to sting forbear;
Go, fly into thy hive again.
Much rather let me die for her,
Than she endure the least of pain.

Go fly into thy hive again,
With more than Hybla honey blest:
For Pope's sweet lips prepare the dew,
Or else for love a nectar feast.

THE MORNING LARK.

ANACREONTIC.

Feather'd lyric! warbling high,
Sweetly gaining on the sky,
Op'ning with thy matin lay
(Nature's hymn)! the eye of day,
Teach my soul, on early wing,
Thus to soar, and thus to sing.

While the bloom of orient light
Gilds thee in thy tuneful flight,
May the day spring from on high,
Seen by faith's religious eye,
Cheer me with his vital ray,
Promise of eternal day!

ANNA MARIA W**DF**RD *!

" Go Anna! (nature said) to Oxford go:
(Anna! the fairest form and mind below,
Blest with each gift of nature and of art
To charm the reason, or to fix the heart.)
Go with a sprightly wit and easy mien,
To prove the Graces four, the Muses ten.
I see the wits adore, the wise approve,
Ev'n sops themselves have almost sense to love.
When poets would describe a lip or eye,
They'll look on thee and lay their Ovids by.
I see a love sick youth, with passion fir'd,
Hang on thy charms, and gaze to be inspir'd.
With asking eyes explain his silent woes,
Glow as he looks, yet tremble as he glows:
Then drunk with beauty, with a warmer rage,
Pour thy soft graces through the tragic page.
He sighs;—he bleeds;—to twilight shades he flies:
Shakspeare he drops, and with his Otway dies.

This pomp of charms you owe to me alone,
The charms which scarce six thousand years have known.
That face, illumin'd softly by the mind;
That body, almost to a soul refin'd;
That sweetness, only to an angel giv'n;
That blush of innocence, and smile of heav'n!
I bade thy cheeks with morning purple glow;
I bade thy lips with nectar spirit flow;
I bade the diamond point thy azure eyes,
Turn'd the fine waist, and taught the breast to rise.
Whether thy silver tides of music roll,
Or pencil on the canvas strikes a soul,
Or curious needle pricks a band or heart,
At once a needle, and at once a dart!
All own that nature is alone thy art.
Why thus I form'd thy body and thy mind
With sumless graces, prodigally kind:
The reason was,---but you in time will know it;---
One is, but that's the least---to make a poet.

THE MAGI.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

No more in beauty's praise my numbers more,
Nor melt away in dying falls of love:
A Child on earth, yet heaven's Eternal King,
The manger'd God, the Virgin's Son I sing.
Thou Fountain-good, with light my soul o'erflow,
With hallow'd ardour bid my bosom glow!
Fir'd at the promise of thy dawning ray,
The eastern sages found celestial day.
Drawn by a leading flame, with sweet surprise,
The infant Deity salutes their eyes.
The Heir-elect of Love his mother prest,
Smil'd in her arms, and wanton'd on her breast.
No jewels sparkle here, nor India's stores
The portals brighten or emblaze the doors.
But young ey'd seraphims around him glow,
And Mercy spreads her many colour'd bow!
Her bow, compos'd of new created light,
How sweetly lambent and how softly bright!
The sacred circle of embodied rays
The cradle crowns, and round his temples plays.
So shines the rainbow round th' eternal throne
To shade the Holy, Holy, Holy One.
By turns the ruby bleeds a beam, by turns,
Smiles the green em'rald, and the topaz burns:
The various opal mingles every ray,
Fades into faintness, deepens into day:
Promiscuous lustre kindles half the skies,
Too slippery bright for keen seraphic eyes.
The venerable Three, low bending down,
Extend their offerings and the Godhead own.

MAG. I.

From eastern realms, where first the infant sight
Springs into day and streaks the fading night,
To thee we bend, before the morning rise;
A purer morning trembles from thy eyes.

MAG. II.

In vain the sun with light his orb arrays,
Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze;
Through his transparent fallacy we see,
And own the sun is but a star to Thee.

---

* *Written in a window at the Three Tuns Tavern, Oxford, May 29. 1738.*

MAG. III.

Thou ſpotleſs Eſſence of primeval light,
Thy vaſſals own, and waſh thy Æthiops white.
Thy cloud of ſable witneſſes adorn
With the firſt roſes of thy ſmiling morn.

MAG I.

By bards foretold the ripen'd years are come,
Gods fall to duſt and oracles are dumb.
Old ocean murmurs from his oozy bed,
" A maid has born a Son, and Pan is dead."

MAG II.

The nymphs, their flow'r-inwoven treſſes torn,
O'er fountains weep, in twilight thickets mourn.
Long, hollow groans, deep ſobs, thick ſcreeches fills
Each dreary valley, and each ſhaded hill.

MAG. III.

No more ſhall Memphian timbrels wake the morn,
No more ſhall Hammon lift his gilded horn.
From hence in vain ſhall Belzebub rebel,
Anubis howls, and Moloch ſinks to hell.

MAG. I.

Here lows a bull; a golden gleam adorns
The circling honours of his beamy horns.
He ſafely lows, nor fears the holy knife,
No ſacrifice from hence ſhall drink his life.

MAG. II.

Ye gardens, bluſh with never fading flow'rs,
For ever ſmile ye meads, and blow ye bow'rs:
Bleat all ye hills, be whiten'd all ye plains;
O earth rejoice. th' Eternal Shepherd reigns.

MAG III.

Ye lilies, dip your leaves in falling ſnow,
Ye roſes, with the eaſtern ſcarlet glow,
To crown the God: ye angels haſte to pour
Your rain of nectar, and your ſtarry ſhow'r.

MAG I *Offers Gold.*

The ore of India ripens into gold,
To gild thy courts, thy temple to infold.
Accept the emblematic gift; again
Saturnian years revolve a golden reign!

MAG. II *Offers Frankincenſe.*

For thee Arabia's happy foreſts riſe,
And clouds of odours ſweetly ſtain the ſkies.
While fragrant wreaths of ſmoaking incenſe roll,
Receive our pray'rs, the incenſe of the ſoul!

MAG III. *Offers Myrrh.*

The weeping myrrh with balmy ſorrow flows,
Thy cup to ſweeten and to ſooth thy woes:
So prophets ſing; for (human and divine)
The Man was born to grieve, the God to ſhine.

MAG. I.

Smile, Sacred Infant, ſmile: thy roſy breaſt
Excels the odours of the ſpicy eaſt;
The burniſh'd gold is droſs before thy eye,
Thou God of ſweetneſs. God of purity!

MAG. II

Ye planets, unregarded walk the ſkies,
Your glories leſſen as his glories riſe,
His radiant word with gold the ſun attires,
The moon illumes, and lights the ſtarry fires.

MAG III.

Hail, Lord of Nature, hail! To thee belong
My ſong, my life,—I give my life, my ſong:
Walk in thy light, adore thy day alone,
Confeſs thy love, and pour out all my own.

ON MR. POPE'S WORKS.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER HIS DEATH.

Man not alone hath end: In meaſur'd time,
(So Heav'n has will'd) together with their ſnows,
The everlaſting hills ſhall melt away:
This ſolid globe diſſolve, as ductile wax
Before the breath of Vulcan; like a ſcroll
Shrivel th' unfolded curtains of the ſky;
Thy planets, Newton, tumble from their ſpheres,
That lead harmonious on their myſtic rounds:
The moon be periſh'd from her bloody orb;
The ſun himſelf in liquid ruin, ruſh
And deluge with deſtroying flames the globe—
Peace then, my ſoul nor grieve that Pope is dead.
If e'er the tuneful ſpirit, ſweetly-ſtrong,
Spontaneous numbers, teeming in my breaſt,
Enkindle; O, at that exalting name,
Be favourable, be propitious now,
While in the gratitude of praiſe, I ſing
The works and wonders of this man divine.
I tremble while I write.—His liſping muſe
Surmounts the loftieſt efforts of my age.
What wonder? when an infant, he apply'd
The loud * Papinian trumpet to his lips,
Fir'd by a ſacred fury, and inſpir'd
With all the god, in ſounding numbers ſung
" Fraternal rage, and guilty Thebes' alarms."
Sure at his birth (things not unknown of old)
The Graces round his cradle wove the dance,
And led the maze of harmony: the Nine,
Prophetic of his future honours, pour'd
Plenteous, upon his lips Caſtalian dews;
And Attic bees their golden ſtore diſtill'd.
The ſoul of Homer, ſliding from its ſtar,
Where, radiant, over the poetic world
It rules and ſheds its influence, for joy
Shouted, and bleſs'd the birth: the ſacred choir
Of poets, born in elder. better times,
Enraptur'd, catch'd the elevating ſound,
And roll'd the glad'ning news from ſphere to ſphere.
O liſten to † Alexis' tender plaint!
How gently rural! without coarſeneſs, plain;
How ſimple in his elegence of grief!
A ſhepherd, but no clown. His every lay
Sweet as the early pipe along the dale,
When hawthorns bud, or on the thymy brow
When all the mountains bleat, and vallies ſing.
Soft as the nightingle's harmonious woe,
In dewy even tide, when cowſlips drop
Their ſleepy heads, and languiſh in the breeze.
‡ Imperial Windſor! on thy brow auguſt,
Superbly gay, exalt thy tow'ry head;
(Much prouder of his verſe than of thy ſtars)
And bid thy foreſts dance, and nodding, wave
A verdant teſtimony of thy joy:
A native Orpheus warbling in thy ſhades.

---

* *Tranſlation of the firſt book of Statius's Thebais.*
† *Paſtorals.*
‡ *Windſor Foreſt. Mr. Pope born there.*

* Next, in the critic chair ſurvey him thron'd,
Imperial in his art, preſcribing laws
Clear from the knitted brow, and ſquinted ſneer;
Learn'd, without pedantry; correctly bold,
And regularly eaſy. Gentle, now,
As riſing incenſe, or deſcending dews,
The variegated echo of his theme:
Now, animated flame commands the ſoul
To glow with ſacred wonder. Pointed wit
And keen diſcernment form the certain page.
Juſt, as the Stagyrite; as Horace, free;
As Fabian, clear; and as Petronius gay.
† But whence thoſe peals of laughter ſhake the ſides
Of decent mirth? Am I in Fairy-land?
Young, evaneſcent forms, before my eyes,
Or ſkim, or ſeem to ſkim; thin eſſences
Of fluid light, ſylphs, ſylphids, elves and gnomes;
Genii of Roſicruce, and ladies' gods!—
And lo, in ſhining trails, Belinda's hair,
Beſpangling with diſhevel'd beams the ſkies,
Flames o'er the night. Behind, a ſatyr grins
And, jocund, holds a glaſs, reflecting fair,
Hoops, croſſes, mattadores; beaux, ſhocks, and belles,
Promiſcuouſly whimſical and gay.
Taſſoni, hiding his diminiſh'd head, [ſkulks,
Droops o'er the laughing page: while Boileau
With bluſhes cover'd, low beneath the deſk.
‡ More mournful ſcenes invite. The milky vein
Of amorous grief devolves its placid wave
Soft ſtreaming o'er the ſoul, in weeping woe
And tenderneſs of anguiſh. While we read
Th' infectious page, we ſicken into love,
And languiſh with involuntary fires.
The zephyr, panting on the ſilken buds
Of breathing violets; the virgin's ſigh,
Roſy with youth, are turbulent and rude,
To Sappho's plaint, and Eloiſa's moan.
Heav'ns! what a flood of empyreal day
My aching eyes involves! a § temple ſoars,
Riſing like exhalations, on a mount,
And, wide, its adamantine valves expands.
Three monumental columns, bright in air,
Of figur'd gold, the centre of the quire
With luſtre fill. Pope on the midmoſt ſhines
Betwixt his Homer and his Horace plac'd,
Superior by the hand of juſtice. Fame,
With all her mouths th' eternal trumpet ſwells,
Exulting at his name; and, grateful, pours
The lofty notes of never-dying praiſe,
Triumphant, floating on the wings of wind,
Sweet o'er the world: th' ambroſial ſpirit flies
Diffuſive, in its progreſs wid'ning ſtill,
"Dear to the earth, and grateful to the ſky."
Fame owes him more than e'er ſhe can repay:
She owes her very temple to his hands;
Like Ilium built; by hands no leſs divine!
Attention, rouſe thyſelf! the maſter's hand,
(The maſter of our ſouls!) has chang'd the key,
And bids the thunder of the battle roar
Tumultuous *. Homer, Homer is our own!
And Grecian heroes flame in Britiſh lines.
What pomp of words! what nameleſs energy
Kindles the verſe; invigours every line;
Aſtoniſhes and overwhelms the ſoul
In tranſport toſt! When fierce Achilles raves,
And flaſhes, like a comet, o'er the field,
To wither armies with his martial frown;
I ſee the battle rage I hear the wheels
Careering with their brazen orbs! the ſhout
Of nations rolls (the labour of the winds)—
Full on my ear, and ſhakes my inmoſt ſoul.
Deſcription never could ſo well deceive:
'Tis real! Troy is here, or I at Troy
Enjoy the war. My ſpirits, all on fire,
With unextinguiſh'd violence are borne
Above the world, and mingle with the gods.
Olympus rings with arms! the firmament,
Beneath the light'ning of Minerva's ſhield,
Burns to the centre: rock the tow'rs of heav'n.
All nature trembles! ſave the throne of Jove!—
Have mercy, Pope, and kill me not with joy:
'Tis tenfold rage, an agony of bliſs!
Be leſs a god, nor force me to adore.
† To root exceſſes from the human breaſt,
Behold a beauteous pile of Ethic's riſe;
Senſe the foundation; harmony the walls
(The Doric grave, and gay Corinthian join'd)
Where Socrates and Horace jointly reign.
Beſt of philoſophers! of poets too
The beſt! He teaches thee thyſelf to know:
That Virtue is the nobleſt gift of heav'n:
"And vindicates the ways of God to man."
O hearken to the moraliſt polite!
Enter his ſchool of truth, where Plato's ſelf
Might preach, and Tully deign to lend an ear.
‡ Laſt ſee him waging with the fools of rhyme
A wanton, harmleſs war. Dunce after dunce,
Beaux, doctors, templars, courtiers, ſophs, and cits,
Condemn'd to ſuffer life The motley crew,
Emerging from oblivion's muddy pool,
Give the round face to view, and ſhameleſs front
Proudly expoſe, till laughter have her fill
Born to improve the age, and cheat mankind
Into the road of honour!—Vice again
The gilded chariot drives:—for he is dead!
I ſaw the ſable barge, along his Thames,
In ſlow ſolemnity beating the tide,
Convey his ſacred duſt!—Its ſwans expir'd,
Wither'd in Twit'nam bow'rs the laurel bough;
Silent the muſes broke their idle lyres:
Th' attendant graces check'd the ſprightly dance,
Their arms unlock'd, and catch'd the ſtarting tear,
And virtue for her loſt defender mourn'd!

* *Eſſay on Criticiſm.* † *Rape of the Lock.*
‡ *Ovid's Sappho to Phaon. And Eloiſe to Abelard.*
§ *Temple of Fame.*

EPITAPH ON MY § FATHER.

IN THE PARISH-CHURCH OF BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

DEAR to the wife and good, by all approv'd,
The joy of virtue, and heaven's well-belov'd!

* *Tranſlation of Homer* † *Ethic Epiſtles.* ‡ *Dunciad.*
§ *Francis Thompſon, B. D. ſen. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and Vicar of Brough 32 years. He departed this life, Aug. 31. 1735. aged 70.*

His life inſpir'd with every better art,
A learned head, clear ſoul, and honeſt heart.
Each ſcience choſe his breaſt her favourite ſeat,
Each language, but the language of deceit.
Severe his virtues, yet his manners kind,
A manly form, and a ſeraphic mind.
So long he walk'd in virtue's even road,
In him at length, 'twas natural to do good.
Like * Eden, his old age (a Sabbath reſt)
Flow'd without noiſe, yet all around him bleſt!
His patron, Jeſus! with no titles grac'd,
But that beſt title, a good pariſh prieſt.
Peace with his aſhes dwell. And, mortals, know,
The ſaints above; the duſt alone below.
The wiſe and good ſhall pay their tribute here,
The modeſt tribute of one thought and tear,
Then penſive ſigh, and ſay, "To me be given
By living thus on earth, to reign in heaven."

EPITAPH ON MY † MOTHER.

In the Pariſh Church of Brough, Weſtmoreland.

Here reſts a pattern of the female life,
The woman, friend, the mother, and the wife.
A woman form'd by nature, more than art,
With ſmiling eaſe to gain upon the heart.
A friend as true as guardian-angels are,
Kindneſs her law, humanity her care.
A mother ſweetly tender, juſtly dear,
Oh! never to be nam'd without a tear.
A wife of every ſocial charm poſſeſt,
Bleſſing her ‡ huſbands—In her huſbands bleſt.
Love in her heart, compaſſion in her eye,
Her thoughts as humble, as her virtues high.
Her knowledge uſeful, nor too high, nor low,
To ſerve her maker, and herſelf to know.
Born to relieve the poor, the rich to pleaſe,
To live with honour, and to die in peace.
So full her hope, her wiſhes ſo reſign'd,
Her life ſo blameleſs, ſo unſtain'd her mind,
Heav'n ſmil'd to ſee, and gave the gracious nod,
Nor longer wou'd detain her from her God.

WRITTEN IN THE HOLY BIBLE.

Ye ſacred tomes, be my unerring guide,
Dove-hearted ſaints, and prophets eagle-ey'd!
I ſcorn the moral ſop, and ethic ſage,
But drink in truth from your illumin'd page:
Like Moſes-buſh each leaf divinely bright,
Where God inveſts himſelf in milder light!
Taught by your doctrines we devoutly riſe,
Faith points the way, and hope unbars the ſkies.
You tune our paſſions, teach them how to roll,
And ſink the body but to raiſe the ſoul;
To raiſe it, bear it to myſterious day,
Nor want an angel to direct the way!

---

* *The river Eden runs near Brough.*

† *She departed this life, October 25. 1737, aged 65.*

‡ *Her former huſband was Joſ. Wiſher, M. A. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, Vicar of Brough, and Archdeacon of Carliſle; by whom ſhe had no children*

ON A PRESENT OF THREE ROSES, FROM IANTHE.

Three roſes to her humble ſlave
The miſtreſs of the Graces gave:
Three roſes of an eaſtern hue,
Sweet-ſwelling with ambroſial dew.
How each, with glowing pride, diſplays
The riches of its circling rays!
How all, in ſweet abundance, ſhed
Perfumes, that might revive the dead!
Now tell me, fair one, if you know,
Whence theſe balmy ſpirits flow?
Whence ſprings this modeſt bluſh of light
Which charms at once and pains the ſight?
The fair one knew, but wou'd not ſay,
So bluſh'd and ſmiling went her way.
Impatient, next the muſe I call;
She comes, and thus wou'd anſwer all.
"Fool (and I ſure deſerv'd the name),
Mark well the beauties of the dame,
And can you wonder why ſo fair,
And why ſo ſweet the roſes are?
Her cheek with living purple glows
Which bluſh'd its rays on every roſe;
Her breath exhal'd a ſweeter ſmell
Than fragrant fields of aſphodel;
The ſparkling ſpirit in her eyes
A kindlier influence ſupplies
Than genial ſuns and ſummer ſkies.
Now can you wonder why ſo fair,
And why ſo ſweet the roſes are?"
"Hold, tuneful trifler, I reply'd,
The beauteous cauſe I now deſcry'd,
Hold, talk no more of ſummer ſkies,
Of genial ſuns and—ſplendid lies;
Of fragrant fields of aſphodel,
And brighteſt rays and ſweeteſt ſmell;
Whatever poetry can paint,
Or muſe can utter—all is faint:
Two words had better all expreſt;—
"She took the roſes from—her breaſt.

THE WEDDING MORN.

A DREAM.

'Twas morn: But Theron ſtill his pillow preſt;
(His Annabella's charms improv'd his reſt.)
An angel form, the daughter of the ſkies.
Deſcending bleſt; or ſeem'd to bleſs his eyes;
White from her breaſt a dazzling veſtment roll'd,
With ſtars beſpangled and celeſtial gold.
She mov'd; and odours, wide, the circuit fill'd;
She ſpake, and honey from her lips diſtill'd.
"Behold, illuſtrious comes, to bleſs thy arms,
Thy Annabella, breathing love and charms!
O melting mildneſs undiſſembled truth!
Fair flow'r of age, yet bluſhing bloom of youth!
Fair without art, without deſign admir'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the wiſe deſir'd.
By art and nature taught and form'd to pleaſe,
With all the ſweet ſimplicity of eaſe.
In public courteous—for no private end;
At home—a ſervant; and abroad—a friend.

Her gentle manners, unaffected grace,
And animated sweetness of her face,
Her faultless form, by decency refin'd,
And bright, unsullied sanctity of mind,
The Christian graces breathing in her breast,
Her—whole shall teach thee to be more than blest.

'Tis virtue's ray that points her sparkling eyes,
Her face is beauteous for her soul is wise.
As from the sun refulgent glories roll,
Which feed the starry host and fire the pole,
So stream upon her face the beauties of her soul.
Though the dove's languish melts upon her eye,
And her cheeks mantle with the eastern sky,
When seventy on her temples sheds its snow,
Dim grow her eyes and cheeks forget to glow,
Good nature shall the purple lose supply,
Good sense shine brighter than the sparkling eye:
In beauteous order round and round shall move,
Love cool'd by reason, reason warm'd by love.

Receive Heav'n's kindest blessing! And regard
This blessing as thy virtue's best reward.
When beauty wakes her fairest forms to charm,
When music all her pow'rs of sound to warm,
Her golden floods when wanton freedom rolls,
And plenty pours herself into our bowls;
When with tumultuous throbs our pulses beat,
And dubious reason totters on her seat,
The youth how steady, how resolv'd the guide
Which stems the full luxuriant, pleasing tide!
For these, and virtues such as these is giv'n
Thy Annabella! O'belov'd of Heav'n!—
Hail marriage! everlasting be thy reign!
The chain of being is thy golden chain.
From hence mankind, a growing race depend,
Began with nature, shall with nature end.
The mists, which stain'd thy lustre, break away,
In glory lessen, and refine to day:
No more the jest of wits, of fools the scorn,
Which God made sacred, and which priests adorn.

Ascend the bed, while genial nature pours
Her balmy blessings round and nectar show'rs.
And lo! the future opens on my eyes,
I see soft buds and smiling flow'rs arise:
The human blossoms every charm display,
Unfold their sweets, and beautify the day.
The father's virtues in the sons combine;
The mother's graces in the daughters shine.
So where an angel spreads his dovelike wing,
Young laurels sprout, and tender myrtles spring;
Sweet dews descending consecrate the ground,
And opens a new Paradise around!
I see!' —But here the scenes which blaz'd behind
Her fancy dazzled, and dissolv'd his mind.
He woke: yet still he thinks he sees and hears;
Till real sounds salute his ravish'd ears:
" —Arise! the bride invites thee to be blest?"
He rose.—But silence only speaks the rest.

ODE BRUMALIS:

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

Eheu! sereni mollia tempora
Conduntur anni. Filia, puer, lyræ
Lascivientes frange: Bruma
Flebilis officium camœnæ

Pullata poscit; non salis Attici
Hæc flore gaudet. Præterit ocyor
Equo Maronis, nec scit uno
Stare loco saliens voluptas.

Quò cessit umbræ gloria frondeæ?
Quò serta, mixtis viva coloribus,
Ornare non indigna Popi
Marmora, sive comas Ianthæ.

Heu veris ætas occidit aurea,
Æstatis atque argentea, et ærea
Recessit autumni, severæ
Ferrea sola Hyemis remansit.

Sic vita transit nostra! volantibus
Urgetur horis. Quid sapiens aget,
Quid ergo prudens? Ille, certè,
Dona rapit fugientis horæ,

Gratus deorum cultor. Hyems virum,
Quem lavit Isis, flumen Apollinis,
Quem Suada puro melle fovit,
Intrepidum feriet procellis.

Nigrescat æther, pectore candido
Pax alba ridet: mugiat Africus,
Eurusque; tu, tranquilla virtus,
Vere tumens, zephyros reduces.

Tranquilla virtus, nescia criminis,
Te, amice, munit, tectum adamantino
Thorace; te non atra bilis
Mente quatit placidâ Novembris.

Nec me November mente hilari quatit,
Tristesque mensæ: fallitur improba
Vel cura musis, vel choreis,
Dulcè vices subeunte Baccho.

Horatiani pocula nunc Meri
Grato ore libo, digna labris Jovis!
Nunc intimas et suave nectar
Ovidii fluit in medullas.

Si grandis inflet Calliope tubam,
Mentem illa semper cantu Heliconio
Accendit: Io! me jam aperto
Virgilius dedit ire cœlo.

Pompam theatri visere sæpiùs
Garrickus urget, dramatis arbiter!
Decore, gestu, voce, vultu
Ille oculos capit, ille mentes.

Odi profanos, pace tuâ, jocos,
Vanburge,—odi: me gravis attrahit
Shakspeare, Cothurnati per ævum
Omne pater, columenque regni.

Heus!—deme soccos:—alta tragœdia
Jubet:—Cothurnos induit aureos:—
Orchestra, majestate adaucta,
Sub pedibus Gradientis horret.

Quod fulmen aures non imitabile
Et corda sternit: Terror amabilis
Pervadit intùs nos:—Othello!—
En rabido tonat ore Othello!

Proh! quantus iræ gurges inæſtuat
Spumatque venis! ut tumet in minas!
Quam ſplendidè bacchatur excors!
Ah! gemit—ah! trepidat—ruenſque,

Procumbit heros!—Gaudia ſunt nimìs
Hæc ſæve, Shakſpeare! Turbinibus ſinus
Perflas voluptatis micantes:—
Ferre animus timet hos tumultus.

Mutare ſcenam jam lubet.—Ibimus,
Quo ſuavis Otway nos vocat, ibimus,
Iantha! quamvis, pulchra fletu,
Turgidulis redeas ocellis.

Planctus gementum planctibus addere
Eſt dulce ſemper. Monimiæ dolor,
Me teſte, guttâ molliore
Sæpè genas, tacitè, fefellit.

O quæ paventum murmura virginum
Queſtuſque mulcent aera odoribus!—
Tu vincis, Otway! corda vincis;
Euripidis renovans triumphos.

Plauſis ovantum ſint aliis virûm
Quæſita merces: ſat tibi gloriæ,
Te urgente, vates invidende,
Virgineos maduiſſe vultus.

ODE VERNALIS:

AD AMICUM OXONIENSEM.

Curas Lyæus jàm mihi diſcutit
Raptim; nec aurum (ſuavitèr inſolens)
Vocale de myrto recuſo
Vellere liberiore dextrâ.

Et quis vetabit quò minùs audeam
Luſus amico mittere cum joco!
Ridere mens eſt; terra ridet;
Ipſa Venus negat eſſe triſtes,

Jucunda veris diva. Quìd ampliùs
Rugæ juvabunt? Verſicoloribus
En maius alis raptus afflat
Lætitiam genialis auræ.

Amice! (blando hoc nomine te vocem,
O Woode)? cum quo ſæpè per Iſidis
Errare ſylvas, nuncque cantu
Nuncque mero licuit morantes

Duxiſſe ſoles in Thetidis toros,
Amice! quæ te gaudia floreis
Cingunt coronis? Quæquè molles
Nympha caput lepidum remulcet

Inter lacertos? Nùm charitum chorus,
Chorùſve Pindi tempora dividit?
Sunt ambo grati; menſe Maii
Quìn charites meliùs colantur.

Nunc dulce pictis deſipere in toro
Herbis tumenti, vivus ubì tremor
Splendeſcit undæ; ſi poëtæ,
Siquè aderint, tua cura, muſæ.

Adſit jocorum grata protervitas,
Thalia pleno quos tibi depluit
Cornu: nec abſit Bacchus, uvæ,
Evohe! purpureus magiſter.

Handalus omnes tendere barbiti
Nervos laboret; nec ſileat placens
Iantha cantu, dùm jocoſo
Tangit ebur geniale plectro.

Audite, cœli! num modulaminis
Tales triumphos aula refert Jovis
Stellata? Spherarumve tales
Lucidus et numeroſus ordo?

O lene murmur! cum Venus aurea
Inire ſomnos, ſtrata roſis, parat,
Meloſque poſcit; talis Aura
Idalias tremit inter umbras.

Quæ flamma venis paſta! protentibus
Seccumbo victus blanditiis lyræ:
Succumbo victus voce, vultu,
Crine nigro, niveoque collo,

Sic prata ſævis florea ſolibus
Oppreſſa languent. Ferte, citò, precor,
Lenimen ægro; ferte rores
Metcaffi medicos, ſodales!

Fruſtrà: nec unquàm metcaffi Manus
Extinguet ignes, docta licèt, meos;
Nec flumen, ah! veſtri benignis
Ingenii recreabit undis.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES CAWTHORN.

Containing

ABELARD TO ELOISA,	ELEGIES,
PRUSSIA,	EPISTLES,
MORAL ESSAYS,	TALES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Sick of the world's applauſe, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with *Eloiſe* to charm,
He aſks of Verſe to aid his native fire,
Refines, and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various paſſions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to ſteal a tear from you.

EPISTLE TO MISS ——, WITH ABELARD TO ELOISA.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF CAWTHORN.

JAMES CAWTHORN was born at or near Sheffield, in Yorkſhire, in 1721. Of the circumſtances and profeſſion of his father, there is no account. He received his education partly at Rotheram in Yorkſhire, and partly at Kirkby-Lonſdale in Weſtmoreland. Whether he was indebted to either of the univerſities for any part of the literature he poſſeſſed, is uncertain. His epitaph gives him the degree of Maſter of Arts; but his name does not appear in either of the liſts of graduates.

His firſt employment was that of Uſher, at the ſchool of one Mr. Clare, in the city of London, whoſe ſiſter he married. His wife died before him.

In 1743, he was choſen Maſter of Tunbridge School, by the Skinner's Company of London; of which the founder, Sir Andrew Judd, a native of Tunbridge, and Lord Mayor of London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was a freeman.

It muſt always afford ſatisfaction to ſee thoſe public eſtabliſhments, which the piety of former times has provided for the education of youth, conducted in ſuch a manner as to anſwer the intention of the donors.

In this reſpect, the Company of Skinners deſerve particular commendation; as a retroſpection for many years will ſhow, that their choice has generally fallen on men of very diſtinguiſhed and eminent abilities.

Cawthorn is very advantageouſly known to the world by his poetical compoſitions; and Dr. Knox, the preſent reſpectable Maſter of Tunbridge School, ranks as a writer of popular eſſays, moral and critical, ſerious and humorous, with Addiſon, Steele, Johnſon, Moore, Hawkeſworth, and Goldſmith.

It is equally honourable to Cawthorn, and to the Company of Skinners, that, in conjunction with his patrons, he founded a library, which is annexed to that ſeminary.

Before his appointment to the maſterſhip of Tunbridge School, he appears to have taken orders; but neither the time of his ordination, nor the place where he was beneficed, have been aſcertained.

He had an early turn for poetry; and as it was his cuſtom to affix to his juvenile pieces the place where, and the year, day, and age of his life when they were written, ſome of them are dated Kirkby-Lonſdale, in 1735.

In 1746, he wrote *The Equality of Human Conditions*, a poetical dialogue, ſpoken at the viſitation of Tunbridge School.

The ſame year, he publiſhed his poem of *Abelard to Eloiſa*, with ſome introductory verſes, addreſſed to a young lady; which, with two ſermons, was all that he printed in his life time.

In 1749, he addreſſed an ethic epiſtle, on the *Vanity of Human Enjoyments*, to Lyttleton, whoſe patronage he courted, with the other poets of that time.

Of the following twelve years of his life, little is known that can be related with certainty.

He was killed by a fall from his horſe, as he was going to beſpeak the muſic on ſome occaſion, from Tunbridge Wells, April 15. 1761, in the 40th year of his age; and was buried in Tunbridge Church.

Over his remains is the following inſcription:

Hic ſitus eſt
JACOBUS CAWTHORN, A. M.
Scholæ Tunbrigienſis magiſter
Qui juventuti tum moribus, tum literis inſtituenda;
Operam magno, non ſine honore dedit
Opibus, quas larga manu diſtribuit
Fruitur, & in æternum fruetur
Obiit, heu citius! Aprilis 15. 1761,
Ætatis 40.
Soror mœſta ex grato animo hoc poſuit.

His *Poems* were collected and published in one volume 4to, 1771; but, by an unpardonable neglect in the editor, without any information concerning his life, family connections, or even the times and places of his birth and death.

This indifference towards a person so respectable as an author, and so deserving as a man, is much to be lamented; and, for the sake of posterity as well as the present times, it is to be wished, that those who are acquainted with any particulars concerning him, would communicate them to some repository where they might be reserved for the use of future biographers.

An anonymous writer in the "St. James's Chronicle," of April 25. 1771, informed the public, that the first piece in this collection was not originally composed by Cawthorn, but by Pitt, the translator of Virgil; and is to be found at page 120, of the poems published by him in 1727.

To this charge of unfair dealing, the editor asserted, in his own vindication, that the poem was really selected from a number of Cawthorn's juvenile pieces in his possession, in his own handwriting. "So, I had not," say he, "the least reason to suppose that it was copied, especially as there are several others, in the same collection, which (if we may believe Mr. Cawthorn) can belong to no other author: For, at the close of one poem, which is called *A Meditation*, dated Kirkby-Lonsdale, January 30. 1735, he says, "this essay, as well as the other pieces of divine poetry, was composed in the hurry of imagination, without any regard to connection, which is excusable in a person whose judgment, by reason of his years, is deficient. I chose rather this kind of poetry, since the pens of the most celebrated writers have been employed in other matters. They were designed for my private amusement, and to unbend the mind when engaged in works of not so agreeable a nature."

According to this account, the editor does not positively deny the piece in question to be Pitt's; he only declares his having known nothing of the matter previously to the publication of Cawthorn's poems; and consequently, if the poem proved to be Pitt's, the insertion of it among Cawthorn's pieces, is a circumstance very different from intentional plagiarism.

The poems contained in that collection, have been reprinted, together with some pieces which had been omitted, in the edition of "The English Poets," 1790.

Cawthorn is said to have been in the general intercourse of life, generous and friendly; but, in the conduct of his school, singularly harsh and severe. He had some extraordinary foibles. With little skill in horsemanship, he was fond of hunting; and with no acquaintance with music, he was an admirer of concerts and operas. He has been known to ride to London from Tunbridge, in order to be present at a musical performance, though he was under the necessity of being back by seven o'clock the next morning.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by energy, enthusiasm, and melody, more than ease, elegance, and correctness. He had a lively imagination; but his judgment was not equal to his fancy; and his most finished productions discover an incorrectness of taste. He formed himself upon Pope, as a model of heroic verse; and, it is saying much for him, that he frequently wrote like his master. He has copied his pauses, cadence, cast of diction, and the mechanism and construction of his verse, with a felicity of imitation that has few examples.

But he could not long maintain Pope's easy elegance, nor keep up to the free and unwearied spirit that he breathed. He has the faults of his master; but not all his sublime beauties, and more animated graces. His versification, though flowing and harmonious, is too artificial and uniform, and sometimes elaborated into obscurity. His pauses are anticipated by the ear; and the regular recurrence of the words *every* and *all*, especially the latter, in almost every line, produces a tiresome monotony.

His *Epistle from Abelard to Eloisa*, is the most popular of his productions. It is reckoned little inferior to Pattison's celebrated letter, or Pope's admirable "Eloisa." It certainly contains many strong lines, much passion, and animated expression; but the hand of the perfect master was wanting to dispose the colours and chastise the piece. A third "epistle from Abelard to Eloisa," was published by Mr. Warwick in 1782, which is not a mere copy; and could the exquisite "Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard," be for a while forgotten, it might be thought not a second-rate performance. His *Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guilford Dudley*, is another beautiful example of that species of writing epistles under feigned characters, which it is no small merit in Ovid to have invented. The subject is one of the

moſt ſtriking in the Engliſh annals; and the circumſtances of diſtreſs, the various turns of paſſion, and the different ſentiments with which *Lady Jane* is agitated, are finely worked up, without any remarkable deviation from hiſtory.

The *Elegy on Captain Hughes*, is one of the moſt highly finiſhed, and certainly the moſt intereſting of his ſhorter pieces. It is exquiſitely animated and tender, but not without ſome pretty, rather than pathetic ſentiments, and ſome obſcure and ſome careleſs lines. The preſent writer thinks he has ſeen a more correct copy of this elegy, than that which is printed in the collection of "The Engliſh Poets," in ſome of the Miſcellanies; and has ventured, from memory, to mark the variations, which appear to him to be eſſential improvements. The ſixth line from the beginning, in particular, ſeems to him to be quite unintelligible.

Forgets the *port before* he graſps the lyre,

He thinks it ſhould be

Forgets the *poet ere* he graſps the lyre.

The apoſtrophe to *Nature*, in the line immediately following, he thinks ſhould be to *Friendſhip*. The ſubſequent alterations are too numerous to be ſpecified.

His *Regulation of the Paſſions*, a moral eſſay, has great merit in many places. The end of Suffolk ſtrongly reminds us of Pope's Buckingham. The idea of a moral economy from painting, exemplified in Rembrandt, is happily imagined. The concluding images are beautiful and juſt.

Let all thy paſſions like his colours play,
Strong without harſhneſs, without glaring, gay,
Contraſt them, curb them, ſpread them, or confine,
Ennoble theſe, and thoſe forbid to ſhine.
With cooler ſhades, ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away:
Her rainbow robe from vanity remove,
And ſoften malice with the ſmile of love:
Bid o'er revenge, the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be ſeen without a veil;
So ſhalt thou live as Heaven itſelf deſign'd,
Each pulſe congenial with th' informing mind;
Each action ſtation'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each paſſion vig'rous to its juſt degree;
And the fair whole a perfect ſymmetry.

In his *Eſſay on Taſte*, many of our modern follies, particularly the Chineſe taſte in building and laying out grounds, are ridiculed with no leſs propriety than poetry. To avoid theſe follies, he adviſes us to follow nature in our improvements.

Examine nature with the eye of taſte,
Mark where ſhe ſpreads the lawn, or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill;
Plan as ſhe plans; and where her genius calls,
There ſink your grottos, and there raiſe your walls.

In his *Life Unhappy, becauſe we uſe it improperly*, a moral eſſay, he draws the idea of a moral economy, from muſic, as he had done before from painting, which is finely exemplified in Handel.

The *Eſſay on Nobility*, ſpoken at the viſitation of Tunbridge School, in 1752, is replete with manly ſentiments, and indignant ſatire. It is a pleaſure to find

"————————amidſt the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins and the ſtew;"

the name of a late illuſtrious and lamented ſtateſman, who was more ennobled by his private virtues and conſtitutional principles, than by his hereditary titles. Twelve years of unfortunate political diſſenſion, ſince his death, have already written his eulogium.

"Admire how innocence can lend to truth,
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth;
And then enraptur'd bend the ſuppliant knee
To heav'n's high throne, O *Rockingham!* for thee."

His *Epiſtle on the Vanity of Human Enjoyments*, is written with his uſual flow of melodious verſification, and pleaſing illuſtration. The diſtinguiſhed names of *Cudworth*, *Halley*, and *Deſaguliers*, are produced as examples of the inutility of genius and ſcience to their poſſeſſors. The lines which record their glory, and their country's ſhame, are ſelected; becauſe the facts, particularly thoſe relating to *Dr. Deſaguliers*, are little known, and are equally intereſting to curioſity, learning, and benevolence.

" Aſk at yon tomb, where *Cudworth's* mighty name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit and fame;
Cudworth, whoſe ſpirit flew, with ſails unfurl'd,
Through each vaſt empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd through the myſtic ſhades o'er nature thrown,
And made the ſoul's immenſity his own.
Yet though his ſyſtem wit and ſcience fir'd,
Though Wilmot trembled, and though Hobbes expir'd,
Miſtaken zeal, mad bigotry conſpire,
All Turner's dullneſs, and all Oxford's fire,
All envy's poiſons, all a nation's rage,
And all hell's imps to blaſt th' unfiniſh'd page.
Much injur'd ſhade, to truth, to virtue dear,—
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots! hear:
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and riſes o'er the ſhades,
His mines of wiſdom, if you can explore,
Then ſhut the volume, and be vain no more.—
Immortal *Halley!* thy unwearied ſoul
On wiſdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compaſs to its taſk reſtor'd,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian ſky.
And ſee, he comes, diſtinguiſh'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breaſt;
His godlike labours wit and ſcience fire,
All factions court him, and all ſects admire:
While Britain, with a gratitude unknown
To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,
A gratitude that will for ever ſhame
The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—
Tell it, ye winds! that all the world may hear—
Bleſt his old age with—ninety pounds a year.
Are theſe our triumphs? theſe the ſums we give
To ripen genius, and to bid it live?
Can Britain in her fits of madneſs pour
One half her Indies on a Roman whore,
And ſtill permit the weeping muſe to tell
How poor neglected *Deſaguliers* fell?
How he, who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to ſave,
Without a guinea, and without a grave?"

If the merit of this *Epiſtle*, and his *Moral Eſſays*, is to be eſtimated by the juſt information they contain, and the important truths they eſtabliſh, it is unqueſtionably very conſiderable. They abound alſo in beautiful imagery, and ſplendid poetical embelliſhments of many kinds; but they are fuller of delicate ſentiment, philoſophical reflection, and moral ſatire, than of imagery, figures, and poetry.

His *Pruſſia* is a ſpirited panegyrical poem, on the victories of the late King of Pruſſia, whoſe literary, legiſlative, and warlike accompliſhments, are the boaſt and admiration of the preſent age. His *Tales* have a conſiderable portion of the eaſe, humour, and familiarity which diſtinguiſh the productions of Prior; but do not add much to his reputation.

Cawthorn, it muſt be acknowledged, has beſtowed too much attention on inferior poetical ornaments; but, when every deduction is made which criticiſm requires, his compoſitions will be found to diſplay that pregnancy of invention, that exquiſite ſenſibility, and that genuine enthuſiaſm, which are the invaluable ſanctions beſtowed by nature on every real poet.

THE WORKS OF CAWTHORN.

TO MISS ————,

OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

When wit and ſcience trimm'd their wither'd bays,
At Petrarch's voice, and beam'd with half their rays,
Some heaven-born genius, panting to explore
The ſcenes oblivion wiſh'd to live no more,
Found Abelard in grief's ſad pomp array'd,
And call'd the melting mourner from the ſhade.
Touch'd by his woes, and kindling at his rage,
Admiring nations glow'd from age to age;
From age to age the ſoft infection ran,
Taught to lament the hermit in the man;
Pride dropt her creſt, ambition learn'd to ſigh,
And dove-like pity ſtream'd in ev'ry eye.
Sick of the world's applauſe, yet fond to warm
Each maid that knows with Eloiſe to charm,
He aſks of verſe to aid his native fire,
Refines and wildly lives along the lyre;
Bids all his various paſſions throb anew,
And hopes, my fair, to ſteal a tear from you.
O bleſt with temper, bleſt with ſkill to pour
Life's ev'ry comfort on each ſocial hour!
Chaſte as thy bluſhes, gentle as thy mien,
Too grave for folly, and too gay for ſpleen;
Indulg'd to win, to ſoften, to inſpire,
To melt with muſic, and with wit to fire;
To blend, as judgment tells thee how to pleaſe,
Wiſdom with ſmiles, and majeſty with eaſe;
Alike to virtue as the graces known,
And proud to love all merit but thy own!
Theſe are thy honours, theſe will charms ſupply,
When thoſe dear ſuns ſhall ſet in either eye;
While ſhe, who, fond of dreſs, of paint, and place,
Aims but to be a goddeſs in the face;
Born all thy ſex illumines to deſpiſe,
Too mad for thought, too pretty to be wiſe,
Haunts for a year fantaſtically vain,
With half our fribbles dying in her train;
Then ſinks, as beauty fades and paſſion cools,
The ſcorn of coxcombs, and the jeſt of fools.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1747.

ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloiſa flouriſhed in the twelfth century: they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age, in learning and beauty; but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloiſa: this occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted), which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggles of grace and nature, virtue and paſſion. POPE.

Ah! why this boding ſtart? this ſudden pain,
That wings my pulſe, and ſhoots from vein to vein!
What mean, regardleſs of yon midnight bell,
Theſe earth-born viſions ſaddening o'er my cell!
What ſtrange diſorder prompts theſe thoughts to glow,
Theſe ſighs to murmur, and theſe tears to flow?
'Tis ſhe, 'tis Eloiſa's form reſtor'd,
Once a pure ſaint, and more than ſaints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confeſs'd,
Glares through the gloom, and pours upon my breaſt,
Bids heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to miſery and love.
Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illuſion! ſee
This ſad apoſtate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame through my blood, and ſteal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the laſt lingering ſpark of virtue die;
The deadly charming ſorcereſs controul,
And, ſpite of nature, tear her from thy ſoul.
Long has that ſoul, in theſe unſocial woods,
Where anguiſh muſes, and where ſorrow broods,
From love's wild viſionary wiſhes ſtray'd,
And ſought to loſe thy beauties in the ſhade.
Faith dropp'd a ſmile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and ſanctified deſire;
Led me enraptur'd to the bleſt abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But O, how weak fair faith and virtue prove,
When Eloiſa melts away in love!
When her fond ſoul, impaſſion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wiſh conceal'd,
Flows through her pen as infant-ſoftneſs free,
And fiercely ſprings in ecſtacies to me!
Ye heavens! as walking in yon ſacred fane,
With every ſeraph warm in every vein,

Juſt as remorſe had rous'd an aching ſigh,
And my torn ſoul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I ſaw, I gaz'd I ſhiver'd at the name;
The conſcious lamps at once forgot to ſhine,
Prophetic tremors ſhook the hallow'd ſhrine;
Prieſts, cenſers, altars, from thy genius fled,
And heav'n itſelf ſhut on me while I read.
Dear ſmiling miſchief! art thou ſtill the ſame,
The ſtill pale victim of too ſoft a flame?
Warm as when firſt, with more than mortal ſhine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy ſoul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of abſence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of ſacrifice, the whiſper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondneſs from thy breaſt,
Curb'd the looſe wiſh, and form'd each pulſe to reſt?
And canſt thou ſtill, ſtill bend the ſuppliant knee
To love's dread ſhrine, and weep and ſigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, ſpread th' impatient ſail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the ſwifteſt gale;
Skim the vaſt ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curſe me, root me from thy ſoul;
Fly, fly, for juſtice bares the arm of God,
And the graſp'd vengeance only waits his nod.
Are theſe thy wiſhes? can they thus inſpire?
Does frenzy form them, or does grace aſpire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd ſpirit to diſown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into ſtone?
Ah! rather let my tendereſt accents move
The laſt wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear boſom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my ſoul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouſe all my paſſions, act my joys new.
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd ſaints, adieu!
Sleep, conſcience! ſleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And ſevenfold darkneſs veil the ſcene around.
What means this pauſe, this agonizing ſtart,
This glimpſe of heav'n quick ruſhing through my heart?
Methinks I ſee a radiant croſs diſplay'd——
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the ſhade:
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the ſky.
O ſave me, ſave me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns ſwallow up my ſoul!
Return, ye hours! when, guiltleſs of a ſtain,
My ſtrong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein;
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian fancs inſpir'd,
All Athens boaſted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian ſhone,
Each rival bluſhing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye ſcenes!—Ah no! from fancy fly,
On time's ſtretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly; ſince all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to ſave,
To love's ſoft empire every wiſh betray'd,
And left my laurels with'ring in the ſhade.
Let me forget that, while deceitful fame
Graſp'd her ſhrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy ſtronger charms, empower'd by heaven to move
Each ſaint, each bleſt inſenſible to love,
At once my ſoul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wiſh'd to be undone:
No more pale ſcience durſt my thoughts engage,
Inſipid dulneſs hung on every page;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my ſpirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade philoſophy reſign
Her throne to thee, and every ſenſe was thine.
But what could all the froſts of wiſdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since theſe dark, cheerleſs, ſolitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Miſhapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deſerts, where no vernal ſhow'r [flow'r;
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding
Th' embrowning glooms theſe holy manſions ſhed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The diſmal ſcenes black melancholy pours
O'er the ſad viſions of enanguiſh'd hours;
Lean abſtinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Diſtracting guilt, and, hell's worſt fiend, deſpair,
Conſpire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.
Deluſive, ſightleſs God of warm deſire!
Why wouldſt thou wiſh to ſet a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy ſoft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale ſigh, and anguiſh loves to glow!
Fly to the mead, the daiſy-painted vale,
Breathe in its ſweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay ſcenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment ſteals the wing of joy:
There may'ſt thou ſee, low proſtrate at thy throne,
Devoted ſlaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-ſwain the turf-built ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the paſt to live,
Witneſs what conflicts this frail boſom tore!
What griefs I ſuffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I ſtruggled, labour'd, ſtrove to ſave
An heart that panted to be ſtill a ſlave! [flame,
When youth, warmth, rapture, ſpirit, love, and
Seiz'd every ſenſe, and burnt through all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to theſe wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while theſe venerable cloiſters riſe
O'er the bleak ſurge, and gain upon the ſkies,
My wounded ſoul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her ſad viciſſitudes of woe;
Proſuſe of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaſeleſs pray'rs, the whole artill'ry giv'n
To win the mercies of offended Heav'n,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breaſt knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a ſigh,

Though meagre fasts have on my cheeks display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
Spite of myself the still-impoisoning dart
Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all my heart:
My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.
Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight-sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy;
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And heav'n much injur'd has but half my pray'r:
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For ev'ry object brings her to my soul.
Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in ev'ry cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew;
When, with keen speechless agonies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view:
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade:
Pierc'd by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound;
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.
Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
My death hath robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling pomard to destroy
The powers of nature and the source of joy;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my veins and hell within my breast.
Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bless me, and, ye saints! refine:
Ye sacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love and leave no anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful reason whispers in the friend.
Friend, did I say! Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold friendship own so wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd song
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouse, while heav'n his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.
Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish that madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, mildest agonies of love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart.
See, while devotion's ever melting strain
Pours the loud organ through the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne:
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmths inspirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thyself the way;
Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove.
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.
O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!

Extinguiſh every guilty ſenſe, and leave
No pulſe to riot, and no ſigh to heave.
Vain, fruitleſs wiſh! ſtill, ſtill the vig'rous flame
Burſts, like an earthquake, through my ſhatter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, ſcarce wiſh to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth and give me to the ſky;
Let my loſt ſoul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd ſhrine,
Thy contrite heart ſhall Abelard reſign;
When pitying Heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auſpicious moment ere it flee,
And aſk the fame immortal boon for me.
Then when theſe black terrific ſcenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the ſoul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roſes fade,
And thy laſt luſtres darken in the ſhade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully flow from vein to vein,
Pale death ſhall ſet my kindred-ſpirit free,
And theſe dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whoſe wild affections glow
Like ours in ſad ſimilitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, ſympathizing tear
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeleſs relics in one tomb enſhrine,
And teach thy genial duſt to mix with mine.
Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every ſtain,
Our active ſouls ſhall climb th' ethereal plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aſpire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguiſh wears,
No uncle murders, and no paſſion tears,
Enjoy with heav'n eternity of reſt,
For ever bleſſing, and for ever bleſt.

AN ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HUGHES,

A particular friend of the Author's.

VAIN were the taſk to give the ſoul to glow,
The nerve to kindle, and the verſe to flow;
When the fond mourner, hid from ev'ry eye,
Bleeds in the anguiſh of too keen a ſigh;
And, loſt to glory, loſt to all his fire,
Forgets the port before he graſps the lyre.
Nature! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn:
Expiring virtue, and the cloſing urn;
To teach, dear ſeraph! o'er the good and wiſe
The dirge to murmur, and the buſt to riſe.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 6, 7.
Forgets the poet ere he graſps the lyre.
Friendſhip! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn:

Come then, O guileleſs of the tear of art!
Sprung from the ſky, and thron'd within the heart!
O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
And weep the warrior, whilſt I grace the ſhade.
'Tis o'er—the bright deluſive ſcene is o'er,
And war's proud viſions mock the ſoul no more;
The laurel fades, th' imperial car retires,
All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.
Alas! my Hughes! and muſt this mourning verſe
Reſign thy triumph to attend thy hearſe!
Was it for this that friendſhip's genial flame
Woke all my wiſhes from the trance of fame?
Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
Where ev'ry ſcience beams of ev'ry age; [ſcene,
On thought's ſtrong pinion rang'd the martial
From Rome's firſt Cæſar to the great Eugene;
Explor'd th' embattled van, the deep'ning line,
Th' enambuſh'd phalanx, and the ſpringing mine;
Then, pale with horror, bent the ſuppliant knee,
And heav'd the ſigh, and dropp'd the tear for thee!
What bootsit now, that when, with hideous roar,
The gath'ring tempeſt howl'd from ev'ry ſhore,
Some pitying angel, vigilant to ſave, [wave?
Spread all his plumes, and ſnatch'd thee from the
Preſerv'd thee ſacred from the fell diſeaſe, [breeze?
When the blue plague had ſir'd th' autumnal
Ah! when my hero panted to engage
Where all the battle burſt in all its rage;
Where dreadful flew the miſſive deaths around,
And the mad faulchion bluſh'd from wound to wound;
Was he deny'd the privilege to bleed,
Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed?
Ye Graces! tell with what addreſs he ſtole
The liſt'ning ear, and open'd all the ſoul. [riſe,
What though rough winter bade his whirlwinds
Hid his pale ſuns, and frown'd along his ſkies,
Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
My Hughes was here to ſmile the glooms away,
With all the luxuries of ſound to move
The pulſe of glory, or the ſigh of love,
And, ſpite of winter, laſſitude, or pain,
Taught life and joy to throb in ev'ry vein.
Fancy! dear artiſt of the mental pow'r!
Fly,—fetch my genius to the ſocial hour;
Give me again his glowing ſenſe to warm,
His ſong to warble, and his wit to charm.
Alas! alas! how impotently true
Th' aërial pencil forms the ſcene anew!
E'en now, when all the viſion beams around,
And my ear kindles with th' ideal ſound——
Juſt as the Smiles, the Graces live impreſt,
And all his image takes up all my breaſt——

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 14.
And weep the warrior, while I grace his ſhade.
Ver. 40.
And the keen faulchion bluſh'd from wound to wound;
Ver. 48.
My Hughes was here to ſmile the gloom away,
Ver. 61.
Juſt as the Smiles, the Graces are impreſt,

Some gloomy phantom brings the awful bier,
And the ſhort rapture melts into a tear.
Thus in the lake's clear cryſtal we deſcry
The bright diffuſion of a radiant ſky——
Reflected nature ſheds a milder green;
While half her foreſts float into the ſcene.
Ah! as we gaze the luckleſs zephyr flies,
The ſurface trembles, and the picture dies.
O bleſt with all that youth can give to pleaſe,
The form majeſtic, and the mien of eaſe,
Alike empower'd by nature, and by art,
To ſtorm the rampart. and to win the heart;
Correct of manners, delicate of mind,
With ſpirit humble, and with truth refin'd;
For public life's meridian ſunſhine made,
Yet known to ev'ry virtue of the ſhade;
In war while all the trumps of fame inſpire,
Each paſſion roving, and each wiſh on fire;
At home, without or vanity, or rage;
As ſoft as pity, and as cool as age.
Theſe were thy virtues—theſe will ſtill be juſt,
Light all their beams, and blaze upon thy duſt;
While pride in vain ſolemnity bequeaths
To pow'r her ſtatues, and to guilt her wreathes:
O, warm'd by faction, impudently flings
The price of nations on the urns of kings.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 63.
Some envious phantom points the awful bier,
Ver. 66.
The bright diffuſion of another ſky—
Ver. 75, 76.
Correct of manners, elegant of mind,
With ſpirit modeſt, and with truth refin'd;
Ver. 68, 69.
The dazzling ſun with ſofter beams is ſeen:
Juſt as we gaze the luckleſs zephyr flies.
Ver. 78.
Yet known to all the virtues of the ſhade;
Ver. 80.
Each paſſion raging, and each wiſh on fire;
Ver. 87.
Or, fir'd by faction, impudently flings

THE EQUALITY OF HUMAN CONDITIONS:

A POETICAL DIALOGUE:

Spoken at the Annual Viſitation of Tunbridge School, 1746,

BY MESSRS. M—— AND A——.

M—.

While airy Belville, guiltleſs of a ſchool,
Shines out a French edition of a fool,
Studies his learned tailor once a week,
But curſes ev'ry ſyllable of Greek;
I ſit, and think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,
That Athens boaſted, and that Rome admir'd.
Enraptur'd fancy, buſied with the theme,
Forms ev'ry bright idea to a dream,
Paints all the charming pageantry anew,
And brings at once each claſſic to my view.
Now, fondly wild, I thunder in the war,
Shake the keen ſpear, and mount th' imperial car;
With daring Regulus to Carthage run,
Or nobly bleed with Brutus in a ſon;
Seize, Caſca-like, on Cæſar's gorgeous veſt,
And boldly plant a dagger in his breaſt.
Now, ſoftly breathing all the Muſe's fire,
I drop the faulchion, and I graſp the lyre;
With Pindar's pinion ſkim the bleſt abode,
Or ſtrive to charm Auguſtus with an ode.
Come then, my Lelius! come, my joy and pride!
Whoſe friendſhip ſoothes me, while thy precepts guide;
Thou, whoſe quick eye has glanc'd through every age,
View'd ev'ry ſcene, and ſtudied ev'ry page;
Teach me, like thee, with ev'ry virtue bleſt,
To catch each eye, and ſteal to ev'ry breaſt;
To riſe to all that in each patriot ſhone,
And make each hero's happineſs my own.
Say, ſhall I, with a triumph in my view,
Fame's air-dreſs'd goddeſs through each ſcene purſue;
Ambitious court her in the pomp of war,
Aud number every trophy by a ſcar?
Shall I, with Solon, form the moral plan,
And aim to mould a ſavage to a man?
Or, pleas'd to rival every Grecian ſage,
Glean Plato's ſenſe, and copy Homer's rage.

A—.

You aſk me, Sir! what few would care to give,
Some grave inſtructions how you ought to live.
You wiſh that envied bliſsful ſcene to find,
That charms the taſte, and dignifies the mind;
That nobly mingles every art to pleaſe,
And joins the majeſty of life to eaſe.
Hear then, my friend! the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true as if diſplay'd in pompous proſe;
As if Locke's ſacred hand the page had wrote,
And every doctor ſtamp'd it with a vote.
All lots are equal, and all ſtates the ſame,
Alike in merit, though unlike in name.
In reaſon's eye no difference lies between
Life's noon-day luſtres or her milder ſcene.
'Tis not the plate that dignifies the board,
Nor all the titles blazing round a lord;
'Tis not the ſplendid plume, th' embroider'd veſt,
The gorgeous ſword-knot, or the martial creſt,
That lends to life the ſmile. the jeſt, the glee,
Or makes his honour happier than me.
When Florio's acres ſtretch'd o'er half the land,
A gilded chariot roll'd him through the ſtrand:
Reduc'd at laſt with humbler ſcenes to mix,
He ſmok'd a ſpeculative pipe at Dick's.
The ſame great genius, in or out of pow'r—
Eaſe ſmooth'd his brow, and ſoften'd ev'ry hour;
Taught him to live as happy in a ſhed,
As when a ducheſs grac'd his nuptial bed.
Content's the port all mortals wiſh to hail:
She points the compaſs, and ſhe guides the ſail.
To her alone our leaky veſſels roll
Through all the ſeas that rage from pole to pole.
What boots it then, when gath'ring ſtorms behind
Riſe black in air, and howl in ev'ry wind,
That thy rich ſhip a pomp of pride diſplay'd,
Her maſts all cedar, and her ſails brocade!

Say, canſt thou think the tempeſt will diſcern
A ſilken cable, or a painted ſtern;
Huſh the wild tumult that tornados bring,
And kindly ſpare the yacht that holds a king?
No, no, my friend! if ſkilful pilots guide,
And Heav'n auſpicious calms the whirling tide,
No winds diſtreſs you, and no ſtorm deſtroys,
Whether you ſail in gondolas or hoys.

M—.

What, has juſt Heav'n no ſlight diſtinction made
Betwixt a life of ſunſhine and of ſhade?
Muſt I, in ſilence, this wild ſyſtem own,
And think a cottage equal to a throne?
Sure if I did, my friends would ſoon beſtow
A few ſtout cords, and ſend me to Monro.
Your tailor, ſkill'd in faſhion's ev'ry grace,
Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
Lives in a cell, and eats from week to week,
An homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek.
You walk majeſtic in a nobler ſcene,
Guiltleſs of ev'ry anguiſh, but the ſpleen;
With all the luxury of ſtateſmen dine
On daily feaſts of ortolans and wine.
Then tell me, ſir! if this deſcription's true,
Is not your tailor leſs at eaſe than you?
Hardwicke, great patriot! envy'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breaſt;
Whoſe bright example learns us to admire
All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
Firm to his truſt, whatever bribes aſſail,
Truth guides his ſword, and juſtice holds his ſcale.
Say, is not he more happy than the throng
Of beardleſs templars melting o'er a ſong?
Than him, who, buried in a country town,
Engroſſes half a folio for a crown.
Heroic glory in the martial ſcene
Spread ev'ry plume to dignify Eugene—
On Marlbro's helmet ſat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world beſide.
And ſure you'd think it a moſt ſad diſgrace
If enſigns liv'd as eaſy as his grace.

A—.

Dear Sir! reſtrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly liſten to the voice of truth.
When firſt th' Almighty fire his work began,
And ſpoke the mingling atoms into man,
To all the race with gracious hand was giv'n
One common foreſt, and one equal heav'n;
They ſhar'd alike this univerſal ball,
The ſons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this ſacred truth diſplay'd,
From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian ſhade.
They ſung that ere Pandora, fond of ſtrife,
Let looſe each embryo-miſery of life,
All nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each ſire a monarch, and each ſon a ſage;
Eternal bleſſings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.
Suppoſe then, Sir, that new diſtinctions ſince
Have plac'd a ſlave ſome leagues below a prince;
Yet eaſe and joy, diſpaſſion'd reaſon owns,
As often viſit cottages as thrones.
See! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrowns the ſlope, and nods along the plain,
A crowd of ruſtics doom'd to daily toil,
Diſarm the foreſt, or enrich the ſoil;
Not in that elegance of dreſs array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's ſhade;
Where Thyrſis, ſhelter'd in ſome happier grove,
The lonely ſcene of ſolitude and love,
His breaſt all rapture, and his ſoul on fire,
Now wove the garland, and now ſwept the lyre:
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unſkill'd in numbers as in books unread.
Who ſcorn the winter's deadly blaſt to ſhun,
But face the ſtorm, and drudge through ev'ry ſun;
Then ſeek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths ev'ry brow, and opens ev'ry ſoul;
Speeds the ſame ſocial warmth from breaſt to breaſt,
And bids them laugh at Verres and his creſt.
When honeſt Colin ſees the ſhining all
That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall,
Loſt in the ſcenes of turbulence and ſtrife,
The farce of grandeur, and the pomp of life,
He ſteals impatient to his native ſhade,
And longs to graſp his waggon and his ſpade;
Heedleſs of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry grace,
That forms the goddeſs in Fitzwalter's face,
That lends to Finch her majeſty of mien—
He would not change his Suſan for a queen.
Believe me, Sir! diſtinction, pomp, and noiſe,
Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys:
And ſurely, when the ſocial ſpirit's broke,
A ſtar's a gewgaw, and a lord's a joke.
Without thoſe robes, thoſe gorgeous bagatelles,
That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles;
Without a crane-neck'd chariot's ſmooth career;
Without the wealth of Indus in your ear;
Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought;
Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France;
Without an opera, and without a dance;
You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot or cell.
From ſky to ſky th' imperial bird of Jove
Spreads his broad wing, and thund'ring graſps his love;
The mighty bull, by genial zephyr fway'd,
Enraptur'd courts his heifer to the ſhade;
The feather'd warblers pair on ev'ry ſpray,
The grove re-echoing with the ſprightly lay;
While the gay tribe of inſects bliſsful ſhare
The joys of love, and people all the air.
All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
Graze on the plain, or ſkim along the ſky,
Fondly purſue the end by nature giv'n,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heav'n.
If then no ſongſters grudge the bear his thigh,
The hound his noſtril, or the lynx his eye;
Nor feel a pang though Afric's ſhaggy brood
Majeſtic ſtalk the monarchs of the wood;
Why ſhould you think your ſolitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb?

M—.

But ſoft—reſtrain this turbulence of war,
This mimic image of the wordy bar;
Leſt you ſhould ſeem to copy Henly's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the ſcore.
Behold that wretch, by every woe diſtreſs'd,
Want in his eye, and horror in his breaſt;
A thouſand nameleſs agonies of pain
Rack ev'ry nerve, and burn through ev'ry vein;

He lives to ſuffer, and but ſpeaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy? bleſt with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek, or Dorſet's eye?
Shall we proclaim him bleſt, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke?

A—.

Believe me, Sir, each mortal has his ſear,
Each ſoul an anguiſh, and each eye a tear;
Aches, pains, and fevers, every breaſt aſſail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.
What though in pomp your painted veſſels roll,
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to pole,—
Though health auſpicious gilds your every grace,
Nerves the ſtrong limb, and bluſhes o'er the face;
Though grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt;
Poſſeſs'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue;
Though all the titles, coronets, and ſtars,
That ſtateſmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your ſcutcheon, dignify your creſt,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breaſt;
Can they forbid the ſecret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow?
Confeſs we then that all the ills of life,
Diſeaſes, grief, vexations, follies, ſtrife,
Without diſtinction every ſoul perplex,
Haunt ev'ry ſcene, and prey on all the ſex.
Yet let us own that every pleaſure too
That glads the active, and that wings the ſlow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides through the land, and knocks at ev'ry door.
Hear then, without the ſpecious pride of art,
A truth that ſtrikes the moral to the heart;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot breaſt,
And bade a dying Socrates be bleſt:
All, all but virtue is a ſchool boy's theme,
The air-dreſs'd phantom of a virgin's dream;
A gilded toy that homebred fools deſire,
That coxcombs boaſt of, and that mobs admire:
Her radiant graces every bliſs unfold,
And turn whate'er ſhe touches into gold.

THE BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF GENIUS.

A TALE.

Yes Harriet! ſay whate'er you can,
'Tis education makes the man:
Whate'er of genius we inherit,
Exalted ſenſe, and lively ſpirit,
Muſt all be diſciplin'd by rules,
And take their colour from the ſchools.
'Twas nature gave that cheek to glow,
That breaſt to riſe in hills of ſnow,
Thoſe ſweetly-temper'd eyes to ſhine
Above the ſapphires of the mine.
But all your more majeſtic charms,
Where grace preſides, where ſpirit warms;
That ſhape which falls by juſt degrees,
And flows into the pomp of eaſe;
That ſtep, whoſe motion ſeems to ſwim,
That melting harmony of limb,
Were form'd by Glover's ſkilful glance,
At Chelſea, when you learnt to dance.
'Tis ſo with man.—His talents reſt
Miſſhapen embryos in his breaſt;
Till education's eye explores
The ſleeping intellectual pow'rs,
Awakes the dawn of wit and ſenſe,
And lights them into excellence.
On this depends the patriot flame,
The fine ingenuous feel of fame,
The manly ſpirit, brave and bold,
Superior to the taint of gold,
The dread of infamy, the zeal
Of honour, and the public weal,
And all thoſe virtues which preſage
The glories of a riſing age.
But, leaving all theſe graver things
To ſtateſmen, moraliſts, and kings,
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis ſuch points to ſettle—
Ring—and bid Robin bring the kettle.
Meanwhile the muſe, whoſe ſportive ſtrain
Flows like her voluntary vein,
And impudently dares aſpire
To ſhare the wreath with Swift and Prior,
Shall tell an allegoric tale,
Where truth lies hid beneath the veil.
One April morn, as Phœbus play'd
His carols in the Delphic ſhade,
A nymph, call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
The fav'rite child of Liberty,
Heard, as ſhe rov'd about the plain,
The bold enthuſiaſtic ſtrain;
She heard, and led by warm deſire,
To know the artiſt of the lyre,
Crept ſoftly to a ſweet alcove,
Hid in the umbrage of the grove,
And, peeping through the myrtle, ſaw
A handſome, young, celeſtial beau,
On nature's ſopha ſtretch'd along,
Awaking harmony and ſong.
Struck with his fine majeſtic mien,
As certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
Long ere the melting air was o'er
She cry'd, in eceſtacy, Encore:
And, what a prude will think but odd,
Popp'd out, and curtſey'd to the god.
Phœbus, gallant, polite, and keen as
Each earth-born votary of Venus,
Roſe up, and with a graceful air
Addreſs'd the viſionary fair;
Excus'd his morning diſhabille,
Complain'd of late he had been ill.
In ſhort, he gaz'd, he bow'd, he ſigh'd,
He ſung, he flatter'd, preſs'd, and ly'd,
With ſuch a witchery of art,
That Fancy gave him all her heart,
Her catechiſm quite forgot,
And waited on him to his grot.
In length of time ſhe bore a ſon,
As brilliant as his ſire the Sun.
Pure ether was the vital ray
That lighted up his ſiner clay;
The nymphs, the roſy-finger'd hours,
The dryads of the woods and bow'rs,
The graces with their looſen'd zones,
The muſes with their harps and crowns,

Young zephyrs of the ſofteſt wing,
The loves that wait upon the ſpring,
Wit with his gay aſſociate mirth,
Attended at the infant's birth,
And ſaid, let Genius be his name,
And his the faireſt wreath of fame.
The goſſips gone, the chriſt'ning o'er,
And Genius now 'twixt three and four,
Phœbus, according to the rule,
Reſolv'd to ſend his ſon to ſchool:
And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
Reſign'd him to the matron Truth,
Whoſe hut, unknown to pride and pelf, was
Near his own oracle at Delphos.
The rev'rend dame, who found the child
A little miſchievous, and wild,
Taught him at firſt to ſpell and read,
To ſay his prayers, and get his creed—
Would often tell him of the ſky,
And what a crime it is to lie.
She chid him when he did amiſs,
When well, ſhe bleſs'd him with a kiſs.
Her ſiſter temp'rance, ſage, and quiet,
Preſided at his meals and diet:
She watch'd him with religious care,
And fed him with the ſimpleſt fare;
Would never let the urchin eat
Of pickled pork, or butcher's meat.
But what of aliment earth yields
In gardens, orchards, woods, and fields;
Whate'er of vegetable wealth
Was cultur'd by the hand of health,
She cropp'd and dreſs'd it, as ſhe knew well,
In many a meſs of ſoup and gruel;
And now and then, to cheer his heart,
Indulg'd him with a Sunday's tart.
A luſty peaſant chanc'd to dwell
Hard by the ſolitary cell:
His name was Labour.—Ere the dawn
Had broke upon the upland lawn,
He hied him to his daily toil,
To turn the glebe, or mend the ſoil.
With him young Genius oft would go
O'er dreary waſtes of ice and ſnow,
With rapture climb the cloud-topt hill,
Or wade acroſs the ſhallow rill;
Or through th' entangled wood purſue
The footſteps of a ſtraggling ewe.
By theſe fatigues he got at length
Robuſtneſs, and athletic ſtrength,
Spirits as light as flies the gale
Along the lily-ſilver'd vale.
The cherub health, of dimple ſleek,
Sat radiant on his roſy cheek,
And gave each nerve's elaſtic ſpring
The vigour of an eaglet's wing.
Time now had roll'd, with ſmooth career,
Our hero through his ſeventh year.
Though in a ruſtic cottage bred,
The buſy imp had thought and read:
He knew th' adventures, one by one,
Of Robin Hood and Little John;
Could ſing with ſpirit, warmth, and grace,
The woeful hunt of Chevy Chace;
And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
Deſtroy'd the vaſt Egyptian dragon.
Chief he admir'd that learned piece
Wrote by the fabuliſt of Greece,
Where wiſdom ſpeaks in crows and cocks,
And cunning ſneaks into a fox.
In ſhort, as now his op'ning parts,
Ripe for the culture of the arts,
Became in ev'ry hour acuter,
Apollo look'd out for a tutor;
But had a world of pains to find
This artiſt of the human mind.
For, in good truth, full many an aſs was
Among the doctors of Parnaſſus,
Who ſcarce had ſkill enough to teach
Old Lilly's elements of ſpeech;
And knew as much of men and morals
As doctor Rock of ores and corals.
At length, with much of thought and care,
He found a maſter for his heir;
A learned man, adroit to ſpeak
Pure Latin, and your attic Greek;
Well known in all the courts of fame,
And Criticiſm was his name.
Beneath a tutor keen and fine as
Or Ariſtotle, or Longinus,
Beneath a lynx's eye that ſaw
The ſlighteſt literary flaw,
Young Genius trod the path of knowledge,
And grew the wonder of the college.
Old authors were his boſom friends—
He had them at his finger's-ends—
Became an acc'rate imitator
Of truth, propriety, and nature;
Diſplay'd in every juſt remark
The ſtrong ſagacity of Clark;
And pointed out the falſe and true
With all the ſun beams of Boſſu.
But though this critic ſage refin'd
His pupil's intellectual mind,
And gave him all that keen diſcerning
Which marks the character of learning;
Yet, as he read with much of glee
The triſles of antiquity,
And, Bentley like, would write epiſtles
About the origin of whiſtles;
The ſcholar took his maſter's trim,
And grew identically him;
Employ'd a world of pains to teach us
What nation firſt invented breeches;
Aſſerted that the Roman ſocks
Were broider'd with a pair of clocks;
That Capua ſerv'd up with her victuals
An olio of Venafran pickles;
That Sifygambis dreſs'd in blue,
And wore her treſſes in a queue.
In ſhort, he knew what Paulus Jovius,
Salmaſius, Grævius, and Gronovius,
Have ſaid in fifty folio volumes,
Printed by Elzevir in columns.
Apollo ſaw, with pride and joy,
The vaſt improvement of his boy;
But yet had more than ſlight ſuſpicion,
That all this load of erudition
Might overlay his parts at once,
And turn him out a letter'd dunce.
He ſaw the lad had fill'd his ſenſe
With things of little conſequence;

That though he read, with application,
The wits of every age and nation,
And could, with nice preciſion, reach
The boldeſt metaphors of ſpeech;
Yet warp'd too much, in truth's defiance,
From real to fictitious ſcience,
He was, with all his pride and parts,
A mere mechanic in the arts,
That meaſures with a rule and line
What nature meant for great and fine.
Phœbus, who ſaw it right and wiſe was,
To counteract this fatal bias,
Took home his ſon with mighty haſte,
And ſent him to the ſchool of taſte.
This ſchool was built by wealth and peace,
Some ages ſince, in elder Greece,
Juſt when the Stagyrite had writ
His lectures on the pow'rs of wit.
Here, fluſh'd in all the bloom of youth,
Sat beauty in the ſhrine of truth.
Here, all the finer arts were ſeen
Aſſembled round their virgin queen.
Here, ſculpture on a bolder plan
Ennobled marble into man.
Here, muſic, with a ſoul on fire,
Impaſſion'd, breath'd along the lyre;
And here, the painter muſe diſplay'd
Diviner forms of light and ſhade.
But, ſuch the fate, as Heſiod ſings,
Of all our ſublunary things,
When now the Turk, with ſword and halters,
Had drove religion from her altars,
And delug'd with a ſea of blood
The academic dome and wood;
Affrighted taſte, with wings unfurl'd,
Took refuge in the weſtern world;
And ſettled on the Tuſcan main,
With all the muſes in his train.
In this calm ſcene, where taſte withdrew,
And ſcience trimm'd her lamp anew;
Young Genius rang'd in every part
The viſionary worlds of art,
And from their finiſh'd forms refin'd
His own congenial warmth of mind,
And learn'd with happy ſkill to trace
The magic powers of eaſe and grace:
His ſtyle grew delicately fine,
His numbers flow'd along his line,
His periods manly, full. and ſtrong,
Had all the harmony of ſong.
Whene'er his images betray'd
Too ſtrong a light, too weak a ſhade,
Or in the graceful and the grand
Confeſs'd inelegance of hand,
His noble maſter, who could ſpy
The ſlighteſt fault with half an eye,
Set right by one ethereal touch,
What ſeem'd too little or too much;
Till every attitude and air
Aroſe ſupremely full and fair.
Genius was now among his betters
Diſtinguiſh'd as a man of letters.
There wanted ſtill, to make him pleaſe,
The ſplendour of addreſs and eaſe,
The ſoul-enchanting mien and air,
Such as we ſee in Groſvenor-Square
When Lady Charlotte ſpeaks and moves,
Attended by a ſwarm of loves.
Genius had got, to ſay the truth,
A manner awkward and uncouth;
Sure fare of all who love to dwell
In wiſdom's ſolitary cell:
So much a clown in gait, and laugh,
He wanted but a ſcrip and ſtaff;
And ſuch a beard as hung in candles
Down to Diogenes's ſandals,
And planted all his chin thick,
To be like him a dirty cynic.
Apollo, who, to do him right,
Was always perfectly polite,
Chagrin'd to ſee his ſon and heir
Diſhonour'd by his gape and ſtare,
Reſolv'd to ſend him to Verſailles,
To learn a minuet of Marſeilles:
But Venus, who had deeper reading
In all the myſteries of breeding,
Obſerv'd to Phœbus, that the name
Of ſop and Frenchman was the ſame.
French manners were, ſhe ſaid, a thing which
Thoſe grave miſguided fools, the Engliſh,
Had, in deſpite of common ſenſe,
Miſtook for manly excellence;
By which their nation ſtrangely ſunk is,
And half their nobles turn'd to monkeys.
She thought it better, as the caſe was,
To ſend young Genius to the graces:
Thoſe ſweet divinities, ſhe ſaid,
Would form him in the myrtle ſhade;
And teach him more, in half an hour,
Than Lewis or his pompadour.
Phœbus agreed—the graces took
Their noble pupil from his book,
Allow'd him at their ſide to rove
Along their own domeſtic grove,
Amidſt the ſound of melting lyres,
Soft-wreathing ſmiles, and young deſires:
And when confin'd by winds or ſhow'rs,
Within their amaranthine how'rs,
They taught him with addreſs and ſkill
To ſhine at ombre and quadrille;
Or let him read an ode or play,
To wing the gloomy hour away.
Genius was charm'd---divinely plac'd
'Midſt beauty, wit, politeneſs, taſte;
And, having every hour before him
The fineſt models of decorum,
His manners took a fairer ply,
Expreſſion kindled in his eye:
His geſture diſengag'd, and clean,
Set off a fine majeſtic mien;
And gave his happy pow'r to pleaſe
The nobleſt elegance of eaſe.
Thus, by the diſcipline of art,
Genius ſhone out in head and heart.
Form'd from his firſt fair bloom in youth,
By Temp'rance and her ſiſter Truth,
He knew the ſcientific page
Of every clime and every age;
Had learnt with critic ſkill to rein
The wildneſs of his native vein;
That critic-ſkill, though cool and chaſte,
Refin'd beneath the eye of Taſte;

His unforbidding mien and air,
His awkward gait, his haughty ſtare,
And every ſtain that wit debaſes,
Were melted off among the Graces;
And Genius roſe, in form and mind,
The firſt, the greateſt of mankind.

A LETTER TO A CLERGYMAN,

Occaſioned by a report of his Patron's being made one of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Great Seal, 1756.

If fame, dear Mun! the truth reveals,
Your friend, the baron, has the ſeals,
With two compeers, his reverend brothers,---
Willes and Sir Eardly, are the others.
Juſtice, who long had ſeen impreſt
Her faireſt image on his breaſt,
Plac'd him her ſubſtitute, to awe
The nation on her bench of law!
And now, to make her work complete,
Has thron'd him on her mercy-ſeat.
I'll hold you, Mun! an honeſt guinea,
That peſt ambition's buſy in you;
You mind no more your little crops,
Nor ever aſk the price of hops;
Nor grieve about ſuch idle things
As half the trumps, and all the kings:
But, bleſt each night with objects brighter,
Behold a viſionary mitre;
And ſee the verger near you ſtand
Majeſtic with his ſilver wand.
Well---if, as matters now foretel it,
It is your fate to be a prelate;
Though loth to loſe the comic ſtrain,
The ſong, and ev'ry mirthful vein,
Which oft have made me full of glee,
And kept my ſpirits up till three;
Yet, fond to ſee, when pray'rs begin,
E——d, thy heteroclite chin,
With all that venerable buſh on,
Repoſing on a velvet cuſhion;
I would the man of humour quit,
And think the biſhop worth the wit.
But, hark you, L——r! as you mean
To be a biſhop, or a dean,
And muſt, of courſe, look grave, and big,
I'd have you get a better wig:
You know full well, when cheek by jole,
We waited on his Grace at Knowl;
Though that trim artiſt, barber Jackſon,
Spent a whole hour about your caxon,
With irons hot, and fingers plaſtic,
To make it look eccleſiaſtic;
With all his pains, and combs, and care,
He ſcarce could curl a ſingle hair.
It would be right too, let me tell you,
To buy a gown of new prunella;
And bid your maid, the art who knows,
Repair your caſſoc at the elbows.
Lord! what a ſudden alteration
Will wait on your exalted ſtation!
Cawthorn, too proud a prince to flatter,
Who calls thee nought but Mun and L——r,
Will now put on a ſofter mien,
And learn to liſp out Mr. Dean;
Or, if you're made a mitred peer,
Humbly entreat your grace's ear.
Poor Adams too, will ſunk and ſtare,
And trembling ſteal behind your chair;
Or elſe, with holy zeal addreſſing,
Drop on his knees, and aſk your bleſſing.
And now, my worthy friend! ere yet
We read it in the next Gazette,
That Tueſday laſt a royal writ
Was ſent by Secretary Pitt
To all and ſingular the ſtalls
Prebendal in the church of Paul's,
Commanding them to chooſe and name
A biſhop of unſpotted fame:
And warmly recommending thee
As prelate of the vacant ſee;
It will not be amiſs to know
Beforehand what you have to do.
Firſt, as you'll want a grave divine
To wait upon you when you dine,
To guard your kitchen from diſorders,
And ſchool the youths who come for orders;
Take not an academic ſaplin,
But, for your life, make S——n chaplain.
He's tall, and ſolemn, ſoft, and ſleek,
Well read in Latin, and in Greek;
A proper man to tell the clerum
About Euſebius, and St. Jerom;
And would as ſoon a fiend embrace as
Give up a jot of Athanaſius.
Then, as to what a biſhop fleeces,
In procurations, fines, and leaſes,
And hoarding up a world of pelf,
You'll want no ſteward but yourſelf:
For, faith! your lordſhip has great ſkill in
The virtues of a ſplendid ſhilling;
And know, as well as Child and Hoare *,
That two and two will make up four.

THE REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral Eſſay.

Dunque ne l' Uſo per cui fur conceſſe
L' impieghi il foggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a ſuo Senno or tepide, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.
TASSO.

Yes, yes, dear Stoic! hide it as you can,
The ſphere of pleaſure is the ſphere of man:
This warms our wiſhes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or an Hoyle;
Gives all the ſoul to all the ſoul regards,
Whether ſhe deal in planets, or in cards.
In every human breaſt there lives enſhrin'd
Some atom pregnant with th' ethereal mind;
Some plaſtic pow'r, ſome intellectual ray,
Some genial ſun-beam from the ſource of day;
Something that, warm and reſtleſs to aſpire,
Works the young heart, and ſets the ſoul on fire,
And bids us all our inborn pow'rs employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.

* *Two bankers.*

Were it not ſo, the ſoul, all dead and loſt,
Like the tall cliff beneath th' impaſſive froſt,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to pleaſe,
Would lie inactive on the couch of eaſe:
And, heedleſs of proud fame's immortal key,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.

And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To ſtir the latent excellence within---
Wak'd in that moment's elemental ſtrife,
Impaſſion'd genius feels the breath of life;
Th' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulſe to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more ſtrong the light celeſtial ſhines,
Each thought ennobles, and each ſenſe refines,
Till all the ſoul, full op'ning to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what ſhe felt for fame.
Hence, juſt as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with an Halley's luxury of ſoul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the ſail to fly
In ev'ry ocean of the arctic ſky;
While he whoſe vaſt capacious mind explores
All nature's ſcenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth emboſoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young diſeaſe,
And ſoftens anguiſh to the ſmile of eaſe.

The paſſions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the ſoul, and lend her ſtrength to live.
To them we owe fair truth's unſpotted page,
The gen'rous patriot, and the moral ſage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces through th' unbow'll'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into ſong.

And yet theſe paſſions which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,
Warp'd from the ſacred line that nature gave,
As meanly ruin as they nobly ſave.
Th' ethereal ſoul that heav'n itſelf inſpires
With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
Led by theſe ſyrens to ſome wild extreme,
Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam;
Like a Dutch ſun that in the autumnal ſky
Looks through a fog, and riſes but to die.
But he whoſe active, unencumber'd mind
Leaves this low earth, and all its miſts behind,
Fond in a pure unclouded ſky to glow,
Like the bright orb that riſes on the Po,
O'er half the globe with ſteady ſplendour ſhines,
And ripens virtues as it ripens mines.

Whoever thinks, muſt ſee that man was made
To face the ſtorm, not languiſh in the ſhade:
Action's his ſphere, and, for that ſphere deſign'd,
Eternal pleaſures open on his mind.
For this, fair hope leads on th' impaſſion'd ſoul
Through life's wild labyrinths to her diſtant goal;
Paints in each dream, to fan the genial fame,
The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame;
Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
A glance, an image of a future ſky.

Yet, though kind Heav'n points out th' unerring road,
That leads through nature up to bliſs and God;
Spite of that God, and all his voice divine,
Speaks in the heart, or teaches from the ſhrine,
Man, feebly vain, and impotently wiſe,
Diſdains the manna ſent him from the ſkies;
Taſteleſs of all that virtue gives to pleaſe,
For thought too active, and too mad for eaſe,
From wiſh to wiſh in life's mad vortex toſt,
For ever ſtruggling, and for ever loſt;
He ſcorns religion, though her ſeraphs call,
And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.

And now, let looſe to all our hopes and fears,
As pride inſpirits, or ambition tears,
From ev'ry tie, from ev'ry duty freed,
Without a balance, and without a creed,
Dead ev'ry ſenſe, each particle divine,
And all the man embruted in the ſwine;
Theſe drench in luxury's ambroſial bowl
Reaſon's laſt ſpark, and drain off all the ſoul.
Thoſe for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
Where winds can waft them, and where ſeas can roll.
While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
Or, Nero like, ſet half the globe on fire.

Stretch'd on high-tow'ring Dover's ſandy bed,
Without a coffin, and without a head;
A dirty ſail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
By marks of miſery almoſt unknown,
Without a friend to pity, or to ſave,
Without a dirge to conſecrate the grave,
Great Suffolk lies——he who for years had ſhone,
England's ſixth Henry! neareſt to thy throne.
What boots it now, that liſt'ning ſenates hung
All ear, all rapture on his angel tongue?
Ah! what avails th' enormous blaze between
His dawn of glory, and his cloſing ſcene!
When haughty France his heav'n-born pow'rs ador'd,
And Anjou's princeſs ſheath'd Britannia's ſword!
Aſk ye what bold conſpiracy oppreſt
A chief ſo honour'd, and a chief ſo bleſt?
Why, luſt of power, that wreck'd his riſing fame
On courts' vain ſhallows, and the gulf of ſhame:
A Glo'ſter's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thouſand tongues;
And haſten'd death, on Albion's chalky ſtrand,
To end the exile by a pirate's hand.

Pleaſure, my friend! on this ſide folly lies;
It may be vig'rous, but it muſt be wiſe:
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each ſtep beyond it is a ſtep to pain.
For aſk the man whoſe appetites purſue
Each looſe Roxana of the ſtew;
Who cannot eat till luxury refine
His taſte, and teach him how to dine;
Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
Mix'd with the coolneſs of December's ſnow:
Aſk him, if all thoſe ecſtaſies that move
The pulſe of rapture, and the rage of love,
When wine, wit, woman, all their pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry ſenſe is loſt in ev'ry joy,
E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breaſt
Content's full ſunſhine, with the calm of reſt?

No——virtue only gives fair peace to ſhine
And health, O ſacred temperance! is thine.
Hence the poor peaſant, whoſe laborious ſpade
Rids the rough crag of half its heath and ſhade,
Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
A bliſs more genuine than the club at White's:
And has in full exchange for fame and wealth,
Herculean vigour, and eternal health.
Of blooming genius, judgment, wit, poſſeſs'd,
By poets envied, and by peers careſs'd;
By royal mercy ſav'd from legal doom,
With royal favour crown'd for years to come,
O hadſt thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
And ſacred held fair friendſhip's gen'rous ties;
Hadſt thou, ſincere to wiſdom, virtue, truth,
Curb'd the wild ſallies of impetuous youth;
Had but thy life been equal to thy lays,
In vain had envy ſtrove to blaſt thy bays;
In vain thy mother's unrelenting pride
Had ſtrove to puſh thee helpleſs from her ſide;
Fair competence had lent her genial dow'r,
And ſmiling peace adorn'd thy evening-hour;
True pleaſure would have led thee to her ſhrine,
And every friend to merit had been thine.
Bleſs'd with the choiceſt boon that heav'n can give,
Thou then hadſt learnt with dignity to live;
The ſcorn of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
Nor ſought from priſon a refuge in the grave.
Th' immortal Rembrandt all his pictures made
Soft as their union into light and ſhade:
Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
A kindred ſhadow took off all the glare;
Whene'er that ſhadow, careleſsly embrown'd,
Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
Th' attentive artiſt threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory from a pict'ur'd ſky;
Till both th' oppoſing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the ſun.
Paſſions, like colours, have their ſtrength and eaſe,
Thoſe too inſipid, and too gaudy theſe:
Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe;
Some, like Albano's, catch from ev'ry ray
Too ſtrong a ſunſhine, and too rich a day;
Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker ſpirit, and a touch of fire;
Or want, perhaps, though of celeſtial race,
Corregio's ſoftneſs, and a Guido's grace.
Wou'dſt thou then reach what Rembrandt's genius knew,
And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultleſs as his line;
Let all thy paſſions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harſhneſs, without glaring gay:
Contraſt them, curb them, ſpread them, or confine,
Ennoble theſe, and thoſe forbid to ſhine;
With cooler ſhades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from vanity remove,
And ſoften malice with the ſmile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be ſeen without a vail:
So ſhalt thou live as heav'n itſelf deſign'd,
Each pulſe congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action ſtation'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each paſſion vig'rous to its juſt degree,
And the fair whole a perfect ſymmetry.

THE LOTTERY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H——.

Cawthorn had once a mind to fix
His carcaſe in a coach and ſix,
And live, if his eſtate would bear it,
On turtle, ortolans, and claret:
For this he went, at fortune's call,
To wait upon her at Guildhall;
That is, like many other thick wits,
He bought a ſcore of lottery tickets,
And ſaw them riſe in dreadful ranks
Converted to a ſcore of blanks.
Amaz'd, and vex'd to find his ſcheme
Deluſive as a midnight dream,
He curs'd the goddeſs o'er and o'er,
Call'd her a mercenary whore;
Swore that her dull capricious ſenſe
Was always dup'd by impudence,
That men of wit were but her tools,
And all her favours were for fools.
He ſaid, and with an angry gripe
Snatch'd up his ſpeculative pipe;
And, that he might his grief allay,
Read half a page in Seneca.
When, lo! a phantom, tall, and thin,
Knock'd at the door, and enter'd in:
She wore a party-colour'd robe,
And ſeem'd to tread upon a globe—
Whiſk'd round the room with haughty air,
And toſs'd into an elbow chair.
Then with a bold terrific look,
Which made the doctor drop his book,
Addreſs'd him thus: Thou wicked varlet!
Art not aſham'd to call me harlot?
Why, what's thy conſequence and parts,
Thy ſkill in letters, or in arts,
That I, poor fortune! muſt be lectur'd,
Kick'd, bully'd, curs'd, abus'd, and hector'd,
Becauſe, forſooth—a fever roaſt thee,—
Thou'rt not ſo wealthy as Da Coſta?
However, as thou haſt ſome virtues,
And know'ſt my fav'rite Tom Curteis,
I'll point thee out a way to be
Almoſt as rich a man as he.
Send to the bank this day and buy
Ten tickets in the lottery;
And bid your honeſt friend, the broker,
Endorſe the name of M— H——;
The ſacred numbers then conſign
Devoutly to the fair-one's ſhrine:
That is, in humbler rhetoric,
Preſent them by your footman Dick,
And tell her, in a billet-doux,
" My dear, theſe tickets are for you,
" An offering from an heart that's ſplit
" Aſunder by your ſenſe and wit,

" Yet has the grace, to tell you true,
" To keep its own dear ends in view,
" And therefore hopes you'll not forget
" To give me half of what you get."
My life on't, Jemmy, thou'lt be great—
Five thousand pounds! a good estate:
For be assur'd, that though the poets,
The small philosophers, and no-wits,
Pretend that I'm to worth unkind,
And impudently paint me blind,
I yet can see thy charmer's merit,
Her taste, her dignity, and spirit;
Have often listen'd to her song,
And stole persuasion from her tongue;
And am resolv'd, though all the shrews,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, pimps, and Jews,
Frown, curse, expostulate, and rally,
With all the tongues of all the alley,
To give her, out of love and zeal,
The richest number in the wheel.

LADY JANE GREY TO LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

AN EPISTLE.

In the Manner of Ovid.

FROM these dark cells, in sable pomp array'd,
Where night's black horrors breathe a deeper shade,
Where ev'ry hour some awful vision brings
Of pale assassins and the shrouds of kings,
What comforts can a wretched wife afford
The last sad moments of her dying lord?
With what fond tear, what love-impassion'd sigh,
Sooth the dear mourner ere he reach the sky?
Ye pow'rs of song that ev'ry chord inspire
When Rome's soft Ovid weeps along his lyre;
Ye angel-sounds that Troy's great Hector mourn,
When his lost consort bleeds upon his urn!
Teach me, ye warblers! teach this strain of woe
Like you to kindle, and like you to flow.
Alas! in vain ye bid your warmths divine
Wake all the string, and live through all the line.
Spite of those warmths, th' immortal numbers roll
Cool from my hand, and faithless to my soul;
Too faint a wish, too calm a sigh impart,
Hide half my grief, and tell but half my heart;
Lose the fond anguish of this flowing tear,
And the keen pang that tears and tortures there.
'Tis said that souls, to love's soft union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought:
O! then with that mysterious art divine
The fierce impatience of my breast be thine:
And when some tender, recollecting sigh
Pours the big passion from each weeping eye,
When wrapt, and wild, thy fond ideas roll,
And all my image takes up all thy soul;
Think that my breast the same dear tumults move,
As keen an anguish, and as soft a love;
Think that I hear thy pray'rs, explore thy fears,
Sigh to thy sighs, and weep with all thy tears;
From all thy wishes, all thy phrenzies see,
And feel for Guilford all he feels for me,
Ah! where are now the joys my fancy drew
For ever blooming, and for ever new!
Where the dear scenes that meditation aid,
The rill's soft murmur, and th' embow'ring shade;
Where all the heartfelt charities that move
The warmths of rapture in the pulse of love!
Lost, lost for ever, like th' ethereal fire
Shot through the sky to glitter and expire.
Hide it, ye pow'rs! the sad, the solemn day
That gave a Dudley to the house of Grey:
For, O! when to the altar's foot we came,
And each fond eye confess'd the kindling flame;
Just as the priest had join'd my hand to thine
An awful tremor shook the hallow'd shrine,
A sudden gloom the sacred walls array'd,
And round the tapers threw an azure shade:
The winds blew hollow with the voice of pain,
Aërial echoes sigh'd through all the fane:
'Twas God himself, that from th' empyreal sky,
Look'd unauspicious on the nuptial tie,
And pitying taught, as prophecies of woe,
The shrines to tremble, and the wind to blow.
O! had thy blood drunk in some fell disease,
From each chill pinion of th' autumnal breeze,
Had yon keen sun, with all the rage of pain,
Wing'd every pulse, and scorch'd up every vein,
Extinguish'd Guilford ere he liv'd his span,
It had been nature and the fate of man.
Heav'ns! had my cares but ceas'd thy parting breath,
In life's last moment, and the gasp of death,
Explor'd the dear imperfect sounds that hung
Loose on each fibre of the fault'ring tongue,
Cool'd the fond phrenzies of thy parting sigh,
Wip'd the warm drop from each expiring eye;
I had but known what many a virtuous pair
Are doom'd to suffer, and are doom'd to bear:
But, O! in thought's wild images to see
My glories fall, proud infamy! like thee;
See, 'midst the murmur of a million sighs,
The fabre glitter, and the scaffold rise;
To see my Guilford moving sadly slow
Through ranks of warriors, and the pomps of woe;
See him, while bending o'er his awful bier,
Shed the keen anguish of too warm a tear,
A tear that from the warmths of love proceeds,
And melts the husband, while the hero bleeds—
Bleed, did I say!—Tear, tear, ye pow'rs of art!
Sense, nature, memory, from my tortur'd heart:
And thou,—beneath the pole's black umbrage laid,
Oblivion! daughter of the midnight shade!
With all thy glooms, and all thy mists, remove
Each sweet idea of connubial love:
Hide the dear man whose virtues first impress
Too fond an image on my virgin breast;
From all the softness of my soul efface
His every beauty, and his every grace;
And force that soul with patience to resign
All the dear ties that bound her fast to thine.
Alas! vain effort of misguided zeal!
What pow'r can force affliction not to feel?
What saint forbid this throbbing breast to glow,
This sigh to murmur, and this tear to flow?
Still honest nature lives her anguish o'er,
Still the fond woman bleeds at every pore.

Ah! when my soul, all panting to aspire,
Each sense enrapture'd, and each wish on fire,
On all the wings of heav'n-born virtue flies
To yon bright sunshine, yon unclouded skies;
Spite of the joys that heav'n and bliss impart,
A softer image heaves within my heart;
Impassions nature in the springs of life,
And calls the seraph back into the wife.
Yet say, my Guilford! say, why wilt thou move
These idle visions of despairing love?
Why wilt thou still, with every grace and art,
Spread through my veins, and kindle in my heart?
O let my soul far other transports feel,
Wing'd with thy hopes, and warm'd with all thy zeal,
And thou, in yon imperial heav'n enshrin'd,
Eternal effluence of th' eternal mind!
O grace divine! on this frail bosom ray
One gleam of comfort from the source of day—
She comes, and all my opening breast inspires
With holy ardours, and seraphic fires:
Rapt, and sublime, my kindling wishes roll,
A brighter sunshine breaks upon my soul;
Strong, and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines:
Each human pang, each human bliss retires,
All earth-born wishes, and all low desires,
The pomps of empire, grandeur, wealth decay,
And all the world's vain phantoms fade away.
Rise, ye sad scenes! ye black ideas rise,
Rise, and dispute the empire of the skies:
Ye horrors! come, and o'er my senses throw
Terrific visions and a pomp of woe;
Call up the scaffold in its dread parade,
Bid the knell echo through the midnight shade;
Full in my sight the robe funereal wave,
Swell the loud dirge, and open all my grave;
Yet shall my soul, all-conscious of her God,
Resign'd and sainted for the blest abode,
The last sad horrors of her exit eye,
Without a tremor, and without a sigh.
Ah! no—while heav'n shall leave one pulse of life
I still am woman, and am still a wife;
My hov'ring soul, though rais'd to heav'n by pray'r,
Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there:
There, there, alas! the voice of nature calls,
A nation trembles, and a husband falls.
O! would to Heav'n I could like Zeno boast
A breast of marble, and a soul of frost,
Calm as old Chaos, ere his waves begun
To know a zephyr, or to feel a sun.
Romantic wish! for O, ye pow'rs divine!
Was ever misery, ever grief like mine?
For ever round me glares a tragic scene,
And now the woman bleeds, and now the queen:
Now back to Edward's recent grave convey'd,
Talk with fond phrenzy to his spotless shade;
Now wildly image all his sister's rage,
The baleful fury of the rising age;
Behold her sanguinary banners fly
Loose to the breezes of a British sky;
See England's genius quit th' imperial dome
To Spain's proud tyrant, and the slaves of Rome;
See all the land the last sad horrors feel
Of cruel creeds, and visionary zeal.
Mad bigotry her every son inspires,
Breathes all her plagues, and blows up all her fires,
Points the keen faulchion, waves th' avenging rod,
And murders virtue in the name of God.
May He, who first the light of heav'n display'd,
The dear Redeemer of a world in shade,
He who to man the bliss of angels gave,
Who bled to triumph, and who died to save,
Beam all his gospel, sacred and divine,
On ev'ry bosom, and on ev'ry shrine;
Relieve th' expiring eye, and gasping breath,
And rescue nature from the arm of death.
And now resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And hope soft-beaming brightens all my woes,
Hark! or delusion charms, a seraph sings,
And choirs to waft us spread their silver wings:
Th' immortals call, heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
Away—ere nature wake her pangs anew,
Friend, father, lover, husband, saint, adieu!
Yet when thy spirit, taught from earth to fly,
Spreads her full plume, and gains upon the sky,
One moment pause till these dead orbs resign
Their last faint beam, and speed my soul to thine:
Then, while the priest, in hallow'd robes array'd,
Pays the last honours to each parting shade;
While o'er our ashes weeps th' attending train,
And the sad requiem flows along the fane;
Our kindred souls shall wing th' ethereal way,
From earth and anguish to the source of day——
To all the bliss of all the skies aspire,
And add new raptures to th' angelic choir.
And, O! if aught we knew, or left behind,
Can wake one image in the fainted mind;
If yet a friend, a parent, child, can move
Departed spirits to a sense of love;
Still shall our souls a kind connection feel
With England's fenate, and with England's weal;
And drive from all its shores, with watchful care,
The flame of discord, and the rage of war.
Perhaps, when these sad scenes of blood are o'er,
And Rome's proud tyrant awes the soul no more;
When anguish throws off all the veils of art,
Bares all her wounds, and opens all her heart;
Our hapless loves shall grace th' historic page,
And charm the nations of a future age!
Perhaps some bard, whose tears have learnt to flow
For injur'd nature, and to feel for woe,
Shall tell the tender melancholy tale,
To the soft zephyrs of the western vale;
Fair truth shall bless him, virtue guard his cause,
And every widow'd matron weep applause.

OF TASTE.

AN ESSAY.

Well—though our passions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave,

One common folly, ſay whate'er we can,
Has fix'd at laſt the mercury of man;
And rules, as ſacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.
Aſk ye what pow'r it is that dares to claim
So vaſt an empire, and ſo wide a fame?
What God unſhrin'd in all the ages paſt?
I'll tell you, friend! in one ſhort word—'tis Taſte;
Taſte that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
One gift of nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, ſanctifies expence,
And takes the place of ſpirit, worth, and ſenſe.
In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtù,
Or ſat whole nights Italian ſongs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear;
Exalted ſenſe, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly wit, was nature's and our own.
But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to ſlumber in the lap of eaſe—
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty tailors in his train,
We felt for Taſte—for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dreſs and dance;
Politely told him all were brutes and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier ſchools;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the beſt author was her own Rabelais.
Hence, by ſome ſtrange malignity of fate,
We take our faſhions from the land we hate:
Still ſlaves to her, howe'er her taſte inclines,
We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines;
Eat as ſhe eats, no matter which or what,
A roaſted lobſter, or a roaſted cat;
And fill our houſes with an hungry train
Of more than half the ſcoundrels of the Seine.
Time was, a wealthy Engliſhman would join
A rich plumb-pudding to a fat ſirloin;
Or bake a paſty, whoſe enormous wall
Took up almoſt the area of his hall:
But now, as art improves, and life refines,
The demon Taſte attends him when he dines;
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three ſtew'd muſhrooms flank a larded quail;
Where infant turkeys, half a month reſign'd
To the ſoft breathings of a ſouthern wind,
And ſmother'd in a rich ragout of ſnails,
Out-ſtink a lenten ſupper at Verſailles.
Is there a ſaint that would not laugh to ſee
The good man piddling with his fricaſſee;
Forc'd by the luxury of taſte to drain
A flaſk of poiſon, which he calls champagne!
While he, poor idiot! though he dare not ſpeak,
Pines all the while for porter and ox-cheek.
Sure 'tis enough to ſtarve for pomp and ſhow,
To drink, and curſe the clarets of Bourdeaux:
Yet ſuch our humour, ſuch our ſkill to hit
Exceſs of folly through exceſs of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the ſeat,
Juſt as abſurdly as we drink and eat.
For is there aught that nature's hand has ſown
To bloom and ripen in her hotteſt zone?
Is there a ſhrub which, ere its verdures blow,
Aſks all the ſuns that beam upon the Po?
Is there a flowret whoſe vermillion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru?
Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples, or the boaſt of Rome?
We raiſe it here, in ſtorms of wind and hail,
On the bleak boſom of a ſunleſs vale;
Careleſs alike of climate, ſoil, and place,
The caſt of nature, and the ſmiles of grace.
Hence all our ſtucco'd walls, Moſaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;
Our Gothic fronts, whoſe Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilaſters tipp'd with leaves of gold;
Our moſſy cielings, grac'd with gay feſtoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp ſaloons,
Lawns fring'd with citrons, amaranthine bow'rs,
Expiring myrtles, and unop'ning flow'rs.
Hence the good Scotſman bids th' anana blow
In rocks of cryſtal, or in Alps of ſnow;
On Orcus' ſteep extends his wide arcade,
And kills his ſcanty ſunſhine in a ſhade.
One might expect a ſanctity of ſtyle
Auguſt and manly in an holy pile,
And think an architect extremely odd
To build a playhouſe for the church of God;
Yet half our churches, ſuch the mode that reigns,
Are Roman theatres, or Grecian ſanes;
Where broad-arch'd windows to the eye convey
The keen diffuſion of too ſtrong a day;
Where, in the luxury of wanton pride,
Corinthian columns languiſh ſide by ſide,
Clos'd by an altar exquiſitely fine,
Looſe and laſcivious as a Cyprian ſhrine.
Of late, 'tis true, quite ſick of Rome and Greece,
We fetch our models from the wiſe Chineſe:
European artiſts are too cold and chaſte,
For Mand'rin only is the man of taſte;
Whoſe holder genius, fondly wild to ſee
His grove a foreſt, and his pond a ſea,
Breaks out —— and, whimſically great, deſigns
Without the ſhackles or of rules or lines.
Form'd on his plans, our farms and ſeats begin
To match the boaſted villas of Pekin.
On every hill a ſpire-crown'd temple ſwells,
Hung round with ſerpents, and a fringe of bells:
Junks and balons along our waters ſail,
With each a gilded cock-boat at his tail;
Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale
Within th' encloſure of a zig-zag rail;
In Tartar huts our cows and horſes lie,
Our hogs are fatted in an Indian ſtye;
On ev'ry ſhelf a joſs divinely ſtares,
Nymphs laid on chintzes ſprawl upon our chairs;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
'Midſt porcelain elephants, and China gods.
Peace to all ſuch—but you whoſe chaſter fires
True greatneſs kindles, and true ſenſe inſpires,
Or ere you lay a ſtone, or plant a ſhade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad caſcade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profuſion waſte,
Examine nature with the eye of taſte; [rill,
Mark where ſhe ſpreads the lawn, or pours the
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill;
Plan as ſhe plans, and where her genius calls,
There ſink your grottos, and there raiſe your walls.

Without this taſte, beneath whoſe magic wand
Truth and correctneſs guide the artiſt's hand,
Woods, lakes, and palaces, are idle things,
The ſhame of nations, and the bluſh of kings.
Expence and Vanbrugh, vanity and ſhow,
May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.
But what is Taſte, you aſk, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Is it a caſual grace? or lucky hit?
Or the cool effort of reflecting wit?
Has it no law but mere miſguided will?
No juſt criterion fix'd to good and ill?
It has——True taſte, when delicately fine,
Is the pure ſunſhine of a ſoul divine,
The full perfection of each mental pow'r—
'Tis ſenſe, 'tis nature, and 'tis ſomething more.
Twin-born with genius, of one common bed,
One parent bore them, and one maſter bred.
It gives the lyre with happier ſounds to flow,
With purer bluſhes bids fair beauty glow;
From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
And warms, Corregio! every touch of thine.
And yet, though ſprung from one paternal flame,
Genius and Taſte are different as their name:
Genius, all ſunbeam, where he throws a ſmile,
Impregnates nature faſter than the Nile;
Wild and impetuous, high as heav'n aſpires,
All ſcience animates, all virtue fires;
Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
Aërial forms and viſionary ſcenes.
But taſte corrects, by one etherial touch,
What ſeems too little, and what ſeems too much;
Marks the fine point where each conſenting part
Slides into beauty with the eaſe of art;
This bids to riſe, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens all.

LIFE UNHAPPY, BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

I own it, Belmour! ſay whate'er we can,
The lot of ſorrow ſeems the lot of man;
Affliction feeds with all her keeneſt rage
On youth's fair bloſſoms, and the fruits of age;
And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peaſants, and the courts of kings.
Yet ſure unjuſtly we aſcribe to fate
Thoſe ills, thoſe miſchiefs, we ourſelves create;
Vainly lament that all the joys we know
Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe;
And yet thoſe joys in mean profuſion waſte,
Without reflection, and without a taſte:
Careleſs of all that virtue gives to pleaſe,
For thought too active, and too mad for eaſe,
We give each appetite too looſe a rein,
Puſh ev'ry pleaſure to the verge of pain;
Impetuous follow where the paſſions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all.
Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and [ſtrife
Each ſofter moment of domeſtic life;
The palſied hand, the viſionary brain,
Th' infected fluid, and the torpid vein;
The ruin'd appetite, that loathing ſlights
The richeſt olio of the cook at White's;
The aching impotence of looſe deſire,
A nerveleſs body, with a ſoul on fire;
Th' eternal bluſh that lights the cheek of ſhame
For waſted riches, and unheeded fame;
Unhallow'd reveries, low-thoughted cares,
The wiſh that riots, and the pang that tears;
Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
Each heartfelt ſigh of each reflecting day;
All that around the low'ring eye of ſpleen
Throws the pale phantom, and terrific ſcene;
Or, direr ſtill, calls from th' abyſs below
Deſpair's dread genius to the couch of woe,
Where, loſt to health, and hope's all cheering ray,
As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,
Pale riot bleeds for all his mad expence
In each rack'd organ, or acuter ſenſe;
Where ſad remorſe beholds in every ſhade
The murder'd friend, or violated maid;
And ſtung to madneſs in his inmoſt ſoul,
Graſps the keen dagger, or empoiſon'd bowl.
Impious it were to think th' Eternal Mind
Is but the ſcourge and tyrant of mankind.
Sure he who gives us ſunſhine, dew, and ſhow'r,
The vine ambroſial, and the blooming flow'r,
Whoſe own bright image lives on man impreſt,
Meant that that being ſhould be wiſe and bleſt,
And taught each inſtinct in his heart enſhrin'd
To feel for bliſs, to ſearch it, and to find.
But where's this bliſs, you aſk, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic iſle?
Flows it along the waters of the Nile?
Lives it in India's animated mould,
In rocks of cryſtal, or in veins of gold?
Not there alone, but, boundleſs, unconfin'd,
Spreads through all life, and flows to all mankind;
Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll,
And warms alike the Equator and the Pole.
For as kind nature through the globe inſpires
Her parent warmths, and elemental fires,
Forms the bright gem in earth's unfathom'd caves,
Bids the rich coral bluſh beneath the waves,
And with the ſame prolific virtue glows
In the rough bramble, as the damaſk roſe;
So, in the union of her moral plan,
The ray of bliſs ſhines on from man to man,
Whether in purples or in ſkins arry'd,
He wields the ſceptre, or he plies the ſpade,
Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.
In vain the men whoſe foul ambition fires,
Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inſpires,
Inſiſts that happineſs for courts was made,
And laughs at every genius of the ſhade.
As much miſtakes the ſage, who fain would prove
Fair pleaſure lives but in his grot and grove.
Each ſcene of life, or open or confin'd,
Alike congenial to its kindred mind.
Alike ordain'd by heav'n to charm or pleaſe
The man of ſpirit and the man of eaſe;
Juſt as our taſte is better or is worſe,
Becomes a bleſſing, or becomes a curſe.
When luſt and envy ſhare the ſoul by turns,
When fear unnerves her, or mad vengeance burns;

When luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
And guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight hour;
Not all the wealth each warmer ſun provides,
All earth emboſoms, and all ocean hides,
Not all the pomps that round proud greatneſs ſhine.
When ſuppliant nations bow before her ſhrine,
Can eaſe the heart, or ray upon the breaſt
Content's full ſunſhine, and the calm of reſt.
No—all the bliſs that nature feels, or knows,
Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repoſe,
Howe'er improv'd by wiſdom, and by art,
Lives in ourſelves, and beams but from the heart.
Quite independent of thoſe alien things,
Applauding ſenates, and the ſmiles of kings,
Of empty purſes, or of wealthy bags,
A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags,
Conclude we then that Heav'n's ſupreme decree
Gives eaſe and joy to monarchs and to me:
Yet, ſuch the fate of all that man obtains,
Our pleaſures muſt be purchas'd by our pains,
And coſt us every hour ſome ſmall expence,
A little labour, and a little ſenſe.
That heav'n-born bliſs, that ſoul-illumin'd joy,
Which madmen ſquander, and which fools deſtroy,
To half the nations of the globe unknown,
Reflecting wiſdom makes it all her own;
Coolly explores, in every ſcene and ſphere,
What nature wants, what life inherits there;
What lenient arts can teach the ſoul to know
A purer rapture, and a ſofter woe;
What melt her idle vanities away,
And make to-morrow happier than to-day.
Without this cheap, this economic art,
This cool philoſophy of head and heart,
A peer's proud boſom, rack'd by pangs and cares,
Feels not the ſplendor of the ſtar he wears:
With it the wretch whom want has forc'd to dwell
In the laſt corner of her cheerleſs cell,
In ſpite of hunger, labour, cold, diſeaſe,
Lies, laughs, and ſlumbers on the couch of eaſe.
A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it ſound;
O'er the fine ſtops his awkward fiſt he flings,
And rudely preſſes on th' elaſtic ſtrings:
Awaken'd diſcord ſhrieks, and ſcolds, and raves,
Wild as the diſſonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harſh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
And hoarſer far than all th' eceſtatic race
Whoſe drunken orgies ſtunn'd the wilds of Thrace.
Friend! quoth the ſage, that fine machine contains
Exacter numbers, and diviner ſtrains;
Strains ſuch as once could build the Theban wall,
And ſtop the mountain torrent in its fall:
But yet, to wake them, rouſe them, and inſpire,
Aſks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling ſoul, whoſe all expreſſive pow'rs
Can copy nature as ſhe ſinks or ſoars;
And, juſt alike to paſſion, time, and place,
Refine correctneſs into eaſe and grace.
He ſaid—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his light hand, and ſwept it on the lyre.
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The ſound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The liſt'ning paſſions hear, and ſink, and riſe,
As the rich harmony or ſwells or dies;
The pulſe of avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breaſt of love;
Devotion lifts to heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding pity heaves a ſofter ſigh.
Life has its eaſe, amuſement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itſelf, as muſic in the lyre,
And, like the lyre, with all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of art.
But half mankind, like Handel's fool, deſtroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the ſtrain of joy;
Irregularly will their paſſions roll
Through nature's fineſt inſtrument, the ſoul:
While men of ſenſe, with Handel's happier ſkill,
Correct the taſte, and harmonize the will;
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever ſunk too low;
Till every virtue, meaſur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the maſter-mind,
Melts in its kindred ſounds, and pours along
Th' according muſic of the moral ſong.

PRUSSIA: A POEM.

Awake, Voltaire! with warmth, with rapture raiſe
Th' applauding pœan, and the ſong of praiſe:
Again thy Fred'ric mounts the victor's car,
Again he thunders in the front of war;
Back to the deſert flies the routed Gaul,
And proud Vienna ſhakes from wall to wall.
He hears me not—thy genius, France! prevails,
The poet feels but for his own Verſailles;
With ſecret curſes eyes the hero's ſword,
And hates that virtue which he once ador'd.
And ſhall a king whoſe triumphs far exceed
The boaſted glories of the Greek and Swede;
Who more than Cæſar, with a brighter ray
Aſcends, and ſhines imperial Rome away—
Shall he through ages ſpread his mighty name
Without a verſe to wait upon his fame?
Has Britain loſt her ſpirit, ſoul, and fire?
Has ſhe no patriot who dare touch the lyre?
Yes———while I live, thy virtues, prince! ſhall be
For ever ſacred to the muſe, and me.
What though I herd but with the vulgar throng,
The laſt, the loweſt of the ſons of ſong,
Thy bold exploits ſhall give my ſoul to glow,
My pulſe to kindle, and my vein to flow;
Exalt my ſpirit, animate my line,
And lend my numbers all the ſtrength of thine.
Now had pale fury drove her iron car
From fields of ſlaughter, and from waſtes of war;
Returning peace led on the vernal year,
Sheath'd the keen ſword, and broke the lifted ſpear,
Wide o'er the world her olive branch diſplay'd,
And call'd the nations to its hallow'd ſhade.
And now the arts, inflam'd with gen'rous ſtrife,
Roſe in the ſoftneſs of domeſtic life;

Exulting labour tam'd the ſtubborn plain,
The ſail of commerce took up all the main,
With bolder wings th' immortal Muſes flew,
And ſcience trimm'd her faded wreath anew.
Ambition ſigh'd—for now ſhe heard no more
The war's loud thunder break from ſhore to ſhore;
No more beheld proud monarchs, meanly vain,
Rank'd in her files, or number'd in her train;
Loſt to the glare of life, ſhe lay unbleſt
In the lone cell of ſolitary reſt,
Where ſpleen's pale viſions round her ſlumbers throw
Eternal ſadneſs, and a pomp of woe.
In vain kind nature pours upon her eye
A ſofter ſunſhine, and a richer ſky,
Spreads the wild foreſt, heaves the cloud-topt hill,
Waves in the wood, and flows along the rill:
Woods, wilds, and waters, to her ſenſe decay,
The warblers languiſh on the vocal ſpray;
Unclouded ſuns in heav'n's clear azure fade,
And night's black horrors wear a deeper ſhade.
At length arous'd ſhe feels her wonted flame,
Revives, and opens to the voice of fame:
See ſees new triumphs riſing to her view,
And wing'd by rapture, to Vienna flew.
'Twas night—lull'd ſoftly by the weſtern breeze,
Fair Auſtria ſlumber'd on the couch of eaſe:
When as of old the firſt infernal pow'r
Stole on the ſweets of Eden's nuptial bow'r,
And ſkill'd alike to flatter and deceive,
Crept in a reptile to the ear of Eve
So now ambition, with a nobler mien,
Approach'd, and whiſper'd thus the ſleeping queen.
"Canſt thou, O princeſs! thou, whoſe glory ſprings
From heav'n-born heroes, and a race of kings,
Reſign'd, and cool, to yonder Pruſſian yield
Sileſia's ſceptre, and her fruitful field?
Riſe to thy wrongs, aſſert thy injur'd reign,
And bid the ſword of vengeance rage again;
Tear from his hand the empire he hath won,
This moment cruſh him, or thou art undone.
Secret and ſtrong, beneath his native fires,
The haughty genius of his ſoul aſpires;
His realms enlarge, his ſails begin to fly
O'er ev'ry ocean of the polar ſky.
Rich harveſts riſe upon his barren waſte,
His crowded cities are the ſeats of taſte;
Another year's autumnal ſun ſhall ſee
His broad dominions ſtretch from ſea to ſea;
Perhaps ſhall ſee him on th' imperial throne,
Europe enſlav'd, and half the world his own."
Thus ſpoke the fiend, and, with deluſive art,
Breath'd her black ſpirit through Tereſa's heart:
Rapt into future ſcenes ſhe minds no more
The faith ſhe plighted, and the oath ſhe ſwore;
Strong, and more ſtrong, the viſion lives impreſt,
Conqueſt's dread genius takes up all her breaſt;
Paints on her ſoul, in luxury of thought,
Th' ideal glories of a war unfought,
The laurel wreath, the military ſhow,
The car of triumph, and the captive foe.
And now the queen, unfeeling, falſe, and vain,
Plans the wide ruin of a bold campaign;
Through all the north with all her ſpirit raves,
And wakes the nations in their huts, and caves;
With wild barbarians crowds her wanton war,
The ſavage Croat, and the fierce huſſar;
Fires the proud Saxon's ſanguinary vein,
And rouſes all the dæmon of the Seine;
Leagues kings with kings, fills Europe with alarms,
Shakes heav'n and earth, and ſets the world in arms.
O curſt ambition! to each vice allied,
Begot by miſchief in the womb of pride,
What ills, dread fury! from thy genius flow!
What awful ſcenes of unimagin'd woe!
Before thy footſteps, wrapp'd in flames of fire,
Sinks the tall column, and majeſtic ſpire.
Cloſe at thy ſide her ſword fell ſlaughter waves,
'Midſt bleeding piles, and ever-op'ning graves;
The plague behind thee, with her tainted breath,
Sweeps through the nations on the wing of death;
Neglected genius in his cell expires,
To other worlds fair liberty retires;
The patriot muſe forgets her voice divine,
Religion leaves her violated ſhrine;
And ev'ry meek ey'd virtue pines and mourns,
'Midſt falling temples, and ſepulchral urns.
The Pruſſian ſaw at one keen glance from far
The gath'ring tempeſt, and impending war:
He ſaw, and inſtant bids his armies form,
Heads the bold march, and bears upon the ſtorm;
In vain the foreſt big with death extends,
The rampant thunders, and the flood deſcends;
In vain the foe each open field declines,
Hides in the trench, or lurks within his lines;
He ſtorms the rampart, fords the rapid flood,
Leaps the broad trench, and clears th' enambuſh'd wood;
Now preſſes on, now reins his dread career,
Pours on the van, or ſteals upon the rear;
Marks ev'ry criſis, ſhines in ev'ry ſcene,
And is at once a Marlbro', and Eugene.
At length, in all the pomp of war, advance
Th' imperial eagles with the arms of France;
A mighty hoſt, whoſe awful files contain
The vet'ran warriors of the Marne and Maine.
And will he yet, when nations round him cloſe,
And his thin ranks ſcarce number half his foes;
Will he, ye heav'ns! th' unequal conflict try,
And brave his fate when glory bids him fly?
Ah! aught avails it that immortal fame
Fill'd her fond clarion with her Fred'ric's name?
Avails it aught that juſtice learn'd to awe
Miſguided nature from his code of law?
That warm'd, and foſter'd by his genial eye,
Tranſplanted ſcience own'd the polar ſky?
That Greece and taſte upon the Baltic ſmil'd,
And new Lyceums open'd in the wild?
Alas! one moment—the bright ſcene is o'er—
He falls—he dies—and Pruſſia is no more.
Yet ſhall not France, in this her bliſsful hour,
Her dream of empire, and her pride of pow'r,
An eaſy, cheap, unbleeding conqueſt know,
Or rear her trophies o'er a flying foe:
For now the monarch, ere he gives the ſign,
Serenely dreadful moves along the line;

The legions, far as each keen glance can fly,
Mark his firm ſtep, and hang upon his eye;
That eye whoſe lightning terror round him flings;
That ſtep which ſeems to tread on thrones, and kings.
At every look through all th' embattled van
The pulſe of glory beats from man to man:
The ſoldier kindling at his prince aſpires,
Swells with his hopes, and burns with all his fires;
Yet, 'midſt his ardours, owns a ſofter flame,
And feels for Fred'ric while he feels for fame.
And now the ſun, whoſe orb ſhall ſet in blood,
Faints on the umbrage of the weſtern wood;
The diſtant hills in each horizon fade,
And night comes on in all her gloom and ſhade:
And now the trumpet's animating ſound
Peals on the ear, and ſhakes the field around.
When, as the whirlwind tears its rapid way,
Roots up the rock, and ſweeps the plain away;
Fierce on his foe th' intrepid Pruſſian ſprings,
Drives through his van, and breaks into his wings;
Wraps his whole war in one tremendous fire,
And ſees the proweſs of his hoſt expire.
Th' imperial chiefs no more the ſhock ſuſtain,
Their fainting battle bleeds in ev'ry vein;
France flies impetuous on the wings of fear,
And hungry ſlaughter feeds upon his rear.
Yet, ſtay thee, prince! all-conqueror as thou art,
Indulge the milder virtues of thy heart;
Reſtrain fierce vengeance in her rage of ire,
And let us love the monarch we admire.
All that on earth proud conqueſt gives to ſhine,
All the dread glories of the ſword are thine:
The victor-wreath applauding ſtates decree,
The ſacred pœan only ſwells for thee.
Another toil remains ere yet thy name
Bears the full ſplendor of unclouded fame.
Enjoy that nobler fame—bid diſcord ceaſe,
And lay pale Europe in the lap of peace:
Then ſhall the muſe, who now thy triumph ſings
O'er routed nations, and repenting kings,
With rapture wait thee to thy ſylvan bow'r,
And watch the glories of thy ſofter hour,
When Rome's fine arts beneath thy ſhield ſhall win
A fairer laurel in thy own Berlin;
There fix the ſchool of beauty, and adorn
Worlds unexplor'd, and empires yet unborn.

NOBILITY,

A MORAL ESSAY.

Spoken at the Viſitation of Tunbridge-School, 1752.

'Tis ſaid that ere fair virtue learn'd to ſigh,
The creſt to libel, and the ſtar to lie,
The poet glow'd with all his ſacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre;
Led humble ſcience to the bleſt abode,
And rais'd the hero till he ſhone a god.
Our modern bards, by ſome unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter ev'ry fool of ſtate,
Have oft, regardleſs of their heav'n-born flame,
Enthron'd proud greatneſs in the ſhrine of fame;
Beſtowd on vice the wreaths that virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.
Yet hear, ye great! whom birth and titles crown
With alien worth, and glories not your own;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can ſhow,
All Anſtis boaſts of, and all kings beſtow,
All envy wiſhes, all ambition hails,
All that ſupports St. James's and Verſailles,
Can never give diſtinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom vice has made a ſlave.
In elder times, ere heralds yet enroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,
Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
With feſs, bend, argent, chev'ron, and ſaltier;
'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
Whoſe ſtrength ſubdu'd the lion or the boar;
Whoſe art from rocks could call the mellowing grain,
And give the vine to laugh along the plain;
Or, tracing nature to her moral plan,
Explor'd the ſavage till he found the man.
For him the ruſtic hind, and village maid,
Stripp'd the gay ſpring of half its bloom and ſhade;
With annual dances grac'd the daiſy-mead,
And ſung his triumphs on the oaten reed;
Or, fond to think him ſprung from yonder ſky,
Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.
In Turkey, ſacred as the Koran's page,
Theſe ſimple manners live through ev'ry age:
The humbleſt ſwain, if virtue warms the man,
May riſe the genius of the grave Divan;
And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their fires, and mingle with the crowd.
For three campaigns Caprouli's hand diſplay'd
The Turkiſh creſcent on thy walls, Belgrade!
Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
And Auſtria trembled if he touch'd the ſword:
Yet all his glories ſet within his grave,
One ſon a Janiſary, one a ſlave.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's glories, bid his pomps deſcend;
With ſtrange good-nature give his worthleſs ſon
The very laurels that his virtue won;
And with the ſame appellatives adorn
A living hero, and a ſot unborn.
Hence, without bluſhing (ſay whate'er we can)
We more regard th' eſcutcheon than the man;
Yet, true to nature and her inſtincts, prize
The hound or ſpaniel as his talent lies:
Careleſs from what paternal blood he roſe,
We value Bowman only for his noſe.
Say, ſhould you ſee a generous ſteed outfly
The ſwifteſt zephyr of th' autumnal ſky,
Wou'd you at once his ardent wiſhes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Becauſe his humbler fathers, grave, and ſlow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndſditch or Soho?
In ſpite of all that in his grandſire ſhone,
An horſe's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when length'ning ſhouts inſpire
His bold compeers, and ſet their hearts on fire,
He ſeems regardleſs of th' exulting ſound,
And ſcarcely drags his legs along the ground;

What will't avail, that ſprung from heav'nly ſeed,
His great forefathers ſwept th' Arabian mead;
Or, dreſs'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caſpian ſhore?
I grant, my lord! your anceſtors outſhone
All that e'er grac'd the Ganges, or the Rhone;
Born to protect, to rouſe thoſe godlike fires
That genius kindles, or fair fame inſpires;
O'er humble life to ſpread indulgent eaſe,
To give the veins to flow without diſeaſe;
From proud oppreſſion injur'd worth to ſcreen,
And ſhake alike the ſenate and the ſcene.
And ſee, to ſave them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting ſcience fills her every page,
Fame graſps her trump, the epic muſe attends,
The lyre re-echoes, and the ſong aſcends,
The ſculptor's chiſſel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles riſe:
All arts, all pow'rs, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And ſpread their pomps to ages yet unborn.
All this we own—but if, amidſt the ſhine,
Th' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some ſcoundrel peer, regardleſs of his fires,
Purſues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his proſtituted name
In honour's zenith, and the liſts of fame?
Exalted titles, like a beacon, riſe
To tell the wretched where protection lies.
He then who hears unmov'd affliction's cry,
His birth's a phantom, and his name's a lie.
The Egyptians thus on Cairo's ſacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artiſts ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the ſky:
But when they enter'd the ſublime abode,
They found a ſerpent where they hop'd a god.
Anſtis obſerves, that when a thouſand years
Roll through a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging virtue ſheds her every beam
From ſon to ſon, and waits upon the ſtream.
Yet ſay, ye great! who boaſt another's ſcars,
And think your lineage ends but in the ſtars,
What is this boon of Heav'n? dependent ſtill
On woman's weakneſs, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has ſtain'd your glories ever ſince the flood?
Might not ſome brawny ſlave, from Afric fled,
Stamp his baſe image in the nuptial bed?
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the ſtrength of Jove?
Or, more politely to their vows untrue,
Love, and elope, as modern ladies do?
But grant that all your gentle grandames ſhone
Clear, and unſullied as the noon-day ſun;
Though nature form'd them of her chaſteſt mold,
Say, was their birth illuſtrious as their gold?
Full many a lord, we know, has choſe to range
Among the wealthy beauties of the 'Change;
Or ſigh'd, ſtill humbler, to the midnight gale
For ſome fair peaſant of th' Arcadian vale.
Then blame us not, if backward to adore
A name polluted by a ſlave or whore;
Since ſpite of patents, and of king's decrees,
And blooming coronets on parchment trees,
Some alien ſtain may darken all the line,
And Norfolk's blood deſcend as mean as mine.
You boaſt, my Lord! a race with laurels crown'd,
By ſenates honour'd, and in war renown'd;
Show then the martial ſoul to danger bred,
When Poitiers thunder'd, and when Creſſy bled;
Show us thoſe deeds, thoſe heav'n-directed fires,
That ages paſt ſaw beaming on your ſires;
That freeborn pride no tyrant durſt enſlave,
That godlike zeal that only liv'd to ſave.
Dare you, though faction bawl through all her tribe,
Though monarchs threaten, and though ſtateſmen bribe,
Feel for mankind, and gallantly approve
All virtue teaches, and all angels love?
Know you the tear that flows o'er worth diſtreſs'd,
The joy that riſes when a people's bleſt?
Then, if you pleaſe, immortalize your line,
With all that's great, heroic, and divine;
Explore with curious eye th' hiſtoric page,
The rolls of fame, the monuments of age;
Adopt each chief immortal Homer ſings,
All Greece's heroes, and all Aſia's kings:
If earth's too ſcanty, ſcarch the bleſt abode,
And make your firſt progenitor a god:
We grant your claim, whate'er you wiſh to prove,
The ſon of Priam, or the ſon of Jove.
Stateſmen and patriots thus to glory riſe,
The ſelf-born ſun that gilds them never dies:
While he ennobled by thoſe gewgaw things,
The pride of patents, and the breath of kings,
Glares the pale meteor of a little hour,
Fed by court ſunſhine, and poetic ſhow'r;
Then ſinks at once, unpitied, and unbleſt,
A nation's ſcandal, and a nation's jeſt.
Nobility had ſomething in her blood,
When to be great was only to be good:
Sublime ſhe ſat in virtue's ſacred ſane,
With all the ſiſter graces in her train.
She ſtill exiſts, 'tis true, in Groſvenor-Square,
And leads a life, a kind of—as it were ———.
And ſee! ſelf-ſhelter'd from the world's alarms;
The dying goddeſs ſleeps in Fortune's arms;
Fond luxury attends her ſoft retreats,
The modeſt Frazi warbles while ſhe eats;
Arabia's ſweets diſtil at ev'ry pore,
Her flatt'rers ſooth her, and her ſlaves adore;
Indulg'd by all our ſenates to forget,
Thoſe worſt of plagues, a promiſe and a debt.
Not but there are, amidſt the titled crew,
Unknown to all but Collins, and the ſtew,
Men who improve their heav'n-deſcended fires,
Riſe on their blood, and beam upon their ſires;
Men who, like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
Call from themſelves the ray that makes them ſhine.
Pleas'd let me view a Cecil's ſoul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the ſhade;
Reflect how nobly Radnor can deſcend
To loſe his title in the name of friend;
At Dorſet look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to ſit upon a throne;
Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth,

And then enraptur'd bend the ſuppliant knee
To Heav'n's high throne, O Rockingham! for thee.
Let then vain fools their proud eſcutcheons view,
Allied to half the Yncas of Peru;
With every vice thoſe lineal glories ſtain
That roſe in Pharamond, or Charlemagne:
But ye, dear youths! whom chance or genius calls
To court pale wiſdom in theſe hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blaſted name
Another's virtue, and another's fame:
In two ſhort precepts all your buſineſs lies—
Would you be great?—Be virtuous and be wiſe.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

A TALE.

In elder time when men were chaſte,
And women had not got a taſte,
It was ordain'd, to eaſe their cares,
The ſexes ſhould be link'd in pairs,
And paſs the various ſcenes of life,
Known by the names of man and wife.
To aid this ſcheme, ſo juſt and wiſe,
The male had vigour, ſtrength, and ſize:
Undaunted, active, bold, and brave,
And fearleſs or of wind or wave,
He ſcal'd the cliff's enormous ſteep,
He plung'd into the pathleſs deep,
And dar'd in open war engage
The lion's ſanguinary rage.
Woman, as form'd to charm, and pleaſe,
Had more of elegance and eaſe,
A finer ſhape, a ſofter mien,
A heart more gentle and ſerene.
Her ſmile was ſunſhine—in her face
Sat ſweetneſs on the throne of grace:
The accents melted from her tongue
In all the harmony of ſong;
And every glance that left her eye
Was milder than a vernal ſky.
As nature now had done her beſt,
She left to accident the reſt,
To accident!—you cry—Why, yes.
Yet think not that ſhe acts by gueſs.
Events may baffle man's endeavour,
But nature is extremely clever,
And works with ſo exact a care,
She ne'er miſcarries in a hair.
For now, when on a feſtal day
The ſexes met, alert and gay,
And, in their paſtimes, ſports, and dances,
Had interchang'd ſome tender glances,
Th' impaſſion'd heart began to own
A ſet of inſtincts yet unknown;
To throb with momentary fires,
And melt away in young deſires.
In ſhort, the men began to bow,
To ſooth, to ogle, whine, and vow;
To haunt the ſolitary ſhade,
And whiſper to the village maid.
The village maid, who knew not yet
The breeding of a ſly coquette;
And could not, with an artful ſigh,
Like modern ladies, ſmile, and lie;
Indulgent heard her lover's flame,
Frankly confeſs'd ſhe felt the ſame,
And ere the roſy-finger'd morn
Dried up the pearls upon the thorn,
Went with him, 'midſt her virgin train,
In flow'rets dreſt, to Hymen's fane.
This mild divinity, ſo ſung
By half the poets old and young,
The patron of connubial truth,
Was now in all the bloom of youth.
Roſes freſh gather'd from the buſh,
Sweet emblems of the female bluſh,
Wove in a wreath ſupremely fair,
Sat graceful on his auburn hair:
One hand ſuſtain'd a torch on fire,
Significant of ſoft deſire;
The other held in myſtic ſhow
A broider'd veil of ſaffron hue:
Majeſtic flow'd his azure veſt,
And rubies bled upon his breaſt.
The meek-ey'd god an age or ſo
Succeeded, and had much to do;
In crowds his eager vot'ries came,
His altars never ceas'd to flame:
Beſides an off'ring, frank and free,
Firſt paid him as the marriage fee,
Some pretty toys of ſhells and corals,
With ſprigs of ever-blooming laurels,
And bowls of conſecrated wine,
Were yearly plac'd upon his ſhrine,
The gifts of many a grateful pair
Made happy by his guardian care.
It chanc'd three demons, fiends, or witches,
Ambition, Vanity, and Riches,
Walk'd out one evening bright and fair,
To breathe a little country air;
And, as old Nick would have it, found
This ſoul-enchanting ſpot of ground,
Where happy huſbands, happy wives,
Enjoy'd the moſt delicious lives;
And reſolv'd to buy, or hire,
A vacant cottage of the 'ſquire.
They came, they ſettled; ſooth'd, careſt,
Politely treated every gueſt,
And, with a world of pains and labours,
Lectur'd their ſimple-minded neighbours.
"My worthy friends!" ſays Wealth, "behold
The ſplendour of almighty gold!
Theſe guineas here, theſe brilliant things,
Which bear the images of kings,
Within their little orbs contain
Fair pleaſure's ever-ſmiling train,
And can to ev'ry ſwain diſpenſe
Wit, ſpirit, virtue, taſte, and ſenſe.
Who but a fool would wed a Phillis,
Whoſe only portion is her lilies?
For ever doom'd, in life's low ſhade,
To ply the mercenary ſpade,
Till ſome diſeaſe, whoſe nature ſuch is
To ſet us on a pair of crutches,
Force you to plunder, beg, or ſteal
From charity an humble meal;
And ſend your age, for want of vittle,
To a poor alms-houſe, or the 'ſpittle.
Be wiſe, and, when you mean to wed,
Scorn the fair forms of white and red;

And court the nymph whose genial charms,
Rich as the fruits upon her farms,
Will pour upon your daily toil
Abundant floods of wine and oil."
He said—Ambition then began
About the dignity of man;
He rallied all their groves and springs,
And finely talk'd of queens and kings:
It was, he thought, a want of grace
To mingle with the vulgar race;
For souls made up of heav'nly fire
Are form'd by nature to aspire.
He told them that a well-born wife
Ennobled every joy of life,
Without a patent gave her dear
Th' importance of a British peer;
Perhaps might to a prince ally him,
And make him cousin to old Priam.
While thus the fiends, with wily art,
Adroitly stole upon the heart,
And with their complaisance and tales,
Had ruin'd more than half the males,
Gay Vanity, with smiles and kisses,
Was busy 'mongst the maids and misses.
"My dears!" says she, "those pretty faces
Speak you the sisters of the Graces:
Immortal Venus would be vain
To have you in her court and train.
But sure, methinks, it something odd is,
That beauties who can match a goddess
Should give their more than mortal charms
To a dull rustic's joyless arms,
A mere unanimated clod,
As much a lover as a god.
O let those eyes, which far outshine
The brightest sapphires of the mine,
Their precious orbs no longer roll
On fellows without wealth or soul:
But fly, my charmers! fly the wretches,
Dame nature's first misshapen sketches,
Fly to the world where lords and 'squires
Are warm'd with more etherial fires;
Where pleasure each gay moment wings,
Where the divine Mingotti sings:
So shall each all-commanding fair
Have her two pages and a chair,
Fine Indian tissues, Mechlin laces,
Rich essences in China vases,
And rise on life's exalted scene
With all the splendour of a queen."
She spoke, and in a trice possest
The empire of the female breast:
And now the visionary maids
Disdain'd their shepherds and their shades;
In every dream with rapture saw
Three footmen and a gilt landau;
Assum'd a fine majestic air,
And learnt to ogle, swim, and stare.
No longer beam'd the modest eye,
No longer heav'd the melting sigh.
Neglected love, whose blunted dart
Scarce once a-year could wound a heart,
Hung up his quiver on a yew,
And, sighing, from the world withdrew.
However, as the wheel of life
Subsisted still in man and wife,
Th' aforesaid fiends, for reasons good,
Coupled the sexes as they could.
For instance—Women made for thrones
Were match'd with idiots, sots, and drones;
And wits were every day disgrac'd
By honeys without sense or taste;
Gay libertines of sixty-five,
With scarce a single limb alive,
Had young coquettes just in their teens,
As wanton as Circassia's queens;
And youths, whose years were scarce a score,
Were pair'd with nymphs of sixty-four.
Matters, in short, were so contriv'd,
The men were most divinely wiv'd;
The women too, to grace their houses,
Were blest with most accomplish'd spouses.
In two short months, perhaps in one,
Both sexes found themselves undone,
And came in crowds, with each an halter,
To hang poor Hymen on his altar.
The god, though arm'd but with his torch,
Intrepid met them in the porch;
And, while they hector, brawl, and bully,
Harangu'd them with the ease of Tully.
"Good folks! says he, it gives me pain
To hear you murmur and complain,
When every barber in the town
Knows that the fault is all your own.
Seduc'd by show, misled by wealth,
Regardless of your peace, and health,
Panting for feathers, whims, and fashions,
You left plain nature's genuine passions,
And gave up all your real joys,
As Indians sell their gold for toys.
You, madam! who was pleas'd to fix
Your wishes on a coach and six,
Obtain'd your end, and now you find
Your husband ought to ride behind:
You might have had, without offence,
A man of spirit, soul, and sense,
Wou'd you have stoop'd to take the air
In a plain chariot and a pair.
You too, my venerable sage!
Had you reflected on your age,
Wou'd scarce have took, to be undone,
A sprightly girl of twenty-one.
Your lady'ship disdain'd to hear
Of any husband but a peer;
Was pleas'd your angel-form to barter
For a blue ribbon and a garter:
And now, magnificently great,
You feel the wretchedness of state;
Neglected, injur'd, spurn'd, and poor,
The victim of an opera whore
Your neighbour there, the wealthy cit,
Like you is miserably bit:
Too proud to drag the nuptial chain
With the grave nymphs of Foster-lane,
He married, such his fatal aim was,
A lady Charlotte, from St. James's;
And now supports, by scores, and dozens,
His very honourable cousins,
And entertains, with wine and cards,
Half the gay colonels of the guards.
Away, ye triflers! bear, endure
Afflictions which ye cannot cure;

At leaſt with decency conceal
The pangs your follies make you feel,
In hopes that ſome obliging fever
Will eaſe you of your dears for ever."
The crowd diſmiſs'd—the God began
To muſe upon a better plan:
He ſaw that things grew worſe and worſe,
That marriage was become a curſe;
And therefore thought it juſt and wiſe was
To rectify this fatal bias,
And in a taſteleſs world excite
Due rev'rence for his holy rite.
Full of his ſcheme he went one day
To a lone cottage in a ſhaw,
Where dwelt a nymph of ſtrong and ſhrewd ſenſe,
Known by the name of Gammer Prudence,
Whom Hymen, with a bow and buſs,
Addreſs'd moſt eloquently thus:
"Goody! I've order'd Love to go
This evening to the world below;
He travels in a coach and ſparrows,
With a new ſet of bows and arrows:
But yet the rogue's ſo much a child,
So very whimſical, and wild,
His head has ſuch ſtrange fancies in it,
I cannot truſt him half a minute.
Were I to let the little wanton
Rove as he liſts through every canton,
Without a check, without a rein,
The world would be undone again—
We ſoon ſhou'd ſee the lawns and groves
Quite fill'd with zephyrs, ſighs, and doves,
With am'rous ditties, fairy dances,
Such as we read of in romances;
Where princes haunt the lonely rocks,
And ducheſſes are feeding flocks.
Go then, my venerable dame!
And qualify his idle flame;
Inſtruct thoſe hearts his arrows hit,
To pauſe, and have a little wit:
Bid them reflect, amidſt their heat,
'Tis neceſſary Love ſhould eat;
That in his moſt ecſtatic billing
He poſſibly may want a ſhilling.
Perſuade them, ere they firſt engage,
To ſtudy temper, rank, and age,
To march beneath my holy banners,
Congenial in their taſtes and manners,
Completing juſt as Heaven deſign'd,
An union both of ſex and mind."
He ſaid—he preſs'd—the matron maid,
Benevolent of heart, obey'd;
Forſook her ſolitary grove,
And, waiting in the train of Love,
Watch'd with the ſober eye of truth
The workings of miſguided youth:
And when the heart began to ſigh,
To melt, to heave, to bleed, to die,
She whiſper'd many a wiſe remark
With all the dignity of Clark—
She hop'd the ladies, in their choice,
Would liſten to her awful voice:
She begg'd the men, while yet their lives
Were free from fevers, plagues, and wives,
Ere yet the chariot was beſpoke,
To pauſe before they took the yoke.—
In ſhort, when Cupid's lucky darts
Had pierc'd a pair of kindred hearts,
And Goody Prudence lik'd the houſes,
Eſtates, and minds, of both the ſpouſes,
And found, exact to form and law,
The ſettlement without a flaw,
She frankly gave them leave to wed,
And ſanctified the nuptial bed.
Th' event was ſuch, the God became
Succeſsful in his trade, and fame;
For both the parties, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, ſenſe, and carriage;
Fair friendſhip ray'd on either breaſt
The ſunſhine of content and reſt.
Studious each other's will to pleaſe,
And bleſs'd with affluence and eaſe,
Without vexation, words or ſtrife,
They calmly walk'd the road of life;
And, happy in their fondeſt joys,
Left a fine group of girls and boys,
Reflecting, lively, cool, and ſage,
To ſhine upon a future age.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN ENJOYMENTS:

AN ETHIC EPISTLE.

To the Right Honourable George Lyttelton, Eſq. afterwards Lord Lyttelton, one of the Lords of his Majeſty's Treaſury, 1749.

I GRANT it, Lyttelton! that eaſe, or joy,
Forms ev'ry wiſh that glows beneath the ſky;
That when, 'mid nature's elemental ſtrife,
Th' Almighty ſpoke the Chaos into life,
He meant that man, of ev'ry good poſſeſt,
Should, like his ſeraphs, live but to be bleſt.
Yet, ſpite of Heav'n, and Heav'n's ſupreme decree,
We fondly wander, truth! from bliſs, and thee;
Taſteleſs of all that virtue gives to pleaſe,
For thought too active, and too mad for eaſe;
Of feeling exquiſite, alive all o'er,
With ev'ry paſſion wing'd at ev'ry pore;
To each ſoft breeze, or vig'rous blaſt reſign'd,
That ſweeps the ocean of the human mind,
We ſlip our anchors, ſpread the impatient ſail,
Ply all our oars, and drive before the gale.
Hence, as opinion wakes our hopes or fears,
As pride inſpirits, or as anger tears,
Theſe on the wings of moonſtruck madneſs fly
To catch the meteors of ambition's ſky;
Thoſe, in pale wiſdom's humbler garb array'd,
Court the ſoft genius of the myrtle ſhade;
While others, as the plaſtic atoms pour
More brilliant viſions on each killing hour,
From ſcepter'd life and all its pomps retire,
Or ſet, like Phaeton, the world on fire.
Oft the ſame man, in one revolving ſun,
In all he aims at, all he longs to ſhun;
Each gay deluſion ſhares his breaſt by turns,
With av'rice chills him, or with grandeur burns:
To-day the gilded ſhrines of honour move,
To-morrow yields his ev'ry pulſe to love;

Now mad for wiſdom, now for wit and ſport,
This hour at Oxford, and the next at court:
Then, all for purity, he bids adieu
To each looſe goddeſs of the midnight ſtew,
Enraptur'd hangs o'er Sherlock's labour'd page,
Drinks all his ſenſe, and glows with all his rage,
Till ſome enormous crimes, unknown before,
From Rome imported, or the Caſpian ſhore,
Nurs'd by thy hand, great Heidegger! attend,
And ſink him to a Mohock, or a fiend.
In one ſhort ſpace thus wanton, ſober, grave,
A friend to virtue, yet to vice a ſlave,
From wiſh to wiſh in life's mad vortex toſt,
For ever ſtruggling, yet for ever loſt,
The fickle wand'rer lives in ev'ry ſcene,
A Clark, a Chartres, or an Aretine,
There are, 'tis true, plebeian ſouls array'd
In one thick cruſt of apathy, and ſhade,
Whoſe dull ſenſoriums feel not once an age
A ſpirit brighten, or a paſſion rage.
As the ſwift arrow ſkims the viewleſs wind,
No path indented, and no mark behind,
So theſe, without or infamy or praiſe,
Tread the dull circle of a length of days,
To ſome poor ſepulchre in ſilence glide,
And ſcarcely tell us that they liv'd or died.
Peace to all ſuch—but he whoſe warm deſires
Or genius kindles, or ambition fires;
Who, like a comet, ſweeps th' aërial void
Of wit and fame, too fine to be enjoy'd;
For him the muſe ſhall wake her ev'ry art,
Exhibit truth, and open all the heart,
Diſplay th' unnumber'd ills that hourly wait
The cells of wiſdom, or the rooms of ſtate;
Then, as o'er life's unfolding ſcenes we fly,
Bid all his wiſhes pant but for the ſky.
Heroic glory in the martial ſcene,
From Rome's firſt Cæſar to the great Eugene,
Has long engroſs'd the poet's heav'n-born flame,
And pour'd her triumphs through the trump of fame:
She mounts the neighing ſteed, th' imperial car,
Graſps the pale ſpear, and ruſhes to the war;
Beneath her ſteps earth's trembling orb recedes,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Creſſy bleeds:
The battle raves—around her ſabre flow
Terrific pleaſures, and a pomp of woe;
Pomps ever loſt in peace, and but ador'd
When half a nation ſmokes upon her ſword.
Fly then, ye Genii! from the tumult fly,
To all that opens in a rural ſky:
There, as the vale, the grove, the zephyrs pour
Each purer rapture on the guiltleſs hour,
From ev'ry ſhrub content's ſoft foliage glean,
And riſe the Platos of the vernal ſcene.
And is it ſo? Does ſcience then poſſeſs
Alone the godlike privilege to bleſs?
Will fame her wreaths to moral wiſdom yield,
And give the pen to blaze above the ſhield?
Say, does fair bliſs delight in Mauduit's grove,
In Stanhope's villa, or in Young's alcove?
Deigns ſhe on Secker's modeſt page to ſhine?
Or beams the goddeſs, Lyttelton! on thine?
Aſk at yon tomb, where Cudworth's mighty name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit and fame;
Cudworth, whoſe ſpirit flew, with ſails unfurl'd,
Through each vaſt empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd through the myſtic ſhades o'er nature thrown,
And made the ſoul's immenſity his own.
Yet though his ſyſtem wit and ſcience fir'd,
Though Wilmot trembled, and though Hobbes expir'd,
Miſtaken zeal, mad bigotry conſpire,
All Turner's dullneſs, and all Oxford's fire,
All envy's poiſons, all a nation's rage,
And all hell's imps to blaſt th' unfiniſh'd page.
Much-injur'd ſhade, to truth, to virtue dear,
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots! hear:
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and riſes o'er the ſhades,
His mines of wiſdom, if you can explore,
Then ſhut the volume, and be vain no more.
Genius, and Taſte, alas! too often prove
The worſt of miſchiefs to the wretch they love;
Born but to vex, to torture, to deſtroy,
Too wild for uſe, too exquiſite for joy;
By ſome myſterious curſe ordain'd to know
Each wit a rival, and each fool a foe.
For 'tis a crime too great to be forgiv'n,
A giant ſin that bars the gate of heav'n,
If theſe meridian ſuns but dare to ſhine
In the ſame orb with Cibber's muſe and mine.
Yet, ſpite of envy, ſcience might be great,
Could ſcience but allow her ſons to eat:
Could he, whoſe name along the ſtream of time
Expanded flies, and lives in ev'ry clime,
Exalt his ſpirits with ſome nobler fare
Than the thin breezes of St. James's air.
Immortal Halley! thy unwearied ſoul
On wiſdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compaſs to its taſk reſtor'd,
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd,
Commanded trade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian ſky.
And ſee, he comes, diſtinguiſh'd, lov'd, careſt,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breaſt;
His godlike labours wit and ſcience fire,
All factions court him, and all ſects admire:
While Britain, with a gratitude unknown
To ev'ry age but Nero's and our own,
A gratitude that will for ever ſhame
The Spartan glory, and th' Athenian name—
Tell it, ye winds! that all the world may hear—
Bleſt his old age with—ninety pounds a year.
Are theſe our triumphs? theſe the ſums we give
To ripen genius, and to bid it live?
Can Britain in her fits of madneſs pour
One half her Indies on a Roman whore,
And ſtill permit the weeping muſe to tell
How poor neglected Deſaguliers fell?
How he, who taught two gracious kings to view
All Boyle ennobled, and all Bacon knew,
Died in a cell, without a friend to ſave,
Without a guinea, and without a grave?
Poſterity, perhaps, may pay the debt
That ſenates cancel, and that courts forget:
Yet, ah! what boots it when our bards expire
That earth's laſt ages hang upon the lyre?

Can Middleton the duſt of Tully raiſe?
Does Pompey liſten in his urn to praiſe?
Tell me if Philip's ſon enjoy to-day
Th' applauding pæan, or the loud huzza,
That ſhook pale Aſia through her ev'ry ſhore
When Porus fell, and freedom was no more?
Yet though content's fantaſtic image flies
From the bright mirrors of the learn'd and wiſe,
Perhaps the fair, too partial to the great,
Lives but amidſt the luxuries of ſtate:
Fond to inſtruct ambition how to pleaſe,
She joins the pomps of majeſty with eaſe,
Forſakes the cottage to adorn the court,
Alike at Rome, Vienna, or the Porte.
Tell me, O Viſier! if th' imperial robe
That gives a ſlave to nod o'er half the globe,
Say, if yon creſcent, by each Turk ador'd,
The plume's proud fables, and the hallow'd ſword,
Expand the heart, the gleams of bliſs refine,
And make the virtues of the boſom thine?
Ill-fated wretch! to ev'ry ſtorm a ſlave
That caprice wings, or madneſs bids to rave;
For ever jealous of a woman's pow'r,
For ever trembling at the midnight hour,
Through life's wild eddies toſs'd by hope and fear,
Rais'd by a ſmile, and murder'd by a tear!
At length, each wiſh deſtroy'd, each viſion fled,
The black ſeraglio ſteals upon his bed:
And he, whoſe glories mingled with the ſkies,
Adores the bowſtring, licks the duſt, and dies.
O! could a king in heav'n's bright pomps appear,
And make an angel as he makes a peer;
Could he command the heart to beam as far
As the ſoft radiance of the ducal ſtar;
Forbid one ſad anxiety to glow,
One pang to torture, and one tear to flow:
Fly then on all the whirlwind's rapid wing,
To ſteal a title, or to bribe a ſtring;
In the full blaze of glory be diſplay'd,
And leave affliction to the vale and ſhade.
Yet, ere you go, ere proud ambition call
Each yielding wiſh to Marli, or Whitehall,
O pauſe—leſt virtue ev'ry guard reſign,
And the ſad fate of Ripperda be thine.
This glorious wretch, indulg'd at once to move
A nation's wonder, and a monarch's love,
Bleſt with each charm politer courts admire,
The grace to ſoften, and the ſoul to fire,
Forſook his native bogs with proud diſdain,
And, though a Dutchman, roſe the pride of Spain.
This hour the pageant waves th' imperial rod,
All Philip's empire trembling at his nod;
The next diſgrac'd he flies to Britain's iſle,
And courts the ſunſhine of a Walpole's ſmile:
Unheard, deſpis'd, to ſouthern climes he ſteers,
And ſhines again at Salle, and Algiers,
Bids pale Morocco all his ſchemes adore,
And pours her thunder on th' Heſperian ſhore:
All nature's ties, all virtue's creeds belied,
Each church abandon'd, and each God denied,
Without a friend, a ſepulchre to ſhield
His carcaſe from the vultures of the field,
He dies, of all ambition's ſons the worſt,
By Afric hated, and by Europe curſt.

"He earns his fate who will for phantoms toil,"
Exclaims the goddeſs of the mirthful ſmile.
"From wild ambition, with her every care,
The ſcenes of grandeur, and the pomps of war,
From all a court's proud pageantry admires,
All ſcience wiſhes, and all glory fires,
Fly to my arms, from fame, from anguiſh free,
And taſte a luxury of bliſs with me.
For me the genial ſpring, the vernal ſhow'r,
Wake the bright verdure, and th' unfolding flow'r;
Arabia's ſweets in all my moments fly,
The zephyr's plumage, and the wing of joy,
Each richer viand that the air provides,
That earth unboſoms, or that ocean hides,
All that can nature's finer organs move,
The pow'rs of muſic, and the folds of love,
To my keen ſenſes are indulgent giv'n,
In one wild ecſtaſy of life and heav'n.
"Yet, yet, dear youth! the fair enchantreſs ſhun,
To yield a moment is to be undone
All Ætna's poiſons mingle with her breath,
The ſeeds of ſickneſs, and the gales of death,
She aims to ruin, lives but to beguile,
And all hell's horrors brood beneath her ſmile."
'Tis thus, my Lyttleton! that men purſue
Each varied mode of pleaſure but the true;
To ev'ry vice, each luxury a prey,
That murders bliſs, and hurries life away,
Their headſtrong paſſions after phantoms run,
And ſtill miſtake a meteor for a ſun.
Yet hear, ye wand'rers! hear, while we impart
A light that ſheds fair peace on ev'ry heart;
Which, Ariſtides! beam'd on thy exile,
And made a Regulus 'mid tortures ſmile.
Virtue, immortal virtue! born to pleaſe,
The child of heaven, and the ſource of eaſe,
Bids ev'ry bliſs on human life attend,
To ev'ry rank a kind, a faithful friend;
Inſpirits nature, 'midſt the ſcenes of toil,
Smooths languor's cheek, and bids fell want recoil;
Shines from the mitre with unſullied rays,
Glares on the creſt, and gives the ſtar to blaze;
Supports diſtinction, ſpreads ambition's wings,
Forms ſaints of queens, and demigods of kings;
O'er griefs, oppreſſion, envy, ſcorn prevails,
And makes a cottage greater than Verſailles.

WIT AND LEARNING.

AN ALLEGORY.

Whoever looks on life will ſee
How ſtrangely mortals diſagree:
This reprobates what that approves,
And from diſlikes what Harry loves;
The ſoldier's witty on the ſailor,
The barber drolls upon the tailor;
And he who makes the nation's wills,
Laughs at the doctor and his pills.
Yet this antipathy we find
Not to the ſons of earth confin'd;
Each ſchool-boy ſees, with half an eye,
The quarrels of the Pagan ſky:
For all the poets fairly tell us,
That gods themſelves are proud and jealous;

And will, like mortals, ſwear, and hector,
When mellow'd with a cup of nectar.
But waving theſe, and ſuch like fancies,
We meet with in the Greek romances,
Say, ſhall th' hiſtoric muſe retail
A little allegoric tale?
Nor ſtole from Plato's myſtic tome, nor
Tranſlated from the verſe of Homer,
But copied, in a modern age,
From nature, and her faireſt page.
Olympian Jove, whoſe idle trade is
Employ'd too much among the ladies,
Though not of manners mighty chaſte,
Was certainly a god of taſte;
Would often to his feaſts admit
A deity, whoſe name was Wit;
And, to amuſe the more diſcerning,
Would aſk the company of Learning.
Learning was born, as all agree,
Of Truth's half-ſiſter, Memory;
A nymph who rounded in her ſhape was,
By that great artiſt Eſculapius.
Euphroſine, the younger Grace,
Matchleſs in feature, mien and face,
Who, like the beauties of theſe late days,
Was fond of operas and cantatas,
Would often to a grot retire,
To liſten to Apollo's lyre;
And thence became, ſo Ovid writ,
A mother to the god of wit.
Wit was a ſtrange unlucky child,
Exceeding fly, and very wild;
Too volatile for truth or law,
He minded but his top, or taw:
And, ere he reach'd the age of ſix,
Had play'd a thouſand waggiſh tricks.——
He drill'd a hole in Vulcan's kettles,
He ſtrew'd Minerva's bed with nettles,
Climb'd up the ſolar car to ride in't,
Broke off a prong from Neptune's trident,
Stole Amphitrite's fav'rite ſea-knot,
And urin'd in Aſtrea's teapot.
Learning, a lad of ſober mien,
And half a pedant at fifteen,
Had early thrown away his corals,
To ſtudy nature, and her morals;
Was always, let who would oppoſe it,
Faſt by Minerva in her cloſet;
And while gay Wit was black as ſoot all,
Was kicking up and down a foot-ball,
Learning, with philoſophic eye,
Rang'd ev'ry corner of the ſky;
Spent many a play-day to unriddle
The muſic of Apollo's fiddle;
And, if he ever chanc'd to meet
His uncle Merc'ry in the ſtreet,
Or on his flight, the audacious brat
Stopp'd him to aſk of this or that:
As how the moon was evaneſcent,
Was now an orb, and now a creſcent?
Why of the Graces each undreſt was?
Why Pallas never wore a ceſtus?
Why Ceres reign'd o'er corn and ſallads?
And why the Muſes dealt in ballads?
With theſe diſcordant caſtes and manners,
And liſted under diff'rent banners,
Learning and Wit, as ſays the fable,
Appear'd at Jove's imperial table,
And threw out all their force and fire,
Obedient to th' ethereal ſire.
Wit, with his ſly ſatiric vein,
Was always ſure to entertain:
He rallied with a tongue as keen
As Rab'lais, or the Iriſh Dean;
And told his tale with ſuch a grace,
With ſuch an eye, and ſuch a face,
As made the nectar flow each cup o'er,
And ſet the ſynod in an uproar.
Learning had not the ſkill to hit
The comic caſt, and life of Wit:
With look moroſe, and awkward air,
He ſat ungraceful in his chair;
With diffidence and bluſhes ſpoke,
And had no reliſh for a joke;
So that the little urchin Cupid
Thought him inſenſible, and ſtupid;
And Hebe, though a well bred laſs,
Would ſcarcely offer him his glaſs.
However, when the ſprightly bowl
Had thaw'd the ice about his ſoul,
He then, with majeſty, began
To talk of letters, and of man;
Correct, ſententious, cool, ſevere,
He gain'd upon the attentive ear,
Charm'd all the gods, but Wit, and Comus,
And that abuſive cynic, Momus.
In length of time, as oft the caſe is,
In many ſublunary places,
Theſe demigods with jealous eye
Began to look a little ſhy;
And oft, to wound each other's breaſt,
Let off a keen ſarcaſtic jeſt.
Learning, with many a ſtroke, would hit
The pert vivacity of Wit;
And Wit threw all his keeneſt ſatire
On Learning's ſlow, pedantic nature.
It happen'd once when Jove had made
A feaſt in Ida's holy ſhade,
And all the gods, whoſe heads could bear it,
Had emptied each a flaſk of claret;
Wit, who from his celeſtial liquor
Wagg'd his free tongue a little quicker,
Began, with many a bitter ſcoff,
To play his brother Learning off;
Aſk'd him if yet his pains and care
Had learnt to make the circle ſquare?
If all his viſionary ravings
Cou'd weave brocade from walnut ſhavings?
If his mechanic ſkill cou'd catch
Perpetual motion in a watch?
Or forge a pendulum endued
With power to tell the longitude?
Learning had much ado to ſit,
And hear the petulance of Wit:
A ghaſtly paleneſs ſpread his look,
His nerves with quick convulſions ſhook:
At length, in accents loud and high,
Veſuvius flaming in his eye,
He burſt—— "And dar'ſt thou, wayward chit!
Thou ideot god of idiot wit!
Untaught as yet to know thy letters,
Affront, thou inſolent! thy betters?

Here, puppy! with this penny get
A horn-book, or an alphabet;
And see if that licentious eye
Can tell a great A from an I?
Throw but another jest on me,
I'll lay thee, miscreant! on my knee,
And print such welks thy naked seat on,
As never truant felt at Eton.
Wit, with resentment raving wild,
Thus call'd an idiot and a child,
Without preambles, or excuses,
Seiz'd upon Mercury's caduceus,
And with such force the weapon throws,
It flatted half his rival's nose:
While he, Minerva's boast and care,
Pluck'd a large bodkin from her hair,
And aim'd the steely pointed dart
With such dexterity of art,
That, had not beauty's lovely queen,
Fair Venus, spread her fan between,
And taught the flying death to fix
Guiltless among the iv'ry sticks,
Wit's future triumphs had been o'er,
And Europe heard his name no more.
Jove, who had no supreme delight in
Domestic brawls, or civil fighting,
Since first he heard the nuptial tune flow
So sweetly from the tongue of Juno,
Vex'd that these two illiberal guests
Should dare to violate his feasts,
In a tremendous fit of choler,
Seiz'd both their worships by the collar,
And, minding not their meek submitting,
Kick'd them from Ida down to Britain.
Poor Learning had the luck to fall
Plump in the area of Clare-hall,
Just as old Wilcox, from a slope,
Was gazing through his telescope,
To find a comet, whose bright tail is
Eccentric from the time of Thales.
Pleas'd with this scientific look,
He sent him first to Sam the cook;
And having fill'd his empty belly
With mutton-broth and meagre jelly,
Gave him a robe of sleek prunella,
And very wisely made him fellow.
Wit, as his destiny decrees,
Dropp'd in the Court of Common-Pleas,
Upon a truss of briefs and bills,
And took the shape of Justice Willes:
But soon observing round the columns
Reports in half a thousand volumes;
And, finding all those earth-worm souls
Who hold th' Exchequer, or the rolls,
He left the law, and all its drudges,
With curses, to my lords the judges,
Call'd for a coach, and went to dwell
At Robin Dodsley's in Pall-Mall.
'Twas right—for now where'er he came
He buried all the tongues of fame;
Was welcome to the festal board,
And had his footman, and his lord;
Would often visit in a chair
The noble Stanhope in May-fair;
Or dine, when business would permit,
With that great statesman William Pitt.

'Tis said too he was sometimes seen
On Garrick's visionary scene:
But Garrick, who prefers a guinea
To all the eloquence of Pliny,
Observing this unlucky railer
Was neither mechanist nor tailor;
That half the audience of the day
Came not to hear, but see a play;
That many a squire, and many a cit,
Were pleas'd with any thing but wit;
Shut out, with much indecent rage,
The genius of the comic stage,
And open'd his theatric inn
To Scaramouch, and Harlequin.
Learning would sometimes drop his gown
And take a winter jaunt to town;
Often call'd in at Hitch's shop,
And din'd at Dolly's on a chop;
On Thursday met the grave resort
Of spider merchants in Crane-court,
To rack a cockle, or to see
The nice dissection of a flea:
But having never chanc'd to wear
A bag-wig or a solitaire,
And dressing in a kersey, thicker
Than that which clothes a Cornish vicar,
He seldom had the luck to eat
In Berkley-square, or Grosvenor-street.
'Twas written in the book of fate,
These rivals should each other hate;
No wonder then that each proud imp was
As wayward here as on Olympus.
Wit look'd on Learning, as he grew great,
Just as a felon looks on Newgate:
While Learning, who could never hide
His haughty academic pride,
Had such a keen contempt for Wit,
He call'd him nothing but the chit;
And, if he met him at noon-day,
Would turn his face another way.
However, on some festal nights
By chance they both dropp'd in at White's,
With learned lords, and noble bards,
Who had no appetite for cards,
And could decide whene'er they met
Momentous truths without a bet.
Wit with vivacity of tongue
First led th' admiring ear along;
His fancy active, wild, and free as
Conception when she breeds ideas,
Flew o'er each undiscover'd part
Of nature, and the worlds of art,
And brought with such a nice decorum
A group of images before him,
So genuine, yet so uncommon,
With such a glow of tints upon 'em,
That all was spirit, force, and sense;
Loose as the zone of negligence,
Simple as truth's fair handmaid nature,
And deadly as the sting of satire.
Dejected Learning sat oppress'd;
Around him flew the taunt and jest:
Whatever just remarks he made,
Or to demonstrate, or persuade,
Wit, by some sly malicious comment,
Took off, or routed in a moment.

However, when a pauſe appear'd,
And ſober reaſon could be heard,
He then in all his thunder riſes,
Strips off his rival's thin diſguiſes;
Shows where his miſconceiving ſenſe
Led to a groundleſs conſequence,
Miſtook an error for a wonder,
A demonſtration for a blunder,
Or, having a deluſive ſcent got,
Affirm'd the very thing he meant not.
Yet, after all, ſince mirth and drinking
Are priz'd above ſedater thinking,
Though Learning got a world of praiſe,
And added ſplendour to his bays,
Their lordſhips, frighten'd at th' expence
Of liſt'ning to exalted ſenſe,
And deeming that the taint of knowledge
Would make the coffee-houſe a college,
Determin'd in a full committee,
That man's great end was to be witty:
And therefore order'd every ſoul,
Wit ſhould be enter'd on the roll,
And be allow'd, to raiſe his vein,
A weekly preſent of champaigne;
That if proud Learning ſhould preſume
To ſet his foot within the room,
Arthur ſhould ſhow him to the door,
And bid the pedant come no more.
Learning thus kick'd from ev'ry palace,
And left a victim to the gallows,
Began to ſee that ſkill in letters
Would ne'er advance him with his betters;
That though he led them through the dark
With all the lights of Locke and Clarke,
And made his heart, and head, and eyes ache
With reading nature, and Sir Iſaac,
Yet all that wiſdom could not be
Priz'd like a lively rapartee:
He, therefore, in a gloomy fit,
Reſolv'd to ſet up for a wit;
But found, alas! howe'er he dreſt her,
That ſcience was a wretched jeſter;
That though he jok'd from moon to moon,
He made a very dull buffoon;
For all his jocular narrations
Smelt of his algebra equations,
And came upon the tortur'd ear
Stiff as the periods of Dacier.
Wit, too, whoſe excellence and merit
Was mere vivacity of ſpirit,
Obſerving that your graver folk
Had little value for a joke,
Would needs, in nature's bold defiance,
Mount the tremendous chair of ſcience;
And dar'd to argue pro and con
As gravely as the grave Sorbonne:
But wanting all that fine diſcerning
Which marks the character of Learning,
And all the elemental rules
Of erudition, and the ſchools,
The gay profeſſor oft miſtook
Alike his queſtion and his book;
Dropp'd a conundrum out of ſeaſon,
And jeſted when he ought to reaſon.
Thus on the world's wild billows toſt,
And half their moments idly loſt,
Tir'd of applauſe, and ſick of ſtrife,
They each reſolv'd to take a wife.
Learning, who often went to ſee
Lady Anne Bentinck at her tea,
Met there a maid as fair as chaſte,
In life's fool bloom, whoſe name was Taſte.
'Twas then his heart began to move
With the firſt tender throb of love,
And often heav'd, it knew not why,
With ſomething ſofter than a ſigh.
He gaz'd, he bluſh'd, he courted, preſt,
And was at length completely bleſt:
For ſhe, who had not learnt to doat
On folly in a ſcarlet coat,
To Learning's bliſsful arms reſign'd
Her graceful form, and lovely mind.
Wit too, when paſt the fire of youth,
Was married to the veſtal, Truth;
A nymph whoſe awful air and mien
Diſplay'd the beauty, and the queen.
Tradition tells us, Hymen ſwore
That, till this bright auſpicious hour,
There never in his holy houſe was
So fine a group of noble ſpouſes;
For both the bridegrooms, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, ſenſe, and carriage.
Learning, his charming wife to pleaſe,
Aſſum'd her elegance and eaſe
And Wit, to humour Truth, agreed
To pauſe, to doubt, reflect, and read.
In ſhort, they led delicious lives
Belov'd, and honour'd by their wives;
And, happy in their nuptial duties,
Each had a progeny of beauties,
Matchleſs in feature, form, and parts,
Diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Arts.

A FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION,

ON THE DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS,

Who lived only Two Days.

Let vulgar ſouls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in ev'ry vein,
Dream out a tedious age, ere wide diſplay'd,
Death's blackeſt pinion wraps them in the ſhade.
Theſe happy infants, early taught to ſhun
All that the world admires beneath the ſun,
Scorn'd the weak bands mortality could tie,
And fled impatient to their native ſky.
Dear precious babes!—Alas! when, fondly wild,
A mother's heart hung melting o'er her child,
When my charm'd eye a flood of joy expreſs'd,
And all the father kindled in my breaſt,
A ſudden paleneſs ſeiz'd each guileleſs face,
And death, though ſmiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.
Nature! be calm—heave not th' impaſſion'd ſigh,
Nor teach one tear to tremble in my eye.
A few unſpotted moments paſs'd between
Their dawn of being, and their cloſing ſcene:
And ſure no nobler bleſſing can be giv'n,
When one ſhort anguiſh is the price of heav'n

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

A TALE.

Some Antiquarians, grave and loyal,
Incorporate by charter royal,
Laſt winter, on a Thurſday night, were
Met in full ſenate at the Mitre.
The preſident, like Mr. Mayor,
Majeſtic took the elbow chair,
And gravely ſat in due decorum
With a fine gilded mace before him.
Upon the table were diſplay'd
A Britiſh knife without a blade,
A comb of Anglo-Saxon ſteel,
A patent with king Alfred's ſeal,
Two rufted mutilated prongs,
Suppos'd to be St. Dunſtan's tongs,
With which he, as the ſtory goes,
Once took the devil by the noſe.
Awhile they talk'd of ancient modes,
Of manuſcripts, and Gothic codes,
Of Roman altars, camps, and urns,
Of Caledonian ſhields, and churns:
Whether the druid ſlipt or broke
The miſletoe upon the oak?
If Hector's ſpear was made of aſh?
Or Agamemnon wore a faſh?
If Cleopatra dreſs'd in blue,
And wore her treſſes in a queue?
At length a Dean who underſtood
All that had paſs'd before the flood,
And could in half a minute ſhow ye
A pedigree as high as Noah,
Got up, and with a ſolemn air
(Firſt humbly bowing to the chair)
"If aught," ſays he, "deſerves a name
Immortal as the roll of fame,
This venerable group of ſages
Shall flouriſh in the lateſt ages,
And wear an amaranthine crown
When kings and empires are unknown.
Perhaps e'en I, whoſe humbler knowledge
Ranks me the loweſt of your college,
May catch from your meridian day
At leaſt a tranſitory ray:
For I, like you, through ev'ry clime,
Have trac'd the ſtep of hoary Time,
And gather'd up his ſacred ſpoils
With more than half a cent'ry's toils.
Whatever virtue, deed, or name,
Antiquity has left to fame,
In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or ſtone,
In vaſes, flow'r-pots, lamps, and ſconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
Theſe eyes have read through many a cruſt
Of lacker, varniſh, greaſe and duſt;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My ſoul to win your juſt applauſe,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition ſays, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal catacomb."
He ſaid, and from a purſe of ſatin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkiſh Latin,
And taught by many a claſp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale midnight when ſhe throws
On heav'n and earth a deep repoſe,
Loſt in a trance too big to ſpeak,
The ſynod ey'd the fine antique;
Examin'd ev'ry point, and part,
With all the critic ſkill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground
In hopes to know it by the ſound;
Applied the tongue's acuter ſenſe
To taſte its genuine excellence,
And with an animated guſt
Lik'd up the conſecrated ruſt:
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own ſunbeams could deſcry,
To ev'ry corner of the braſs
They clapp'd a microſcopic glaſs;
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.
Pythagoras, the learned ſage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,
With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a ſquare,
Which threw him in ſuch frantic fits
As almoſt robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked through the ſtreets of Samos.
With the ſame ſpirits doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a phrenzy from his place
Acroſs the table and the mace,
And ſwore by Varro's ſhade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.
"It rings," ſays he, "ſo pure, and chaſte,
And has ſo claſſical a taſte,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That raſcal, Time, whoſe hand purloins
From ſcience half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you ſee, one half the tale,
And hid the other in a veil:
But if, through cankers, ruſt, and fetters,
Miſhapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evaneſcent name, and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day ſunſhine, bright and clear.
The female figure on a throne
Of ruſtic work in Tibur' ſtone,
Without a ſandal, zone, or boddice,
Is Liberty s immortal goddeſs;
Whoſe ſacred fingers ſeem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold:
Which has, if I miſtake not, on it
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet:
By this the medalliſt would mean
To paint that fine domeſtic ſcene,
When the firſt Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy ſlave."
When a ſpectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object, or by ſea, or land, is
Diſcolour'd by a yellow hue,
Though naturally red, or blue.

This was the caſe with 'ſquire Thynne,
A barriſter of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or ſpeak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.
In all diſputes his ſacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas;
And though he never deign'd to look
In Salkeil'd, Littleton, or Coke,
And liv'd a ſtranger to the fees
And practice of the Common-pleas;
He ſtudied with ſuch warmth, and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's ſelf not better knew
The legiſlative plan he drew;
Nor cou'd Demoſthenes withſtand
The rhet'ric of his wig, and band;
When, full of zeal, and Ariſtotle,
And fluſter'd by a ſecond bottle,
He taught the orator to ſpeak
His periods in correcter Greek.
"Methinks," quoth he, "this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece:
Th' Æruginous has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue;
And, if the taſte's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I'll take my oath the mould and ruſt
Are made of Attic dew and duſt.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus, and imperial Rome;
But Rome, in all her pomp and bliſs,
Ne'er ſtruck ſo fine a coin as this.
Beſides, though Time, as is his way,
Has eat th' inſcription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu:
And here, you ſee, there ſeems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.
Perhaps, as Athens thought, and writ
With all the pow'rs of ſtyle, and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to repreſent a Pallas;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch ſhe bore."
He ſaid—but Swinton, full of fire,
Aſſerted that it came from Tyre:
A moſt divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire wou'd have bought it.
He ſwore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus;
And the reverſe, though hid in ſhade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whoſe treſſes, buſkins, ſhape, and mien,
Mark'd her for Dido at ſixteen;
Perhaps the very year when ſhe was
Firſt married to the rich Sichæus.
The rod, as he cou'd make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting-ſpear,
Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chas'd the boar.
A learned friend, he cou'd confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Sidon,
Once ſhow'd him, 'midſt the ſeals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in ſhape, and ſize,
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was ſeen
The image of a Tyrian queen;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the ſame.
The next, a critic, grave, and big,
Hid in a moſt enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and ſhape was
A genuine ſon of Eſculapius,
Wonder'd that men of ſuch diſcerning
In all th' abſtruſer parts of learning,
Cou'd err, through want of wit, or grace,
So ſtrangely in ſo plain a caſe.
"It came," ſays he, "or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with ſlime and mud,
All Egypt in a moment ſwarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whoſe appetites wou'd ſoon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flow'r,
Did not ſome birds, with active zeal,
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the peſt while yet the year
Is ripening into ſtalk, and ear.
This bleſſing, viſibly divine,
Is finely pourtray'd on the coin;
For here this line, ſo faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill, or beak;
Which bill, or beak, upon my word,
In hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whoſe numerous tribe is
Diſtinguiſh'd by the name of Ibis.
Beſides, the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a ciſtrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment ſhe is ſeen,
An Iſis, Egypt's boaſted queen.
Sir, I'm as ſure, as if my eye
Had ſeen the artiſt cut the die,
That theſe two curves, which wave, and float thus,
Are but the tendrils of the lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has ſaid,
Th' Egyptians always eat for bread."
He ſpoke, and heard, without a pauſe,
The riſing murmur of applauſe;
The voice of admiration rung
On ev'ry ear from ev'ry tongue:
Aſtoniſh'd at the lucky hit,
They ſtar'd, they deify'd his wit.
But ah! what arts by fate are tried
To vex, and humble human pride!
To pull down poets from Parnaſſus,
And turn grave doctors into aſſes!
For whilſt the band their voices raiſe
To celebrate the ſage's praiſe,
And echo through the houſe convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid;
Toni, a pert waiter, ſmart, and clever,
A droit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to ſee what caus'd this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slily ſtepp'd in to ſnuff the candles,
And aſk whate'er they pleas'd to want elſe.
Soon as the ſynod he came near,
Loud diſſonance aſſail'd his ear;
Strange mingled ſounds, in pompous ſtyle,
Of Iſis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile:

And ſoon in Romans' hand he ſpies
The coin, the cauſe of all their noiſe.
Quick to his ſide he flies amain,
And peeps, and ſnuffs, and peeps again.
And though antiques he had no ſkill in,
He knew a ſixpence from a ſhilling;
And, ſpite of ruſt, or rub, cou'd trace
On humble braſs Britannia's face.
Soon her fair image he deſcries,
And, big with laughter, and ſurpriſe,
He burſt—"And is this group of learning
So ſhort of ſenſe, and plain diſcerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curioſity?
If this is your beſt proof of ſcience,
With wiſdom Tom claims no alliance;
Content with nature's artleſs knowledge,
He ſcorns alike both ſchool and college."
More had he ſaid—but, lo! around
A ſtorm in every face he found:
On Roman's brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds ruſh'd from Swinton's tongue;
Thynne lightning flaſh'd from ev'ry pore,
And reaſon's voice was heard no more.
The tempeſt ey'd, Tom ſpeeds his flight,
And, ſneering, bids 'em all good night;
Convinc'd that pedantry's allies
May be too learned to be wiſe.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

Containing

THE ROSCIAD,	THE AUTHOR,
THE APOLOGY,	GOTHAM,
NIGHT,	THE CANDIDATE,
THE GHOST	THE FAREWELL,
PROPHECY OF FAMINE,	THE TIMES,
EPISTLE TO HOGARTH,	INDEPENDENCE,
THE CONFERENCE,	THE JOURNEY,
THE DUELLIST,	DEDICATION, &c.

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Authors, as *Dryden's* maxim runs,
Have what he calls poetic sons:
Thus *Milton*, more correctly wild,
Was richer *Spenser's* lawful child,
And CHURCHILL, got on all the Nine,
Is *Dryden's* heir in every line

LLOYD'S DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF CHURCHILL.

CHARLES CHURCHILL, "the Britiſh Juvenal," was born in the pariſh of St. John's, Weſtminſter, in 1731. His father was Curate and Lecturer of the pariſh, and had alſo a living in the country.

He received his education at Weſtminſter School, where ſtories are yet told of his early proficiency in his ſtudies, of his negligence, and the eccentricity of his conduct.

One day having got an exerciſe to make, he failed in bringing it at the time appointed; for which his maſter not only chaſtiſed him with ſome ſeverity, but even charged him with ſtupidity. The laſt reproach made a ſtrong impreſſion on his mind, and the fear of ſhame wrought an effect which the fear of ſtripes could not produce. On the next day he brought his exerciſe finiſhed in ſuch a manner that he received the public thanks of the maſters of the ſchool.

This inſtance of his ſenſibility, and of the applauſe that reſulted from it, was not followed by a complete reformation of his conduct. His application by no means kept pace with his natural talents. The vivacity of his imagination ſtill prevented his walking regularly forward in the trammels of a ſcholaſtic education.

It is to be ſuppoſed, therefore, that his progreſs in claſſical learning was but ſlow; and it has been ſaid that when he was ſent to the univerſity of Oxford, he was refuſed an admittance for want of a proper ſkill in the learned languages.

He often mentioned his repulſe at Oxford, in the ſubſequent parts of his life, and aſſerted that he could have anſwered the college examination had he thought proper; but that he ſo much deſpiſed the trifling queſtions which were propoſed to him, that inſtead of returning ſuitable replies, he only launched out into ſatirical reflections on the abilities of the gentleman whoſe office it was to judge of his.

It is alſo believed that he was a ſhort time at Cambridge, under Dr. Rutherforth of St. John's College. Neither of the univerſities can claim the honour of his education, which it is certain was begun and finiſhed at Weſtminſter.

When he was little more than ſeventeen years old, he contracted an intimacy with a young lady in the neighbourhood, which ended in a marriage. This union, which had its origin in paſſion, terminated in diſguſt. Their regard, however, for each other, which was mutual and ſincere, was preſerved in its purity and ardour for a number of years.

But during the time the attachment laſted, he made ſuch a progreſs in literature, and ſuſtained ſo good a character, that, notwithſtanding the want of an univerſity education, he was admitted into orders, and ordained by Dr. Sherlock, biſhop of London.

His firſt proviſion in the church was a Curacy of thirty pounds a-year in Wales, to which remote part of the kingdom he retired, with his wife, and applied himſelf to the duties of his ſtation with aſſiduity and cheerfulneſs. His behaviour gained him the love and eſteem of his pariſhioners, and his ſermons, though ſomewhat raiſed above the level of his audience, were commended and followed. But being prompted to engage in trade, to add to his income, he kept a cyder warehouſe, with a view of vending that commodity in the neighbouring country. In a ſhort time he experienced the folly of his deviation from his clerical profeſſion, and a kind of rural bankruptcy ſoon followed.

His ill ſucceſs brought him back to London; and his father dying ſoon after, he ſucceeded him as Curate and Lecturer of St. John's; but his income, which did not amount to a full hundred pounds a-year, being inſufficient for the maintenance of his family, he employed himſelf in teaching young ladies to read and write Engliſh with propriety and correctneſs, and for ſome time attended Mrs. Dennis's boarding ſchool, where he conducted himſelf with all the decorum becoming his clerical profeſſion.

Still however, his expences bore but a ſmall proportion to his income. He became embarraſſed with debts and involved in difficulties, from which he was extricated by the aſſiſtance of Dr. Lloyd, the ſecond maſter of Weſtminſter School, and father of his friend Lloyd, who prevailed on his creditors to give him a releaſe, on receiving a fourth part of their reſpective debts.

It is to the honour of Churchill to record, that when his circumſtances grew better, he voluntarily diſcharged the whole of the demands on him.

Though known to his intimate friends, Colman, Lloyd, and Thornton, to be poſſeſſed of abilities calculated to entertain and inſtruct the public, he was by no means forward to exhibit himſelf in that character.

He was little, if any thing, leſs than thirty years of age before he publiſhed any work with his name. If he produced any performance earlier, it was anonymous, and is now forgotten.

In 1760, his friend Lloyd publiſhed "The Actor," addreſſed to Thornton, which was received with great applauſe. The ſucceſs of this performance probably induced Churchill to try his powers on a ſimilar ſubject, though more appropriated and perſonal. Having been always fond of dramatic entertainments, he had been a conſtant attendant on the theatre, and an accurate obſerver of the beauties or defects of the ſeveral performers. Theſe he made the ſubject of a poem which he called *The Roſciad*, firſt publiſhed anonymouſly in March 1761; but, on being invidiouſly aſcribed to Lloyd, and to the triumvirate of wits, Thornton, Colman, and Lloyd, he immediately reprinted it with his name, and claimed the honours of a ſatirical poet. Few poems have been ſo generally received, and, perhaps, fewer ſo generally admired. The actors, in different ways expreſſed their reſentment, and the public enjoyed their diſtreſs.

The *Roſciad* was regarded in general as a pleaſant and reaſonable retaliation for the mirth which the ſtage had continually excited, by the repreſentation of the follies and frailties of mankind. Humanity, however, would wiſh that no ſet of men ſhould be made ridiculous and contemptible by a profeſſion from which they muſt draw their ſubſiſtence. It was not wholly ſatirical. Garrick was commended in the higheſt terms of applauſe; and the various and peculiar excellencies of Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Clive, were celebrated with equal warmth and juſtice. Some of the players took no notice of the poem, and others wiſely endeavoured to profit by the ſtrictures beſtowed on their faults. Foote was outrageouſly offended. He wrote a proſe dialogue, in which he lampooned Churchill, and Lloyd, but did not print it. Making uſe of an alliteration, which he was very fond of doing, he called Churchill the *Clumſy Curate of Clapham*. The players who were the moſt eager in expreſſing their anger, had only the misfortune of being treated with greater ſeverity in ſubſequent editions. In this reſpect he has been blamed; and it has been ſaid that the poem was not always benefited by ſubſequent editions. However that may be, it is certain that its excellence enabled it firmly to maintain its ground againſt all oppoſition. Various pamphlets and poems appeared againſt it, in vindication of the players; but they were ſo poorly written, that they only ſerved to ſwell his triumph

His next performance was his *Apology to the Critical Reviewers*, who happened to be peculiarly unfortunate in the account which they gave of the *Roſciad*. Like moſt other modern apologies, it was not ſo much a defence as an attack. Whatever reaſons the reviewers had to be diſſatisfied with the poem, the players were not ſo much offended as they had been with the *Roſciad*. It was ſome conſolation to them that the mighty Roſcius himſelf was not ſpared; for Garrick was certainly aimed at in the following lines.

Let the vain tyrant ſit amidſt his guards,
His puny *green-room* wits, and venal bards, &c.

Garrick felt all the force of theſe ſarcaſtic ſtrokes, and wrote a letter to Churchill, which, beſides comprehending an apology for himſelf and the players, was full of encomiums upon his uncommon vein of poetry, and contained a kind of deprecation of his future wrath. A friend to whom he ſhowed it, entirely diſapproved of it, and informed him that Churchill, who was a man of a quick diſcernment, and an undaunted ſpirit, would not think the better of him for his humiliation and flattery.

The reproaches which he brought upon himſelf by his late hours, and other irregularities, gave occaſion to his next production, intituled *Night, an Epiſtle to Robert Lloyd.* The object of this poem was to vindicate his conduct, or rather to avow it in the face of the public; upon this falſe principle, that whatever our follies are, we ſhould never undertake to conceal them.

The *Night* was followed by the firſt book of the *Ghoſt*, a poem that took its riſe from a ridiculous impoſture carried on in Cock-lane near Weſt-Smithfield, and to which ſome men of eminent abilities and character paid too ſerious an attention. Neither of theſe performances ever became ſo popular as the *Roſciad* and the *Apology*.

The political diſſenſions at this period increaſing every day, at length became ſo violent, that few perſons eſcaped being influenced in ſome manner by them.

Churchill had contracted an intimacy with John Wilkes, Eſq. and the heads of the party then called the Oppoſition, and agreeably to the warmth of his temper, endeavoured to promote the intereſt of thoſe with whom he was connected, by every effort in his power. A ſubject had been ſuggeſted to him as adapted for the then popular paper, called the "North Briton;" but on conſidering it with attention, he thought it would be better to form it into a poem, which he executed under the title of *The Prophecy of Famine, a Scots Paſtoral*, inſcribed to Mr. Wilkes. Of this poem Mr. Wilkes is ſaid to have pronounced before its appearance, that he was ſure it would take, as it was at once perſonal, poetical, and political. His prediction was accompliſhed, for the poem had a very rapid and extenſive ſale, and Churchill was extolled by his admirers as ſuperior to Pope.

Having thus embarked in politics, he ſoon rendered himſelf of importance enough to be included in the general warrant under which Mr. Wilkes was taken into cuſtody. He eſcaped, however, the ſearch made after him, and continued his exertions againſt Lord Bute with great perſeverance, and not without ſome effect.

While he was advancing his fame as a writer, he was negligent of his reputation as a man. He laid aſide all the external decorums of his profeſſion, diveſted himſelf of his clerical habit, and dreſſed himſelf ridiculouſly in a blue coat, with metal buttons, a gold-laced waiſtcoat, a gold-laced hat, and ruffles. This part of his behaviour was juſtly conſidered as a very blameable oppoſition to the decencies of life, and hurtful to his intereſt. In other reſpects his conduct was more than indiſcreet.

He was often to be ſeen in diſgraceful ſocieties, and indulged in intemperances, which the ſober part of his friends could not avoid obſerving, and at the ſame time lamenting.

He plunged into various irregularities, and lived no longer with his wife; though whether his quitting her was at this particular juncture, his biographers do not determine.

"Some people," ſays a writer in the "Annual Regiſter," "have been unkind enough to ſay that Mrs. Churchill gave the firſt cauſe of ſeparation. But nothing can be more falſe than this rumour, and we can aſſure the public that her conduct in private life was ever irreproachable."

The truth of this aſſertion, notwithſtanding the confidence with which it is delivered, may be reaſonably doubted, "It was always underſtood," ſays Dr. Kippis, "in Weſtminſter, that Mrs. Churchill's imprudence kept too near a pace with that of her huſband. However, we do not hence mean to juſtify his diſorderly and licentious manner of living."

His next performance, in his character of a political ſatiriſt, was a moſt virulent and vindictive *Epiſtle to William Hogarth*, the celebrated painter; a man whoſe genius he admired, and with whom he and Mr. Wilkes had been long in the habits of friendſhip. It muſt be acknowledged, that Hogarth himſelf afforded the original cauſe of offence. In a ſatirical print called "The Times" he had attacked Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt, though Mr. Wilkes had ſent him a remonſtrance, ſtat-

ing, that if his friends were attacked, it would wound him in the moſt ſenſible part, and he ſhould revenge their cauſe.

The author of the "North Britain" employed a whole paper (No. 17.) to be revenged on Hogarth; and Hogarth, in return, publiſhed, May 16. 1763, a print of John Wilkes, Eſq. Churchill, to revenge his friend, wrote the *Epiſtle*, in which all that relates to Hogarth is merely a paraphraſe of the "North Briton."

It is not eaſy to comprehend upon what ground this print was denominated a ſatire; for it is not a *caricature*, but a very accurate and ſtriking reſemblance, with the identical accompaniments which Mr. Wilkes would at that time have choſen as the decorations of his portrait; the cap of liberty above his head, and two political papers, which he acknowledged himſelf to have written, in his right hand.

The portrait was taken by Hogarth in the court of Common Pleas, in the moment of acclamation and triumph, when Mr. Wilkes was in his own perſon aſſerting the cauſe of liberty, and by his own trial, aſcertaining the law of his country.

It has been miſtaken for a *caricature*, from the world knowing the provocation which Hogarth had previouſly received, and which every man felt, would have juſtified the moſt ſevere retaliation.

Hogarth took his revenge on Churchill, by vamping up an old portrait of himſelf and dog, which he publiſhed Auguſt 1. 1763, under the title of "The bruiſer Charles Churchill (once the reverend) in the character of a Ruſſian Hercules, regaling himſelf after having killed the *monſter Caricatura*, that ſo ſorely galled his virtuous friend *the heaven born Wilkes*."

It repreſents Churchill in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter, which was his favourite beverage, and, like another Hercules armed with a knotted club to attack hydras, deſtroy dragons, and diſcomfit giants.

To deſignate more poſitively the object of his ridicule, and render this rude repreſentation ſtill more ridiculous; it is decorated with a band and pair of ruffles, and with theſe characteriſtic ornaments, though it remains a good bear, it becomes a ſort of *overcharged* portait of the reverend ſatiriſt. So feeble a blow at his antageniſt was but a poor compenſation for the deep wound he had received. Churchill's ſatire ſtruck him to the heart, and is thought to have contributed to accelerate his death, which happened October 27. 1764.

It muſt ever be lamented, that men of genius, who had been intimate friends, and might have continued ſuch as long as they lived, ſhould have their union diſſolved, and diſcord ſown among them by the demon of party.

He continued to publiſh, at different intervals, *The Ghoſt*, the fourth and concluding book of which appeared in 1763. It is written in verſes of eight ſyllables, without any apparent plan or deſign. The moſt celebrated paſſage in this deſultory and digreſſive performance, was the character of *Pompoſo*, intended for Dr. Johnſon, who had offended Churchill, by declaring that his poetry had but little merit. The only reply which Dr. Johnſon made to Churchill's ſatire, was, that he thought him a ſhallow fellow in the beginning, and that he could ſay nothing worſe of him ſtill. However inferior Churchill might be in character and abilities to Dr. Johnſon, he certainly did not deſerve the appellation of a ſhallow fellow.

About the time when the laſt book of *The Ghoſt* appeared, he publiſhed *The Conference*, in which he returned to the heroic meaſure, in which he was moſt ſucceſsful, though he had lately begun to introduce into it too many proſaic lines. The plan of this poem is ſimilar to that of one of Pope's ſatires. A dialogue is ſuppoſed to be carried on between the author, and a noble Lord, who is repreſented as giving him much worldly advice, to which he anſwers with great ſpirit, and in his replies indulges his ſatiric vein with no ſmall degree of freedom.

One of the moſt ſtriking paſſages in *The Conference*, is that in which he expreſſes the deepeſt contrition for a recent action of his life, that was indeed highly diſhonourable. He had ſeduced and carried off the daughter of a tradeſman, in Weſtminſter. In little more than a fortnight, his paſſion ſubſided; and the young woman became very ſorry for her crime. Accordingly a wiſe and judicious friend wrote for her a letter to her father, expreſſive of her penitence, and of her deſire to re-

turn home. Her father, with equal tenderneſs and prudence, received her into his houſe, and ſhe might have been fully reſtored to a virtuous conduct, had it not been for the ſeverity of an elder ſiſter, who was continually loading her with reproaches. Wearied with this uſage, ſhe applied to Churchill, offering to return to him again, which he thought himſelf bound to admit, by the ideas which he entertained of gratitude and honour. The true point of virtue would have been to have provided, as amply as he could for her ſupport, and to have had no criminal connection with her in future.

His next performance was *The Duelliſt*, in three books, written in verſes of eight ſyllables. It was occaſioned by Mr. Martin's challenge to Mr. Wilkes. It is leſs deſultory and digreſſive than *The Ghoſt*, though one principal object of it was to ſatirize other perſons beſides Mr. Martin; particularly Warburton, who is pointed out ſufficiently to all who have the leaſt literary knowledge.

His laſt publication in 1765, was *The Author*, and it is one of the moſt agreeable of his productions. In the latter part of it, however, he is extremely ſevere againſt the political writers of the times. The character of *Kidgell*, the informer, is drawn in a maſterly manner.

His firſt publication in 1764, was his *Gotham*, the deſign of which, on the appearance of the firſt book, was not very obvious. It became manifeſt, from the ſecond and third books, that it was his chief deſign, under the idea of his being proclaimed king of *Gotham*, to repreſent the real duty of a monarch, in which view, much good inſtruction is conveyed. This performance is leſs ſatirical than moſt of his pieces.

His next production was *The Candidate*, which took its title from the conteſt that had been carried on between the Earl of Hardwick, and the Earl of Sandwich, for the High Stewardſhip of the univerſity of Cambridge. The character of Lord Sandwich is attacked with great ſeverity.

The Candidate was ſucceeded by *The Farewell*, a dialogue, in which the poet is repreſented as having formed a deſign to quit his native country; from which his friend endeavours to diſſuade him. Though there is much good ſenſe in this performance, and ſeveral excellent obſervations of philoſophy, and the love of our country, it cannot be conſidered as one of his beſt productions.

In his ſucceeding publication, intituled *The Times*, the ſatire is principally directed againſt an unnatural vice, which is expoſed with an energy and indignation that cannot poſſibly be exceeded. It is indeed carried to the very height of extravagance; but this extravagance ſhows, at the ſame time, the wonderful powers of his mind, and his juſt and boundleſs deteſtation of the crime. It may, however, be reaſonably doubted, whether it is fair for a ſatiriſt to attack crimes that are capital by law. Juvenal, in all his outrageous fury againſt vice, attacks no crimes that were puniſhable by the laws of his country. The Dutch have that noble and well-judged delicacy to puniſh the execrable practiſers of this crime in the night-time, and in ſilence, by ſewing up the offenders in a bag, and throwing them into the ſea.

His next publication was *Independence*, a poem, which does not in every part of it diſplay the vigour of imagination that is apparent in ſome of his performances. Much is ſaid in it of poets and patrons, perhaps as much as the ſubject will well bear. The ſtriking contraſt between an effeminate lord and himſelf, is admirably repreſented, and he has drawn his own picture with great humour.

Independence was followed by *The Journey*, a ſhort poem that reflects no diſgrace on his abilities. The advice of his friends, and his anſwer to it are well conducted. Towards the concluſion, he indulges himſelf in ſatirizing ſeveral contemporary poets.

His laſt poetical production was the *Dedication* of his ſermons to Warburton, which is written with his uſual ſeverity againſt that eminent prelate.

His literary career was but ſhort. In the autumn of 1764, he went to Boulogne with Mr. Humphrey Cotes, in order to pay a viſit to Mr. Wilkes, then in exile. There he was ſeized with a miliary fever, which baffled the medical aid of two phyſicians of ſkill and reputation, by whom he was attended. He died on the 4th of November 1764, in the 33d year of his age, and was buried at Dover; at which place, on a ſmall ſtone, in the old church-yard, formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin, is the following inſcription.

" Life to the laſt enjoy'd here Churchill lies."

Mr. Davies, the biographer of Garrick, upon what he thinks good authority, has related, that Churchill's laſt words were, *What a fool have I been!* Though he might, on ſeveral accounts, have had too much cauſe to make ſuch a reflection, Mr. Wilkes whoſe teſtimony upon the ſubject muſt be deciſive, has informed the world, that the goodneſs of Churchill's heart, and the firmneſs of his philoſophy, were in full luſtre during the whole time of his very ſevere illneſs; and that the amazing faculties of his mind were not in the leaſt impaired, till a few moments before his death. He left two ſons, the youngeſt of whom was generouſly educated at the expence of the late Sir Richard Jebb, Bart.

He was greatly lamented by his acquaintance and admirers. Lloyd was ſo deeply affected by his death, that he " took to his bed, from which he never roſe again." Such was at firſt the popular enthuſiaſm in favour of his memory, that there was a talk of erecting a monument to him, in Weſtminſter Abbey; but the idea ſoon ſubſided, and will ſcarcely ever be revived. The following inſcription, in the cloſe ſtyle of the ancients, and engraven on a ſepulchral urn of alabaſter, was drawn up by Mr. Wilkes, and intended by him to give the true character of Churchill as a friend, a poet, and a patriot.

CAROLO CHURCHILL,
Amico jucundo,
Poetæ acri,
Civi optime de patria merito;
P
JOHANNES WILKES, 1765.

The ſame inſcription has lately been engraved on a *doric pillar*, erected to his memory by Mr. Wilkes, in the Grove of Sandham-Cottage, in the Iſle of Wight. It is in the middle of the grove, and backed with weeping willows, cypreſſes, yews, &c. Laurels ſeem to grow out of the column as from Virgil's tomb at Naples, and come nearly down to the tablet on the pillar, which is fluted, and appears in ſome parts already injured by time. On the ſore ground are large myrtles, bays, laburnums, &c. The pillar is broken, about nine feet high, and about five feet diameter.

A collection of his *Poems*, containing *The Roſciad*, *Apology*, *Night*, *Prophecy of Famine*, *Epiſtle to Hogarth*, and *the Ghoſt*, was publiſhed by ſubſcription, in one volume, 4to. 1763. A ſecond volume containing *The Conference*, *The Author*, *The Duelliſt*, *Gotham*, *The Candidate*, *The Farewell*, *The Times*, *Independence*, and *The Journey*, was publiſhed by ſubſcription after his death, in 4to. 1765. They have ſince been frequently reprinted, with the *Dedication* of his ſermons, in 3 vols. 12mo., and were inſerted in the collection of the " Engliſh Poets," 1790. His *Sermons*, two upon the nature of prayer in general, and eight upon our Lord's prayer, were printed by ſubſcription, in 1765. Some of his juvenile pieces are to be met with in the " Library," publiſhed in 1761. Six of his letters to Mr. Wilkes are in the collection printed by him in 1769.

Churchill has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already too numerous in literary hiſtory, of thoſe men of genius, who would have ariſen to a much greater excellence in writing, and to a far more illuſtrious reputation, had their intellectual talents been accompanied with the uniform practice of virtue. That he had great force of genius, cannot juſtly be denied; and there are ſcarcely any of his performances, in which the natural vigour of his mind is not in ſome inſtances diſplayed. It muſt at the ſame time be acknowledged, that he is very unequal in his compoſitions. The rapidity of his pen, and the eagerneſs with which his works were purchaſed, were circumſtances not favourable to his reputation. As he proceeded in his literary career, he became more negligent: what he haſtily wrote, he as haſtily committed to the preſs. Writing from a ſpirit of party, being deſirous of gratifying the eagerneſs of his admirers, and having a view to his cuſtomary tax, of half-a-crown for each of his publications, he was too rapid in ſending them to the world, and too ſolicitous to fill up the quantity of pages expected from him, to attend to the neceſſary art of blotting. His latter works are manifeſtly inferior to his earlieſt productions. The genius of Churchill occaſionally appears, but much dimmed and obſcured. The fertility of his mind cannot

be more clearly demonſtrated, than by obſerving, that all his works now republiſhed, were produced between May 1761, and November 1764; that is, in three years and a half. If his life had been protracted, if he had been placed in an independent ſituation, if he could have united application with leiſure, he might have been capable of producing ſome work of ſolid excellence, which would have reſcued his name for ever from oblivion. He has afforded a remarkable inſtance of a ſudden and ſhort-lived celebrity; and, perhaps, nothing will revive the memory of his writings, ſo as to cauſe them to be again generally read, excepting a new edition, with notes, fully explaining the ſatirical and hiſtorical alluſions. This was what Churchill himſelf before his death wiſhed to be done. In his will is the following paſſage. "I deſire my dear friend, John Wilkes, Eſq. to collect, and publiſh my works, with the remarks and explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make." It is earneſtly hoped, that Mr. Wilkes will comply with this requeſt. But the time, perhaps, is not yet arrived for taking away the veil from certain objects; and, perhaps, it may never be deſirable to revive party matters; which, though not ſunk into oblivion, have happily ceaſed to inflame the paſſions of the mind.

Churchill, in his compoſitions for the pulpit, appears in the character of a ſober, rational preacher. His *Sermons* are written with an uniform mediocrity. They have no animation, and ſhow no traces of the natural vigour and acuteneſs of his mind. The ſentiments are practical, and not uſually to be found fault with; but there is not a thought that is new, or indicates any peculiar ſtrength of conception. The ſtyle is perſpicuous, without the leaſt pretenſions to elegance. The internal evidence is againſt the ſuppoſition of their being his own compoſition. It has an incongruous appearance, to ſee a commentary on that form of prayer, compoſed by Benevolence itſelf, preceded by a virulent libel.

In his *Poems*, he appears in the character of an outrageous and mercileſs ſatiriſt; though there is every reaſon to believe that his natural diſpoſition was not ſevere. Like our national character, his ſatires are manly, rough, and vehement. A ſpirit of indignation, which gratifies the iraſcible paſſions, is the predominant principle. They reſemble the ſatires of Hall, in ſtyle, ſentiment, and ſpirit, more than thoſe of Young; to whom he is not inferior in wit, force, pungency, and invention. He has the ſtrength, fire, and brilliant diction of Dryden, of whom he was an ardent admirer; but he is greatly inferior in gracefulneſs, eaſe, and elevation of ſtyle, to Pope, whom he held in contempt. The reaſons of it are given in his letters to Mr. Wilkes; but do not appear to be ſatisfactory. A ſincere regard to Pope, is not inconſiſtent with the moſt ardent admiration of Dryden. Like Dryden, who "could write ſeverely, with more eaſe than he could write gently," he ſeems to have preferred the model of his favourite Juvenal, rather than of Horace. He is all fire, ſpirit, and animation. His nervous verſe is well adapted to expreſs the vehemence of his indignation. Amid the moſt ſpirited invective, it emits many a luminous irradiation of beautiful deſcriptive poetry.

But he is inferior to Juvenal, in the importance of his ſubject, and in the harmony of his numbers. Juvenal pours his majeſtic verſe with all the warmth of a zealot in the cauſe of virtue. He not only puts vice to ſhame, but countenances virtue, and points out the way to attain it. Churchill ſeems to have little elſe in view, than to gratify private pique, or party-prejudice. He did not poſſeſs dignity of character, and ſolidity of judgment, in a degree ſufficient to enable him to ſtand forth as a diſintereſted cenſor of prevailing manners. His verſification is extremely unequal; ſometimes he reminds us of the roughneſs of Donne, and the looſeneſs of Oldham; while at other times, he amply ſhows how well he underſtood all the powers of ſtrong and harmonious numbers.

The *Roſciad* is an admirable poem, and juſtly deſerves to be conſidered as a ſecond "Dunciad." Strength of poetry, accuracy of obſervation, a happy vein of humour, and harmony of numbers, are its peculiar excellencies. The character of Mr. Fitzpatrick, *The thing without a name*, near the beginning, is drawn with uncommon ſeverity and ſpirit. The lines in which he aſſerts that genius is of no country, are written with great energy. The character of Shakſpeare is drawn with a maſterly hand. His praiſes of Garrick, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Pritchard, &c. have great merit.

The *Apology* diſplays as much humour and fancy, facility of expreſſion, and ſmoothneſs of verſification, as are to be found in moſt productions of the preſent age. The frippery of ſome modern poetry, in particular, is pleaſantly ridiculed in the lines beginning, *Rude and unſkilful in the poet's trade.* The ſituation of a company of ſtrolling players is deſcribed with great ſtrength of humour. The apology for his own verſification is truly admirable. The character of Dryden is drawn with great diſcrimination of judgment, and ſtrength of colouring.

The *Night* has many lively and ſpirited paſſages. The character of himſelf is very favourable. The patriotic turn of the nation is expoſed with great humour.

In the *Prophecy of Famine*, he has diſplayed great ſtrength of ſentiment, nervous expreſſion, and elegant numbers; though the malignity which he has ſhown againſt Scotland, and its inhabitants, is totally inexcuſable. The delineation of a young poet's mind, at the beginning, is both ſevere and pleaſant. The deſcription of *Famine*, has in it the terrible graces of Sir Joſhua Reynolds' picture of "Ugolino." His deſcription of Scotland, exceeds in ſeverity that of Cleveland. The dialogue between *Jockey and Sawney* is well ſupported. In this performance, he ſhows a peculiar happineſs in throwing his thoughts into poetical paragraphs; ſo that the ſentence ſwells to the concluſion, as in proſe.

In the *Epiſtle to Hogarth*, the expreſſion is equally nervous, and the harmony as irregular as in his other pieces. The ſpeech of *Candour*, near the beginning, is perhaps ſomewhat too long. The lines deſcribing the obnoxiouſneſs of merit to envy, are finely expreſſed. The addreſs to *Hogarth* is equally ſpirited and ſevere. He ſhows an amiable generoſity, and greatneſs of mind, when he mourns over his vanquiſhed enemy, and condemns himſelf for attacking an object, waſted with years and infirmities. The concluſion of the poem exhibits ſuch an affecting picture of the ruins of genius, and leaves ſuch a pathetic melancholy, that every ſentiment which the ſatire excited, is entirely effaced by it.

The *Ghoſt*, though inferior to ſome of his other pieces, has ſome ſhining and beautiful paſſages. It has the wit, humour, ridicule, ſatire, and extravagance of "Triſtram Shandy." The firſt book exhibits a humourous ſketch of the hiſtory of ſuperſtition and credulity, and a good repreſentation of the characters that apply for information about their future fortune. In the deſcription of truth, in the ſecond book, are many happy ſtrokes, among which his own regard to it is expreſſed with great energy. The verſes beginning, *Dark was the night*, &c. are proofs of his ability in picturesque bold deſcription, and bold perſonification. The line

"*Trembling*, and *talking loud*, went *Fear*."

preſents an image equally juſt and poetical. In the third book, the privileges of a poet are happily repreſented. The deſcription of *Fame*, which is very long, has in it much ſatire; and ſeveral parts of it are happily imagined. The trite reflections which ſometimes are found in poetry, are humourouſly ridiculed. The fourth book has in it ſome ſplendid paſſages; but it is in general very wild and irregular. Lloyd hints at the ſlovenly nature of the compoſition, in his "Cobler of Cripplegate's Letter."

The prieſt, I grant, has ſomething clever,
A ſomething that will laſt for ever;
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whoſe muſe, now queen, and now a ſlattern,
Trick'd out in *Roſciad*, rules the roaſt,
Turns trapes and trollop in the *Ghoſt*,
By turns, both tickles us, and warms,
And drunk, or ſober, has her charms.

The *Conference* contains ſome pathetic and intereſting paſſages; particularly the following beautiful confeſſion, for the ſake of which, poſſibly, the poem was written.

Ah, what, my lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view,
Would you, thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
Which without pain, and horror to behold,
Muſt ſpeak me ſomething, more or leſs than man!
Which friends may pardon, but I never can!

Look back! a thought which borders on deſpair,
Which human nature muſt, yet cannot bear;
'Tis not the babbling of a buſy world,
Where praiſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
Or ſhake one ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul:
Free and at large might their wild curſes roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home,
No—'tis the tale which angry conſcience tells,
When ſhe, with more than tragic horror, ſwells
Each circumſtance of guilt; when ſtern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorſe awake at reaſon's call,
Arm'd at all points bids ſcorpion vengeance paſs,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glaſs;
The mind, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form ſhe knows to be her own.

After ſo feeling, ſo evidently contrite a declaration, who would not grant a full abſolution for any *venial* offence, committed by a penitent, thus apparently, thus ardently ſincere? The remainder of the poem is employed to aſſert his firm attachment to his country, to expreſs his zeal in the glorious cauſe of liberty, and to evince the integrity of his public, whatever may have been the errors of his private, conduct. It concludes with an admirable addreſs to the Supreme Being.

The *Duelliſt* has many poetical paſſages. The beginning of the firſt book is very ſtriking, and has ſome fine perſonifications. The pictures of *Ambition*, *Labour*, *Virtue*, *Vice*, *Study*, *Avarice*, and *Jealouſy*, are drawn with great ſtrength and invention. The pictures of the three laſt, are worked up with the greateſt vigour of imagination. The deſcription of the night previous to the *Duel*, is greatly executed. The animated verſes, beginning, *Full in the front*, &c. form a fine picture of the youthful exerciſes of our anceſtors. The paſſage, beginning, *When ſtern oppreſſion*, &c. breathes the heroic ſpirit of liberty, and glows with the enthuſiaſtic heat of ancient valour. Some of the ancient inhabitants of the *Temple of Liberty*, are well deſcribed. The verſes, beginning, *Peace crown'd with olive*, are eminently beautiful. In the third book, the *Cave of Fraud* is repreſented in no inadequate colours. The horrid fiend, *Aſſaſſination*, one of the inhabitants, is admirably deſcribed. The picture, however, is ſpoiled by the puerile introduction of an exciſeman's lanthorn. The reſt of the imagery is ſublime; and, therefore, this low circumſtance is extremely improper.

The *Author* is the moſt pleaſing and unexceptionable of all his pieces. The tendency of the ſubject and the execution are equally commendable. The intereſts of genius and learning are cordially eſpouſed and powerfully ſupported; while the contempt of profeſſed ignorance, and the ſhallowneſs of pretenders to ſcience, are juſtly expoſed and laſhed by the blameleſs rod of general ſatire. Sometimes, indeed, his diſpoſition to private ſatire breaks forth; the force and efficacy of which, when the cenſure is juſt, he no leſs ſtrenuouſly than truly maintains in the following lines:

When ſatire flies abroad on falſehood's wing,
Short is her life indeed, and dull her ſting;
But when to truth allied, the wound ſhe gives
Sinks deep, and to remoteſt ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd fleſh ſhall rot,
And e'en by friends thy memory be forgot;
Still ſhalt thou live recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and ſtink to after-times.

The little advantages that attend the purſuit of ſcience, and the diſtinguiſhed labours of genius, are obſerved with a becoming ſpirit of indignation. The trammels of a college life are ſarcaſtically deſcribed. His apology for quitting his gown is manly and indignant, but unſatisfactory. The poem concludes with the ſevereſt character that ever fell from the pen of ſatire.

His *Gotham* contains a number of beautiful paſſages. In the firſt book, his deſcription of the different ages of mankind, rivals the deſcriptions of Ariſtotle, Horace, and Shakſpeare. In the beginning of the ſecond book, the buſineſs and labour of a poet are well deſcribed. The following

account of his own manner of writing will juſtify the ſtrictures that have been made on his compoſitions.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilſt ſpirits flow, and life is in her prime;
Without a ſin 'gainſt pleaſure, to deſign
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finiſh, and make ev'ry grace,
In itſelf charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I ſeize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts ſet down,
Rough as they run, diſcharge them on the town:
Hence rude, unfiniſh'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rhyme,
And the poor *ſlattern* muſe is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulſes play
Through the dull dubious maſs, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glaſs they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all:
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the ſex might well a midwife poſe,
Whether they ſhould baptize it, Verſe or Proſe.

The ſecond book has many fine lines, and ſome happy ſtrokes of fancy, but there is in it two great a neglect of poetic numbers. The imprecations, beginning, *Let war with all his needy ruffian band*, contain ſublime imagery, and moſt powerful expreſſion. The characters and reigns of the *Stuarts* in England, are not leſs happily than juſtly deſcribed. In the beginning of the third book, the verſification is more correct and harmonious; and towards the middle of it he diſplays a rich vein of poetry. His account of the duty of a King, is well conceived and expreſſed. The conditions of royalty and ruſtic poverty are admirably contraſted. The paſſages, beginning, *When the freſh morn*, &c. abound in rural ſcenery, fancy, and deſcription, which rarely occur in his writings. In the deſcription, beginning, *When am'rous ſpring*, &c. there is much poetical imagery. The lines in which he diſplays his love of poetry, when ſuppoſing himſelf King of *Gotham*, he is obliged to take his farewell of the muſes, are exquiſitely beautiful.

The *Candidate* has the beauties and defects of his other pieces. The beginning of the poem is very ſpirited, and the words, *Come, panegyric*, introduce one of the ſevereſt ſatires which the pen of man ever wrote. The *Farewell* contains ſome excellent political and philoſophical reflections; but it is deficient in poetical fire, and many of the lines are feeble and proſaic.

The *Times*, however exceptionable, however enormous, is not without a very conſiderable ſhare of poetical merit. In the group of follies and vices, which diſtinguiſh and diſgrace the preſent age, *Meanneſs* is marked with ſtriking features, and a maſterly force. The characters of *Faber* and *Apicius*, whoever were intended by them, are drawn with equal ſtrength and ſeverity. The lines in which he ſtrikes at the baſe and illiberal traffic which parents make of their children, cannot be read without all his indignation. The crimes and follies we borrow from foreign nations, are purſued with the ſame vengeance as thoſe which are more peculiarly the product of our own climate. The characters of *France*, *Spain*, and *Italy*, are ſtrongly marked; the laſt in particular, is an admirable picture. The compliment to *Lady Caroline Hervey* is nervous and elegant.

His *Independence* has its brighter paſſages, but is juſtly chargeable, in many places, with vernacular inelegance, and vulgarity of ſentiment and diction. The ſcene of weighing a *Lord* againſt a *bard* muſt be allowed to poſſeſs an odd ſpecies of whimſical humour. His own picture is drawn in a very jocular manner.

Some parts of the *Dedication* of his ſermons to Warburton, are very ſpirited, eſpecially thoſe paſſages which begin with—*Health to great Gloſter*. The ſame vigour is not maintained through the whole; but as the poem was left unfiniſhed, it cannot be known to what height the grave irony of the ſatire might have been carried.

The character of Churchill has been variouſly repreſented by his friends and his enemies. Should it be thought that a few of his friends have extolled him beyond his merit, it muſt be allowed, that by many perſons he has been unduly depreciated.

Lloyd, as might be expected, in the following lines of his "epiſtle to C. Churchill," is very warm in the praiſes of his friend.

Yet in theſe leaden times, this idle age,
When blind with dulneſs, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainſt author rails with venom curſt,
And happy he who calls out blockhead firſt,
From the low earth aſpiring genius ſprings,
And ſails triumphant, borne on eagle wings:
No toothleſs ſpleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, *Churchill*, of thy proper fame;
While pitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives and ſhines out fool to lateſt time.

In the concluding lines of his poem called "The Poet," he has given the favourable ſide of his character.

Is there a man whoſe genius ſtrong
Rolls like a rapid ſtream along,
Whoſe muſe, long hid in cloudleſs night,
Pours on us like a flood of light;
Whoſe acting comprehenſive mind
Walks fancy's regions unconfin'd,
Whom not the ſurly ſenſe of pride,
Nor affectation warps aſide;
Who drags no author from his ſhelf,
To talk on with an eye to ſelf;
Careleſs alike in converſation,
Of cenſure or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely ſpeaks,
And meets the wit he never ſeeks;
Whoſe reaſon calm and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praiſe beſtow,
If merit ſparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm, and true.
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too.
Churchill will be the laſt to know,
His is the portrait I would ſhow.

Other writers are more ſparing in their applauſe of Churchill.

"We all remember," ſays Dr. Warton, in his "Eſſay on Pope," "when even a Churchill was more in vogue than Gray. He that treats of faſhionable follies and the topics of the day, that deſcribes preſent perſons and recent events, finds many perſons whoſe underſtandings and whoſe paſſions he gratifies."

"Even Young," ſays Dr. Knox in his "Eſſays," popular as he was, has been eclipſed by a poet, who has ſhone with the effulgence and inſtability of a meteor. Churchill poſſeſſed merit; a merit which was magnified, when ſeen through the medium of party, beyond that degree which it was able to ſupport. When reaſon at laſt viewed what paſſion had exaggerated, ſhe was diſguſted with the diſappointment, and turned away with neglect. Thus, the celebrated Churchill, with whoſe applauſe the town re-echoed, is ſinking to an oblivion which he hardly deſerves; for though he wrote many careleſs lines, and many dull paſſages, yet the greater part of his productions diſplayed a genuine vein of ſatirical genius."

THE WORKS OF CHURCHILL.

THE ROSCIAD.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aſpiring play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd heroes of the mimic ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condeſcends
Humble to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's ſake tells undeſerv'd miſhaps,
And their applauſe to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a ſuppliant's form aſſume,
In pompous ſtrain fight o'er th' extinguiſh'd war,
And ſhow where honour bled in ev'ry ſcar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The ſtrongeſt plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will beſt ſucceed who beſt can pay:
Thoſe, who would gain the votes of Britiſh tribes,
Muſt add to force of merit, force of bribes.
What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
Caſh hath been rudely baniſh'd from the ſtage;
Monarchs themſelves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other ſeat,
Pour ſeas of wine, and mountains raiſe of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as ſoon,
And of roaſt beef they only know the tune:
But what they have they give: could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter keeps open houſe at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For thoſe who laughter love inſtead of meat;
Foote, at Old Houſe, for even Foote will be
In ſelf-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinſon at ſecond hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs ſeveral ways,
As paſſion, humour, int'reſt, party ſways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dreſs well-choſen or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praiſes—he's ſo *droll*,
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;
When, in diſcourſing on each mimic elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an eye to ſelf;
All muſt meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In ſuch a court as Garrick for the chair.
At length agreed, all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge the cauſe was to be try'd;
But this their ſquabbles *did* afreſh renew,
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial:—Who?
For Johnſon ſome, but Johnſon, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent age found out that he was young:
For Murphy ſome few *pilf'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilſt ſolly clapp'd her hands, and wiſdom ſtar'd.
To miſchief train'd, ev'n from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts by which gay villians riſe,
And reach the heights which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth;—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his eye—thrice ſtrok'd his band.— [aim,
" At friendſhip's call (thus oft with trait'rous
" Men void of faith uſurp faith's ſacred name)
" At friendſhip's call I come, by Murphy ſent,
" Who thus by me *developes* his intent,
" But leſt, *tranſfus'd*, the ſpirit ſhould be loſt,
" That ſpirit which in ſtorms of *rhet'ric* toſt,
" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
" In his own words his own intentions hear.
" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes
" born,
" No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.

" Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw,
" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
" Twice (curs'd remembrance)! twice I ſtrove
" to gain
" Admittance 'mong'ſt the law-inſtructed train,
" Who, in the Temple and Gray's-Inn prepare
" For clients wretched feet the legal ſnare:
" Dead to thoſe arts which poliſh and refine,
" Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was *mine*,
" Twice did thoſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
" And ſoul rejection gave me up to ſhame.
" To laws and lawyers then I bid adieu,
" And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
" Who will may be a judge—my kindling breaſt
" Burns for that chair which Roſcius once poſ-
" ſeſs'd.
" *Here* give your votes, your int'reſt *here* exert,
" And let ſucceſs for *once* attend deſert."
With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his *modeſt* plea.—
" Let favour ſpeak for others, worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt;
Actor, *inſpector*, *doctor*, *botaniſt*?
Knows any one ſo well---ſure no one knows,---
At once to *play*, *preſcribe*, *compound*, *compoſe*?
Who can---But Woodward came,---Hill ſlipp'd
away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.

* With that *low* cunning, which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave; [charms,
With that *ſmooth* falſehood, whoſe appearance
And reaſon of each wholeſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* envy, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* caution of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view---
What's *baſely* done, ſhould be done *ſafely* too;
With that *dull*, *rooted*, *callous* impudence,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading vice's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue *unawares*:
With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by nature on *one* happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came *ſimp'ring* on: to aſcertain whoſe ſex
Twelve ſage *impanell'd* matrons would perplex.

Nor *male*, nor *female*, *neither*, and yet both;
Of *neuter* gender, though of *Iriſh* growth;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in *its* gait;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *it* ſeem'd, though of athletic make,
Leſt *brutal breezes* ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and *ſavage* motion ſpread
O'er *its* pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did *it* talk, in *its* own *pretty* phraſe,
Of genius and of taſte, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which *itſelf* had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, though of little note;
For fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itſelf* ſhould read;
Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
Miſjudging critics, and miſplac'd applauſe,
Then, with a ſelf-complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, it ſmirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briſkneſs not *its* own,
Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage
dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain common ſenſe appear'd, by nature there
Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To *its* firſt ſtate of nothing melted down.
Nor ſhall the muſe (for even there the pride)
Of this *vain nothing* ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the muſe (ſhould fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the *thing* forgot;
Let *it*, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without ſex, and die without a name!
Cord-blooded critics, by enervate ſires
Scarce hammer'd out, when nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their laſt; whoſe ſluggiſh blood, half
froze, [ne'er glows
Creeps lab'ring through the veins; whoſe heart
With fancy-kindled heat:—a ſervile race,
Who in mere want of fault all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules;
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cauſe but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd.
When, from amidſt the throng, a youth ſtood
forth,
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth;
His look beſpoke applauſe; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.
" But more than juſt to other countries grown,
" Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own?
" Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
" That England may not pleaſe the ear as well?
" What mighty magic's in the place or air,
" That all perfection needs muſt centre there?
" In ſtates, let ſtrangers blindly be preferr'd;
" In ſtate of letters, merit ſhould be heard.

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* *This ſevere character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a perſon who had rendered himſelf remarkable by his activity in the playhouſe riots of* 1763, *relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.*

" Genius is of no country; her pure ray
" Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day:
" Foe to reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
" And may hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
" May not (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope,
" And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
" May not ſome great extenſive genius raiſe
" The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
" And, whilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms,
" Make England great in letters as in arms?
" There may—there hath—and Shakſpeare's muſe
" aſpires
" Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
" Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
" While Sophocles below ſtands trembling at his
" height.
" Why ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
" When abler judges we may find at home?
" Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
" Have we not Shakſpeare?—Is not Jonſon ours?
" For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
" They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons
" wrote."

He ſaid, and conquer'd—Senſe reſum'd her ſway,
And diſappointed pedants ſtalk'd away.
Shakſpeare and Jonſon, with deſerv'd applauſe,
Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cauſe.
Meantime the ſtranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To aſk or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job ſtood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the diſpute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly ſtood forth the advocate of truth;
Confuted falſehood, and diſabled pride,
Whilſt baffled age ſtood ſnarling at his ſide.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Leſt day of trial ſhould be put off here.
Cauſes but ſeldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the ſun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a ſpacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but art
With decent modeſty perform'd her part,
Roſe a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or ſought ſupport:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownſmen, partial to a client's cauſe,
To their own purpoſe tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and ſteady to his truſt,
As Mansfield wiſe, and as old Foſter * juſt.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat Shakſpeare—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a ſingle view:

A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Next Jonſon ſat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment fancy's flights reſtrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her courſe, nor ſpar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with niceſt art,
And ranſack'd all the ſecrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmoſt force,
And trac'd each paſſion to its proper ſource;
Then ſtrongly mark'd, in livelieſt colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a laſh in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.

But, hark!—The trumpet ſounds, the crowd
gives way,
And the proceſſion comes in juſt array.

Now ſhould I, in ſome ſweet poetic line,
Offer up incenſe at Apollo's ſhrine;
Invoke the muſe to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a ſleeping ode.
For how ſhould mortal man, in mortal verſe,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearſe?
But give, kind dullneſs, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time.

Firſt, order came,——with ſolemn ſtep, and
ſlow.
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt this ſhould quit his place, that ſtep awry.
Appearances to ſave his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by *Sir* Critic on *Saint* Prude.
Then came *drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute;*
Next *ſnuffer, ſweeter, ſhifter, ſoldier, mute:*
Legions of angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the treaſurer of either houſe;
One with full purſe, t'other with not a ſous.
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Stateſman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A hero ſhould not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies;
Attitude, action, air, pauſe, ſtart, ſigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an eaſy age;

* *Sir Michael Foſter, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.*

But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.
The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's ſervile arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at ſecond-hand.
Behind came King.---Bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young he ſought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt Drury's ſons he comes, and ſhines in braſs.
Lo Yates!—Without the leaſt fineſſe of art
He gets applauſe—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders which recal
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where nature's coarſeſt features we behold,
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
There Yates with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe.
But when to pleaſe himſelf or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dreſs'd in Clincher's clothes.
Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown;
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd
Beau in burleſque, high life in maſquerade.
But when bold wits, not ſuch as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comic character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And for a time nor cenſures nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhows deſert.
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcare had more.
By turns transform'd into all kind of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, Foote laughs, cries, ſtruts, and ſcrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus ſhifts, *bawd, parſon, auctioneer.*
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſt of ſport,
Are all contain'd in this one word *diſtort.*
Doth a man ſtutter, look a-ſquint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault,
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public ſcorn.
Ev'n I, whom nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinſon this, Obrien was that name:
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comic pow'r endu'd,
The firſt a mere mere mimic's mimic ſtood;
The laſt by nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhows,
In Jonſon's Stephen, which way genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mingled part;
Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects,
And reſts his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of art endu'd,
Next Jackſon came.—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a puppet than a player:
Liſt to that voice—did ever diſcord hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He ſobs and pants to ſooth his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſooth his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Awkward, embarraſs'd, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg, as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from th' other.
Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead cuſtom's force, and ſtill poſſeſs the ſtage.
That's vile—ſhould we a parent's faults adore,
And err, becauſe our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jeſt they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the ſimple ſcene,
Shall we, if reaſon rightly is employ'd,
Not ſee their faults, or ſeeing not avoid?
When Falſtaff ſtands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls love's glaſſy eye?
Why?—There's no cauſe—at leaſt no cauſe we know—
It was the faſhion twenty years ago.
Faſhion, a word which knaves and fools may uſe,
Their knavery and folly to excuſe.

To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of ſenſe.
Yet (though in ſome particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails),
If in theſe hallow'd times, when ſober, ſad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd ſo great a crime by half
To violate a veſtal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope preſumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the ſtage,
And courtiers will, like reaſonable creatures,
Suſpend vain faſhion, and unſcrew their features,
Old Falſtaff, play'd by love, ſhall pleaſe once more,
And humour ſet the audience in a roar.
Actors I've ſeen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part poſſeſs'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falſtaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he ſeems a friend,
He'll ſeize that throne you wiſh him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour caſt,
For Falſtaff fram'd—himſelf the firſt and laſt,—
He ſtands aloof from all—maintains his ſtate,
And ſcorns, like *Scotſmen*, to aſſimilate.
Vain all diſguiſe—too plain we ſee the trick,
Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic;
And Boniface, diſgrac'd, betrays the ſmack,
In Anno Domini, of Falſtaff's ſack.
Arms croſs'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching ſlow,
A band of malecontents with ſpleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curſe the managers, and curſe the town,
Whoſe partial favours keeps ſuch merit down.
But if ſome man, more hardy than the reſt,
Should dare attack theſe *gnatlings* in their neſt;
At once they riſe with impotence of rage,
Whet their ſmall ſtings, and buzz about the ſtage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
"To arm ſatiric truth againſt a player?
"Preſcriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
"Actors, unlaſh'd themſelves, may laſh mankind."
What! ſhall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To ruſt in chains like theſe, impos'd by things
Which, leſs than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curſe the freedom of each honeſt line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muſe freely thinks, ſhe'll freely ſpeak.
With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd, and to herſelf a rule,
Public contempt ſhall wait the public fool.
Auſtin would always gliſten in French ſilks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour pleaſe?
Who can, like Packer, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee Branſby ſtrut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous nature! which at once could ſhow
A man ſo very high, ſo very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee the play.
Let critics, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top;—but ſcorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their ſport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the flaviſh chain is broke,
And, ſenſe awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praiſe.
Next came the legion, which our *ſummer* Bayes,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raiſe,
Fluſh'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed
With wits who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applauſe;
Each on himſelf determines to rely,
Be Yates diſbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs ſo well an author ſit,
To nature dead, and ſoes declar'd to wit.
So loud each tongue, ſo empty was each head
So much they talk, ſo very little ſaid,
So wond'rous dull, and yet ſo wondrous vain,
At once ſo willing, and unfit to reign,
That reaſon ſwore, nor would the oath recal,
Their mighty maſter's ſoul inform'd them all.
As one with various diſappointments ſad,
Whom dullneſs only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the reſt great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What though the ſons of nonſenſe hail him ſire,
Auditor, Author, Manager, and 'Squire,
His reſtleſs ſoul's ambition ſtops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him Player.
In perſon tall, a figure form'd to pleaſe,
If ſymmetry could charm, depriv'd of eaſe;
When motionleſs he ſtands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move.
His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried ſound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow cheſt the low ſepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and ſtruggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All muſt to him reſign the foremoſt place.
When he attempts, in ſome one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honeſt features the diſguiſe defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or ſtupidly ſerene.
In cold-wrought ſcenes the lifeleſs actor flags,
In paſſion tears the paſſion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all muſt—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he folly's ſtandard bore,
Whilſt common-ſenſe ſtood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blefs'd,
Fewer with nature's gifts contented reft.
Man from his fphere eccentric ftarts aftray;
All hunt for fame; but moft miftake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the fhuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jefuit might have made,
With various readings ftor'd his empty fkull,
Learn'd without fenfe, and venerably dull;
Or, at fome banker's defk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had ftood in city annals fair,
And *prudent* dullnefs mark'd him for a mayor.
What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a ftage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waſte of pains
To publifh to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reafon ev'n to thee have fhown
Thy greateft praife had been to live *unknown?*
Yet let not vanity like thine defpair:
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
To facred dullnefs and her *firft born* due,
Thither with haſte in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himfelf fhall own thy juſter claim,
And venal ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilſt Vaughan * or Dapper, call him what you will,
Shall blow the trumpet and give out the bill.
There rules fecure from critics and from fenfe,
Nor once fhall genius rife to give offence;
Eternal peace fhall blefs the happy fhore,
And little factions break thy reft no more.
From Covent-Garden crowds promifcuous go,
Whom the muſe knows not, nor defires to know.
Yet'rans they feem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore,
Like Weſtminſter militia train'd to fight,
They fcarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Aſham'd among fuch troops to fhow the head,
Their chiefs were fcatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks at his glafs fat comfortably down [frown;
To fep'rate frown from fmile, and fmile from
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the fmart,
Smith was juſt gone to fchool to fay his part;
Refs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was faſt aſleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt aſleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd founds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes nature's bounds,
Whofe acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whofe features, as each other they diſdain'd,
At variance fet, inflexible and coarfe,
Ne'er know the working of united force,
Ne'er kindly foften to each other's aid,
Nor fhow the mingled pow'rs of light and fhade,
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each fimple elf
Almoſt as good a fpeaker as himfelf;
Whilſt the whole town, mad with miſtaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel;

Dull cits and grave divines his praiſe proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name;
Shuter, who never car'd a fingle pin
Whether he left out nonfenſe, or put in
Who aim'd at wit though levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,
At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream
Where city fwains in lap of dullneſs dream,
Where, quiet as her ſtrains their ſtrains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to cheer,
And ſpin out happy folly through the year. [fled,
But think not though theſe daſtard-chiefs are
That Covent-Garden troops ſhall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar,
The hero ſeated in fantaſtic car!
Wedded to *novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſman's, and charms;
On one ſide folly ſits, by ſome call'd fun,
And on the other, his arch patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty athirſt in vain,
Senſe, helpleſs captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude miſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom reaſon lothes, and nature never ſaw;
Monſters with tails of ice and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and chimeras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why.
But faſhion ſo directs, and moderns raiſe
On faſhion's mould'ring baſe their tranſient praiſe.
Next to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no ſalique law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
Firſt, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes, ſhe ſhone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Eaſy, as if at home, the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor fought the critics praiſe, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in ſpirit and in eaſe,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to pleaſe.
No comic actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.
With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour juſt, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promiſe, we the leſs deplore
The fatal time when Clive ſhall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with ſimple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection ſhown,
Whilſt Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here.
Defects like theſe which *moſt* terrors cauſe,
From impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and reaſon ſtill take virtue's part;
We love ev'n by foibles in ſo good an heart.

* *A gentleman who publiſhed at this juncture, a poem intituled* "*The Retort.*"

Let Tommy Arne, with uſual pomp of ſtyle,
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals muſic out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publiſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
And chaunt the praiſe of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverſe kind nature's firſt decrees,
And teach ev'n Brent a method not to pleaſe;
But never ſhall a truly Britiſh age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage.
The boaſted work's call'd national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the ſtrain.
Where tyrants rule, and ſlaves with joy obey,
Let ſlaviſh minſtrils pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleaſures ſpring,
In native notes whilſt Beard and Vincent ſing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival ſhould with Yates diſpute her claim;
But juſtice may not partial trophies raiſe,
Nor ſink the actreſs in the woman's praiſe.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features ſhow:
For through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of paſſions trace:
Dead to the ſoft emotions of the heart,
No kindred ſoftneſs can thoſe eyes impart;
The brow, ſtill fix'd on ſorrow's ſullen frame,
Void of diſtinction, marks all parts the ſame.

What's a fine perſon, or a beauteous face,
Unleſs deportment gives them decent grace?
Bleſs'd with all other requiſites to pleaſe,
Some want the ſtriking elegance of eaſe;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They ſeem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like ſtatues, in one poſture ſtill,
Give great ideas of the workman's ſkill;
Wond'ring, his art we praiſe the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themſelves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives ſtrength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the nobleſt light.
Happy in this, behold, amidſt the throng,
With tranſient gleam of grace, Hart ſweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,
A perſon finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expreſſion's lively force
With beauty's ſofteſt magic holds diſcourſe,
Attract the eye; if feelings void of art,
Rouſe the quick paſſions, and enflame the heart;
If muſic ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride muſt not paſs unſung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
When judgment tutor'd by experience ſage,
Shall ſhoot abroad and gather ſtrength from age;
When Heav'n in mercy ſhall the ſtage releaſe
From the dull ſlumbers of a ſtill-life piece;
When ſome ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, though wither'd on the ſtalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride ſhall make her way,
And merit find a paſſage to the day;
Brought into action, ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
Her own renown, and juſtify our praiſe.

Form'd for the tragic ſcene, to grace the ſtage,
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Miſtreſs of each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
To turn and wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
To melt the heart with ſympathetic woe,
Awake the ſigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild diſtracted glare,
And freeze the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
With juſt deſert enroll'd in endleſs fame,
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's maidd'ning brains are rack'd,
And ſtrongly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madneſs too!
My brain turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
The roof cracks, ſhakes and falls:—New horrors riſe,
And reaſon buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart;
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic ſcene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence;
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark diſguiſe.

Pritchard, by nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
Her art as much as nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemiſh as her fame.
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
When love, hate, jealouſy, deſpair and rage,
With wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage;
Still equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
Her paſſions are the paſſions of a queen.

When ſhe to murder whets the timorous thane,
I feel ambition ruſh through ev'ry vein;
Perſuaſion hangs upon her darning tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new ſtrung.

In comedy—"Nay, there," cries critic, "hold,
"Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray co-
"quette,
"Or force a laugh with overgrown Juliett?
"Her ſpeech, look, action, humour, all are juſt;
"But then, her age and figure give diſguſt."

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to ſize or age confin'd?
Do ſpirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
In any ſet circumference of waiſt?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſe,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the ſtage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard-meaſure for each part ſhould find
Which when the beſt of actors ſhall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.

All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth:
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before.
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The jealous wife! on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.
From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.
Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.
In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.
What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?
Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his favourite cause.
Far be it from the candid muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves, [selves.
Those who would make us feel, must feel them-
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.

When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame,
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll,
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out,—"He's of stature somewhat "low,—
"Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
"True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic.—"Sergeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause."
For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.
Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell, how silence reign'd through-out,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout!
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the several parties came, [claim,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed.
"If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
"If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
"If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd;
"If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
"If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which
"Within the magic circle of the eye; [lie
"If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
"And which no face so well as his can show;
"Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the "chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

THE APOLOGY.

Addreſſed to the Critical Reviewers.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants, big with pride,
Aſſume the pompous port, the martial ſtride:
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous ſhield,
Vaſt as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thund ring Jove defy,
And dare to ſingle combat---What?---A fly.
And laugh we leſs, when giant names, which ſhine
Eſtabliſh'd, as it were, by *right divine;*
Critics, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
To whom glad ſcience pours forth all her ſtores;
Who high in letter'd reputation ſit,
And hold, Aſtræa-like, the ſcales of wit;
With partial rage ruſh forth,---Oh! ſhame to tell!
To cruſh a bard juſt burſting from the ſhell?
Great are his perils in this ſtormy time
Who raſhly ventures on a ſea of rhyme.
Around vaſt ſurges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quickſands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me moſt who laviſhly commends.
Look through the world---in ev'ry other trade
The fame employment's cauſe of kindneſs made,
At leaſt appearance of good-will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Coblers with coblers ſmoke away the night,
And in the common cauſe e'en play'rs unite.
Authors alone, with more than ſavage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of nature would as ſoon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they ruſh at fame's imperious call,
And, leſs than greateſt, would not be at all.
Smit with the love of honour,---or the pence,
O'er-run with wit, and deſtitute of ſenſe,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade
With lawleſs pen the realms of verſe invade:
Forth from the court, where ſceptred ſages ſit,
Abus'd with praiſe, and flatter'd into wit;
Where in lethargic majeſty they reign,
And what they won by dullneſs, ſtill maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's* the ready lies repair;---
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there---
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The poliſh'd falſehood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating ſlanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.
A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whoſe ſanction handed merit up to fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No ſervile rules drew ſickly taſte aſide;
Secure he walk'd, for nature was his guide.
But now, Oh ſtrange reverſe! our critics bawl
In praiſe of candour with a heart of gall.

Conſcious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enſhrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, ſeize th' unwary prey,
And ſtab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When firſt my muſe, perhaps more bold than wiſe,
Bade the rude triſle into light ariſe,
Little ſhe thought ſuch tempeſts would enſue;
Leſs, that thoſe tempeſts would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak;
Roſciads, like ſhrubs, might 'ſcape the fatal ſtroke.
Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcanſir-like, he deals deſtruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a ſtranger ſpare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy genius! plac'd by partial fate
With a free ſpirit in a ſlaviſh ſtate;
Where the reluctant muſe, oppreſs'd by kings,
Or droops in ſilence, or in fetters ſings;
In vain thy dauntleſs fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's ſcorn.
Why didſt thou ſafe from home bred dangers ſteer,
Reſerv'd to periſh more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to ſwell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharſalia fell,
The vanquiſh'd chief eſcap'd from Cæſar's hand
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.
How could theſe ſelf-elected monarchs raiſe
So large an empire on ſo ſmall a baſe?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did genius ſleep, when dullneſs ſeiz'd the throne?
Whence, abſolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the ſubject world diſpenſes law.
Without her licence not a letter ſtirs,
And all the captive criſs-croſs-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reaſons too.
Our great dictators take a ſhorter way---
Who ſhall diſpute what the reviewers ſay?
Their word's ſufficient; and to aſk a reaſon,
In ſuch a ſtate as theirs, is downright treaſon.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull ſuperſtitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their eaſy faith on critic's ſleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that theſe puny elves
Shoot into giants?---We may thank ourſelves;
Fools that we are, like Iſrael's fools of yore,
The calf ourſelves have faſhion'd we adore.
But let true reaſon once reſume her reign,
This god ſhall dwindle to a calf again.
Founded on arts which ſhun the face of day,
By the ſame arts they ſtill maintain their ſway,
Wrapp'd in myſterious ſecrecy they riſe,
And, as they are unknown, are ſafe and wiſe.
At whom ſoever aim'd, howe'er ſevere
Th' envenom'd ſlander flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbids that ſtep.---Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
By int'reſt join'd th' expert confederates ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand.

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* *Printer of the Critical Review.*

The vile abuſe, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from ſide to ſide:
It flies---hey !---preſto !---like a juggler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all.
All men and things they know, themſelves unknown,
And publiſh ev'ry name-- except their own.
Nor think this ſtrange--ſecure from vulgar eyes
The nameleſs author paſſes in diſguiſe.
But vet'ran critics are not ſo deceiv'd,
If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
Once ſeen, they know an author evermore,
Nay ſwear to hands they never ſaw before
Thus in the Roſciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
" That's Lloyd's---his manner there you plainly
" trace,
" And all the actor ſtares you in the face.
" By Colman that was written---On my life,
" The ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of the Jealous Wife.
" That little diſingenuous piece of ſpite,
" Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might
" write."
How doth it make judicious readers ſmile,
When authors are detected by their ſtyle:
Though ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He ſhifts his ſtyle much oft'ner than his clothes?
Whence could ariſe this mighty critic ſpleen,
The muſe a trifler, and her theme ſo mean?
What had I done, that angry heav'n ſhould ſend
The bitt'reſt foe where moſt I wiſh'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchleſs fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle ſtands ſuperbly bound.
From Livy's temples tear th' hiſtoric crown,
Which with more juſtice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide, but ſwore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method---have no plot at all.
Who can ſo often in his cauſe engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian ſtage,
Whilſt horrors riſe, and tears ſpontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no leſs tragic Oh!
To praiſe his nervous weakneſs all agree;
And then for ſweetneſs, who ſo ſweet as he!
Too big for utterance when ſorrows ſwell,
The too big ſorrows flowing tears muſt tell:
But when thoſe flowing tears ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Why—then the voice muſt ſpeak again, you know.
Rude and unſkilful in the poet's trade,
I kept no Naiads by me *ready-made*;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No ſlimſy linſey-woolſey ſcenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joſeph's coat.
Me humbler themes befit: Secure, for me,
Let playwrights ſmuggle nonſenſe, duty free:
Secure for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And friſk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
Unceuſur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Through the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove:
Secure, for me, let foppiſh nature ſmile,
And play the coxcomb in the deſart iſle.
The ſtage I choſe—a ſubject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praiſe or cenſure to the common eye.
Hence are a thouſand hackney writers fed;
Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all muſt pay,
From thoſe who ſcribble, down to thoſe who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive ſupport
From public bounty, for the public ſport.
To clap or hiſs, all have an equal claim,
The cobler's and his lordſhip's right the ſame.
All join for their ſubſiſtence; all expect [rect.
Free leave to praiſe their worth, their faults cor-
When active Pickle Smithfield ſtage aſcends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praiſes or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a merry-Andrew and a player?
The ſtrolling tribe, a deſpicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, ſhift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to juſtice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's laſh afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To madam mayoreſs, or his worſhip's wife.
The mighty monarch, in theatric ſack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal conſort heads the female band,
And leads the heir apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd aſs creeps on with conſcious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either ſide.
No choice muſicians in this troop are found
To varniſh nonſenſe with the charms of ſound;
No ſwords, no daggers, not one poiſon'd bowl;
No lightning flaſhes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to ſwell the monarch's train are ſhown;
The monarch here muſt be a hoſt *alone*.
No ſolemn pomp, no ſlow proceſſions here;
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.
By need compell'd to proſtitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;
And, ſtrange diſgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is ſhifted with his ſide.
Queſtion and anſwer he by turns muſt be,
Like that ſmall wit * in modern tragedy;
Who, to patch up his fame,---or fill his purſe,---
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worſe;
Like gipſies, leſt the ſtolen brat be known,
Defacing firſt, then claiming for his own.
In ſhabby ſtate they ſtrut, and tatter'd robe;
The ſcene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
No high conceits their mod'rate wiſhes raiſe,
Content with humble profit, humble praiſe.
Let dowdies ſimper, and let bumpkins ſtare,
The ſtrolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And ſnores the next out on a truſs of ſtraw.

* *Mr. Foote.*

But if kind fortune, who we ſometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-ſhow,
In mood propitious ſhould her fav'rite call
On royal ſtage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himſelf he rears the head,
And ſcorns the dunghill where he firſt was bred.
Converſing now with well-dreſs'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddeſſes behind the ſcenes,
He ſweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride t' aſſume.
On this great ſtage the world, no monarch e'er
Was half ſo haughty as a monarch play'r.
Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To ſee theſe things, the loweſt ſons of earth,
Preſume, with ſelf-ſufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in letters, and preſide in taſte?
The town's deciſions they no more admit,
Themſelves alone the arbiters of wit;
And ſcorn the juriſdiction of that court,
To which they owe their being and ſupport.
Actors, like monks of old, now ſacred grown,
Muſt be attack'd by no fools but their own.
Let the vain tyrant ſit amidſt his guards,
His puny *Green-room* wits and venal bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a playhouſe-freedom loſe their own;
In ſpite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born muſe with lib'ral ſpirit ſings,
Bow down, ye ſlaves; before theſe idols fall;
Let genius ſtoop to them who've none at all;
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To thoſe who, ſlaves to all, are ſlaves to me.
Actors, as actors, are a lawful game;
The poet's right, and who ſhall bar his claim?
And if, o'erweening of their little ſkill,
When they have left the ſtage, they're actors ſtill;
If to the ſubject world they ſtill give laws,
With paper crowns, and ſceptres made of ſtraws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold truth, e'en there, purſue her theme,
And 'wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They riſe ſuperior to their preſent ſtate;
If, with each ſocial virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our verſe their praiſe with pleaſure ſpeak,
Though mimics bark, and envy ſplits her cheek;
No honeſt worth's beneath the muſe's praiſe;
No greatneſs can above her cenſure raiſe;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She ſtoops to actors, and ſhe ſoars to kings.
Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
To ſenſe of honour as to virtue dead;
Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind;
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;
Who ſpares no character; whoſe ev'ry word,
Bitter as gall, and ſharper than the ſword,
Cuts to the quick; whoſe thoughts with rancour ſwell; [hell;
Whoſe tongue, on earth, performs the work of
If there be ſuch a monſter, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth againſt abuſe.
"Attack profeſſion!---'tis a deadly breach!--
"The Chriſtian laws another leſſon teach:---
"Unto the end ſhall charity endure,
"And candour hide thoſe faults it cannot cure."
Thus candour's maxims flow from rancour's throat,
As devils, to ſerve their purpoſe, ſcripture quote.
The muſe's office was by Heav'n deſign'd
To pleaſe, improve, inſtruct, reform mankind;
To make dejected virtue nobly riſe
Above the tow'ring pitch of ſplendid vice;
To make pale vice, abaſh'd, her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, ſhe bids eternal ſhame,
With ſtricteſt juſtice, brand the villain's name:
Now in the milder garb of ridicule
She ſports, and pleaſes while ſhe wounds the fool.
Her ſhape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cauſe of virtue, ſtill the ſame.
In praiſe of mercy let the guilty bawl,
When vice and folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakneſs juſtly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it ſpares.
But if the muſe, too cruel in her mirth,
With harſh reflections wounds the man of worth;
If wantonly ſhe deviates from her plan,
And quits the actor to expoſe the man;
Aſham'd, ſhe marks that paſſage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot.
But what is candour, what is humour's vein,
Though judgment join to conſecrate the ſtrain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choiceſt muſic play in ev'ry word?
Verſes muſt run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harſh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as zephyr's balmy breeze;
Smooth let their current flow, as ſummer ſeas;
Perfect then only deem'd when they diſpenſe
A happy tuneful vacancy of ſenſe.
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpleſs infants for the ſqueaking ſtage;
Deaf to the calls of pity, nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the ſake of ſound.
Henceforth farewel then fev'riſh thirſt of fame;
Farewel the longings for a poet's name;
Periſh my muſe;---a wiſh 'bove all ſevere
To him who ever held the muſes dear---
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughneſs of a nervous line.
Others affect the ſtiff and ſwelling phraſe;
Their muſe muſt walk in ſtilts, and ſtrut in ſtays:
The ſenſe they murder, and the words tranſpoſe,
Leſt poetry approach too near to proſe.
See tortur'd reaſon how they pare and trim,
And, like Procruſtes, ſtretch, or lop the limb.
Waller, whoſe praiſe ſucceeding bards rehearſe,
Parent of harmony in Engliſh verſe,
Whoſe tuneful muſe in ſweeteſt accents flows,
In couplets firſt taught ſtraggling ſenſe to cloſe.
In poliſh'd numbers, and majeſtic ſound,
Where ſhall thy rival, Pope, be ever found?
But whilſt each line with equal beauty flows,
E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows,

Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a bleſſing from variety.
Muſic itſelf her needful aid requires
To rouſe the ſoul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, nor Brent would always pleaſe.
Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy ſhrine,
Thou deareſt name to all the tuneful nine.
What if ſome dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet ſeems to ſleep,
Still, when his ſubject riſes proud to view,
With equal ſtrength the poet riſes too.
With ſtrong invention, nobleſt vigour fraught,
Thought ſtill ſprings up and riſes out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their courſe;
In varied ſweetneſs flow, in varied force;
The pow'rs of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine.
But what are numbers, what are bards to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poeſy?
" A ſacred muſe ſhould conſecrate her pen;
" Prieſts muſt not hear nor ſee like other men;
" Far higher themes ſhould her ambition claim;
" Behold where Sternhold points the way to
" fame."
Whilſt with miſtaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let reaſon for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-ſages hold diſcourſe with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading ſtrings,
What if a man delight to paſs his time
In ſpinning reaſon into harmleſs rhyme;
Or ſometimes boldly venture to the play!
Say, Where's the crime?—great man of prudence, ſay?
No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have ſome darling ſingularity;
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gewgaws take delight, and ſigh for toys.
Your ſceptres, and your crowns, and ſuch like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent reaſon bids us chooſe,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a muſe.
What the grave trifflers on this buſy ſcene,
When they make uſe of this word reaſon, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord Chief-Juſtice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of virtue, and the guide to truth.
To her I bow, whoſe ſacred pow'r I feel;
To her deciſion make my laſt appeal;
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By her abſolv'd, my courſe I'll ſtill purſue:
If reaſon's for me, God is for me too.

NIGHT.

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

WHEN foes inſult, and *prudent* friends diſpenſe,
In pity's ſtrains, the worſt of inſolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I ſteal an hour from grief,
And in thy ſocial converſe find relief.
The mind, of ſolitude impatient grown,
Loves any ſorrows rather than her own.

Let ſlaves to buſineſs, bodies without ſoul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad glare,
We night prefer, which heals or hides our care.
Rogues juſtified, and by ſucceſs made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs ſanctified by gold,
Freely may baſk in fortune's partial ray,
And ſpread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* merit dares not ſhow the head
Till vain proſperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The ſons of care are always ſons of night.
The wretch bred up in method's drowſy ſchool,
Whoſe only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whoſe ſoul directed to no uſe is ſeen,
Unleſs to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the ſame equal pace,
Still travels on through life's inſipid ſpace;
Turns up his eyes to think that there ſhould be
Among God's creatures two ſuch things as *we*:
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours*.
Good hours—Fine words!—But was it ever ſeen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a courſe hath run
In downright oppoſition to the ſun,
Expatiates on *good hours*, their cauſe defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no ſettled notion brings,
But ſtill in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phraſe in his own private view,
With prudence it is ten, with Florio two.
Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking ſake,
Without diſtinguiſhing diſtinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourſelves rules to all the world beſide;
Reaſon, collected in herſelf, diſdains
The ſlaviſh yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of ſenſe live exempt from vulgar awe,
And reaſon to herſelf alone is law.
That freedom ſhe enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which ſhe as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her rev'rence ſtirs,
No hour ſhe blindly to the reſt prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good, if *virtuouſly* enjoy'd.
Let the ſage doctor (think him one we know)
With ſcraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal conſequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by ſtealth,
Undermine life, and ſap the walls of health.
For me let Galen moulder on the ſhelf,
I'll live, and be phyſician to myſelf.
While ſoul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a ſhorter date,
I'll make them live, as brother ſhould with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.
The ſureſt road to health, ſay what they will,
Is never to ſuppoſe we ſhall be ill.

Moſt of thoſe evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boaſted rules,
Stale traps, and only ſacred now to fools;
As well may ſons of phyſic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.
If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The ſool next morning can't hold up his head.
What reaſon this which *me* to bed muſt call,
Whoſe head (thank Heaven) never aches at all?
In diff'rent courſes diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the moon, I ſicken at the ſun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.
Then in oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling ſneer, the ſupercilious frown,
The ſtrange reſerve, the proud affected ſtate
Of upſtart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch diſturbs my reſt,
Who meanly overlooks a friend diſtreſt.
Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And ſcarce ſees rags an inch beyond his noſe;
But from a crowd can ſingle out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who ſtrut in lace.
Whether thoſe claſſic regions are ſurvey'd
Where we in earlieſt youth together ſtray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry ſhore,
Though now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conſpir'd a thankleſs wretch to raiſe,
And taught a *ſtump* to ſhoot with pilfer'd praiſe,
Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully ſtrove to kick his Maker down;
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or ſtage;
If half-bred ſurgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Thoſe mighty letter'd monſters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exerciſe our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with eaſy freedom ſtray;
A gainer ſtill thy friend himſelf muſt find,
His grief ſuſpended, and improv'd his mind.
Whilſt peaceful ſlumbers bleſs the homely bed,
Where virtue, ſelf-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilſt vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conſcience plants the villain's couch with thorns;
Impatient of reſtraint, the active mind,
No more by ſervile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her ſeat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a ſingle glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourſelves, ſurvey,
And ſee by night what fools we are by day.
Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain diſguiſe,
See where ambition mean and loathſome lies;
Reflection with relentleſs hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and raviſh'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like theſe but ill with manhood ſuit,
And ſink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in ſearching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whoſe anger, like the bolt of Jove, is ſped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whoſe mercies, like heaven's dew, refreſhing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold ſuch worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.
Through a falſe medium things are ſhown by day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead aſtray.
How many from appearance borrow ſtate,
Whom night diſdains to number with the great!
Muſt not we laugh to ſee yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incenſe from a fawning crowd?
Whilſt in his beam ſurrounding clients play,
Like inſects in the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilſt, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And ſeems the only charioteer of ſtate,
Talking himſelf into a little god,
And ruling empires with a ſingle nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law diſpenſe,
That he had int'reſt, and that they had ſenſe?
Injurious thought! Beneath night's honeſt ſhade,
When pomp is buried, and falſe colours fade,
Plainly we ſee at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.
God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the ſeeming, or the real great.
Much ſorrow ſhall he feel, and ſuffer more
Than any ſlave who labours at the oar.
By ſlaviſh methods muſt he learn to pleaſe,
By ſmooth-tongu'd flattery, that curſt *court-diſeaſe*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood, ſtrike ſail,
And ſhift with ſhifting humour's peeviſh gale.
To nature dead he muſt adopt vile art,
And wear a ſmile, with anguiſh in his heart,
A ſenſe of honour would deſtroy his ſchemes,
And conſcience ne'er muſt ſpeak unleſs in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous ſneers;
When he at laſt expects, good eaſy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lacquey, or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the ſureſt door,
Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or ſells his own,
Steps croſs his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for ſome minion's minion claims the prize.
Foe to reſtraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too reſolute, from nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely paſs them by,
Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lie,
Too plain to pleaſe, too honeſt to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier ſtate:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where raſcals promiſe, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and ſtrife,
Calm, independent, let me ſteal through life,
Nor one vain wiſh my ſteady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordſhip's frown, or court his ſmile.
Unfit for greatneſs, I her ſnares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content ſhall place us far above them all.
Spectators only on this buſtling ſtage,
We ſee what vain deſigns mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they purſue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.

Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
Man ſtrives 'gainſt man, without a cauſe for ſtrife;
Armies embattled meet, and thouſands bleed
For ſome vile ſpot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds?—To us 'tis all the ſelf-ſame thing,
A nut, a world, a ſquirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman ſpirits fam'd of old,
Are caſt by nature in a patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their ſoul's engroſs'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious eaſe, like ours, they greatly ſcorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Glady they toil beneath the ſtateſman's pains,
Give them but credit for a ſtateſman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the ſopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bleſs us)! ſtateſmen all at once.

His mighty charge of ſouls the prieſt forgets,
The court-bred lord his promiſes and debts,
Soldiers their fame, miſers forget their pelf,
The rake his miſtreſs, and the ſop himſelf;
Whilſt thoughts of higher moment claim their care, [bear.
And their wife heads the weight of kingdoms

Females themſelves the glorious ardour feel,
And boaſt an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the ſtate-infection flies,
Swells in her breaſt, and ſparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beſide.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confeſs
A paſſion for applauſe, or rage for dreſs;
No more they pant for public raree-ſhows,
Or loſe one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more purſue the jilting plan,
And luſtful prudes forget to rail at man.
The darling theme CÆCILIA's ſelf will chooſe,
Nor think of ſcandal whilſt ſhe talks of news.

The CIT, a common-council-man by place,
Ten thouſand mighty nothings in his face,
By ſituation as by nature great,
With nice preciſion parcels out the ſtate:
Proves and diſproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himſelf, and to himſelf replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The ſame thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he ſuſpects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wiſe, he ſhakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His uſeleſs ſcales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to ſuch triflers; be our happier plan
To paſs through life as eaſy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor ſtirs my curioſity, nor ſpleen.
Secrets of ſtate no more I wiſh to know
Than ſecret movements of a puppet-ſhow;
Let but the puppets move, I've my deſire,
Unſeen the hand which *guides* the maſter-wire.

What is't to us if taxes riſe or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay NONE at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament thoſe hardſhips which we cannot feel.
His grace, who ſmarts may bellow if he pleaſe,
But muſt I bellow too, who ſit at eaſe!
By cuſtom ſafe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air ſome years ago.
No ſtateſman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and exciſe our brains.
Burdens like theſe vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *caſtles* in the *air*.

Let then the flames of war deſtructive reign,
And England's terrors awe *imperious* Spain;
Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not preſcribe;
Let each new year call loud for new ſupplies,
And tax on tax with double burden riſe;
Exempt we ſit, by no rude cares oppreſt,
And, having little, are with little bleſt.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place ſupply.
Night's laughing hours unheeded ſlip away,
Nor one dull thought foretels th' approach of day.

Thus have we liv'd, and whilſt the fates afford
Plain plenty to ſupply the frugal board,
Whilſt mirth, with decency his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with temp'rance by his ſide,
Their welcome viſit pay; whilſt health attends
The narrow circle of our choſen friends,
Whilſt frank good-humour conſecrates the treat,
And woman makes ſociety complete,
Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd
Thoſe *hackney ſtrumpets*, prudence and the world.

Prudence, of old a ſacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike wiſdom for her guide,
But now in general uſe is known to mean
The ſtalking-horſe of vice, and folly's ſcreen.
The ſenſe perverted we retain the name,
Hypocriſy and prudence are the ſame.

A tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely ſly, with high preferment bleſt,
His favorite pupil in theſe words addreſs'd:
Would'ſt thou, my ſon, be wiſe and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy eſteem'd?
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
Prudence, almighty prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the teſt,
The world will give thee credit for the reſt.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in ſecret ſin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unleſs 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging paſſions drive thee to a whore,
Let prudence lead thee to a *poſtern* door;
Stay out all night, but take eſpecial care
That prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with ſtudy faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a ſaint.

With joy the youth this uſeful leſſon heard,
And in his mem'ry ſtor'd each precious word,

Succesfully purfu'd the plan, and *now*,
" Room for my lord,—virtue ſtand by and bow."
And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To maſk, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wiſe and good ſtamp ev'ry ſupple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and ſtates with empty forms,
Whilſt virtue ſeeks in vain the wiſh'd-for prize
Becauſe, diſdaining ill, ſhe hates diſguiſe;
Becauſe ſhe frankly pours forth all her ſtore,
Seems what ſhe *is*, and ſcorns to paſs for more?
Well—be it ſo—let vile diſſemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boaſt their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r ſhall tempt, nor thirſt of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myſelf;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my ſpan,
I would not be *that* thing, *that* prudent man.
What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppoſe
Yourſelf, alone, againſt an hoſt of foes?
Let not conceit, and peeviſh luſt to rail,
Above all ſenſe of intereſt prevail.
Throw off for ſhame this petulance of wit,
Be wiſe, be modeſt, and for *once* ſubmit:
Too hard the taſk 'gainſt multitudes to fight,
You muſt be wrong, the world is in the right.
What is the world? A term which men have got
To ſignify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more preciſion paſſes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *aſſes*;
In common uſe no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in ſame opinions join'd.
Can numbers then change nature's ſtated laws?
Can numbers make the worſe the better cauſe?
Vice muſt be vice, virtue be virtue ſtill,
Though thouſands rail at good and practiſe ill.
Wouldſt thou defend the Gaul's deſtructive rage
Becauſe vaſt nations on his part engage?
Though to ſupport the rebel Cæſar's cauſe
Tumultuous legions arm againſt the laws,
Though ſcandal would *our patriot's* name impeach,
And rails at virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
What honeſt man but would with joy ſubmit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with PITT?
Stedfaſt and true to virtue's ſacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar cenſure or applauſe,
Let the world talk, my friend; that world we know
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us ſo.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow nature's plan,
Aſſert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Conſider well, weigh ſtrictly right and wrong
Reſolve not quick, but once reſolv'd be ſtrong
In ſpite of dullneſs, and in ſpite of wit,
If to thyſelf thou canſt thyſelf acquit,
Rather ſtand up aſſur'd with conſcious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy ſide.

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQUIRE.

WHEN Cupid firſt inſtructs his darts to fly
From the ſly corner of ſome cook-maid's eye,
The ſtripling raw, juſt enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new deſire
Within him ſtirs, each time ſhe ſtirs the fire;
Trembling and bluſhing he the fair-one views,
And fain would ſpeak, but can't—without a muſe.
So to the ſacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In ſimpleſt notes, and all unpoliſh'd ſtrains,
The loves of nymphs and *ele* the loves of ſwains.
Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In ruſtic weeds---a cook-maid now no more---
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies,
Green moſs her couch, her canopy the ſkies.
From aromatic ſhrubs the *roguiſh* gale [vale.
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them through the
The youth, turn'd ſwain, and ſkill'd in ruſtic lays,
Faſt by her ſide his am'rous deſcant plays.
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens ſcream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the ſtream.
The ſtreams, with muſic freighted, as they paſs,
Preſent the fair Lardella with a glaſs,
And Zephyr to complete the love-ſick plan,
Waves his light wings, and ſerves her for a fan.
But, when maturer judgment takes the lead,
Theſe childiſh toys on reaſon's altar bleed;
Form'd after ſome *great man*, whoſe name breeds awe,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence faſhion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our ſervile fears;
Then we diſcard the workings of the heart,
And nature's baniſh'd by *mechanic* art;
Then, deeply read, our reading muſt be ſhown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then oſtentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* pride ſtalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each ſentence, poliſh'd ev'ry line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air,
Nonſenſe with *claſſic* ornaments is grac'd,
And paſſes current with the ſtamp of taſte.
Then the rude Theocrite is ranſack'd o'er,
And *courtly* Maro call'd from Mincio's ſhore;
Sicilian muſes on our mountains roam,
Eaſy and free as if they were at home:
Nymphs, naiads, nereids, dryads, ſatyrs, fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flouriſh'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic ſuns adorn;
And roſes bluſh, but bluſh without a thorn;
Landſcapes unknown to *dowdy* nature, riſe,
And new creations ſtrike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards like theſe, who neither ſing nor ſay,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay;
Whoſe numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleaſure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain common ſenſe her viſit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,

As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of folly's wing;
In love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal kindly rock them to repose;
My lord --to letters as to *faith* most true---
At once their patron and example too---
Shall *quaintly* fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams,
Curious in grief (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe),
From the green umbrage of some druid's seat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* streams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without success, have pray'd
For *apt* alliteration's *artful aid;*
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill;*
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poesy, and *ambling* wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.
Thou, nature, art *my* goddess---to thy law
Myself I dedicate.---*Hence* slavish awe
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear,
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for *taste*,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By nature's charms (inglorious truth)! subdu'd,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year,
Where, undisturb'd by art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal laird*, and *faithful clan*.
To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?
Nor less our debt in science, though deny'd
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t' other wrote;
Thence, home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, though no *dull* dean was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That *old, new, epic pastoral* Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of *church* and *state*,
Of Christ and liberty, by grateful fate
Rais'd to rewards which in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.
Wast me some muse to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep,
Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *English* pride,
And deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.
From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are--God knows how;
From nice trim points, where honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to folly, plays the fool; [pow'r,
From those gay scenes where mirth exalts his
And easy humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *friendship's* summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, *once seen before*, that *ancient* seat,
That *ancient* seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, *long before the world was made!*
Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings, [kings.
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of
Let *rude licentious* Englishmen comply [why;
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good-humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.
Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or slarves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When *scribblers*, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce *North-Britain* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Pigah* when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *Holy Land*,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,

Thy gen'rous ſoul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.
The *Scots* are poor, cries ſurly Engliſh pride;
True is the charge, nor by themſelves deny'd.
Are they not then in ſtricteſt reaſon clear,
Who wiſely come to mend their fortunes here?
If, by low ſupple arts ſucceſsful grown,
They ſapp'd our vigour to increaſe their own,
If, mean in want, and inſolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more ſurely to devour,
Rous'd by ſuch wrongs ſhould reaſon take alarm,
And e'en the muſe for public ſafety arm;
But if they own ingenuous virtue's ſway,
And follow where true honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bleſs the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vaſt debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become diſcreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but juſtice can't condemn.
"Into our places, ſtates, and beds they creep;"
They've ſenſe to get, what we want ſenſe to keep.
Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaſpheme the choſen race.
Into thoſe traps, which men *call'd* patriots laid,
By ſpecious arts unwarily betrav'd,
Madly I leagu'd againſt that ſacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But ſhall I meanly error's path purſue,
When heavenly truth preſents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, ſhall I go farther in?
To make the oath was raſh; to keep it, ſin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what paſſion ſwore.
Converted (bleſſed are the ſouls which know
Thoſe pleaſures which from true converſion flow,
Whether to reaſon, who now rules my breaſt,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and Weſt),
Paſt crimes to expiate, be my preſent aim
To raiſe new trophies to the Scottiſh name,
To make (what can the proudeſt muſe do more)?
E'en faction's ſons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories, ſtamp'd with honeſt rhymes,
In fulleſt tide roll down to lateſt times.
"Preſumptuous wretch! and ſhall a *muſe* like thine,
"An *Engliſh muſe*, the meaneſt of the nine,
"Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak ſtrain
"Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
"Should he from toils of government retire,
"And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
"Should he, of ſciences the moral friend,
"Each *curious*, each *important* ſearch ſuſpend,
"Leave *unaſſiſted* Hill of herbs to tell,
"And *all the wonders of a cockle-ſhell*,
"Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
"Would not *the* Home ſtep forth, and gain the prize?
"Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
"The humble brows of one in *England* born,
"Preſumptuous ſtill thy daring muſt appear;
"Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilſt I am here."
Thus ſpake a *form*, by ſilken ſmile, and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the laureat known,
Folly's chief friend, decorum's eldeſt ſon,
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.
This *airy ſubſtance*, this *ſubſtantial ſhade*,
Abaſh'd I heard, and with reſpect obey'd.
From themes too lofty for a bard ſo mean,
Diſcretion beckons to an humbler ſcene.
The reſtleſs fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and ſeek the ſylvan ſhade.
Now be the *muſe* diſrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verſe by *truth* ſupplied,
And if plain nature pours a ſimple ſtrain,
Which Bute may praiſe, and Oſſian not diſdain,
Oſſian, *ſublimeſt*, *ſimpleſt* bard of all,
Whom *Engliſh infidels* Macpherſon *call*,
Then round my head ſhall honour's enſigns wave,
And penſions mark me for a willing ſlave.

Two boys, whoſe birth beyond all queſtion ſprings
From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottiſh* lineage, born and bred
On the ſame bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the ſame rocks
To ſpin out life, and ſtarve themſelves and flocks,
Freſh as the morning, which, enrob'd in miſt,
The mountain's top with uſual dullneſs kiſs'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours roſe;
Soon clad I ween, where nature needs no clothes,
Where, from their youth inur'd to winter ſkies,
Dreſs and her vain refinements they deſpiſe.
Jockey, whoſe manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles ſpotted flam'd the golden down,
With mikle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the riſing to the ſetting day;
Sawney as long without remorſe could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his ſtrains, all natural though rude,
The *Highland laſs* forgot her want of food,
And, whilſt ſhe *ſcratch'd* her lover into reſt,
Sunk pleas'd, though hungry, on her Sawney's breaſt.
Far as the eye could reach, no tree was ſeen,
Earth, clad in ruſſet, ſcorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locuſts they ſecure defy,
For in three hours a graſhopper muſt die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feaſts there,
But the cameleon, who can feaſt on air.
No birds, except as birds of paſſage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No ſtreams as amber ſmooth, as amber clear,
Were ſeen to glide, or heard to ~~warble~~ here.
Rebellion's ſpring, which through the country ran,
Furniſh'd, with bitter draughts, the ſteady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white roſe,
Which on the tenth of June by inſtinct blows,
By inſtinct blows at morn, and, when the ſhades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by inſtinct fades.
One, and but one poor ſolitary cave,
Too ſparing of her favours, nature gave:
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottiſh* pride)!
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſupplied.
Their ſnares *without* entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles, arm'd againſt th' invader's head,

Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to lothe, and to be loth'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies;
In quest of food, ests strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And FAMINE, *by her children always known*,
As proud as poor, *here* fix'd her *native* throne.

Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast,
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rare
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

Jockey.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid *emong* yon thistles, dry and warm,
Whar, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry *roundelay*?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

Sawney.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

Jockey.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain:
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve, what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, must be endur'd.

Sawney.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign lion she stole away,
Did'st thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

Jockey

O she was *bonny!* All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

Sawney.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

Jockey.

Full sorely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ah! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

Sawney.

Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd *plaid*,
Saw the ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay; [survive,
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still
To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.
Cease, cried the goddess, cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;

Conſider'd as the refuſe of mankind.
A maſs till the laſt moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to ſtamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haſte, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would ſell their God, as once their king they ſold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
Theſe vile injurious taunts, and hear them ſtill.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promiſe of a better land:
There, like the *ſons of Iſrael*, having trod,
For the ſix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren deſart, we ſhall ſeize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With ſome few natives join'd, ſome *pliant* few,
Who worſhip int'reſt, and our track purſue,
There ſhall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor aſk the owners leave.

For us, the earth ſhall bring forth her increaſe;
For us, the flocks ſhall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves ſhall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage ſhall their harveſts grow,
And *Scotſmen* reap what they diſdain'd to ſow;
For us, the ſun ſhall climb the caſtern hill;
For us, the rain ſhall fall, the dew diſtil;
When to our wiſhes nature cannot riſe,
Art ſhall be taſk'd to grant us freſh ſupplies.
His brawny arm ſhall drudging labour ſtrain,
And for our pleaſure ſuffer daily pain;
Trade ſhall for us exert her utmoſt pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit our's;
For us, the oak ſhall from his native ſteep
Deſcend, and fearleſs travel through the deep;
The ſail of commerce for our uſe unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treaſures of each diſtant world;
For us, ſublimer heights ſhall ſcience reach,
For us, their ſtateſmen plot, their churchmen preach;
Their nobleſt limbs of counſel we'll diſjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring war, impriſon'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Diſcord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Deſolation ſtalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Juſtice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my ſons, that this ſo bleſs'd eſtate
Stands at a diſtance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future ſway,
E'en from this cave I ſcent my deſtin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whoſe former deeds ſhall Time's laſt annals grace,
In the rough face of peril muſt be fought,
And with the lives of thouſands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to ſcorn the blundering hero's heart,
Into the ſnare ſhall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When Rome, to prop her ſinking empire, bore
Their choiceſt levies to a foreign ſhore,
What if we ſeiz'd, like a deſtroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded looſe to manly rage,
And ſcorning mercy, ſpar'd nor ſex nor age;
When, for our int'reſt too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent poſſeſs'd the throne,
What if we ſtrove diviſions to foment,
And ſpread the flames of civil diſcontent,
Aſſiſted theſe who 'gainſt their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When reſtleſs Glory bade her ſons advance,
And pitch'd her ſtandard in the fields of France;
What if, diſdaining oaths, and empty ſound,
By which our nation never ſhall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
Through the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home;
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty and Senſe,
When they againſt their lawful monarch roſe,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppoſe,
What if we ſtill rever'd the baniſh'd race,
And ſtrove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions ſhook th' unſettled ſtate,
And greatly dar'd, though croſs'd by partial fate;
Theſe facts, which might, where wiſdom held the ſway,
Awake the very ſtones to bar our way,
There ſhall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an Engliſh brain.
Bleſs'd with that *faith*, which mountains can remove, [prove.
Firſt they ſhall *dupes*, next *ſaints*, laſt *martyrs*
Already is this game of fate begun
Under the ſanction of my darling ſon:
That ſon, of nature royal as his name,
Is deſtin'd to redeem our race from ſhame;
His boundleſs pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way ſmooth, the crooked ſtraight,
Shall for our eaſe the raging floods reſtrain,
And ſink the mountain level to the plain.
Diſcord, whom in a cavern under ground
With maſſy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own fleſh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curſes to the vacant air,
Where, that ſhe never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door.
For better purpoſe ſhall our chief releaſe,
Diſguiſe her for a time, and call her Peace.
Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak Engliſh help themſelves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours ſhall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites are ſtill the ſame,
To ſoothe our rage, the temporiſing brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Againſt their ſaviour venom'd falſehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith ſhall they commit

(Our faith which, in extremeſt perils tried,
Diſdain'd, and ſtill diſdains, to change her ſide)
That ſacred Majeſty they all approve,
Who moſt enjoys, and beſt deſerves their love.

AN EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Amongst the ſons of men how few are known
Who dare be juſt to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and ſuperior ſenſe
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can ſcarcely bear,
So nice is Jealouſy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's baſe,
Proclaim thyſelf the monſter of thy race;
Let vice and folly thy black ſoul divide,
Be proud with meanneſs, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From ſide to ſide, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all thoſe charities, thoſe ſacred ties,
Which nature in her bounty, good as wiſe,
To work our ſafety, and enſure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Liſt againſt virtue power's oppreſſive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehenſive line,
To group, which volumes ſcarcely could define,
Whate'er of ſin and dullneſs can be ſaid,
Join to a F——'s heart a D———'s head;
Yet may'ſt thou paſs unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from envy, ſafely ſneak along.
The rigid ſaint, by whom no mercy's ſhown
To ſaints whoſe lives are better than his own,
Shall ſpare thy crimes; and wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, ſhall forgive a dunce,
But ſhould thy ſoul, form'd in ſome luckleſs hour,
Vile int'reſt ſcorn, nor madly graſp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind,
A brave diſcaſe, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reaſon's court, is amply juſtified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averſe to ſtrife,
Should'ſt thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'ſt thou, by pale and ſickly ſtudy led,
Purſue coy ſcience to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the paſſions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the ſick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breaſt,
Redoubled horror grinning on her creſt,
Fiercer each ſnake, and ſharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell ſhall mad'ning envy ſtart.
Then ſhalt thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how ſhort is glory's date!
Then ſhalt thou find, whilſt friends with foes conſpire
To give more proof than virtue would deſire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's ſo great as daring to excel.
Whilſt Satire thus, diſdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honeſt ſoul,
Candour, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the beſt, whene'er ſhe thinks at all,
With the ſweet milk of human kindneſs bleſs'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repreſs'd.
Canſt thou, with more than uſual warmth, ſhe cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Canſt thou, ſevere by nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thouſand ways,
To ſpin detraction forth from themes of praiſe,
To make vice fit for purpoſes of ſtrife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good ſeem bad, the bad ſeem worſe,
And repreſent our nature as our curſe?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not diſcretion warn thee of diſgrace,
And danger grinning ſtare thee in the face;
Loud as the drum, which ſpreading terror round
From emptineſs acquires the pow'r of ſound?
Doth not the voice of Norton ſtrike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy ſoul with fear?
Do'ſt thou, fond man, believe thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thou'rt honeſt, and becauſe thou'rt poor?
Doſt thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r?
When Wilkes, *prejudg'd*, is ſentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Doſt thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which ſtate-ſcoundrels oft have ſafety found)
Doſt thou pretend, and there a ſanction find,
Unpuniſh'd, thus to libel human kind?
When poverty, the poet's conſtant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'ſt thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had int'reſt, pliant int'reſt, been thy guide,
And had not prudence been debauch'd by pride,
In flatt'ry's ſtream thou would'ſt have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great, and not to honeſt men,
Nor ſhould conviction have ſeduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker though the better part.
What but rank folly, for thy curſe decreed,
Could into ſatire's barren path miſlead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-ſoothing panegyric's ſlow'ry way?
There might the muſe have ſaunter'd at her eaſe,
And, pleaſing others, learn'd herſelf to pleaſe;
Lords ſhould have liſten'd to the ſugar'd treat,
And *ladies*, ſimp'ring, own'd it vaſtly ſweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verſe with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taſte,
Muſt have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, ſuch truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy ſacred brethren too (for they no leſs
Than laymen, bring their off'rings to ſucceſs)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilſt thou
In *lawn* hadſt whiſper'd to a ſleeping crowd
As dull as R——, and half as proud.
Peace, candour!—Wiſely had'ſt thou ſaid, and well,
Could int'reſt in this breaſt one moment dwell,

Could ſhe, with proſpect of ſucceſs, oppoſe
The firm reſolves which from conviction roſe.
I cannot truckle to a fool of ſtate,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by ſuch means to ſhine;
I ſcorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyſelf,
Thou haſt aſſum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's diſhonour fram'd,
Cunning in heav'n, amongſt us prudence nam'd,
That *ſervile* prudence which I leave to thoſe
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I with cruel and oppreſſive rhymes
Purſu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when virtue gaſping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made modeſty in bluſhes ſpeak,
And drawn the tear down beauty's ſacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that ſex which honour bids me praiſe;
Had I, from vengeance by baſe views betray'd,
In endleſs night ſunk injur'd Ayliff's ſhade;
Had I (which ſatirifts of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom juſtice ſhall purſue
In future verſe) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Becauſe his worth was greater than my own;
Had I ſpar'd thoſe (ſo *prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God ſo help me at my greateſt need,
I ne'er will ſpare, thoſe vipers to their king, [ſting,
Who ſmooth their looks, and flatter whilſt they
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boaſt
Of thoſe who flatter leaſt, but love him moſt;
Had I thus ſinn'd, my ſtubborn ſoul ſhould bend
At candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myſelf ſhould be the firſt
To hate myſelf, and ſtamp my muſe accurs'd.
But ſhall my arm—forbid it manly pride,
Forbid it reaſon, warring on my ſide—
For vengeance lifted high, the ſtroke forbear,
And hang ſuſpended in the deſert air,
Or to my trembling ſide unnerv'd ſink down,
Palſied, forſooth, by candour's half-made frown?
When juſtice bids me on, ſhall I delay
Becauſe inſipid candour bars my way?
When ſhe, of all alike the puling friend,
Would diſappoint my ſatire's nobleſt end,
When ſhe to villains would a ſanction give,
And ſhelter thoſe who are not fit to live,
When ſhe would ſcreen the guilty from a bluſh,
And bids me ſpare whom reaſon bids me cruſh,
All leagues with candour proudly I reſign;
She cannot be for honour's turn nor mine.
Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom vice can't fear, whom virtue can't commend,
Come candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, faſhion'd without feelings, doſt expect
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and obſerve the nature of our crimes,
The groſs and rank complexion of the times,
Obſerve it well, and then review my plan;
Praiſe if you will, or cenſure if you can.

While vice preſumptuous lords it as in ſport,
And piety is only known at court;
Whilſt wretched liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burden of exciſe;
Whilſt nobles act, without one touch of ſhame,
What men of humble rank would bluſh to name;
Whilſt honour's plac'd in higheſt point of view,
Worſhipp'd by thoſe who juſtice never knew;
Whilſt bubbles of diſtinction waſte in play
The hours of reſt, and blunder through the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their ſleep;
Whilſt fathers, by relentleſs paſſion led,
Doom worthy injur'd ſons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill got, ill fav'd, wealth, to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upſtart race;
Whilſt Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty ſoul for pay;
Whilſt titles ſerve to huſh a villain's fears;
Whilſt peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilſt baſe betrayers are themſelves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilſt C——, falſe to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour ſold,
To ſhame his maſter, friend, and father gives;
Whilſt Bute remains in pow'r, whilſt Holland lives;
Can ſatire want a ſubject, where diſdain,
By virtue fir'd, may point her ſharpeſt ſtrain;
Where, cloth'd with thunder, truth may roll along,
And candour juſtify the rage of ſong?
Such things! ſuch men before thee! ſuch an age!
Where rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And ſicken e'en to ſurfeit, where the pride
Of ſatire, pouring down in fulleſt tide,
May ſpread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Juſtice behold the ruin with a ſmile;
Whilſt I, thy foe miſdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor diſapprove that rage I wiſh to ſtem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chooſe
To foil the credit of thy haughty muſe?
With fallacy, moſt infamous, to ſtain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the ſtage unfold;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy ſatire fell,
And poor reviews conſpir'd thy wrath to ſwell;
When ſtates and ſtateſmen next became thy care,
And only kings were ſafe if thou waſt there;
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in judgment's ſcale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail.
Why doſt thou now to falſehood meanly fly?
Not even candour can forgive a lie.
Bad as men are, why ſhould thy frantic rhymes
Traffic in ſlander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which exiſting only in thy mind,
Weak ſpleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleaſing hopes we lure the human heart
To practiſe virtue, and improve in art; [fame,
To thwart theſe ends (which, proud of honeſt
A noble muſe would cheriſh and enflame)
Thy *drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we ſeek, we never can obtain;

That dead to virtue, loſt to Nature's plan,
Envy poſſeſſes the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wiſe.
'Tis a rank falſehood; ſearch the world around,
There cannot be ſo vile a monſter found,
Not one ſo vile, on whom ſuſpicions fall
Of that groſs guilt, which you impute to all.
Approv'd by thoſe who diſobey her laws,
Virtue from vice itſelf extorts applauſe.
Her very foes bear witneſs to her ſtate;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate virtue for herſelf, with ſpite purſue
Merit for merit's ſake! Might this be true,
I would renounce my nature with diſdain,
And with the beaſts that periſh graze the plain:
Might this be true, had we ſo far fill'd up
The meaſure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt ſo deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirſting for ſin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin muſt involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in juſtice cruſh us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongſt them the worſt,
Thoſe who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be ſo loſt; nor can the worſt of all
At once into ſuch deep damnation fall;
By painful ſlow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in hell muſt be a work of time.
Ceaſe then thy guilty rage, thou wayward ſon,
With the foul gall of diſcontent o'er-run,
Liſt to my voice—be honeſt, if you can,
Nor ſlander nature in her fav'rite man.
But if thy ſpirit, reſolute in ill,
Once having err'd, perſiſts in error ſtill,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent thoſe blaſphemies in air,
Which I would ſtamp as falſe, though on the tongue
Of angels the injurious ſlander hung.
Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who ſnares the coxcomb to deceive himſelf)
Or, blinded by that rage, didſt thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourſelves deceive?
That we as ſterling falſehood would admit,
Becauſe 'twas ſeaſon'd with ſome little wit?
When fiction riſes pleaſing to the eye,
Men will believe, becauſe they love the lie;
But truth herſelf, if clouded with a frown,
Muſt have ſome ſolemn proof to paſs her down.
Haſt thou, maintaining that which muſt diſgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,
Haſt thou, or canſt thou, in truth's ſacred court,
To ſave thy credit, and thy cauſe ſupport,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
On which ſo great, ſo groſs a charge to found!
Nay, doſt thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falſehood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man ſo loſt, to Nature ſo untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge thy raſhneſs drew?
On this foundation ſhalt thou ſtand or fall—
Prove that in one, which you have charg'd on all.
Reaſon determines, and it muſt be done;
'Mongſt men, or paſt, or preſent, name me one.
Hogarth—I take thee, candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of candour but the name;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry ſtrains
With that mean falſehood which my ſoul diſdains—
Hogarth ſtand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, candour, now thou ſhalt receive ſuch proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou ſhalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth ſtand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where conſcience muſt preſide;
At that moſt ſolemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you ſtand—
Speak, but conſider well—from firſt to laſt
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action paſt—
Nay, you ſhall have no reaſon to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Canſt thou remember from thy earlieſt youth,
And as thy God muſt judge thee, ſpeak the truth,
A ſingle inſtance where, *ſelf* laid aſide,
And juſtice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye didſt genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a ſure offence,
And thy ſoul ſickens at the name of ſenſe.
Is any one ſo fooliſh to ſucceed,
On envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
Hogarth, a guilty pleaſure in his eyes,
The place of executioner ſupplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the ſacred feaſt,
And proves himſelf by cruelty a prieſt.
Whilſt the weak artiſt, to thy whims a ſlave,
Would bury all thoſe pow'rs which Nature gave,
Would ſuffer blank concealment to obſcure
Thoſe rays thy jealouſy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would ruſt unknown,
And to ſecure thy credit blaſt his own,
In Hogarth he was ſure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
But when his ſpirit, rous'd by honeſt ſhame,
Shook off that lethargy, and ſoar'd to fame,
When, with the pride of man, reſolv'd and ſtrong,
He ſcorn'd thoſe fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himſelf determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could ſuch a rebel know?
He had deſert, and Hogarth was his foe.
Souls of a tim'rous caſt, of petty name
In envy's court, not yet quite dead to ſhame,
May ſome remorſe, ſome qualms of conſcience feel,
And ſuffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and completely great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Through ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Paſſion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue ſpeak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
The daring ſpirit ſcorns her narrow ſchemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.
Man's practice duly weigh'd, through ev'ry age
On the ſame plan hath envy form'd her rage:
'Gainſt thoſe whom fortune hath our rivals made
In way of ſcience, and in way of trade,
Stung with mean jealouſy, ſhe arms her ſpite,
Firſt works, then views their ruin with delight.

Our Hogarth here a grand improver ſhines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himſelf o'erleaps the ſervile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a groſs inſult to his o'ergrown ſtate;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.
When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Aroſe, his king, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the ſneaking cowards drew,
When rancour found it far beyond her reach
To foil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had bluſh'd to ſhow their face,
To make that effort, which muſt damn thy name,
And ſink thee deep, deep in thy grave with ſhame?
Did virtue move thee? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadſt not done it, thou hadſt di'd.
Malice (who, diſappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herſelf, and driven to the ſtake,
Gives virtue that revenge ſhe ſcorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmoſt verge,
Had Wilkes and liberty eſcap'd thy ſcourge.
When that great charter, which our fathers bought
With their beſt blood, was into queſtion brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each Engliſh head
Vile ſlav'ry hung ſuſpended by a thread;
When liberty, all trembling and aghaſt,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was paſt;
When ev'ry breaſt was chill'd with deep deſpair,
Till reaſon pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, moſt ruffian like, behind a ſcreen,
So plac'd all things to ſee, himſelf unſeen,
Virtue, with due contempt, ſaw Hogarth ſtand,
The murd'rous pencil in his paſſied hand.
What was the cauſe of liberty to him,
Or what was honour? Let them ſink or ſwim,
So he may gratify without controul,
The mean reſentments of his ſelfiſh ſoul.
Let freedom periſh, if, to freedom true,
In the ſame ruin Wilkes may periſh too.
With all the ſymptoms of aſſur'd decay,
With age and ſickneſs pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The ſpirits out of tune, the nerves unſtrung,
The body ſhrivell'd up, thy dim eyes ſunk
Within their ſockets deep, thy weak hams ſhrunk
The body's weight unable to ſuſtain,
The ſtream of life ſcarce trembling through the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honeſt truths, which fell,
Through thy own fault, from men who wiſh'd thee well,
Canſt thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things elſe, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy cloſet, ſhut thee in,
By deep repentance waſh away thy ſin,
From haunts of men to ſhame and ſorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

Vain exhortation! Waſh the Ethiop white,
Diſcharge the leopard's ſpots, turn day to night,
Controul the courſe of nature, bid the deep
Huſh at thy pigmy voice her waves to ſleep,
Perform things paſſing ſtrange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in ſuch a heart.
That envy which was woven in the frame
At firſt, will to the laſt remain the ſame.
Reaſon may droop, may die, but envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers ſtrength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that envy, who with giant ſtride
Stalks through the vale of life by virtue's ſide,
Retreats when ſhe hath drawn her lateſt breath,
And calmly hears her praiſes after death.
To ſuch obſervers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but envy cannot die;
Within the manſion of his gloomy breaſt,
A manſion ſuited well to ſuch a gueſt,
Immortal, unimpair'd ſhe rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyſelf the idol of thy awkward ſtrain,
Through the dull meaſure of a ſummer's day,
In phraſe moſt vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilſt friends with friends all gaping ſit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praiſe.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mention'd with reſpect ſome ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of art with greateſt honour wore,
How have I ſeen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confuſion ſeize thy mangled tale!
How hath thy jealouſy to madneſs grown,
And deem'd his praiſe injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artiſts all became thy prey;
Then didſt thou trample on eſtabliſh'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient ſchools,
Condemn'd thoſe works, with praiſe through ages grac'd,
Which you had never ſeen, or could not taſte.
"But would mankind have true perfection ſhown,
"It muſt be found in labours of my own.
"I dare to challenge in one ſingle piece,
"Th' united force of Italy and Greece."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boaſted maſterpiece to view.
Spare thy remarks—ſay not a ſingle word—
The picture ſeen, why is the painter heard?
Call not up ſhame and anger in our cheeks;
Without a comment Sigiſmunda ſpeaks.
Poor Sigiſmunda! what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great high prieſt of all the nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a muſe could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;
Gave thee thoſe ſoft ſenſations, which might move
And warm the coldeſt anchorite to love;
Gave thee that virtue which could curb deſire,
Refine and conſecrate love's headſtrong fire;
Gave thee thoſe griefs which made the ſtoic feel,
And call'd compaſſion forth from hearts of ſteel;
Gave thee that firmneſs which our ſex may ſhame,
And make man bow to woman's juſter claim,

So that our tears, which from compaſſion flow,
Seem to debaſe thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from nature and herſelf eſtrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To ſhow her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigiſmunda now devoted ſtand,
The helpleſs victim of a Dauber's hand!
But why, *my* Hogarth, ſuch a progreſs made,
So rare a pattern for the ſign-poſt trade,
In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* painting laid aſide?
Why is it not reſum'd? Thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy ſupport;
Be grateful then for once, and, through the field
Of politics, thy *Epic* pencil wield,
Maintain the cauſe, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.
Through ev'ry *Pannel* let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's ſons (whom they conſpir'd to bleſs
Againſt our will, with inſolent ſucceſs)
Approve their fall, and with addreſſes run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottiſh ſun!
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the ſtrong arm of juſtice, ſhook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to increaſe,
Point out the honours of ſucceeding peace;
Our *moderation*, Chriſtian-like, diſplay,
Show what we got, and what we gave away.
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State*-chaos through the whole prevail.
But, of events regardleſs, whilſt the muſe,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme purſues;
Whilſt her quick ſpirits rouſe at freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilſt a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my ſtrong anger to the bitt'reſt end;
Whilſt honeſt trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue paſs unprais'd:
Juſtice with equal courſe bids ſatire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greateſt foe.
O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which ſcorns the rule of envy, pride, and ſpleen,
Which ſprings not from the labour'd works of art,
But hath its riſe from nature in the heart,
Which in itſelf with happineſs is crown'd,
And ſpreads with joy the bleſſing all around!
But truth forbids, and in theſe ſimple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praiſe,
Muſt Hogarth ſtand: that praiſe which genius gives,
In which to lateſt time the *Artiſt* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly underſtood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good;
That praiſe be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which genius wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, ſhould envy tear it down,
Myſelf would labour to replace the crown.

In walks of humour, in that caſt of ſtyle,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us ſmile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their ſoul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain ſtory to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd ſtands, and ſhall engage
Unrivall'd praiſe to the moſt diſtant age.
How could'ſt thou then to ſhame perverſely run,
And tread that path which nature bade thee ſhun?
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vaſt parts become the ſport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for ſome monſtrous crime
Pride ſtruck thee with the phrenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finiſh'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herſelf ſo blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor ſee thoſe faults which ev'ry blockhead ſaw?
Bluſh, thou vain man, and if deſire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick deſtruction Sigiſmunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.
But ſhould fond candour, for her mercy ſake,
With pity view, and pardon this miſtake;
Or ſhould oblivion, to thy wiſh moſt kind,
Wipe off that ſtain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of arts *deſpis'd*, of artiſts by thy frown
Aw'd from juſt hopes, of *riſing worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanneſs through this mortal race,
Can'ſt thou the living memory eraſe?
Or ſhall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back juſt that meaſure which you gave?
With ſo much merit, and ſo much ſucceſs,
With ſo much pow'r to curſe, ſo much to bleſs,
Would he have been man's friend inſtead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little god below.
Why then, like ſavage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in ſcripture ſtory we are told,
Doſt thou in cruelty that ſtrength employ,
Which nature meant to ſave, not to deſtroy?
Why doſt thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou haſt made?
Moſt rank ill-nature muſt applaud thy art;
But even candour muſt condemn thy heart.
For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In ſpite of railing thouſands, will commend,
And, no leſs warm and zealous 'gainſt my foes,
Spite of commending thouſands, will oppoſe,
I dare thy worſt, with ſcorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glaſs,
We ſee how men to diſſolution paſs.
Thou *wretched being*, whom, on reaſon's plan,
So chang'd, ſo loſt, I cannot call a man,
What could perſuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afreſh into the ſea of ſtrife?

Better for thee, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
Almoſt as much a child as at thy birth,
To have reſign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And ſunk unnotic'd in the arms of death.
Why would thy gray, gray hairs reſentment brave,
Thus to go down with ſorrow to the grave?
Now, by my ſoul, it makes me bluſh to know
My ſpirit could deſcend to ſuch a foe.
Whatever cauſe the vengeance might provoke,
It ſeems rank cowardice to give the ſtroke.
Sure 'tis a curſe which angry fates impoſe,
To mortify man's arrogance, that thoſe
Who're faſhion'd of ſome better ſort of clay,
Much ſooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs muſt humble genius feel,
In their laſt hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How muſt ill-boding horrors fill her breaſt,
When ſhe beholds men, mark'd above the reſt
For qualities moſt dear, plung'd from that height,
And ſunk, deep ſunk, in ſecond childhood's night?
Are men, indeed, ſuch things, and are the beſt
More ſubject to this evil than the reſt,
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And ſit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumſtance to human pride!
Abaſing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herſelf, and is deſtroy'd by thought.
Conſtant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to inſolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Poſſeſs'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greateſt genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

With eager ſearch to dart the ſoul,
Curiouſly vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets wand'ring ſpheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all thoſe years ſhall flow
Serenely ſmooth, and free from woe,
Or rude misfortune ſhall deform
Our life with one continual ſtorm;
Or if the ſcene ſhall motley be,
Alternate joy and miſery;
Is a deſire, which, more or leſs,
All men muſt feel, though few confeſs.
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords ſubſiſtence to the ſage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the ſtars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come ſome ages hence,
Which unto friends, at eaſy rates,
He readily communicates.

At its firſt riſe, which all agree on,
This noble ſcience was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the ſtars, obſerv'd their motions,
And ſuck'd in aſtrologic notions,
Which they ſo eagerly purſue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilſt they're conſulting things above;
And when they now ſo poor were grown,
That they'd no houſes of their own,
They made bold with their friends the ſtars,
And prudently made uſe of theirs.
To Egypt from Chaldea it travell'd,
And fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic ſcience ſoon ſtruck root,
And flouriſh'd into high repute.
Each learned prieſt, O ſtrange to tell!
Could circles make, and caſt a ſpell;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of divination.
Nobles themſelves, for at that time
Knowledge in nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the prieſt,
And propheſy as much at leaſt.
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whoſe crafty ſkill mars nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with ſmirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' deſires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all,
Whom we, miſtaking, gypſies call.
The Grecian ſages borrow'd this,
As they did other ſciences,
From fertile Egypt, though the loan
They had not honeſty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inſpir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
And to all comers gave their anſwers:
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of fate might hear;
Each ſubtle prieſt, on three-legg'd ſtool,
To take in wiſe men, play the fool.
A myſtery, ſo made for gain,
E'en now in faſhion muſt remain.
Enthuſiaſts never will let drop
What brings ſuch buſineſs to their ſhop,
And that great ſaint we Whiteſield call,
Keeps up the humbug ſpiritual.
Among the Romans, not a bird
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry crow was to the ſtate
A ſure interpreter of fate.
Prophets, embodied in a college,
(Time out of mind your ſeat of knowledge,
For genius never fruit can bear
Unleſs it firſt is planted there,
And ſolid learning never falls
Without the verge of college walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was beſt to watch or ſleep.

To eat or drink, to go or ſtay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe;*
When emperors would live or die,
They in an *aſs's ſkull* could ſpy;
When gen'rals would their ſtation keep,
Or turn their backs, *in hearts of ſheep.*
In matters, whether ſmall or great,
In private families or ſtate,
As among us, the holy ſeer
Officiouſly would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend ſkill
Would bend lay-bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Juſt as it ſerv'd his private ends.
Whether in honeſt way of trade,
Traps for virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Deſigns were form'd againſt the ſtate,
Regardleſs of the common weal,
By int'reſt led, which they call zeal,
Into the ſcale was always thrown
The will of Heav'n to back *their own.*
England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow;
Where without culture they ariſe,
And tow'r above the common ſize;
England a fortune-telling hoſt
As num'rous as the ſtars could boaſt;
Matrons who toſs the cup, and ſee
The grounds of fate in grounds of tea;
Who vers'd in ev'ry modeſt lore,
Can a loſt maidenhead reſtore,
Or, if their pupils rather chooſe it,
Can ſhow the readieſt way to loſe it;
Gypſies who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor;
Who charms 'gainſt love and agues fell,
Who can in hen-rooſt ſet a ſpell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them beſt known,
To catch all feet except their own;
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As eaſily as pick a pocket;
Scotchmen who, in their country's right,
Poſſeſs the gift of *ſecond-ſight,*
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)
By lies prophetic heap up riches,
And boaſt the luxury of breeches.
Amongſt the reſt, in former years,
Campbell, illuſtrious name, appears,
Great hero of futurity,
Who *blind* could every thing *foreſee,*
Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *foretel,*
Who fate with equity to ſell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven
According to what price was given.
Of Scottiſh race, in Highlands born,
Poſſeſs'd with native pride and ſcorn,
He hither came, by cuſtom led,
To curſe the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth and want of ſenſe,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A *ſuccedaneum*, which we find
In common uſe with all mankind)
Careſs'd and favour'd too by thoſe,
Whoſe heart with patriot feelings glows;
Who fooliſhly, where'er diſperſ'd,
Still place their native country firſt;
(For Engliſhmen alone have ſenſe,
To give a *ſtranger* preference.
Whilſt modeſt merit of their own
Is left in poverty to groan)
Campbell foretold juſt what he would,
And left the ſtars to make it good;
On whom he had impreſs'd ſuch awe,
His dictates current paſs'd for law;
Submiſſive all his empire own'd;
No ſtar durſt ſmile when Campbell frown'd.
This ſage deceas'd, for all muſt die,
And Campbell's no more ſafe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When death ſhall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the ſpheres;
Another and *another* came,
Of equal ſkill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wiſe each frown;
In ev'ry thing ſo like, you'd ſwear,
Campbell himſelf was ſitting there.
To *all* the happy art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own.*
Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the ſtars we go,
The greater we eſteem his art,
Fools curious flock from ev'ry part.
The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,
And thoſe who could not walk were carried.
The butler, hanging down his head,
By *chamber-maid*, or *cook-maid* led,
Inquires, if from his friend the moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd ſpoon.
The court-bred woman of condition
(Who, to approve her diſpoſition
As much ſuperior as her birth
To thoſe compos'd of common earth,
With double ſpirit muſt engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.
The hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongſt the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might ſome thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to gueſs
At his employment by his dreſs,
Put med'cines off from cart or ſtage,
The grand Toſcano of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
High ſteward of a puppet-ſhow,
Steward and ſtewardſhip moſt meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought, (though, ſave the mark,
That point is ſomething in the dark)

The man of honour, one like thoſe
Renown'd in ſtory, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for ſport, from morn to night;
Who treads like Mavors firm, whoſe tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to fear—Stand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof;
Would be deem'd ready when you liſt,
With ſword and piſtol, ſtick and fiſt,
Careleſs of points, balls, bruiſes, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the ſame time bears about,
Within himſelf ſome touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly underſtood
By all to be a real good;
That even in a *hero's* heart,
Diſcretion is the better part;
That this fame honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like Drugger comes, that magic pow'rs
May aſcertain his *lucky* hours.
For at ſome hours the fickle dame
Whom fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er conſiders wrong or right,
When wanted moſt plays leaſt in ſight,
And, like a modern *court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into ſome other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear uſurps the vacant ſeat;
Whence *planet-ſtruck* we often find
Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.
Farther he'd know (and by his art
A conjuror can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a ſecond,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full ſtomachs mad;
Whether before he ſeeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle ſalivation,
Conſiſtently with reputation,
Might not of precious uſe be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the conſequence
Which oftentimes ariſes thence,
Thoſe fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of ſurgeon;
Whether a wind at eaſt or weſt
Is for green wounds accounted beſt;
Whether (was he to chooſe) his mouth
Should point towards the north or ſouth;
Whether moſt ſafely he might uſe
On theſe occaſions, pumps or ſhoes;
Whether it better is to fight
By *ſun-ſhine*, or by *candle light*;
Or (leſt a *candle* ſhould appear
Too mean to ſhine in ſuch a ſphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell,
And leſt the *ſun* ſhould partial riſe
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
Or one or t' other's brains to ſcorch)
Might not *Dame* Luna hold a torch;
Theſe points with dignity diſcuſs'd,
And gravely fix'd a taſk which muſt
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *man of war* would next engage
The kind aſſiſtance of the ſage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which ſhould make theſe of none effect.
Could he not, from the myſtic ſchool
Of art, produce ſome ſacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to thoſe who would not fight?
Or could he not ſome way diſpenſe,
By help of which (without offence
To *honour*, whoſe nice nature's ſuch,
She ſcarce endures the ſlighteſt touch)
When he, for want of t' other rule,
Miſtakes his man, and, like a fool,
With ſome vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?
Or, ſhould ſome demon lay a ſcheme
To drive him to the laſt extreme,
So that he muſt confeſs his fears,
In mercy to his noſe and ears,
And, like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not ſome expedient buy
To keep his ſhame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That honour's like a *maidenhead*,
Which, if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worſe, but walks the town,
Ne'er loſt, until the loſs be known.
The parſon too (for now and then
Parſons are juſt like other men,
And here and there a *grave* divine
Has paſſions ſuch as your's or mine)
Burning with *holy* luſt to know
When fate preferment will beſtow,
'Fraid of detection, not of ſin,
With circumſpection ſneaking in
To *conj'ror*, as he does to *whore*,
Through ſome bye-alley, or back door,
With the ſame caution *orthodox*
Conſults the *ſtars*, and gets a *pox*.
The citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no deity but gold,
Worn out, and gaſping now for breath,
A med'cine wants to keep off death;
Would know, if that he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the ſtocks (which by *his* pow'r
Would riſe or fall in half an hour,
For, though unthought of and unſeen,
He work'd the ſprings behind the ſcreen)
By *his* directions came about,
And roſe to *par*, he ſhould ſell out;
Whether he ſafely might or no
Replace it in the funds *below*.

By all addreſs'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many purſu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Succeſſive held the magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling paſſion,
The love of novelty and faſhion,
Ambition, av'rice, luſt, and pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry ſide.
But when the *prudent* laws thought fit
To curb this inſolence of wit;
When ſenates wiſely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no ſuch vile and upſtart elves
Should have more knowledge than themſelves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To ſtop the progreſs of the trade,
And ſtars no longer could diſpenſe,
With *honour*, farther influence,
And wizards (which muſt be confeſt
Was of more force than all the reſt)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted ſages were perforce
Oblig'd to ſteer ſome other courſe.
By various ways, theſe *ſons of chance*
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves ſtarve not in the *land of fools*.
Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wiſe men borrow when they pleaſe,
Without or trouble or expence,
Phyſicians inſtantly commence,
And proudly boaſt an equal ſkill
With thoſe who claim the *right to kill*.
Others about the countries roam
(For not one thought of going *home*)
With piſtol and adopted leg,
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.
Some, the more ſubtle of their race,
(Who felt ſome touch of *coward* grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deſerving it)
Came to their *brother* Smollet's aid,
And carried on the critic trade.
Attach'd to letters and the muſe,
Some verſes wrote, and *ſome* wrote news;
Thoſe each revolving month are ſeen,
The heroes of a *magazine*;
Theſe, ev'ry morning, great appear
In Ledger, or in Gazetteer;
Spreading the falſehoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say;
Like Swiſs, their force is always laid
On that ſide where they beſt are paid.
Hence mighty prodigies ariſe,
And daily monſters ſtrike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More ſtrange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And fools believe, whilſt liars eat.
Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a ſuperſtitious age;
Now comets through the ether range,
In governments portending change;

Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick, they leave their channels dry;
Now monſtrous whales on Lambeth ſhore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirſt for more;
And ev'ry now and then appears
An Iriſh ſavage numb'ring years,
More than thoſe happy ſages could
Who drew their breath before the flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A *church* is left without a *ſteeple*;
A *ſteeple* now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the *church*,
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on cattle to diſcharge,
Hail-ſtones as deadly fall, and large
As thoſe which were on Egypt ſent,
At once their crime and puniſhment;
Or thoſe which, as the prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, ſtruck with wonder and amaze,
The *ſun* ſuſpended, ſtay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In Ajalon his *ſiſter* ſlept.
But if ſuch things no more engage
The taſte of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another Tofts muſt *rabbits* breed.
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with ſpleen and fears,
Conſults her faithful glaſs no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By fancy turn'd into a *doe*.
Now, to promote their private ends,
Nature her uſual courſe ſuſpends,
And varies from the ſtated plan,
Obſerv'd e'er ſince the world began.
Bodies (which fooliſhly we thought,
By cuſtom's ſervile maxims taught,
Needed a regular ſupply,
And without nouriſhment muſt die)
With craving appetites and ſenſe
Of hunger eaſily diſpenſe,
And, pliant to *their* wond'rous ſkill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to ſtand ſtill
Uninjur'd, for a month or more,
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale ſucceeds,
Amply ſupplies its author's needs;
And Betty Canning is at leaſt,
With Gaſcoyne's help, a ſix months feaſt.
Whilſt, in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant ſuperſtition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from nature's plan:
Whilſt fond credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholeſome doubts could bear,
To reaſon and herſelf unjuſt,
Takes all things blindly up on truſt;
Whilſt curioſity, whoſe rage
No mercy ſhows to ſex or age,
Muſt be indulg'd at the expence
Of *judgment*, *truth*, and *common ſenſe*;

Impoſtures cannot but prevail,
And when *old miracles* grow ſtale,
Jugglers will ſtill the art purſue,
And entertain the world with *new*.
For them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty ſkill,
Sad ſpirits ſummon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghaſtly through the gloom,
In all the uſual pomp of ſtorms,
In horrid cuſtomary forms,
A wolf, a bear an horſe, an ape,
As fear and fancy gave them ſhape
Tormented with deſpair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and guilt (for guilt, howe'er
The face of courage it may wear,
Is ſtill a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms ſtart.
The prieſt, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wiſe,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unleſs eſcorted by his clerk.
But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of ſo deep a ſcheme;
For reputation of the *art*,
Each ghoſt muſt act a proper part,
Obſerve *decorum's* needful grace,
And keep the laws of *time* and *place*,
Muſt change, with happy variation,
His manners with his ſituation;
What in the country might paſs down,
Would be impertinent in town.
No ſpirit of *diſcretion* here
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill ſerve the purpoſe more by half
To make the congregation laugh.
We want no enſigns of ſurpriſe,
Locks ſtiff with gore, and ſawcer eyes;
Give *us* an entertaining *ſprite*,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in ſuch a form
As might an holy hermit warm,
Or who on former ſchemes refines,
And only talks by ſounds and ſigns,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her viſits to the ear,
And knocks ſo gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkeſt night
Such is *our* FANNY, whoſe good will,
Which cannot in the grave lie ſtill,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock-lane.

BOOK II.

A SACRED ſtandard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer to Apollo's ſhrine,
And call on one or all the nine.
This cuſtom, through a *bigot* zeal,
Which moderns of *fine taſte* muſt feel
For thoſe who wrote in days of yore
Adopted ſtands like many more,
Though ev'ry cauſe, which then conſpir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to time's deſtructive courſe,
For ages paſt hath loſt its force.
With *ancient* bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worſhip an eſſential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull ſolemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to ſerve a turn.
They talk'd not of Caſtalian ſprings,
By way of ſaying *pretty things*,
As *we* dreſs out our flimſy rhymes;
'Twas the religion of the *times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* ſtream
With greater force made fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true ſpecific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus Romiſh church (a ſcheme which bears
Not half ſo much excuſe as theirs)
Since faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *holy water*.
The Pagan ſyſtem, whether true
Or falſe, its ſtrength, like *buildings*, drew
From many parts diſpos'd to bear,
In one great whole, their proper ſhare.
Each god of *eminent* degree
To ſome vaſt *beam* compar'd might be;
Each godling was a *peg*, or rather
A *cramp*, to keep the *beams* together;
And man as ſafely might pretend
From Jove the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aſpire
To rob Apollo of his *lyre*.
With ſettled faith and pious awe,
Eſtabliſh'd by the voice of law,
Then poets to the muſes came,
And from their altars caught the flame.
Genius, with Phœbus for his guide,
The muſe aſcending by his ſide,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to ſoar,
Where eye could ſcarcely ſtrain before.
But why ſhould we, who cannot feel
Theſe glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
That wild *enthuſiaſtic* force,
By which, above her common courſe,
Nature in *ecſtacy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with ſcorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* religion than *our own*,
And feel not half ſo fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fiſher's name;
Who know theſe boaſted *ſacred ſtreams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That Thames has waters clear as thoſe
Which on the top of Pindus roſe,
And that the fancy to refine,
Water's not half ſo good as wine;
Who know, if profit ſtrike our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So ſoon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raiſe poetic fire,
The pow'r of *beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew;

If *wit* into the ſcale is thrown,
Can boaſt a Lennox of our own;
Why ſhould *we* ſervile cuſtoms chooſe,
And court an *antiquated muſe?*
No matter why—to aſk a *reaſon*,
In pedant bigotry is treaſon.
In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd panegyric ode*,
No *modern poet* dare to ride
Without Apollo by his ſide,
Nor in a *ſonnet* take the air,
Unleſs his *lady muſe* be there.
She, from ſome *amaranthine* grove,
Where little loves and graces rove,
The laurel to *my lord* muſt bear,
Or garlands make for *whores* to wear;
She, with ſoft *elegiac* verſe,
Muſt grace ſome *mighty villains'* herſe;
Or for ſome *infant*, doom'd by fate
To wallow in a large eſtate,
With rhymes the cradle muſt adorn,
To tell the world a *fool* is born.
Since then our critic lords expect
No hardy poet ſhould reject
Eſtabliſh'd maxims, or preſume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I ſubmit,
And in this dearth of ſenſe and wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little ſaid*,
(By wild excurſive fancy led,
Into a ſecond book thus far,
Like ſome unwary *traveller*,
Whom varied ſcenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry ſtep leads more aſtray;
Who gazing round can no where ſpy,
Or houſe, or friendly cottage nigh,
And reſolution ſeems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke ſome goddeſs to deſcend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Though conſcious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a ſmile,
Before the glaſs her charms unfolds,
And in *herſelf* my *muſe* beholds.
Truth, goddeſs of celeſtial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whoſe pow'r but ſeldom rules the heart,
Whoſe name, with hypocritic art,
An errant ſtalking-horſe is made,
A ſnug pretence to drive a trade,
An inſtrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, falſehood's throne,
As rebels varniſh o'er their cauſe
With ſpecious colouring of laws,
And *pious* traitors draw the knife
In the king's *name* againſt his *life*;
Whether (from *cities* far away,
Where *fraud* and *falſehood* ſcorn thy ſway)
The faithful nymph's and ſhepherd's pride,
With love and virtue by thy ſide,
Your hours in harmleſs joys are ſpent
Amongſt the children of content;
Or, fond of gaiety and ſport,
You tread the round of England's court;
Howe'er my lord may frowning go,
And treat the *ſtranger* as a *foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome gueſt
In George's and in Charlotte's breaſt,
If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My conſtant ſoul adher'd to truth;
If, from the time I firſt wrote man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by intereſt in vain
To wear mean falſehood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lie;
Hither, O hither, condeſcend,
Eternal Truth, thy ſteps to bend,
And favour *him*, who ev'ry hour
Confeſſes and obeys thy pow'r!
But come not with that eaſy mien,
By which you won the *lively* Dean,
Nor yet aſſume that ſtrumpet air,
Which Rabelais taught thee firſt to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace,
But come in ſacred veſture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly ſad!
Far from thy ſeemly matron train
Be idiot mirth, and laughter vain!
For wit and humour, which pretend
At once to pleaſe us and amend,
They are not for my preſent turn,
Let them remain in *France* with Sterne.
Of nobleſt *city parents* born.
Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
Who ſtill one conſtant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep,
With thee, let formal dullneſs come,
And deep attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilſt every circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Whoſe downcaſt eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to ſome outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But ſtupid without viſion ſtares;
Thy ſteps let gravity attend,
Wiſdom's and *truth's* unerring friend.
For *one* may ſee with half an eye,
That gravity can never lie;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With ſolemn proof proclaims him *wiſe*.
Free from all waggeries and ſports,
The produce of luxurious *courts*,
Where ſloth and luſt enervate youth,
Come *thou*, a downright *city* truth;
The city, which we ever find
A ſober pattern for mankind;
Where *man*, in equilibrio hung,
Is ſeldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not virtue's friend, nor vice's ſlave;
As *dancers* on the *wire* we ſpy,
Hanging between the earth and ſky.
She comes—I ſee her from afar
Bending her courſe to *Temple-Bar*;

All sage and silent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may suit a *parson's* wear,
And fit the head-piece of a *mayor*.
By truth inspir'd, *our* Bacon's force
Open'd the way to learning's source;
Boyle through the works of nature ran;
And Newton, something more than man,
Div'd into nature's hidden springs,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our spirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.
By truth inspir'd, when *Lauder's* spight
O'er Milton cast the veil of night,
Douglas arose, and through the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the subtle traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilst he (O shame to noblest parts,
Dishonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in so vile a scheme)!
Whilst he, *our letter'd* Polypheme,
Who had *confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a base coward, skulk'd behind.
By truth inspir'd, our *critics* go
To track Fingal in *Highland* snow,
To form their own and others *creed*
From *manuscripts* they cannot read.
By truth inspir'd, we numbers see
Of each profession and degree,
Gentle and simple, lord and cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit,
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To FANNY's *ghostly lectures* run
By truth and FANNY now inspir'd,
I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
To sing the spirit of Cock-Lane;
To tell (just as the measure flows
In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *she* united force withstood;
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *wit* and *dulness* in alliance.
This APPARITION (with relation
To ancient modes of *derivation*,
This we may properly so call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of *inuendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly disdains that servile road,
Which coward ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thousand years,
And for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.
Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb;
She dares the sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to *one* or *two*;
She great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in town.
Our active enterprising ghost
As large and splendid routes can boast
As those which, rais'd by pride's command,
Block up the passage through the *Strand*.
Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serve their time on the *parade*;
She-saints who, true to pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor ghost,
And fools, who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And cits, who for the fame cause cry;
The canting tabernacle-brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another)
Ladies, who to a *spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *husbands* lie;
Lords, who as chastely pass their lives
With *other* women as their *wives*;
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,
To FANNY come, with the same view,
To find her false, or find her true.
Hark! something creeps about the house!
Is it a *spirit*, or a *mouse*?
Hark! something *scratches* round the room!
A *cat*, a *rat*, a *stubb'd birch-broom*.
Hark! on the wainscot now it *knocks*!
If thou'rt a *ghost*, cried orthodox,
With that affected *solemn* air
Which hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those *forms of consequence*
Which fools adopt instead of *sense*;
If thou'rt a *ghost*, who from the tomb
Stalk'st sadly *silent* through this gloom,
In breach of nature's stated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cause,
Give *now* nine knocks; like priests of old,
Nine *we* a *sacred number* hold.
'Psha, cried Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* arts,
Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
The force of numbers, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the number, you are right,
As to the *form*, mistaken quite.
What's nine? Your adepts all agree,
The virtue lies in *three times three*.
He said, no need to say it twice,
For thrice she *knock'd*, and thrice, and thrice.
The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In silence at each other gaz'd.
From Celia's hand the snuff-box fell.
Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane Pomposo was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,
And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break;

All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was underſtood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noiſe of chatt'ring geeſe,
Slow ſailing on the ſummer breeze;
Such is the language diſcord ſpeaks
In *Welch women* o'er beds of *leeks*;
Such the confus'd and horrid ſounds
Of *Iriſh* in potatoe grounds.
But tir'd, for even C——'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and confuſion found retreat,
Reaſon and order take their ſeat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the cauſes out.
For this a ſacred rule we find
Among the niceſt of mankind,
Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unleſs they know the cauſes too.
Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant nor one nor t'other,
Who to be ſilent always loth,
Would ſpeak on either ſide, or both,
Who, led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always ſaid it,
Not with an eye to truth, but credit;
For orators *profeſt*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* ſake, but their *own*;
Who always ſhow'd his talents beſt
When ſerious things were turn'd to jeſt,
And, under much impertinence,
Poſſeſs'd no common ſhare of ſenſe;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the ſame zeal as of a ſaint;
Could prove a *Sibyl* brighter far
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilſt ſomething ſtill ſo gay, ſo new,
The ſmile of approbation drew,
And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilſt their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miſs
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his uſual plan,
Smil'd, ſtrok'd his chin, and thus began.
With *ſheers*, or *ſciſſors*, *ſword* or *knife*,
When the fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the grave are ſent,
No matter with what *inſtrument*)
The *body* in ſome lonely ſpot,
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
Or ſleeps among more *holy* dead,
With pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The ſoul is ſent where fate ordains,
To reap rewards, to ſuffer pains.
The virtuous to thoſe manſions go,
Where pleaſures unembitter'd flow;
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
Vigour and youth *dance* hand in hand,
Whilſt zephyr, with *harmonious* gales,
Pipes ſofteſt *muſic* through the vales,
And ſpring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With *velvet carpets* ſpread the ground;
With *livelier bluſh* where roſes bloom,
And ev'ry ſhrub *expires perfume*;
Where *cryſtal* ſtreams *meand'ring glide*,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*;
Where other *ſuns* dart brighter beams,
And light through *purer ether* ſtreams.
Far other ſeats, far diff'rent ſtate
The ſons of wickedneſs await.
Juſtice (not that *old hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *garden* ſeen,
Who lets no ſpark of *mercy* riſe
For crimes, *by which men loſe their eyes*;
Nor her who, with an equal hand,
Weighs *tea* and *ſugar* in the Strand;
Nor her who, by the world deem'd *wiſe*,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainſt the ſtarving orphan's tears,
On *pawns* her baſe *tribunal* rears;
But her who after death preſides,
Whom ſacred truth unerring guides;
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor ſinks nor raiſes *evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *bribe*, and keeps no *clerk*)
Juſtice with equal ſcale below
In due proportion weighs out woe,
And always with ſuch lucky aim
Knows puniſhments ſo fit to frame,
That ſhe augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reaſon to complain.
Old maids and rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and *prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *chum* with *common ſenſe*,
And *luſt* is yok'd to *impotence*.
Profeſſors (*juſtice* ſo decreed)
Unpaid muſt conſtant *lectures* read;
On earth it often doth befal,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parſons muſt practiſe what they teach,
And *Biſhops* are compell'd to preach.
She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whoſe tender nature could not bear
The rudeneſs of the churliſh air,
Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And ſells, whilſt tears with liquor mix,
Burnt brandy on the ſhore of Styx.
Avaro, by long uſe grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And ſell his God for half-a-crown;
Who, if ſome blockhead ſhould be willing
To lend him on his ſoul a ſhilling,
A well-made bargain would eſteem it,
And have more ſenſe than to redeem it;
Juſtice ſhall in thoſe ſhades confine,
To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
All the day long to toil and roar,
And curſing work the ſtubborn ore,
For coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a ſixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of night,
Compell'd the *tall*, *thin*, half-ſtarv'd ſprite,

Shall earth reviſit, and ſurvey
The place where once his treaſure lay;
Shall view the *ſtall*, where *holy* pride
With *letter'd* ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Deſcended to another lord.
Then ſhall *he* ſcreaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and ſcowl deſpair;
Then ſhall *he* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, ſink to hell for eaſe.
Thoſe who on earth through life have paſt
With equal pace, from firſt to laſt,
Nor vex'd with paſſions nor with ſpleen,
Inſipid, eaſy, and ſerene;
Whoſe heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of buſineſs, or of care;
Who without *merit*, without *crime*,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wits,
Mild juſtice with a ſmile permits
Still to purſue their darling plan,
And find amuſement how they can.
The beau, in gaudieſt plumage dreſt
With lucky fancy, o'er the reſt
Of *air* a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother beaux;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No ſign of rain or tempeſt near,
Encourag'd by the cloudleſs day,
Like *gilded butterflies* at play,
So lively all, ſo gay, ſo briſk,
In air they *flutter* *float*, and *friſk*.
The belle (what mortal doth not know,
Belles after death admire a beau)?
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilſt they live,
A heart is *all* which beaux can give.
In ſome ſtill, ſolemn, ſacred ſhade,
Behold a group of authors laid,
News paper wits, and ſonneteers,
Gentlemen hards, and *rhyming* peers,
Biographers, whoſe wond'rous worth
Is ſcarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom Fielding's *humour* led aſtray,
And *plaintive* fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All ſit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and ſing.
On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,
(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing lords* and *laureat fools*,
And which for ever muſt ſucceed
With *other lords* who cannot *read*,
However deſtitute of wit,
To make their works for book-caſe fit)
Acknowledg'd maſter of thoſe feats,
Cibber his *birth-day odes* repeats.
With triumph *now* poſſeſs that ſeat,
With triumph *now* thy odes repeat,
Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilſt ev'ry hearer's lull'd to ſleep;
But know, *illuſtrious* bard, when *fate*,
Which ſtill purſues thy name with hate,
The *regal laurel* blaſts, which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low muſt deſcend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the ſecond name.
Here Trifle cough'd (for *coughing* ſtill
Bears witneſs of the *ſpeaker's* ſkill,
A neceſſary piece of art,
Of *rhet'ric* an eſſential part,
And *adepts* in the ſpeaking trade
Keep a *cough* by them *ready made*,
Which they ſucceſsfully diſpenſe
When at a loſs for *words* or *ſenſe*)
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He ſtrove to recollect his *ſmile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of folly,
Begot on *cloyſter'd* melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn ſacred things to ridicule,
And ſaw him, led by whim away,
Still farther from the ſubject ſtray,
Juſt in the happy nick aloud
In ſhape of M—e, addreſs'd the crowd.
Were we with patience here to ſit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
Till Trifle his harangue ſhould end,
A *Greenland* night we might attend,
Whilſt he, with fluency of ſpeech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,
(Here Trifle, ſternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But nature unawares ſtept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)
And when, in fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error, ſtill in doubt,
He'd leave us where we firſt ſet out.
Thus *ſoldiers* (in whoſe exerciſe
Material uſe with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to ſet them down again.
Believe ye not (yes, all I ſee
In ſound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* ſpirit ſends!
Though ſpeechleſs lay the trembling tongue,
Your *faith* was on your features hung,
Your *faith* I in your eyes could ſee,
When *all* were pale and ſtar'd like *me*.
But ſcruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry ſhadow of dipute,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and I,
With FANNY have agreed to try
A deep concerted ſcheme—This night,
To fix or to deſtroy her quite.
If it be *true*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the ſun;
If it be *falſe*, admit no doubt,
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies ſeſt'ring, whilſt her troubled *ſpirits*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will *we* deſcend, and bring from thence
Proofs of ſuch force to common ſenſe,
Vain *triflers* ſhall no more deceive,
And atheiſts tremble and believe.

He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applause from every tongue.
The mingled sound (now let me see,
Something by way of *simile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian cranes*,
Or *winds, low murmuring, when it rains*,
Or *drowsy hum of clust'ring bees*,
Or the *hoarse roar of angry seas?*
Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our *simile* is vain)
Shall we declare it like *all four*,
A *scream*, a *murmur*, *hum*, and *roar?*
Let fancy now in awful state
Present this *great* triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent,
All *fools* in town to *represent*.
The clock strikes twelve—M—e starts and [swears.
In *oaths* we know, as well as *pray'rs*,
Religion lies, and a *church* brother
May use at will or one or t'other.
Plausible from his cassock drew
A holy manual, seeming new;
A book it was of *private pray'r*,
But not a pin the worse for wear;
For, as we by the bye may say,
None but *small* saints in private pray.
Religion, fairest maid on earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that blest union, when in heaven
Pleasure was bride to Virtue given;
Religion, ever pleas'd to pray,
Possess'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocrisy, of cunning born,
Crept in and stole it ere the morn.
Wh—te—d, that greatest of all saints,
Who always prays and never faints,
Whom she to her *own brothers* bore,
Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore,
Receiv'd it from the *squinting* dame;
From *him* to Plausible it came,
Who with unusual care oppress,
Now trembling, pull'd it from his breast.
Doubts in his boding heart arise,
And fancied spectres blast his eyes.
Devotion springs from abject *fear*,
And stamps his pray'rs for *once* sincere.
Pomposo (insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *scribbling* crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,
For what his greatness hath decreed,
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
Sacred through all the realm of *wit*,
Must never of repeal admit;
Who, curs'ing flattery, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise:
Who, rudely seiz'd of *learning's* throne,
Now damns all learning but his own;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, convincing, and *persuading*,
But makes each sentence current pass
With *puppy, coxcomb, scoundrel, ass*;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown
By way of club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
And sense of *decency* defies;
For this same *decency* is made
Only for bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *cobweb* laws, is still
Broke through by *great ones* when they will)—
Pomposo, with *strong sense* supplied,
Supported and confirm'd by *pride*,
His comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile:
Features so horrid, were it light,
Would put the devil himself to flight.
Such were the *three* in name and worth,
Whom zeal and judgment singled forth
To try the *sprite* on reason's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *man*.
Dark was the night, it was that hour
When terror reigns in fullest pow'r,
When, as the learn'd of old have said,
The yawning grave gives up her dead,
When murder, rapine by her side,
Stalks o'er the earth with *giant* stride;
Our Quixotes (for that *knight* of old
Was not in truth by half so *bold*,
Though reason at the same time cries,
Our Quixotes are not half so *wise*,
Since they, with other follies, boast
An expedition 'gainst a *ghost*)
Through the dull deep surrounding gloom,
In close array, towards FANNY's tomb
Adventur'd forth.—Caution before,
With heedful step, the *lanthorn* bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling, and *talking loud*, went Fear.
The church-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
As in ague, shook around;
While in some *dreary vault* confin'd,
Or riding on the *hollow wind*,
Horror, which turns the heart to stone,
In dreadful sounds was heard to groan,
All staring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.
A vault *it* was, long time apply'd
To hold the last remains of *pride:*
No *beggar* there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;
To rest in *pomp* as well as *ease*,
The only way's to pay the *fees*.
Fools, rogues, and whores, if *rich* and *great*,
Proud even in death, here *rot* in *state*.
No thieves disrobe the *well-dress'd* dead,
No plumbers steal the *sacred* lead;
Quiet and safe the bodies lie,
No sextons *sell*, no surgeons *buy*.
Thrice each the ponderous key apply'd,
And *thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
Till taught by *prudence* to unite,
And straining with collected might,
The stubborn wards resist no more,
But open flies the *grovelling* door.

Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
Like *ſtatues* ſtood, like *madmen* gaz'd;
The frighted blood forſakes the face,
And ſeeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright ſtand the briſtled hairs;
The head in wild diſtraction ſwims:
Cold ſweats bedew the trembling limbs;
Nature, whilſt fears her boſom chill,
Suſpends her pow'rs, and life ſtands ſtill.
Thus had they ſtood till *now*, but ſhame
(An uſeful, though neglected dame,
By Heav'n deſign'd the friend of man,
Though we degrade her all we can,
And ſtrive, as our firſt proof of wit,
Her name and nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain *fears* ſubſide,
And baffled, leave the field to pride.
Shall they, (forbid it *Fame*) ſhall they
The dictates of vile fear obey?
Shall they the *idols* of the town,
To *bugbears fancy form'd* bow down?
Shall they, who greateſt zeal expreſt,
And undertook for all the reſt,
Whoſe matchleſs courage all admire,
Inglorious from the taſk retire?
How would the *wicked ones* rejoice,
And *infidels* exalt their voice,
If M—e and Plauſible were found,
By *ſhadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would *fools* laugh, ſhould it appear
Pompoſo was the ſlave of fear?
" Periſh the thought! Though to our eyes
" In all its terrors *hell* ſhould riſe,
" Though thouſand ghoſts, in dread array,
" With glaring eye-balls, croſs our way,
" Though caution, trembling, ſtands aloof,
" Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They ſaid; and without farther halt,
Dauntleſs march'd onward to the vault.
What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the houſe of death,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The myſt'ries of that ſtate diſpenſe,
Unleſs they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker ſenſe ſuch ſights to bear,
And gain permiſſion from the *State*,
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themſelves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *rhyme*,
But always, on ſuch grand occaſion,
Prepare a *ſolemn invocation*,
A *poſy* for grim Pluto weave,
And in ſmooth numbers aſk his leave.
But why this caution? Why prepare
Rites, needleſs now? for *thrice* in air
The ſpirit of the night hath *ſneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.
Deſcend then, Truth, and guard thy ſide,
My *Muſe*, my *Patroneſs*, and *Guide!*
Let others at invention aim,
And ſeek by falſities for fame;
Our ſtory wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *furbelows* in rhyme:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the poets, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilſt our artleſs tale we tell,
In vain to find a parallel:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.

BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *huſwife Morn*
With *pearl* and *linen* hangs each thorn,
When happy bards, who can regale
Their muſe with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up *ſentiments* and *flow'rs*;
When dogs and ſquires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their ſty;
When *my Lord* riſes to the chaſe,
And brawny chaplain takes his place.
Theſe images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly underſtood,
Sagacious readers muſt allow,
Proclaim us in the country now;
For obſervations moſtly riſe
From objects juſt before our eyes,
And ev'ry lord in critic wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who ſhall dare to ſay he's wrong)?
Whether the warmth (for bards we know
At preſent, never more than glow)
Was in the town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.
IT WAS THE HOUR—though critics frown,
We now declare ourſelves in town,
Nor will a moment's pauſe allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The man who deals in humble proſe,
Tied down by rule and method, goes;
But they who court the vig'rous muſe,
Their carriage have a right to chooſe.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The poet darts from place to place,
And inſtant bounds o'er time and ſpace;
Nature (whilſt blended fire and ſkill
Inflame our paſſions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applauſe.
Should there be ſtill ſome rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whoſe heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling paſſage through the air,
Free leave have ſuch at home to ſit,
And write a *regimen* for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themſelves to fly.
IT WAS THE HOUR, when devotees
Breathe *pious curſes* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To ſanctify a night of ſin;
When rogues of modeſty, who roam
Under the veil of night, ſneak home,
That free from all reſtraint and awe,
Juſt to the windward of the law,

Leſs modeſt rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.
But hold—whilſt thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no conſequence expreſſing,
Deſcribing now, and now *digreſſing*,
To the diſcredit of our ſkill,
The main concern is ſtanding ſtill.
In *Plays*, indeed, when ſtorms of rage
Tempeſtuous in the ſoul engage,
Or when the ſpirits, weak and low,
Are ſunk in deep diſtreſs and woe,
With ſtrict propriety we hear
Deſcription ſtealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
But in theſe *ſerious* works, deſign'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We muſt for ever be diſgrac'd
With all the nicer ſons of taſte,
If once, the ſhadow to purſue,
We let the ſubſtance out of view.
Our means muſt uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry paſſage aptly join
To bring about the *one* deſign.
Our friends themſelves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digreſſive wit,
No—not thoſe very friends, who found
Their credit on the ſelf-fame ground.
Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the ſolemn, formal dunce,
This coxcomb ſhall your fears beguile——
We will be dull—that you may ſmile.
Come Method, come in all thy pride,
Dullneſs and Whitehead by thy ſide,
Dullneſs and method ſtill are one,
And Whitehead is their darling ſon.
Not he * whoſe pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty ſoul,
Made ſolly tremble through her ſtate,
And villains bluſh at being great,
Whilſt he himſelf with ſteady face,
Diſdaining modeſty and grace,
Could blunder on through thick and thin,
Through ev'ry mean and ſervile ſin,
Yet ſwear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly ſcorn'd to bluſh at all;
But he, who in the laureat chair,
By grace not merit planted there,
In awkward pomp is ſeen to ſit,
And by his *patent* proves his wit;
For favours of the great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank beſtow,
And they who without one pretenſion,
Can get for fools a place or penſion,
Muſt able be ſuppos'd of courſe
(If reaſon is allow'd due force)
To give ſuch qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.
But he—who meaſures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling proſe,
And is too frugal to diſpenſe
At once both poetry and ſenſe;

Who, from amidſt his *ſlumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a charge to *ſubject bards*,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of ſleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates paſs for law
With beaux, who ſimper all around,
And belles who die in every ſound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men moſtly judge from *ſituation*,
Nor in a thouſand find we one
Who really weighs what's ſaid or done.
They deal out cenſure or give credit,
Merely from him who did or ſaid it.
But he—who, *happily ſerene*,
Means nothing, yet would ſeem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can diſpenſe
With all that humble inſolence
Which impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modeſt men can reach,
Who adds to ſentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out morals with an air
A gentleman would bluſh to wear;
Who on the *chaſteſt*, *ſimpleſt* plan,
As *chaſte*, as *ſimple* as the man,
Without or *character* or *plot*,
Nature unknown, and art forgot,
Can, with much racking of the brains,
And years conſum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, ſmirking, call the thing a play;
Who champion ſworn in virtue's cauſe,
'Gainſt vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *prudence* ſtranger,
Firſt blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurſes ſage, as caution works,
When children firſt uſe knives and forks,
For fear of miſchief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wiſely chooſe,
Though the ſame ſtroke takes off the uſe.
Thee, Whitehead, thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to ſatire's generous ſtroke,
Which makes unwilling conſcience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
Good-natur'd, eaſy creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born child,
Thy *heart* would never once admit
E'en *wholeſome* rigour to thy wit;
Thy *head*, if conſcience ſhould comply,
Its kind aſſiſtance would deny,
And lend thee neither force nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy ſacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my ſoul,
Damp every ſpark of genuine fire,
And languors like thine own inſpire;
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As *moral*, and as *dull* as thine.
Pois'd in mid-air——(it matters not
To aſcertain the very ſpot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *gravitation*———),
Hung a *watch-tower*—by Vulcan plann'd
With ſuch rare ſkill, by Jove's command,

* *Paul Whitehead.*

That ev'ry word, which whisper'd here,
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the still bosom of the air
Is borne, and heard distinctly there,
The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call fame.
A *prattling gossip* on whose tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whose lungs in strength all lungs surpass,
Like her own trumpet made of brass;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of sleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the farthest quarters brings;
Sees, hears and tells, untold before,
All that she knows, and ten times more.
Not all the virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her spare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point she chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thousand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My soul possess'd ere Arrow died;
Or such as, envy must allow,
The world enjoys in H——— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtue e'en like their's will strike,
And make faults in the way of trade,
When she can't find them ready made.
All things she takes in, small and great,
Talks of a *toy-shop* and a *state;*
Of *wits* and *fools*, of *saints* and *kings*,
Of *garters*, *stars*, and *leading-strings;*
Of *old lords fumbling for a clap*,
And *young ones full of pray'r and pap;*
Of *courts*, of *morals*, and *tye-wigs*.
Of *bears* and *serjeants* dancing jigs;
Of *grave professors* at the *bar*
Learning to *thrum* on the *guittar*,
Whilst laws are *slubber'd* o'er in haste,
And *judgment* sacrific'd to taste;
Of *whited sepulchres*, *lawn sleeves*,
And God's *house* made a *den of thieves;*
Of *fun'ral pomps*, where clamours hung,
And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilst sense and order blush'd to see
Nobles without humanity;
Of *coronations*, where each heart,
With honest raptures, bore a part;
Of *city feasts*, where elegance
Was proud her colours to advance,
And gluttony, uncommon case,
Could only get the second place;
Of *new-rais'd* pillars in the state,
Who must be good, as being great;
Of *shoulders*, on which honours sit,
Almost as clumsily as *wit;*
Of *doughty knights*, whom *titles* please,
But not the payment of the *fees:*
Of *lectures*, whither ev'ry fool
In *second childhood* goes to school;
Of *gray-beards* deaf to reason's call,
From *Inn of court*, or *City hall*.
Whom youthful appetites or slave,
With one foot fairly in the grave,
By help of crutch, a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t' other;
Of *doctors regularly bred*
To fill the mansions of the dead;
Of *quacks* (for quacks they must be still
Who save when forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigour give
To him, not one would wish to live;
Of *artists* who, with noblest view,
Disinterested plans pursue,
For trembling worth the ladder raise,
And mark out the ascent to praise;
Of *arts* and *sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *profound* and *all complete*,
A set (whom at some fitter time
The muse shall *consecrate* in *rhyme*)
Who humble artists to outdo
A far more *lib'ral* plan pursue,
And let their *well-judg'd* premiums fall
On those who have no worth at all;
Of *sign-, of exhibitions*, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd,
(Though by the way we cannot see
Why *praise* and *laughter* mayn't agree)
Where *genuine* humour runs to waste,
And justly chides our want of taste,
Censur'd, like other things, though good,
Because they are not understood.
To higher subjects now she soars,
And talks of *politics* and *whores*
(If to your nice and chaster ears
That term *indelicate* appears,
Scripture *politely* shall refine,
And melt it into *concubine*);
In the same breath spreads Bourbon's *league*,
And publishes the *grand intrigue:*
In Brussels or *our own* Gazette
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the pox or plague
To London, by the way of Hague;
For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with *authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of some rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
Who lead a nation by the nose,
As from those *storms*, which, void of art,
Burst from our *honest* patriot's heart,
When eloquence and virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's friendship grown,
Claim ev'ry sentence for their own;
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours, and *half-pay fights*,
Perform'd by *heroes* of *fair weather*,
Merely by dint of *lace* and *feather*,
As those rare acts which honour taught
Our daring sons where Granby fought,
Or those which, with superior skill,
Sackville atchiev'd by *standing still.*
This hag (the curious if they please
May search from earliest times to these,
And poets they will always see,
With *gods* and *goddesses* make free,
Treating them all, except the muse,
As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)

Who had beheld, from firſt to laſt,
How our triumvirate had paſs'd
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With ſtrict attention every word,
Soon as ſhe ſaw return of light,
On ſounding pinions took her flight.
Swift through the regions of the ſky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward ſhe drove the furious blaſt,
And rapid as a whirlwind paſt
O'er *countries*, once the ſeats of *taſte*,
By time and ignorance laid waſte;
O'er lands, where former ages ſaw
Reaſon and *truth* the only law;
Where *arts and arms*, and *public love*
In gen'rous emulation ſtrove;
Where *kings* were proud of *legal* ſway,
And ſubjects *happy* to obey.
Though now in ſlav'ry ſunk, and broke
To *ſuperſtition's* galling yoke;
Of *arts*, of *arms*, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *ſcience* fell.
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
Their paſſage to the people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne,
Far from all proſpect of relief,
Their hours in fruitleſs pray'rs and grief,
For loſs of bleſſings *they* employ,
Which we *unthankfully* enjoy.
Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our ſkill,
To pour out ſuch a flood of knowledge
As might ſuffice for a whole college,
Whilſt with a true poetic force
We trac'd the goddeſs in her courſe,
Sweetly deſcribing, in our flight,
Each *common* and *uncommon* ſight,
Making our journal gay and pleaſant,
With things long paſt, and things now preſent.
Rivers—once nymphs—(a *transformation*
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From *great authorities* we know,
Will matter for a *tale* beſtow.
To make the obſervation clear,
We give our friends an inſtance here.
The day (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Inflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her *hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careleſs floating in the wind;
Her *heaving breaſts* like *ſummer ſeas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the *playful breeze*;
Should *fond* deſcription tune our lays
On *choiceſt* accents to her praiſe,
Deſcription we at laſt ſhould find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inſpire
In ev'ry boſom ſoft deſire,
Paſſions to raiſe ſhe could not feel,
Wounds to inflict ſhe would not heal.
A god (his name is no great matter,'
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a ſatyr)
Raging with *luſt*, a godlike flame,
By chance, *as uſual*, thither came;
With gloting eyes the fair-one view'd,
Deſir'd her firſt, and then purſu'd.
She (for what other can ſhe do)?
Muſt fly---or how can he purſue?
The *muſe* (ſo cuſtom hath decreed)
Now proves her ſpirit by her ſpeed,
Nor muſt one *limping* line diſgrace
The life and vigour of the race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
Quite deſtitute of breath and ſtrength,
To *heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her *virgin* pray'r,
(Can *virgins* pray unpitied there)?
And when the god thinks he has caught her,
Slips through his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *ſtream*, in which the poet,
If he has any wit, may ſhow it.
A *city* once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce ſome *fine* reflection.
Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t' other moment's end?
Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
Good lack! good lack! are tranſitory;
Nothing is ſure and ſtable found,
The very *earth* itſelf turns round.
Monarchs, nay miniſters muſt die,
Muſt *rot*, muſt *ſink---Ah, me! ah, why!*
Cities themſelves in time decay.
If *cities* thus --*Ah, well-a-day!*
If *brick* and *mortar* have an end,
On what can *fleſh* and *blood* depend!
Ah, woeful me! ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!
England (for that's at laſt the ſcene,
Though worlds on worlds ſhould riſe between,
Whither we muſt our courſe purſue)
England ſhould call into review
Times long ſince paſt indeed, but not
By Engliſhmen to be forgot,
Though England, *once* ſo dear to fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's *dearer name.*
Here could we mention *chiefs of old*,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To virtue kind, to vice ſevere,
Strangers to bribery and fear,
Who kept no wretched *clans* in awe,
Who never broke or *warp'd* the law;
Patriots, whom, in her *better* days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raiſe;
Who, ſteady to their country's claim,
Boldly ſtood up in *freedom's* name,
E'en to the teeth of *tyrant pride*,
And when they could no more, THEY DIED.
There *(ſtriking contraſt)!* might we place
A ſervile, mean, degenerate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the beſt bidder bought and ſold;
Truants from honour's ſacred laws,
Betrayers of their country's cauſe;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the *minion of an hour*;

Lacquies, who watch'd a *favourite's* nod,
And took a *puppet* for their *God.*
Sincere and honeſt in our rhymes,
How might we praiſe theſe *happier* times!
How might the muſe exalt her lays,
And wanton in a monarch's praiſe!
Tell of a prince in England born,
Whoſe virtues England's crown adorn;
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaſte, ſo pious, and ſo ſage;
Who true to all thoſe ſacred bands
Which private happineſs demands,
Yet never lets them riſe above
The ſtronger ties of public love.
With conſcious pride ſee England ſtand,
Our *holy charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the iſle
See *liberty* and *courage* ſmile.
No more ſhe mourns her treaſures hurl'd
In *ſubſidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats diſmay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out ſums to *petty* ſtates,
Whom *honour* ſcorns, and reaſon hates;
But, wiſer by experience grown,
Finds ſafety in herſelf alone.
While thus, ſhe cries, my children ſtand,
An honeſt, valiant, *native* band,
A train'd militia, brave and free,
True to their king, and true to me,
No *foreign* hirelings ſhall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of *our own.*
Under a juſt and pious reign
The ſtateſman's ſophiſtry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
Theſe are my *natural* defence;
Their faith I know, and they ſhall prove
The bulwark of the king they love.
Theſe, and a thouſand things beſide,
Did we conſult a poet's pride,
Some gay, ſome ſerious, might be ſaid,
But ten to one they'd not be read;
Or were they by ſome curious few,
Not even thoſe would think them true.
For, from the time that Jubal firſt
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been ſuſpected
Of having truth in rhyme neglected,
That *bard* except, who from his youth
Equally fam'd for *faith* and *truth*,
By prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *courtly ears* brought *truth in rhyme.*
But though to poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From truth unbounded deviation,
Which cuſtom calls *imagination*,
Yet can't they be ſuppos'd to lie
One-half ſo faſt as fame can fly.
Therefore (to ſolve this *Gordian* knot,
A point we almoſt had forgot)
To courteous readers be it known,
That fond of verſe and falſehood grown,
Whilſt we in ſweet digreſſion ſung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now purſues with double force
And double ſpeed her deſtin'd courſe;
Nor ſtops, till ſhe the place arrives
Where genius ſtarves, and dullneſs thrives;
Where riches virtue are eſteem'd,
And craft is trueſt wiſdom deem'd;
Where commerce proudly rears her throne
In ſtate to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks ſhake hands,
United in *commercial* bands,
All of one *faith*, and that, to own
No God but intereſt alone.
When gods and goddeſſes come down
To look about them here in town,
(For change of air is underſtood
By ſons of phyſic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For theſe ſame gods as well as men)
By cuſtom rul'd, and not a poet
So very dull, but he muſt know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog.
For if we majeſty expoſe
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is loſt, and free from awe,
We ſpy and cenſure ev'ry flaw.
But well preſerv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth freſh and new;
Fierce as the ſun in all his pride,
It ſhines, and not a ſpot's deſcried.
Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the ſky
Deſcend to earth, and friſk about,
Like chattering N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his hoſt,
A nine days wonder at the moſt.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We muſt preſerve them from the air:
What is familiar, men neglect,
However worthy of reſpect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In *novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by ſad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive ſhine,
And H*** fix no eyes but *mine.*
But fame, who never car'd a jot
Whether ſhe was admir'd or not,
And never bluſh'd to ſhow her face
At any time in any place,
In her own ſhape, without diſguiſe,
And viſible to mortal eyes,
On 'change, exact at ſeven o'clock,
Alighted on the *weather-cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.
Thrice did *ſhe* ſound her trump (the ſame
Which from the firſt belong'd to fame,
An *old ill-favour'd* inſtrument
With which the goddeſs was content,
Though under a *politer* race,
Bagpipes might well ſupply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the ſound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,

Confuſion through the city paſt,
And fear beſtrode the dreadful blaſt.
Thoſe *fragrant currents*, which we meet
Diſtilling ſoft through ev'ry ſtreet,
Affrighted from the uſual courſe,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their ſource;
Statues wept tears of blood, as faſt
As when a Cæſar breath'd his laſt:
Horſes, which always us'd to go
A *foot pace* in my *Lord Mayor's ſhow*,
Impetuous from their ſtable broke,
And aldermen and oxen ſpoke.
Halls felt the force, *tow'rs* ſhook around,
And *ſteeples* nodded to the ground;
St. Paul himſelf (ſtrange ſight)! was ſeen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *manſion-houſe*, for ever plac'd
A monument of *city taſte*.
Trembled, and ſeem'd aloud to groan
Through all that hideous weight of ſtone.
To ſtill the ſound, or ſtop her ears,
Remove the cauſe or ſenſe of fears,
Phyſic, in *college* ſeated high,
Would any thing but *med'cine* try.
No more in Pew'rers-hall * was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Thoſe ſeats were deſolate become,
A hapleſs elocution dumb.
Form, *city-born*, and *city bred*,
By ſtrict *decorum* ever led,
Who threeſcore years had known the grace
Of *one*, *dul'*, *ſtiff*, *unvaried* pace,
Terror prevailing over pride,
Was ſeen to take a larger ſtride;
Worn to the bone, and cloth'd in rags,
See av'rice cloſer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See credit totter on her throne;
Virtue alone, had ſhe been there,
The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.
Up from the gorgeous bed, where fate
Dooms annual fools to ſleep in ſtate,
To ſleep ſo ſound that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dullman ſtarted at the ſound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around.
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence ſounds ſo horrid ſtruck his ear,
So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of city air,
Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of fate,
Revolving, though to little end,
What this fame trumpet might portend.
Could the French—no—that could not be
Under Bute's *active* miniſtry,
Too watchful to be ſo deceiv'd,
Have ſtolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland indeed, we know,
Fleets of war unobſerv'd may go;

Or, if obſerv'd, may be ſuppos'd,
At intervals when reaſon doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleaſure, health, and change of air.
But reaſon ne'er could ſleep ſo ſound
To let an enemy be found
In our land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.
Or could his *ſucceſſor* (ambition
Is ever haunted with ſuſpicion)
His daring *ſucceſſor elect*,
All cuſtoms, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardleſs of the crime,
To ſeize the chair before his time?
Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *countrymen* in pow'r,
Thoſe countrymen, who, from the firſt,
In tumults and *rebellion* nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the maſk of art,
Still love a Stuart *in their heart*)
Could Scottiſh Charles——
Conjecture thus;
That mental Ignis Fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
Till information (in the ſhape
Of chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd prieſt,
Well known at ev'ry city feaſt,
For he was ſeen much oft'ner there
Than in the houſe of God at pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Though, as the beſt hiſtorians write,
Leſs fam'd for faith than appetite,
His diſpoſition to reveal,
The grace was ſhort, and long the meal;
Who always would exceſs admit,
If *haunch* or *turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of ſelf-denying abſtinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to cheer the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That cheerfulneſs was kill'd by thought;
And from thoſe premiſes collected,
(Which few, perhaps, would have ſuſpected)
That none, who with due ſhare of ſenſe
Obſerv'd the ways of Providence,
Could with ſafe conſcience leave off drinking,
Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half-cloſ'd came *waddling* in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double *chin*,
(That *chin*, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the ſcoffs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever ſtate
Paid for a *poor electorate*,
Which after all the coſt and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly, (for *breakfaſt*, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Bleated, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon ſound;

* *Where Mr. Sheridan, at this period, read lectures on elocution.*

Related too, that at the door,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and Moore *,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
Their ſhame to publiſh to the crowd:
That ſome new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be miſapplied,
With as much eaſe and ſafety there,
As they are miſapplied *elſewhere*)
By *which* it might be conſtrued treaſon
In man to exerciſe his reaſon;
Which might *ingeniouſly* deviſe
One puniſhment for truth and lies;
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That truth and falſehood were but one;
Which juries muſt indeed retain.
But their effect ſhould render vain,
Making all real pow'r to reſt
In *one corrupted rotten breaſt*,
By whoſe *falſe gloſs* the very Bible
Might be interpreted a *libel*.
Moore (who, his rev'rence to ſave,
Pleaded the fool to ſcreen the knave,
Though all, who witneſs'd on his part,
Swore for his *head* againſt his *heart*),
Had taken down from firſt to laſt,
A juſt account of all that paſt;
But, ſince the gracious will of *fate*,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and ſtate
E'en in the cradle, had decreed
The *mighty* Dullman ne'er ſhould read,
That office of *diſgrace* to bear
The *ſmooth lipp'd* Plauſible was there.
From H*** * e'en to Clerkenwell
Who knows not *ſmooth lipp'd* Plauſible?
A preacher deem'd of greateſt note,
For preaching that which others wrote.
Had Dullman now (and fools we ſee
Seldom want curioſity)
Conſented (but the *mourning ſhade*
Of Gaſcoyne † haſten'd to his aid,
And in his hand, what could be more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)
That *our three heroes* ſhould advance,
And read their *comical romance*,
How rich a feaſt, what royal fare
We for our readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet ſo ſafe a feaſt,
That no *one foreign lilatant* beaſt,
Within the purlieus of the *law*
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, *growling*, cry, with ſurly tone,
Keep off—*this feaſt is all my own.*
Bending to earth the downcaſt eye,
Or planting it againſt the ſky,
As *one* immers'd in deepeſt thought,
Or with ſome holy viſion caught,
His hands, to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,
Here Moore, in fraud well ſkill'd, ſhould go,
All Saint, with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.
O that religion's ſacred name,
Meant to inſpire the pureſt flame,

A proſtitute ſhould ever be
To that *arch fiend* hypocriſy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with *damn'd ſneaking cowardlice*?
Bold ſin reclaim'd is often ſeen
oft hope that man who dares be mean.
There full of fleſh and full of grace,
With that *fine round unmeaning face*
Which nature gives to ſons of earth
Whom ſhe deſigns for eaſe and mirth,
Should the *prim* Plauſible be ſeen.
Obſerve his ſtiff affected mien;
'Gainſt nature arm'd by gravity,
His features too in buckle ſee;
See what with ſanctity he reads,
With what devotion tells his beads!
Now prophet, ſhow me, by thine art,
What's the religion of his heart.
Show *there*, if truth thou canſt unfold,
Religion center'd all in gold;
Show *him* nor fear correction's rod,
As falſe to *friendſhip*, as to God.
Horrid, *unwieldy*, *without form*,
ſavage as ocean in a ſtorm,
Of ſize prodigious in the rear,
That poſt of honour, ſhould appear
Pompoſo, *fame* around ſhould tell
How he a ſlave to int'reſt fell,
How for *integrity* renown'd,
Which bookſellers have often found,
He for *ſubſcribers* baits his hook,
And rakes their caſh—but where's the book?
No matter where—*Wiſe* fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to ſerve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
No man alive, who would not ſwear
All's *ſafe* and therefore *honeſt* there.
For, ſpite of all the learned ſay,
If we to truth attention pay,
The word *diſhoneſty* is meant
For nothing elſe but *puniſhment*.
Fame too ſhould tell, nor heed the threat
Of rogues, who brother rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Alſo *to make her hold her tongue*,
How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to *old* friends, nor to *new*,
He damns the *penſion* which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forſakes.
Nature (who juſtly regular
Is very ſeldom known to err,
But now and then in *ſportive mood*,
As ſome *rude* wits have underſtood,
Or *through much work requir'd in haſte*,
Is with a random ſtroke diſtrac'd)
Pompoſo, form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *beaſt* nor quite a *man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the moſt ſubtle human wit
Find out a monſter, which might be
The ſhadow of a *ſimile*.

THESE THREE THESE GREAT THESE MIGHTY THREE.

No can the *poet's* truth agree,
Howe'er reſt hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpoſe of his ſong,

* *A Clergyman, who unluckily involved himſelf in the Cock-Lane Ghoſt impoſition.*

† *Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne.*

Amongſt the refuſe of their race,
The ſons of infamy, to place
That open, gen'rous, manly mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find.
Theſe three, who now are *faintly* ſhown,
Juſt ſketch'd, and ſcarcely to be known,
If Dullman their requeſt had heard,
In ſtronger colours had appear'd;
And friends, though partial, at firſt view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.
But had their journal been diſplay'd,
And the whole proceſs open laid,
What a vaſt unexhauſted field
For mirth muſt ſuch a journal yield!
In her own anger ſtrongly charm'd,
'Gainſt hope, 'gainſt fear by conſcience arm'd,
Then had bold ſatire made her way,
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*, her deſtin'd prey.
But prudence, ever ſacred name
To thoſe who feel not virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the beſt
As the dull dupe of *intereſt*,
Whiſper'd aloud (for this we find
A cuſtom current with mankind,
So loud to whiſper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard.
And prudence ſure would never miſs
A cuſtom ſo contriv'd as this
Her candour to ſecure, yet aim
Sure death againſt another's fame)
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambuſh there;
Confine thy rage to weaker ſlaves,
Laugh at *ſmall fools*, and laſh *ſmall knaves*,
But never, *helpleſs*, *mean*, and *poor*,
Ruſh on, where laws cannot ſecure;
Nor think thyſelf, miſtaken youth,
Secure in principles of *truth*.
Truth! Why, ſhall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to ſpeak *truth* againſt his *betters!*
Let *ragged* virtue ſtand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let *ragged* wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and eſtates beſtow
An ample ſtock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by ſituation;
The rich and great are underſtood
To be of courſe both wiſe and good.
Conſult then int'reſt more than pride,
Diſcreetly take the ſtronger ſide;
Deſert in time the ſimple few,
Who *virtue's* barren path purſue;
Admit my maxims—follow me—
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend;
So ſhalt thou rich and great be ſeen;
To be great *now*, you muſt be mean.
Hence, *tempter* to ſome weaker ſoul,
Which fear and intereſt controul;
Vainly thy precepts are addreſs'd,
Where virtue ſteals the ſteady breaſt.

Through meanneſs wade to boaſted pow'r,
Through guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels haſt thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praiſe thee for virtues not thy own;
But will, at once man's ſcourge and friend,
Impartial conſcience too commend?
From her reproaches can'ſt thou fly?
Can'ſt thou with words her ſilence buy?
Believe it not—her ſtings ſhall find
A paſſage to thy *coward* mind
There ſhall ſhe fix her ſharpeſt dart,
There ſhow thee truly, *as thou art*,
Unknown to thoſe, by whom thou'rt priz'd,
Known to thyſelf to be deſpiſ'd
The man who weds the ſacred muſe,
Diſdains all mercenary views,
And he who virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Though *folly*, rob'd in purple, ſhines
Though vice exhauſts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet ſhall they tremble, and turn pale,
When ſatire wields her mighty flail;
Or ſhould they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe ſeek hell's deepeſt ſhade,
Satire, ſtill mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to ſhame.
Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honeſt, though poor, (and who ſhall dare
To diſappoint my boaſting there)?
Hardy and reſolute, though weak,
The dictates of my heart to ſpeak,
Willing I bend at ſatire's throne;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.
Nor ſhall yon *lawyer's* ſpecious art,
Conſcious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear,
To damp us in our bold career.
Why ſhould we fear? and what? The laws?
They all are arm'd in virtue's cauſe?
And aiming at the ſelf-ſame end,
Satire is always virtue's friend:
Nor ſhall that muſe, whoſe honeſt rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age
(When dead to ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Deep ſunk in vice and indolence,
The ſpirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the *tyrant fiddler's* yoke),
Baniſh'd the roſe from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunſwick fear to ſpeak.
Drawn by *conceit* from reaſon's plan,
How vain is that *poor creature*, man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himſelf!
After my promiſe made in rhyme,
And meant in earneſt at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curſe of heart and head
To this *digreſſion* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't ſtay in, nor well get out:
Could I, whilſt *humour* held the quill,
Could I *digreſs* with half that ſkill,

Could I with half that ſkill return,
Which we ſo much admire in Sterne;
Where each *digreſſion*, ſeeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found on better recollection,
To have a juſt and nice connection,
To help the whole with wond'rous art;
Whence it ſeems idly to depart,
Then ſhould our readers ne'er accuſe
Theſe wild excurſions of the muſe,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impreſs'd, and ever new,
Each image paſt ſhould ſtart to view,
And we to Dullman now come in,
As if we ne'er had abſent been.

Have you not ſeen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
Have you not ſeen, when danger's fled,
The ſelf-ſame cheek with joy turn *red*?
Theſe are *low* ſymptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honeſt features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart:
Our Dullman with a face was bleſs'd
Where no one paſſion was expreſs'd;
His eye, in a *fine ſupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face ſeen in,
Which could be juſtly charg'd with meaning.

To avarice by *birth* ally'd,
Debauch'd by *marriage* into *pride*,
In age grown fond of youthful ſports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,
And by ſucceſs too mighty made
To love his country or his trade,
Stiff in opinion (no rare café
With blockheads in or out of place)
Too weak, and inſolent of ſoul,
To ſuffer reaſon's juſt controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim tranſient toy*, my lord;
The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
To ſcourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A conſtant thorn in England's ſide;
Whom firſt, our greatneſs to oppoſe,
He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
Then, more to ſerve his wrathful ends,
And *more to curſe us*, mark'd for *friends*)
Deep in the ſtate, if we give credit
To *him*, for no one elſe e'er ſaid it;
Sworn friend of great ones not a few,
Though he their titles only knew,
And thoſe (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to ſhow himſelf polite,
He never would pronounce aright;
An *orator* with whom a hoſt
Of thoſe which Rome and Athens boaſt,
In all their pride might not contend:
Who, with no pow'rs to recommend,
Whilſt Jackey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
And Dickey Glover ſat delighted,
Could ſpeak whole days in nature's ſpite,
Juſt as thoſe *able verſe-men* write,

Great Dullman from his bed aroſe—
Thrice did he ſpit—thrice wip'd his noſe—
Thrice ſtrove to ſmile—thrice ſtrove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then ſilence broke—Crape, who am I?
Crape bow'd, and ſmil'd an arch reply.
Am I not, Crape—I am, you know,
Above all thoſe who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for *wit*,
Money will always purchaſe it;
Nor, if it needful ſhould be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty pound,
For which the whole ſtock may be bought
Of *ſcoundrel wits* not worth a groat.
But leſt I ſhould proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend *the Miniſter*,
(Great men, Crape, muſt not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For, as I ſtand a magiſtrate,
To ſerve him firſt, and next the ſtate,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let *his* magiſtrates have wit.
Boaſt I not, at this very hour,
Thoſe large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I ſit, whilſt others ſtand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In ſeat of honour always plac'd?
And do not *cits* of chief degree,
Though proud to others, bend to me?
Have I not, as a juſtice ought,
The laws ſuch wholeſome rigour taught,
That *fornication*, in diſgrace,
Is now afraid to ſhow her face;
And not one where theſe walls approaches,
Unleſs they ride in our own coaches?
And ſhall *this* fame, an *old poor* ſtrumpet,
Without our licence ſound her trumpet,
And, envious of our city's quiet,
In broad day-light blow up a riot?
If inſolence like this we bear,
Where is our ſtate? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the *neck ennobling* chain,
Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the *ſolemn-ſpreading* robe,
Farewell the ſword—*farewell* the mace,
Farewell all title, pomp, and place.
Remov'd from men of high degree,
(A loſs to *them*, Crape, not to *me*)
Baniſh'd to Chippenham, or to Frome,
Dullman once more ſhall ply the loom.

Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Dullman—the *loom*—at Chippenham—cries,
If there be pow'rs which greatneſs love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Thoſe pow'rs united all ſhall join
To contradict the raſh deſign.
Sooner ſhall ſtubborn Will lay down
His oppoſition with his *gown*,
Sooner ſhall Temple leave the road
Which leads to virtue's *mean* abode,
Sooner ſhall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dullman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-caſt, and unknown.

Sure as that *cane* (a *cane* there ſtood
Near to a *table*, made of *wood*,
Of *dry fine* wood a table made,
By ſome rare artiſt in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praiſe
If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
Sure as that *cane*, which once was ſeen,
In pride of life all freſh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours ſhorn,
According to exacteſt rule,
Was faſhion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at preſent we behold
Curiouſly poliſh'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*; ſure as that *cane*
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afreſh, ſhall never more
Flouriſh in tawny India's ſhore,
So ſure ſhall Dullman and his race
To lateſt times this ſtation grace
Dullman, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if he ſlept,
Now looking ſtedfaſtly on Crape,
As at ſome god in human ſhape---
Crape, I proteſt, you ſeem to me
To have diſcharg'd a prophecy;
Yes---from the firſt it doth appear,
Planted by fate, the Dullmans *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* ſhall to the laſt remain.
Crape, they're all wrong about this *ghoſt*---
Quite on the wrong ſide of the poſt---
Blockheads, to take *it* in their head
To be a meſſage from the dead,
For that by *miſſion* they deſign,
A word not half ſo good as mine.
Crape---*here* it is---ſtart not one doubt---
A *plot*---a *plot*---I've found it out.
O God!---cries Crape,---how bleſt the nation,
Where one ſon boaſts ſuch penetration!
Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I diſcover'd this, or *how*;
To Stentor go---if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* Norton bear---
Our citizens to council call---
Let *all* meet---'tis the cauſe of *all*,
Let the three witneſſes attend
With *allegations* to befriend,
To ſwear juſt ſo much, and no more,
As we inſtruct them in before.
Stay---Crape---come back---what, don't you ſee
Th' effects of this diſcovery?
Dullman all care and toil endures---
The profit, Crape, will all be *yours*.
A *mitre* (for, this arduous taſk
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I aſk)
A *mitre* (and perhaps the beſt)
Shall through my intereſt make thee bleſt.
And at this time, when *gracious* fate
Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of ſtate,
Who is more fit (and for your uſe
We could ſome inſtances produce)
Of England's *church* to be the *head*,
Than you, a *Preſbyterian* bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like *old* Newcaſtle, be forgot.
But an affair, Crape, of this ſize
Will aſk from conduct vaſt ſupplies;
It muſt not, as the vulgar ſay,
Be done in *hugger-mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's diſcreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meet;
They ſhould in public go, no doubt,
Whoſe buſineſs is to find it out.
To-morrow---if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear---
Proclaim a *grand proceſſionade*---
Be all the city pomp diſplay'd.
Let the *train-bands*--- Crape ſhook his head---
They heard the trumpet and were fled---
Well---cries the knight---if that's the caſe,
My ſervants ſhall ſupply their place---
My ſervants---*mine alone*---no more
Than what *my* ſervants did before---
Doſt not remember, Crape, that day,
When Dullman's grandeur to diſplay,
As all too ſimple, and too low,
Our city friends were thruſt below,
Whilſt, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My ſervants---*mine*---and why not now?
In haſte then, Crape, to Stentor go---
But ſend up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
(Reach me my *ſpectacles* and *cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accompliſhment of *dancing*.
Not quite ſo faſt as lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, through the ſkies;
Not quite ſo faſt as, ſent by Jove,
Iris deſcends on wings of love;
Not quite ſo faſt as terror rides
When he the chaſing winds beſtrides;
Crape hobbled---but his mind was good---
Cou'd he go faſter than he cou'd?
Near to that *tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block by juſtice led,
The *rebel* Scot hath often bled,
Where arms are kept ſo clean, ſo bright,
'Twere ſin they ſhould be ſoil'd in fight,
Where brutes of *foreign* race are ſhown
By brutes much greater of *our own*;
Faſt by the crouded *Thames*, is found
An ample ſquare of ſacred ground,
Where artleſs *eloquence* preſides,
And *nature* ev'ry ſentence guides.
Here *female parliaments* debate
About religion, trade, and ſtate;
Here ev'ry naiad's patriot ſoul,
Diſdaining *foreign* baſe controul,
Deſpiſing *French*, deſpiſing *Erſe*,
Pours forth the *plain old Engliſh* curſe,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the *vulgar tongue*.
Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and diſtinctly heard,

And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;
Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the bridge indignant rears,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him* at lowest tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.
Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Through too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *rev'rend* slave of Dullman came.
Stentor—with such a serious air,
With such a face of *solemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain.—
Stentor—cries Crape—I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent,
Great Dullman's orders to convey;
Dullman commands, and I obey.
Big with those throes which patriots feel,
And labr'ing for the commonweal,
Some secret which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and *tosses* in his breast,
Tumbles and *tosses* to get free;
And thus the chief commands by me.
To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand procession*—
Be all the city pomp display'd—
Our citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cause of *all*.

BOOK IV.

Coxcombs, who vainly make pretence
To something of exalted sense
Above other men, and *gravely wise*,
Affect those pleasures to despise,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp: they would not go
For millions to a *puppet-show*,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *pantomime*;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or player,
Or, could a head be found most fit,
Without one player to second it,
They must, obeying *folly's* call,
Thrive by mere show, or not at all.
With these *grave* fops, who (bless their brains)
Most cruel to themselves, take pains
For wretchedness, and would be thought
Much wiser than a wise man ought
For his own happiness to be;
Who, what they hear, and what they see,
And what they smell, and taste, and feel,
Distrust, till reason sets her seal,
And, by long trains of consequences
Ensur'd, gives sanction to the *senses*;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
One hour in what the world calls taste,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
Unless they know some reason why;
With these *grave* fops, whose system seems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The *eye* of man is understood
As for no other purpose good
Than as a door, through which of course
Their passage crowding objects force,
A downright usher, to admit
New-comers to the court of *wit*,
(Good gravity, forbear thy spleen,
When I say *wit*, I *wisdom* mean)
Where (such the practice of the court,
Which legal precedents support)
Not one idea is allow'd
To pass unquestion'd in the crowd,
But ere it can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the chief in congregation
Must stand a *strict examination*.
Not such as *those*, who physic twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl;
Who prove, with all becoming state,
Their voice to be the voice of fate;
Prepar'd with *essence*, *drop*, and *pill*,
To be another Ward, or Hill,
Before they can obtain their ends,
To sign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vast as their's employ,
Secundum artem to destroy,
Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)
Before the chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroul'd,
In *pow'r* and *lethargy* grown old,
Most fit to take in this bleat land,
The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great dullness rears,
Still more herself as more in years;
Where she (and who shall dare deny
Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth who err'd in wit and rhyme,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel sons of wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That Schomberg never shall be there.
Not such as *those*, whom folly trains
To letters, though unbless'd with brains;
Who destitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning still;
Whose heads, when other methods fail,
Receive instruction from the tail,
Because their fires, a common case
Which brings the children to disgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,
Must pass, or must *compound for*, ere
The *chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend permit*,
Announcing them for orders fit,
So that the prelate (what's a name?
All prelates now are much the same)
May with a conscience safe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that *fiat*,
Which doth all faculties dispense,
All sanctity, *all faith*, *all sense*,

Makes Madan quite a ſaint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.
Not ſuch as in that ſolemn ſeat,
Where the *nine ladies* hold retreat,
The *ladies nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning thoſe haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Iſis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford ſtir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's *aſs*
As well as Balaam's ſelf might paſs,
And with his maſter take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.
Men of ſound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the ſtorehouſe of the head
With furniture they ne'er can uſe,
Cannot forgive our rambling muſe
This wild excurſion: cannot ſee
Why *phyſic* and *divinity*,
To the ſurpriſe of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and ſhoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and ſubtle learning,
Remarkable for quick diſcerning,
Through ſpectacles of critic mould,
Without inſtruction, will behold
That we a method here have got,
To ſhow what is, by what is not,
And that our drift (*parentheſis*
For once apart) is briefly this.
Within the brain's moſt ſecret cells
A certain *Lord Chief Juſtice* dwells
Of ſov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice, we reaſon call;
Though, for the purpoſes of ſatire,
A name in truth is no great matter,
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a *Lord Chief Juſtice* ſtill.
Here ſo our great projectors ſay,
The ſenſes all muſt homage pay;
Hither they all muſt tribute bring,
And proſtrate fall before their king.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of thought
Before his throne, where, in full ſtate,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, croſs-examines, weighs
Their right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend;
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his ſteady courſe;
The channel of inquiry's clear,
No *ſham examination's* here.
He, upright juſticer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjuſts and ſettles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we muſt chooſe, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What pleaſure is, and what is pain;
Whilſt we, obedient to the whim,
And reſting all our faith on him,
True members of the *ſtoic* weal,
Muſt learn to think, and ceaſe to feel.

This glorious ſyſtem form'd, for man
To practiſe when and how he can,
If the five ſenſes in alliance
To reaſon hurl a proud defiance,
And, though of conquer'd yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater ſlav'ry hold,
Than Jewiſh bondage was of old:
Or if they, ſomething touch'd with ſhame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of royalty, and, as in ſport,
To hold a mimic formal court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of puppet king,
And ſuffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold the globe, but not employ;
Our *ſyſtem mongers*, ſtruck with fear,
Prognoſticate deſtruction near;
All things to anarchy muſt run;
The little world of man's undone.
Nay ſhould the *eye*, that niceſt ſenſe,
Neglect to ſend intelligence
Unto the brain, diſtinct and clear,
Of all that paſſes in her ſphere:
Should ſhe preſumptuous joy receive,
Without the underſtanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treaſon
Againſt the monarchy of reaſon,
Not thinking, though they're *wond'rous* wiſe,
That few have *reaſon*, moſt have *eyes*;
So that the pleaſures of the mind
To a ſmall circle are confin'd,
Whilſt thoſe which to the ſenſes fall,
Become the property of all.
Beſides (and this is ſure a caſe
Not much at preſent out of place)
Where nature reaſon doth deny,
No art can that defect ſupply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to ſtate the argument)
A man ſhould want an eye or two,
The remedy is ſure, though new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.
But argument apart, which tends
T' embitter foes and ſep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apoſtate for the *nine*,
Would I, though bred up a divine,
And foe of courſe to reaſon's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own ſenſe and feelings taught,
In ſpeech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?
Might I, though never rob'd in *ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties ſhould ſettled be
To force men to hypocriſy,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might ſentence reſt
Finally fix'd within my breaſt,
E'en Annet cenſur'd and confin'd,
Becauſe we're of a diff'rent mind.

Nature, who in her act moſt free,
Herſelf delights in liberty,
Profuſe in love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet was ev'ry bounty ſhed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If freedom did not crown them all.
By providence forbid to ſtray,
Brutes never can miſtake their way;
Determin'd ſtill, they plod along
By inſtinct, neither right nor wrong;
But man, had he the heart to uſe
His freedom hath a right to chooſe;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will:
To her laſt work, her fav'rite man,
Is giv'n on nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to *err*.
Nor let this phraſe reſentment ſtir
Amongſt the grave ones, ſince indeed,
The little merit man can plead
In doing well, dependeth ſtill
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.
Opinions ſhould be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion muſt be bound,
And ſquare with his; ſuch ſlaviſh chains
From foes the lib'ral ſoul diſdains,
Nor can, though true to friendſhip, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let thoſe, who rigid judgment own,
Submiſſive bow at judgment's throne;
And if they of no value hold
Pleaſure, till pleaſure is grown cold,
Pall'd and inſipid, forc'd to wait
For judgment's regular debate,
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull ſubjects ſuited to their mind;
Their's be ſlow wiſdom: Be *my* plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardleſs as the faſhions go,
Whether there's reaſon for't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral ſcope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a roſe from ev'ry thorn.
But if, by error led aſtray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide obſerve, in ſpite,
I'm wrong, who cannot ſet me right.
That doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found diſeaſe, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whoſe zeal a helping hand ſhall lend
To open happy folly's eyes,
And making wretched, make me wiſe;
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from wiſdom or from wit,
To *being* happy here below,
Is to *believe* that we are ſo.
Some few in *know edge* find relief,
I place my comfort in *be ief*.
Some for *reality* may call,
Fancy to me is all in all.

Imagination, through the trick
Of doctors, often makes us ſick;
And why, let any ſophiſt tell,
May it not likewiſe make us well?
This am I ſure, whate'er our view,
Whatever ſhadows we purſue,
For our purſuits, be what they will,
Are little more than ſhadows ſtill,
Too ſwift they fly, too ſwift and ſtrong,
For man to catch, or hold them long,
But joys which in the fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himſelf, and true to eaſe,
He ſoftens fate's ſevere decrees,
And (can a mortal wiſh for more)?
Creates, and makes himſelf new o'er,
Mocks boaſted vain *reality*,
And *is*, whate'er he wants to be.
Hail, fancy---to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of woe;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which gratitude ſhall ne'er forget,
Whilſt mem'ry can her force employ,
A large increaſe of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too ſtrongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
A *knaviſh* guard, ordain'd by law
To keep *poor honeſty* in awe;
uthority, ſevere and ſtern,
To intercept my wiſh'd return;
When foes grew proud, and friends grew cool,
And laughter ſeiz'd each ſober fool;
When candour ſtarted in amaze,
And, meaning cenſure, hinted praiſe;
When prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that ſhe was wiſe:
When all around me, with an air
Of hopeleſs ſorrow, look'd deſpair;
When they or ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be adviſ'd by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When virtue ſhunn'd the ſhock, and pride
Diſabled, lay by virtue's ſide,
Too weak my ruffled ſoul to cheer,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of pleaſure ſpeaking in her face,
Dull regularity thrown by,
And comfort beaming from her eye;
Fancy, in richeſt robes array'd,
Came ſmiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came ſmiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bleſs me, came in *rhyme*.
Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd,
It ſpreads, it comprehends mankind.
When (to the ſpirit-ſtirring ſound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And fifes, well mingled to reſtrain,
And bring that courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of thoſe who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,

Where Aſgill held the foremoſt place,
Whilſt my lord figur'd at a race)
Proceſſions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of ſtage or ſtate)
Move on, ſo very very ſlow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the performers all the while
Mechanically frown or ſmile,
Or, with a dull and ſtupid ſtare,
A vacancy of ſenſe declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, ſeem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where reaſon wanders ſtill in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cauſe ſufficient can we find
To ſatisfy a thinking mind,
Why dup'd by ſuch vain farces, man
Deſcends to act on ſuch a plan?
Why they, who hold themſelves divine,
Can in ſuch wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
Themſelves and *nature* to expoſe?
What cauſe, but that (you'll underſtand
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we ſtart a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
As ſurgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Muſt always have a *ſtyptic* by)
Fancy ſtep in, and ſtamps that *real*,
Which, *ipſo facto*, is *ideal*.
Can none remember, yes, I know,
All muſt remember that rare ſhow.
When to the country ſenſe went down,
And fools came flocking up to town,
When *knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parſons* play'd,
In robes *canonical* arry'd,
And, fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto tapſters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry ſcoundrel, by retail,
True penny worths of beef and ale,
Then firſt prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For preſent grand *electioneering*;
When *heralds*, running all about
To bring in order, turn'd it out;
When, by the *prudent marſhal's* care,
Leſt the rude populace ſhould ſtare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of patrician ſtrain,
The whole proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by night;
When our lov'd monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring
Betwixt the *ſubject* and the *king*,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His *head*, his *heart*, his *hands* he bound,
Againſt *himſelf*, ſhould paſſion ſtir
The leaſt propenſity to err,
Againſt all *ſlaves*, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden ſnare,
That *glorious* charter to maintain,
By which we ſerve, and be muſt reign;
Then fancy, with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders, as might make
Egyptian ſorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of *magic* her's alone.
A knight (who in the ſilken lap
Of lazy peace had liv'd on pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unleſs a *guide*
Was plac'd to amble by his ſide,
And troops of ſlaves were ſpread around
To keep his honour ſafe and ſound;
Who could not ſuffer for his life
A point to ſword or edge to knife,
And always fainted at the ſight
Of blood, though 'twas not ſhed in fight
Who diſinherited one ſon
For firing off an *elder* gun,
And whipt another, ſix years old,
Becauſe the boy, preſumptuous, bold
To madneſs, likely to become
A very Swiſs, had beat a drum,
Though it appear'd an inſtrument
Moſt *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from firſt been in the hands
And ſervice of the *city bands*)
Grac'd with thoſe enſigns, which were meant
To further honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And ſpur them on to deeds of fame,
With little ſword, large ſpurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather.
(And all muſt own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very firſt *campaign*
His *honours* ſhould be ſoil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (ſeeing others much the ſame
In point of valour as himſelf,
Who leave their courage on a ſhelf
From year to year, till ſome ſuch rout
In proper ſeaſon calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and ſwagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mavers, grimly ſmil'd and frown'd;
Seem'd heav'n, and earth, and hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all;
And perſonated valour's ſtile
So long, ſpectators to beguile,
That paſſing ſtrange, and wond'rous true,
Himſelf at laſt believ'd it too,
Nor for a time could he diſcern,
Till truth and darkneſs took their turn,
So well did fancy play her part,
That coward ſtill was at the heart.
Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of fame
Recorded firſt through all this land,
In vanity's illuſtrious band)?
Who, by all-bounteous nature meant
For offices of hardiment,

A modern Hercules at leaſt,
To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the *parade* of love,
Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the diſtaff quits the ſword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But when in private, lets them know
How little they can truſt to ſhow;
Who ſports a woman as of courſe,
Juſt as a jockey ſhows a horſe.
And then returns her to the ſtable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and ſo deprav'd his mind)
Than, by ſome great occaſion led,
To ſeize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own deſires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Through faſhion, not through feeling wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As ſenſe and nature have decreed,
From real paſſion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Becauſe he nothing has to ſay,
As your *choice* ſpirits oaths diſpenſe
To fill up vacancies of ſenſe;
Who, having ſome ſmall ſenſe, defies it,
Or, uſing, always miſapplies it;
Who now and then brings ſomething forth,
Which ſeems indeed of ſterling worth,
Something, by ſudden ſtart and fit,
Which at a diſtance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confuſion will appear
By truth's fair glaſs, to be at beſt
A threadbare jeſter's threadbare jeſt;
Who friſks and dances through the ſtreet,
Sings without voice, rides without ſeat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æſop's aſs,
A *gratis* fool to all who paſs;
Who riots, though he loves not waſte,
Whores without luſt, drinks without taſte,
Acts without ſenſe, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice, is vicious, who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whoſe vanity we all diſcern,
The ſpring on which his actions turn;
Whoſe aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be ſingular,
And all his utmoſt wiſhes mean,
Is, though he's laugh'd at, to be ſeen;
Such (for when flatt'ry's ſoothing ſtrain
Had robb'd the muſe of her diſdain,
And found a method to perſuade,
Her art to ſoften ev'ry ſhade,
Juſtice enrag'd, the pencil ſnatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and ſcratch'd
Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
From life this ſtriking likeneſs caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and ſuch was ſeen
In the world's eye; but (ſtrange to tell)!
Miſled by fancy's magic ſpell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,
Was more than human in his own.
O bow, bow all at fancy's throne,
Whoſe pow'r could make ſo vile an elf
With patience bear that thing, *himſelf*.
But, miſtreſs of each art to pleaſe,
Creative fancy, what are theſe,
Theſe pageants of a trifler's pen,
To what thy power effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As ſwift and ſubtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
Fancy at *once* in ev'ry part
Poſſeſs'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And, in a thouſand forms array'd,
A thouſand various gambols play'd.
Here, in a face which well might aſk
The privilege to wear a maſk
In ſpite of law, and juſtice teach
For public good t' excuſe the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt eyes, which could not ſhine but twinkle,
Like centinels i'th' ſtarry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almoſt burnt out, and ſeem to keep
Their watch, like ſoldiers, in their ſleep,
Or like thoſe lamps which, by the pow'r
Of law, muſt burn from hour to hour,
(Elſe they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that hall,
Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
Is now become *a juſtice-ſhop*)
Which are ſo manag'd, to go out
Juſt when the time comes round about,
Which yet through emulation ſtrive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongſt the children of mankind)
As they grew weaker, would ſeem ſtronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
Fancy, betwixt ſuch eyes enſhrin'd,
No bruſh to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whoſe force
Chang'd in an inſtant Nature's courſe,
And, hardly credible in rhyme,
Not only ſtopp'd, but call'd back time.
The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating ſtream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets ſpread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came,
On the arch'd brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full boſom *Cupid* laid.
Suns, from their proper orbits ſent,
Became for eyes a ſupplement:
Teeth, white as ever teeth were ſeen
Deliver'd from the hand of Green *,

* *An eminent dentiſt at this period.*

Started, in regular array,
Like train-bands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ——— ——— was fifteen.
Here ſhe made lordly temptes riſe
Before the pious Daſhwood's eyes,
Temples which, built aloft in air,
May ſerve for ſhow, if not for pray'r;
In ſolemn form herſelf before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over Melcomb's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dreſs, and phiz,
More of another world than this,
To a *dwarf muſe a giant page*,
The laſt grave fop of the laſt age,
In a ſuperb and feather'd herſe,
Beſcutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with verſe,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a *coſt* rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
Naked, as when (in thoſe drear cells
Where, *ſelf-bleſs'd*, *ſelf-curs'd* madneſs dwells)
Pleaſure, on whom, in *laughter's* ſhape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
Firſt brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witneſs of her ſhame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling Stuarts, hand in hand,
Some, who to curſe mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er muſt think of more,
Others, whoſe baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paſte,
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute,
Spread raptures o'er the ſoul of Bute.
Big with vaſt hopes, ſome mighty plan,
Which wrought the buſy ſoul of man,
To her full bent, the civil law,
Fit *code* to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewiſh frontlets* were of old,
The famous charter of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepeſt thoughts employ,
But deepeſt thoughts of trueſt joy
Serious and ſlow he ſtrode, he ſtalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom beſt he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull ſolemn pleaſure in his face,
He ſaw the honours of his race,
He ſaw their lineal glories riſe,
And touch'd, or ſeem'd to touch, the ſkies.
Not the moſt diſtant mark of fear,
No ſign of *axe*, or *ſcaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to croſs his will,
Of ſuch a place as *Tower Hill*.
Curſe on this *muſe*, a flippant jade,
A ſhrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peeviſhneſs and ſpleen.
Her tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The huſband ſuffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards muſt always rue it,
Although 'tis plain the muſes do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To ſend me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chooſe
In modern days without a *muſe*,
Juſt as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, though they muſt be the play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *muſe*, who ſtill
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I aught diſcern
Of fate, that time ſhall ſoon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at leaſt,
As grave and dull as any prieſt,
I could ſee *vice* in robes array'd,
Could ſee the game of *folly* play'd
Succeſsfully in fortune's ſchool,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud
I lacquied with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I ſtand, as if wiſe fate,
To compliment a ſhatter'd ſtate,
Had me, like Atlas, hither ſent
To ſhoulder up the firmament,
And if I ſtoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The heavens would tumble from my back?
Time was, when rank and ſituation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all controul; *ſatire* and *law*
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, *decorum* loſt, I ſtand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry ſenſe of ſhame,
Careleſs of ſafety and of fame,
The names of ſcoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the town.
How can a ſtateſmen be ſecure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty authors thus ſhall dare
To lay his rotten boſom bare?
Muſes ſhould paſs away their time
In dreſſing out the poet's rhyme
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmleſs taſte, though gay.
When the hot burning fit is on,
They ſhould regale their reſtleſs ſon
With ſomething to allay his rage,
Some cool Caſtalian beverage,
Or ſome ſuch draught (though *they*, 'tis plain,
Taking the muſes name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's *ode* go down,
Or ſlakes the *feverette* of Brown:
But who would in his ſenſes think
Of muſes giving gall to drink,

Or that their folly ſhould afford
To raving poets gun or ſword?
Poets were ne'er deſign'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of ſtate,
Nor ſhould (if we may ſpeak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About thoſe heads, which, when they're ſhot,
Can't tell if 'was by wit or not.
These things well known, what devil in ſpite
Can have ſeduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which muſt have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever poet had before,
Of wit and virtue, in diſgrace
Would keep me ſtill, and out of place,
Which, if ſome *judge* (you'll underſtand
One famous famous through the land
For *making* law) ſhould ſtand my friend,
At laſt may in a pill'ry end,
And all this, I myſelf admit,
Without one cauſe to lead to it.——
For inſtance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear ſome critic poſt
Remark moſt gravely—"The firſt word
"Which we about the GHOST have heard."
Peace, my good Sir—not quite ſo faſt—
What is the firſt may be the laſt,
Which is a point, all muſt agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
FANNY, no ghoſt of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd;
To keep her ſtate, and ſhow her ſkill,
She never comes but when ſhe will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And ſhrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my diſgrace,
I too am in the ſelf-ſame caſe).
But ſtill I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any ſhame
On me with equal juſtice fall,
If ſhe had never come at all.
An underling I could not ſtir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the ſubject aid receive
Until ſhe came, and gave me leave.
So that (ye ſons of erudition
Mark, this is but a ſuppoſition,
Nor would I to ſo wiſe a nation
Suggeſt it as a *revelation*)
If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more
Of FANNY, who, in ſea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt fortune, but agree
No cenſure can be laid on me,
For ſure (the cauſe let Mansfield try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.
But to return—and this I hold,
A ſecret worth its weight in gold
To thoſe who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Through ditch, through bog, o'er hedge and ſtile;
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a paſſage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Through dirt, who ſcruples to approach,
At pleaſure's call, to take a coach?
But we ſhould think the man a clown
Who in the dirt ſhould ſet us down.
But to return—if wit, who ne'er
The ſhackles of reſtraint could bear,
In wayward humour ſhould refuſe
Her timely ſuccour to the muſe,
And to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She muſt renounce *decorum's* plan,
And get back when and how ſhe can;
As *parſons*, who, without pretext,
As ſoon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote ſleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reaſon (for we know
Reaſon is vulgar, mean, and low)
Why they come back (ſhould it befal
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give why they went out.
But to return—this book—the GHOST—
A mere amuſement at the moſt,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day,
A ſlight ſhot ſilk, for ſummer wear,
Juſt as our modern ſtateſmen are,
If rigid honeſty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him, who, were we all to ſteal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this book, where eaſe ſhould join
With mirth to *ſugar* ev'ry line,
Where it ſhould all be mere *chit-chat*,
Lively, good-humour'd, and *all that*,
Where *honeſt* ſatire, in diſgrace,
Should not ſo much as ſhow her face,
The ſhrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into laughter's ſacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *ſcience*, *trade*, and *politics*.
But why ſhould the diſtemper'd ſcold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In pow'rs dread book, whoſe mighty ſkill
Can twiſt an empire to their will;
Whoſe voice is fate, and on their tongue
Law, *liberty*, and *life*, are hung;
Whom, on inquiry, truth ſhall find
With Stuarts *link'd*, time out of mind
Superior to their country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrant's cauſe;
Men, who the ſame damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old;
Who, though by diff'rent means, purſue
The end which they had firſt in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much leſs honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the ſtreets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge ſhe meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should ſhe wild clamours vent; or why,
The minds of *groundlings* to inflame,
A Dashwood, Bute, and Wyndham name?

Why, having not to our ſurpriſe
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should ſhe an argument afford,
For blood, to men who *wear a ſword;*
Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*
A point of honour to a hair
(Honour—a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which *my lord* quite in rapture feels
Dangling and rattling with his ſeals—
Honour—a word, which all the *nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thouſand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiſer heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What honour *is*, on their wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their way,
And this we ſure may dare to ſay,
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *law*, *honeſty*, or *ſenſe;*
Men, who all ſpirit, life, and ſoul,
Neat butchers of a *button-hole*,
Having more ſkill, believe it true
That they muſt have more courage too;
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes ſpeechleſs as their fame,
Would by the ſword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than ſtarve?
At *coronations*, a vaſt field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good ſound food, at once moſt fit
For purpoſes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious ſatire reſt,
Content with what ſhe might digeſt?
Could ſhe not feaſt on things of courſe,
A *champion*, or a champion's *horſe?*
A champion's *horſe*—no, better ſay,
Though better figur'd on that day—
A *horſe*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rhyme, a Pegaſus;
A *rider*, who, when once got on,
Might paſs for a Bellerophon,
Drop† on a ſudden from the ſkies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand inſtead of whip,
The world with *noble* horſemanſhip,
To twiſt and twine, both horſe and man,
On ſuch a well concerted plan,
That *centaur*-like, when all was done,
We ſcarce could think they were not one?
Could ſhe not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* peers,
Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
With ſhoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour; for whoſe ſake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, becauſe they could not find,
Great predeceſſors to their mind?
Could ſhe not (though 'tis doubtful ſince
Whether he *plumber* is, or *prince*)
Tell of a ſimple knights advance
To be a doughty peer of *France;*
Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
And Robinſon was Aquitain *;
Tell how her city-chiefs diſgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd?
A groſs neglect, which, whilſt they live,
They cant't forget, and won't forgive;
A groſs neglect of all thoſe rights
Which march with city appetites;
Of all thoſe canons, which we find
By *gluttony*, time out of mind,
Eſtabliſh'd; which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold:
Thanks to my ſtars—I now ſee ſhore—
Of courtiers, and of courts no more—
Thus ſtumbling on my city friends,
Blind chance my guide, my purpoſe bends
In line direct, and ſhall purſue
The point which I had firſt in view,
No more ſhall with the reader ſport,
Till I have ſeen him ſafe in port.
Huſh'd be each fear—no more I bear
Through the wide regions of the air
The reader terrified, no more
Wild ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Croſs-roads to Allen † I reſign—
Allen, the honour of this nation,
Allen, himſelf a *corporation*,
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
Allen, the firſt of *etter'd* men,
Since the *good* biſhop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his ſtand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *digreſſion* hence—
Let us return to *Common-Senſe;*
The car of Phœbus I diſcharge,
My carriage now a Lord-Mayor's *barge*.
Suppoſe we now—we may ſuppoſe
In verſe, what would be ſin in proſe—
The ſky, with darkneſs overſpread,
And ev'ry ſtar retir'd to bed;
The gewgaw robes of pomp and pride
In ſome dark corner thrown aſide;
Great *lords* and *ladies* giving way
To what they ſeem to ſcorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And nature taking place of art;
Deſire triumphant through the night,
And *beauty* panting with delight;
Chaſtity, woman's faireſt crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not ſullied in the night;
Dull *ceremony*, buſineſs o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To ſee the candles ſafely out,
Bearing a mighty *maſter-key*,
Habited like *economy*,

---

* *t the coronation, Sir Thomas Robinſon walked as the repreſentative of the Duke of Aquitain.*

† *Ralph Allen, Eſq of Prior Park, near Bath, the correſpondent of Pope, of whom Allworthy, in Tom Jones, is ſaid to have been the repreſentative.*

Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean av'rice creeping at her heels.
Suppose we too, like sheep in pen,
The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*,
Within their barge, which through the deep,
The rowers more than half asleep,
Mov'd slow, as overcharg'd with state;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *bauble* heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies shed,
Each head, by dullness render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Through the whole passage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half sound, was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The steersman nodding o'er the helm;
The rowers, without force or skill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;
To sluggish oars suspended hung,
And even Beardmore * held his *tongue*.
Commerce, regardful of a freight,
On which depended half her *state*,
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of sand,
Where, stranded, our west country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the muses can survey
Objects by night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and light to them the same)
They past that building, which of old
Queen-mothers was design'd to hold;
At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
Where *dowagers* have laid their head.
Why should we mention *Surrey-street*,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To see all causes duly tried
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* should we stay?
What of the *Temple* dare we say?
A dangerous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the brethren of the seas
For *fares*, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *bridge*, most wisely made
To serve the purposes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By stopping up the navigation,
And to that sand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *bridge*, which, void of sense,
But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the *guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,

* *An attorney and common-council-man, supposed to have afforded some assistance at times to* "*The Monitor.*"

Till Paterson, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
In solemn manner had decreed,
That on the other side the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne *, a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deserving, just arriv'd in town;
One Mylne, an artist perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as he,
With glorious *potentiality*,
To build inscriptions worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.
Much more, worth observation too,
Was this a season to pursue
The theme, our muse might tell in rhyme;
The will she hath, but not the time;
For, swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a goddess comes, we know,
Surpassing nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar nor sail)
The vessel past, and reach'd the shore
So quick, that thought was scarce before.
Suppose we now our *city-court*
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their state regardless quite,
Landed, like smuggled goods, by night;
The solemn magistrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown,
With ev'ry other ensign gone,
Suppose the woollen nightcap on:
The *flesh-brush* us'd with decent state
To make the spirits circulate,
(A form, which, to the senses true,
The liq'rish chaplain uses too,
Though, something to improve the plan,
He takes the maid instead of man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To show the vigour of threescore,
The vigour of threescore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppose the mighty Dullman led
Betwixt two slaves, and put to bed;
Suppose the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The drone as fast asleep as he
Must in the course of nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.
There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be shown
Court pride by *city-pride* outdone.
The jealous mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.
The *wretch*, of God and man accurs'd,
Of all hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward dexy shine
The treasures of Golconda's mine;

* *The architect of Blackfriars Bridge.*

Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.
Garments, well fav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-fav'd, which first were made,
When tailors, to promote their trade,
Against the *Pict* in arms arose,
And drove them out or made them clothes;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like names, and titles, which descend
Successively from sire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,
And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this solemnity, to void
That scent, which Russia's leather gave
From vile and impious moth to save.
Each head was busy and each heart
In preparation bore a part.
Running together all about,
The servants put each other out,
Till the grave master had decreed,
The more haste, ever the worse speed;
Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smuggled toilet dos'd;
The *waiting maid*, whom story notes
A very *scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall;
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple-Bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from court;
With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be *superbly* fine;
Nature, more pleasing, though more wild,
Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
And cried with spirited disdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain,
Lo from the chambers of the east,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom the sun.
The trumpet—hark!—It speaks—It swells
The loud full harmony—It tells
The time at hand when Dullman, led
By form, his citizens must head,
And march those troops, which at his call
Were now assembled to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *court* and *city*, *church* and *state*.
From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal and obey;
But Dullman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet but the last.

Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at Dullman's side,
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On Dullman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed,
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd;
And what an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.
Under his pillow (still in mind
The proverb kept, *Fast bind, fast find*),
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away essay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.
Behold him taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair, and morning-gown;
Behold him in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
Behold him, bending with the weight
Of robes and trumpery of state;
Behold him, (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourselves; and chaplain paid,
Like slaves in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got),
Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
Go *titter totter* to the stairs;
Behold him, for descent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He *starts*, he *pauses* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, seems to *think*;
Through his whole train (the chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
At once, as if infection caught,
Each *started*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn, big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
At last with Crape begins to reason:
But first of all he made a sign
That ev'ry soul but the *divine*,
Should quit the room; in him he knows,
He may all confidence repose.
Crape—though I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful step I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends, observe me still,
I meant not those who well or ill
Perhaps may wish me, but those who
Have 't in their power to do it too.
Now if attentive to the state,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or through much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deserving praise, into a scrape

I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a wife man, ſhould get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I ſay that to get out is wiſe,
Or, by the very ſelf ſame rule
That to get in was like a fool:
The marrow of this argument
Muſt wholly reſt on the event;
And therefore which is really hard,
Againſt events too I muſt guard.
Should things continue as they *ſtand*,
And Bute prevail through all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, honours on my zeal may ſmile,
And ſtamp me Earl of ſome great iſle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The preſent miniſter goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can ſtand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with thoſe in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I ſhould not, like a blockhead, chooſe
To gain *theſe* ſo as *thoſe* to loſe:
'Tis good in ev'ry caſe, you know,
To have two ſtrings unto our bow.
As one in wonder loſt, Crape view'd
His lord, who thus his ſpeech purſu'd.
This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point deſir'd.
What I would wiſh to bring about,
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in diſpute, you know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy taſk.—The *rev'rend* ſlave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and footed ſtood,
Juſt like a man cut out of wood;
Such as we ſee (without the leaſt
Reflection glancing on the prieſt)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almoſt in ev'ry church in town:
He ſtood ſome minutes; then, like one
Who wiſh'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, ſhook his head,
And thus the man of ſorrow ſaid:
Hard is this taſk, too hard I ſwear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expreſſion hard my part,
Could mighty Dullman ſee my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will,
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To ſenſe and honour? Could I reach
Thy meaning without help of ſpeech,
At the firſt motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not ſaid, not what I ought,
But what by earthly maſter taught?
Did I e'er weigh, through duty ſtrong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever int'reſt, to whom thou
Can'ſt not with more devotion bow,
Warp my ſound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When buſineſs call'd aloud for haſte,
Torn myſelf thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan purſu'd
Of voluntary ſervitude;
Purſu'd without or ſhame or fear,
Through the great circle of the year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my ſkill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his ſlave afford;
This taſk, for my poor ſtrength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dullman's wit.
With ſuch groſs incenſe gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor Crape—and ſhook his empty head—
Poor puzzled Crape, wiſe Dullman ſaid,
Of judgment weak, of ſenſe confin'd,
For things of lower note deſign'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run *of* errands, and to preach,
Well haſt thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well haſt thou judg'd thyſelf unmeet
Of ſuch high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I ſpoke,
And all I ſaid was but a joke.
Nor think a joke, Crape, a diſgrace
Or to my perſon, or my place;
The wiſeſt of the ſons of men
Have deign'd to uſe them now and then:
The only caution, do you ſee,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common uſe and men exempt,
Is, that they may not breed contempt.
Great uſe they have, when in the hands
Of one, like me, who underſtands;
Who underſtands the time and place,
The perſons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; ſo that we find,
If all the requiſites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke muſt ſpring,
A joke's a very ſerious thing.
But to our buſineſs—My deſign,
Which gave ſo rough a ſhock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad-cloth, I can, with eaſe,
Cut out in any ſhape I pleaſe.
Some, in my circumſtance, ſome few,
Aye, and thoſe men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early riſe or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit found,
Riſe worth a hundred thouſand pound.
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point; ſo will not I.

New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our city wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dullman bears a brain.
Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear;
Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t' other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
The public eye be with *one* set,
In private with a *second* herd,
And be by proxy with a *third*;
Would (like a *queen*, of whom I read
The other day---her name is fled---
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his cat I found,
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all Lord-Mayors should have by heart)
A *queen* (O might those days begin
Afresh when queens would learn to spin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,
The cause of which I've now forgot,
During the absence of the sun
Undid what she by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What's sworn by day, by night unswear.
Such be their arts, and such perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new system *mine* shall spring,
A *locum-tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan.---To obligate
The present ministers of state,
My *gadow* shall our court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*;
My *fine state coach*, superb to view,
A *fine state coach*, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of those who're out of place:
In the mean time *I*---that's to say---
I proper, *I* myself---*here* stay.
But hold---perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the ministry;
For where the city coach is, there
Is the true essence of the Mayor:
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No *coach*—a *horse*—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Fast on his back shall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his side:
Then for a *horse*—through all the land,
To head our solemn city-band,
Can any one so fit be found,
As he, who in *Artill'ry ground*,
Without a rider, noble sight,
Led on our bravest troops to fight.
But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that *horse*, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit.
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of justice) whether *horse* or *man*
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That pow'r must tyranny appear,
Which should, *prejudging*, interfere,
And weak faint judges over-awe
To bias the free course of law.
You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dullman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.
Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey.
Not without trouble, be assur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a lord to represent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t' other side of *London-wall*.
The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
Behold the grand procession go,
All moving on, cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.
Constables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For use of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treasurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty treasury;
Churchwardens, who their course pursue
In the same state, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since Peirson taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and shut it when they please;
Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curses of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.
Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Professor* Sheridan;
A man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher Ammon's son
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.

On all occaſions next the chair
He ſtands for ſervice of the mayor,
And to inſtruct him how to uſe
His *a's* and *b's*, and *p's* and *q's*.
O'er *letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *ſyllables* deface'd and torn,
O'er *words* disjointed, and o'er *ſenſe*
Left deſtitute of all defence,
He ſtrides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criſs-Croſs-Rows*.
Before him, ev'ry *Conſonant*
In agonies is ſeen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghoſts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.
Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And city favour, came in place.
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age.
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Reſolv'd, is wed to city ſpouſe,
Their aid with *Madam's* aid muſt join
The awkward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence trueſt glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kit, and each
To ſhow how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a ſtring a *dancing bear*.
Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Cuſtom, and cuſtom's all in all,
Commands that we ſhould have regard,
On all high ſeaſons, to the *Bard*.
Great acts like theſe, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, ſhould not be ſaid, but ſung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman * came;
And, ne'er forgot in Dullman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *uniformity* of pride,
Brought *brother* Whitehead by his ſide.
On horſe, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And caſt his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpoſe fit,
His high and gen'rous blood diſdain'd
To be for ſports and paſtimes rein'd,
Great Dymock, in his glorious ſtation,
Paraded at the coronation.
Not ſo our *City* Dymock came,
Heavy, diſpirited, and tame;
No mark of ſenſe, his eyes half-cloſ'd,
He on a mighty *dray-horſe* doz'd.
Fate never could a horſe provide
So fit for ſuch a man to ride;
Nor find a man, with ſtricteſt care,
So fit for ſuch a horſe to bear.
Hung round with inſtruments of death,
The ſight of him would ſtop the breath
Of braggart cowardice, and make
The very *Court Drawcanſir* quake.
With *dirks*, which, in the hands of ſpite,
Do their damn'd buſineſs in the night,
From *Scotland* ſent, but here diſplay'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With *ſwords*, unfleſh'd, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;
With *blunderbuſſes*, taught to ride,
Like *pocket-piſtols*, by his ſide,
In girdle ſtuck, he ſeem'd to be
A little moving *armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The ſight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horſe (a courteſy
In horſes found of high degree)
Inſtead of going *forward* on,
All the way *backward* ſhould have gone.
Horſes, unleſs they breeding lack,
Some ſcruple make to turn their back,
Though riders, which plain truth declares,
No ſcruple make of turning theirs.
Far, far apart from all the reſt,
Fit only for a ſtanding jeſt,
The *independent* (can you get
A better ſuited epithet)
The *independent* Amyand came,
All burning with the ſacred flame
Of liberty, which well he knows
On the great ſtock of ſlav'ry grows.
Like ſparrow, who, depriv'd of mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of fate,
From ſpray to ſpray no more will hop,
But ſits alone on the houſe-top,
Or like himſelf, when all alone
At *Croydon* he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of intereſt and common ſenſe;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and purſu'd his plan,
The *left*-hand had been loneſome quite,
If he had not held up the *right*.
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a diſtant prize,
On which in letters worthy note,
There "twenty thouſand pounds" was wrote;
Falſe trap, for credit ſapp'd is found
By getting twenty thouſand pound.
Nay, look not thus on me, and ſtare
Doubting the certainty.—To ſwear
In ſuch a caſe I ſhould be loth—
But Perry Cuſt * may take his oath.
In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim quaker fraud came trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan,
Habited like a *Juryman*,
Judging as intereſt prevails,
Came next with meaſures, weights, and ſcales;
Extortion next, of helliſh race,
A cub moſt damn'd, to ſhow his face
Forbid by fear, but not by ſhame,
Turn'd to a *Jew*, like ——— came;
Corruption, Midas-like, behold
Turning whate'er ſhe touch'd to gold;
Impotence led by luſt, and pride
Strutting with Ponton by her ſide;
Hypocriſy, demure and ſad,
In garments of the prieſthood clad,

* *John Lockman, ſecretary to the Britiſh herring fiſhery, author of many forgotten poems, and tranſlator of ſeveral books from the French.*

* *See North Briton, Vol.* III.

So well disguis'd, that you might swear,
Deceiv'd, a very priest was there;
Bankruptcy, full of ease and health,
And wallowing in *well-sav'd* wealth,
Came sneering through a ruin'd band,
And bringing B——— in her hand;
Victory hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland stallion led;
Peace, cloth'd in sables, with a face
Which witness'd sense of huge disgrace,
Which spake a deep and rooted shame
Both of herself and of her name,
Mourning creeps on, and blushing feels
War, grim war treading on her heels;
Pale credit, shaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worse hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to stand,
Well nigh destroy'd by sickly fit,
Look'd wistful all around for Pitt;
Freedom—at that most hallow'd name
My spirits mount into a flame,
Each pulse beats high, and each nerve strains
E'en to the cracking; through my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am freedom's son—
Freedom came next, but scarce was seen,
When the sky, which appear'd serene
And gay before, was overcast;
Horror bestrode a *foreign* blast,
And from the *prison* of the *North*,
To freedom deadly, storms burst forth.
A *car* like those, in which, we're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, six horses bear
Through the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled smoke and flame
From their wide nostrils; ev'ry steed
Was of that ancient savage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The flesh of man, their drink his blood.
On the first horses, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and sleek, *that* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders side by side,
And poverty was yok'd with pride.
Union most strange it must appear,
Till other unions make it clear.
Next, in the gall of bitterness,
With rage, which words can ill express,
With unforgiving rage, which springs
From a false zeal for holy things,
Wearing such robes as prophets wear,
False prophets plac'd in Peter's chair;
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd; where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of fainted devils, where all round
Vile *reliques* of vile men were found,
Who, worse than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, *Inquisitors*, and *Popes*,
Pointing at *axes*, *wheels*, and *ropes*,
And *engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer man
Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have heads to make, and hearts to use;
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left hand a *crucifix*,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth peace, *amongst men* good-will,
Love *bearing*, and *forbearing* still,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of those
Who rather death than falsehood chose;
On her breast (where, in days of yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the high-priest wore
Those oracles, which were decreed
T' instruct and guide the chosen seed)
Having with glory clad and strength,
The virgin pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilst at her feet, in small pourtray'd,
As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid;
Came superstition, fierce and fell,
An imp detested, e'en in hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully besmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *saints* she rode;
Fast at her heels death proudly strode,
And grimly smil'd, well-pleas'd to see
Such havoc of mortality.
Close by her side, on mischief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, savage, wild,
The mother fit of such a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of sin and death, came ignorance.
With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd,
Where loudly witnessing a mind
Of savage more than human kind,
Not choosing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, misrule appear'd.
With eyeballs glaring fiery red,
Enough to strike beholders dead,
Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorse
Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came tyranny; disdaining awe,
And trampling over *sense* and *law*.
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would pursue,
Though less (so low doth passion bring)
Than man, he would be more than king.
With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was flatt'ry join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook;
When simple most, most to be fear'd;
Most crafty when no craft appear'd;
His tales no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,

Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Thoſe who had cheated been before:
Such flatt'ry came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by *p oſtitution* great,
Would be firſt miniſter of ſtate.
Within the chariot, all alone,
High ſeated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom juſtice would, but dare not name.
Hard times when juſtice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of thoſe, who dare offend
'Gainſt juſtice, and pervert her end:
But, if the muſe afford me grace,
Deſcription ſhall ſupply the place.
In *foreign* garments he was clad:
Sage ermine o'er the gloſſy *plaid*
Caſt rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of art,
In ſilver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly ſtar,
Shone a *white roſe*, the emblem dear
Of him he ever muſt revere;
Of that dread lord, who with his hoſt
Of faithful native rebels loſt,
Like thoſe black ſpirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *bonnet*, moſt ſuperbly grac'd
With mighty *thiſtles*, nor forgot
The ſacred motto, *Touch me not.*
In the right-hand a ſword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough north invade the ſouth:
The reeking blade to view preſents
The blood of helpleſs innocents;
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the ſhearers dumb,
With downcaſt eye, and ſolemn ſhow
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when freedom reign'd,
Faſt to a rock was juſtice chain'd.
In his left-hand, in wax impreſt,
With bells and gewgaws idly dreſt,
An *image*, caſt in baby mould,
He held, and ſeem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiſs,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to deſire the antitype.
What if to that *pretender's* foes
His greatneſs, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And ſhake his conſtancy of mind?
Scorning ſuch weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he ſtill remains,
Though he the friend of George appear:
Diſſimulation's virtue here.
Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to truth and juſtice bend,
Unleſs *out-bullied* by his *friend:*
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himſelf a coward ſlave;
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a ſubtle train he ſprings,
And, ſecret, ſaps the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainſt the reſiſtance of a worm:
Born in a country, *where the will*
Of one is law to all, he ſtill
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To ſpread it whereſoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *law* defied,
The proſtitute of pow'r and pride:
Law he with eaſe explains away,
And leads bewilder'd ſenſe aſtray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain,
Proceeds on moſt familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rareſt ſtamp and ſize,
To nature falſe, he miſapplies,
And turns to poiſon what was ſent
For purpoſes of nouriſhment.
Paleneſs, not ſuch as on his wings
The meſſenger of ſickneſs brings,
But ſuch as takes its coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks; *diſdain* and *pride*,
To upſtart fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Inſidious, lurking like a ſpy
To caution principled by fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *miſchief: paſſion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breaſt
All that makes villain found a neſt,
All that, on hell's completeſt plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
Soon as the car reach'd land, he roſe,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's beſt blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of ſterner ſtuff
In cities than elſewhere, to make
The very ſtouteſt quail and quake,
He caſt his baleful eyes around.
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on ſurpriſe, all ſtood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood:
No more they thought of *pomp*, no more
(For they had ſeen his face before)
Of *law* they thought; the cauſe forgot,
Whether it was or ghoſt, or plot,
Which drew them there. They all ſtood more
Like ſtatues than they were before.
What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both direct a proper courſe
To make this ſavage monſter tame,
Or ſend him back the way he came?
What neither art, nor force, nor both
Could do a *lord* of foreign growth,
A lord to that baſe wretch allied
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effected: from the ſelf-ſame land,
(Bad news for our blaſpheming band
Of ſcribblers, but deſerving note)
The poiſon came, and antidote.

Abash'd the monster hung his head;
And like an empty vision fled;
His train, like virgin snows which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy sun,
To love-sick streams, dissolv'd in air;
Joy, who from absence seem'd more fair,
Came smiling, freed from slavish awe;
Loyalty, liberty, and law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of pow'r, resum'd their reign;
And burning with the glorious flame
Of public virtue, Mansfield came.

THE CONFERENCE.

Grace said in form, which sceptics must agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me;
The servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord, and his thread-bare guest;
The king gone round, my lady too withdrawn,
My lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
Churchill, you have a poem coming out.
You've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your muse in general is too severe;
Her spirit seems her int'rest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend, makes twenty foes.

C. Your lordship's fears are just, I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of course.
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen,
Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to virtue too?

L. What is this boasted virtue, taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? Point out one wholesome end:
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this fame virtue stifle nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun,
Barely by saying, thou art virtue's son?
Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.
Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True virtue means, let reason use her eyes.
Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wise.
Wouldst thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to virtue poverty and scorn.
Let prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom prudence can with virtue go?
To be successful try thy utmost force,
And virue follows as a thing of course.
Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed
Of that kind master who first gave him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco, for the wretch is poor!
" Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot;
" By all detested live, and die forgot;
" Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
" Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in
" death,"
Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue:
Let fortune change, and prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels;
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'rest taught,
And let his foes, though I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to such men, if such men can have peace,
Let their possessions, let their state increase;
Let their base services in courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let those who have the will,
And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honest man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole the strengthen'd eye,
Through all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.

C. What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famish'd nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.
Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed.
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan;

Once, aw'd by fortune's moſt oppreſſive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at laſt gaſp, my ſtate undone,
Trembling to meet the ſhock I could not ſhun,
Virtue gave ground, and black deſpair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the ſtorm, my ſpirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; till one, a friend indeed,
May all diſtreſs find ſuch in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By virtue guided, and by wiſdom taught,
Image of him whom Chriſtians ſhould adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me ſafe to ſhore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for ſome little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in ſwerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, ſhall abject thirſt of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainſt my ſoul's deareſt health,
That, as a boon, I ſhould baſe ſhackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myſelf a ſlave;
That I ſhould in the train of thoſe appear,
Whom honour cannot love, nor manhood fear?

That I no longer ſkulk from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Afraid leſt duns aſſail, and bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcaſe bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend,
Whoſe very obligations muſt offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn,
At ſuffering favours which I can't return;
That, from dependence and from pride ſecure,
I am not plac'd ſo high to ſcorn the poor,
Nor yet ſo low, that I my lord ſhould fear,
Or heſitate to give him ſneer for ſneer;
That, whilſt ſage prudence my purſuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myſelf moſt true,
Feeling no want, I comfort thoſe who do,
And with the will have power to aid diſtreſs:
Theſe, and what other bleſſings I poſſeſs,
From the indulgence of the public riſe;
All private patronage my ſoul defies.
By candour more inclin'd to ſave than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave: juſt mem'ry bears
The grateful ſtamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cauſe,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purpoſes of private fraud.
Prudence by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwiſe, you ſtand alone.
What do we mean by country and by court?
What is it to oppoſe, what to ſupport?
Mere words of courſe, and what is more abſurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and minors differ but in name,
Patriots and miniſters are much the ſame;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is *in*, the other *out*.

Explore the dark receſſes of the mind,
In the ſoul's honeſt volume read mankind,
And own, in wiſe and ſimple, great and ſmall,
The ſame grand leading principle in all.

Whate'er we talk of wiſdom to the wiſe,
Of goodneſs to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, or private bands
Which claim moſt dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our firſt great mover, and our laſt great end,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, ſelf is all in all.
This, which unwilling faction ſhall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made tyrants break, made kings obſerve the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Naſſau.

Hath nature (ſtrange and wild conceit of pride)
Diſtinguiſh'd thee from all her ſons beſide?
Doth virtue in thy boſom brighter glow,
Or from a ſpring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy ſoul bound with thoſe very chains
Which ſhackle us; or is that ſelf, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we ſee
Moſt ſtrong and ſov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawleſs pen)
Think, and confeſs thyſelf like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy conſcience led
By reaſon's hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyſelf now, and own with ſtricteſt truth,
That ſelf hath drawn thee from fair virtue's way
Farther than folly would have dar'd to ſtray,
And that the talents lib'ral nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a ſlave.

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have ſo long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundleſs will
Let ſelf maintain her ſtate and empire ſtill,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Through better paſtures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wiſely revolt, and join our ſtronger ſide.

C. Ah! what, my lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? Why to view
Would you thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Muſt ſpeak me ſomething more or leſs than man;
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on deſpair,
Which human nature muſt, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a buſy world,
Where praiſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
Or ſhake one ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul.
Free and at large might their wild curſes roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry conſcience tells,
When ſhe with more than tragic horror ſwells
Each circumſtance of guilt; when ſtern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorſe awake at reaſon's call;
Arm'd at all points, bids ſcorpion vengeance paſs,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glaſs;

The mind, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form ſhe knows to be her own.
Enough of this—let private ſorrows reſt—
As to the public I dare ſtand the teſt;
Dare proudly boaſt, I feel no wiſh above
The good of England, and my country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by reaſon's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, ſhall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honeſt ſoul diſdains,
Men who, with ſervile zeal, are forging chains
For freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To ſpread deſtruction o'er my native land.
What! ſhall I not, e'en to my lateſt breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little ſtrength which nature gave,
And boldly ſtem, or periſh in the wave?
L. When I look backward for ſome fifty years,
And ſee *proteſting* patriots turn to peers;
Hear men, moſt looſe, for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels aſſert the cauſe of God,
And meek divines wield perſecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See Whitehead * take a place, † Ralph change his pen,
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in ſport,
Who rail at miniſters, and curſe a court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,
Shall ſome preferment, offer'd at a time
When virtue ſleeps, ſome ſacrifice to pride,
Or ſome fair victim, move to change thy ſide.
Thee ſhall theſe eyes behold, to health reſtor'd,
Uſing, as prudence bids, bold ſatire's ſword,
Galling thy preſent friends, and praiſing thoſe
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greateſt foes.
C. May I (can worſe diſgrace on manhood fall)?
Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
May I (though to his ſervice deeply tied
By ſacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With falſe feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And uſe his name for ſome baſe private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my ſick ſpirits, and unmans my ſoul)
Ruin the virtue which I held moſt dear,
And ſtill muſt hold; may I, through abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to ſucceeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilſt mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all thoſe evils which, to ſtamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in ſtore for vengeance, may the worſt
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow,
May I be ſcorn'd by every man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,

* *Paul Whitehead.*

† *James Ralph. See Lord Melcombe's "Diary."*

If I am one among the many known,
Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft bluſh'd to own.
L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?
C. I do, and that's the reaſon I oppoſe.
Friends I have made, whom envy muſt commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wiſh a friend.
What if ten thouſand Butes and Hollands bawl,
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.
'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious ſtreams on recent men, who came
From ſtems unknown, and fires without a name;
'Tis not the *ſtar*, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilſt a baſe heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and ſin;
'Tis not the tinſel grandeur, taught to wait,
At cuſtom's call, to mark a fool of ſtate
From fools of leſſer note, that ſoul can awe
Whoſe pride is reaſon, whoſe defence is law.
L. Suppoſe (a thing ſcarce poſſible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part);
Suppoſe thy writings ſo well fenc'd in law,
That Norton * cannot find, nor make a flaw,
Haſt thou not heard, that 'mongſt our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd aſleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of force,
Law hath ſuſpended ſtood, or chang'd its courſe?
Art thou aſſur'd, that, for deſtruction ripe,
Thou may'ſt not ſmart beneath the ſelf-ſame gripe?
What ſanction haſt thou, frantic in thy rhymes,
Thy life, thy freedom to ſecure?
C. The times.
'Tis not on law, a ſyſtem great and good,
By wiſdom penn'd, and bought by nobleſt blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great lawgiver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whoſe royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere ſin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws diſpenſe,
(Bleſt be the hour and hand which ſent them hence)
For ſomething, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, *unheard.*
Life we might all reſign to lawleſs pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchaſe of an hour;
But envy ne'er ſhall fix ſo foul a ſtain
On the fair annals of a Brunſwick's reign.
If, ſlave to party, to revenge, or pride,
If, by frail human error drawn aſide,
I break the law, ſtrict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to puniſh, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor by the voice of juſtice doom'd to death,
Would I aſk mercy with my lateſt breath.
But, anxious only for my country's good,
In which my king's, *of courſe*, is underſtood;
Form'd on a plan with ſome few patriot friends,
Whilſt by juſt means I aim at nobleſt ends,

* *Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-general.*

My spirits cannot sink: though from the tomb
Stern Jeffries should be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Though he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some *black attorney*, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst decency and law retreat,
The modest Norton from his maiden seat;
Though both, in ill confed'rates, should agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me.
Whilst George is king, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet justice from her even course;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witness 'gainst my left;
Should they, abroad by inquisitions taught,
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
'Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

Thou God of *truth*, thou great, all-searching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our spirits open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when law submits to pow'r,
With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel.
Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And, if oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to reason, and who dies a man.

THE AUTHOR.

Accurs'd the man, whom fate ordains in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well,

Much are the precious hours of youth mis-spent,
In climbing learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the *vale* of *ignorance* below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.

O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's thread bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whose merit is his place;
Vice-chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors, who nothing know at all:
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.

But *now*, when dullness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When wit, seduc'd by envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with ignorance and pride,
What *now* should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boasted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in other's fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where merit and reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, description hung;
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst reason through her critic fences smil'd;
Where nature list'ning stood, whilst Shakspeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of sense;
Where health and honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where in some tyrant's reign,
When a *weak*, *wicked*, *ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
Those wretches, who, ordain'd in freedom's cause,
Gave up their liberties, and sold our laws;
When pow'r was taught by meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;

When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her fores corruption ſpread,
Her iron arm when ſtern oppreſſion rear'd,
And virtue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
The ſcourge of vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor freedom bow'd the neck to ſlav'ry's chain?
Is this the land where in thoſe worſt of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honeſt rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
In guilty bluſhes on the villain's cheek,
Bade pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the muſe, who fear'd not law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowſy track of buſineſs trod,
Worſhip their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;
Who, form'd to dullneſs from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to goſpel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from reviews,
And lay out all their ſtock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like theſe,
Whom reaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rhyme?

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary groan
In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads ſacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my ſpirit, bids the daring muſe
Subjects more equal to her weakneſs chooſe;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious ſtrains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought ode, or ſonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Maſon on the firſt of May?
"All ſacred is the name and pow'r of kings,
"All ſtates and ſtateſmen are thoſe mighty things
"Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,
"Were never made for poets to controul."

Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of ſacred numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme:
I tell thee, wretch, ſearch all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no ſubject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The poet cannot riſe, and hold his ſtate.
The bleſſed ſaints above in numbers ſpeak [weak;
The praiſe of God, though there all praiſe is
In numbers here below the bard ſhall teach
Virtue to ſoar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh poet to purſue,
Undaunted to purſue, though, in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.

How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank diſgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they ſtain,
And, mean themſelves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege preſer,
And treat a poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the muſe condemn,
And curſe the ſtorm they know muſt break on them.
"What, ſhall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
"Without one badge of merit, but his own,
"Great nobles laſh, and *lords*, like common men,
"Smart from the vengeance of a ſcribbler's pen?"
What's in this name of *lord*, that I ſhould fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honeſt blood of humble ſwains
Quick as the tide which ſwells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can beſtow,
Cannot make virtues in ſucceſſion flow.
Wouldſt thou, proud man, be ſafely plac'd above
The cenſure of the muſe, deſerve her love,
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who *earn'd* thoſe honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his ſteps, and be his virtues' heir.
But if, regardleſs of the road to fame,
You ſtart aſide, and tread the paths of ſhame;
If ſuch thy life, that ſhould thy ſire ariſe,
The ſight of ſuch a ſon would blaſt his eyes,
Would make him curſe the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, ſhudd'ring, from the face of earth
Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow, 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, though kings had made thee more
Than ever king a ſcoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſting,
Though God in vengeance had made thee a king,
Taking on virtue's wing her daring flight,
The muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.

Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave,
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which ſatire gave,
Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able through deſpite to keep his chair,
Whilſt on his trembling lip pale anger ſpeaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of conſcience, which good men ſecures
From all thoſe evil moments guilt endures,
And ſeems to laugh at thoſe, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
"Satire, whilſt envy and ill-humour ſway
"The mind of man, muſt always make her way;
"Nor to a boſom, with diſcretion fraught,
"Is all her malice worth a ſingle thought.
"The wiſe have not the will, nor fools the pow'r
"To ſtop her headſtrong courſe; within the hour
"Left to herſelf, ſhe dies; oppoſing ſtrife
"Gives her freſh vigour, and prolongs her life

" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim,
" Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my
" heart;
" Though pointed at myself, be satire free;
" To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."

Dissembling wretch! hence to the Stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach,
Lives there a man, whom satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But, when to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.

Hast thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S———, who from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
When folly, vice, and meanness led the way,
Would blush, should he be told, by truth and wit,
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit;
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.

But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears reason from her course;
Carries me back to times, when poets, bless'd
With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
The foes of freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a court?
Ah! what are poets now? As slavish those
Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose.
Is there an author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real spirit's found?
The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of state;
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others *half palsied* only, mutes become, [dumb.
And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnson

Why turns yon villain pale? Why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?
No, no—like other *wordlings*, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:
Give him a pension then, and sin secure.

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid virtue crouch, bid vice exalt her horn,
Bid cowards thrive, put honesty to flight,
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou state-juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
Into my breast, and flatter to betray:
Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On authors for defence, for praise depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,
To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes;
To make corruption in false colours shine,
And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.

But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
And vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What though each man of nice and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend, who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe;
What though, with thine together link'd, his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.

To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government, and libel kings,
With freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Though born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
And, whilst mean envy rears her lothsome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a city coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment,
And that old staunch whig Beardmore standing by,
Can in full court give that report the lie.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half *Scotch*, half *English*, a declining court;
To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
To make firm honour tamely league with shame,
Make vice and virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be fav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren stock;
He, far beyond the springs of nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *wedlock's* sacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
By some rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's *English peers*.

Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which nature shudders but to name,
Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
Dost thou contrive for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,

To lure him on, ev'n to his parting breath,
And promiſe life, to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villany, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a parſon at thy elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheiſt chaplain of an Atheiſt lord.
Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I ſhould learn to read;
Though that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty dullneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working prieſt,
But hop'd, I ſhould have been a Dean at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilſt proud and pamper'd ſons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend beggary* to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a-year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the packhorſe road,
Whilſt virtue to my conduct witneſs bears,
In throwing off that gown, which Francis wears.
What creature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet ſo briſk; ſo wond'rous ſweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Truſt not to looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
The villain lurks beneath the *caſſoc'd* beau;
That's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his preſence run,
Unleſs thy rage would wiſh to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone reſtrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monſter is ſo fell,
Nor is ſo ſure a blood-hound found in hell.
His ſilken ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanor, plauſible and fair,
Are only worn to pave fraud's eaſier way,
And make gull'd virtue fall a ſurer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a Chriſtian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Chriſt is laid by neglected on the ſhelf,
And the vile prieſt is goſpel to himſelf.
By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom by a brave reſentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not ſunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)
Their ſteps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To virtue loſt, to vice alone he wakes,
Moſt luſciouſly declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
And, whilſt he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes.
Are theſe the arts, which policy ſupplies, [riſe?
Are theſe the ſteps, by which grave churchmen
Forbid it, Heav'n; or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom intereſt controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honeſt ſouls.
We ſcorn preferment which is gain'd by ſin;
And will, though poor without, have peace within.

THE DUELLIST.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.
Ambition, who, when waking dreams
Of mighty, but fantaſtic ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.
Pale ſtudy by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading; but with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.
Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the court of famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Gray avarice nodded o'er his gold.
Jealouſy, his quick eye half-cloſ'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And mean diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd, as if he ſlumber'd not,
Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offſpring ſleeping round,
Snor'd *reſtleſs* labour; by his ſide
Lay health, a coarſe, but comely bride.
Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the ſoft arms of ſleep was laid,
Whilſt vice, within the guilty breaſt,
Could not be phyſic'd into reſt,
Thou bloody man! whoſe ruffian kniſe
Is drawn againſt thy neighbour's life,
And never ſcruples to deſcend
Into the boſom of a friend,
A firm, faſt friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *ſecret* ſervice tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly ſecur'd from law.
Thou man of luſt! whom paſſion fires
To fouleſt deeds, whoſe hot deſires
O'er honeſt bars with eaſe make way,
Whilſt *idiot* beauty falls a prey,
And to indulge thy brutal flame,
A Lucrece muſt be brought to ſhame;
Who doſt, a brave, bold ſinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou ſimular of luſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,

Whilſt in thy marrowleſs dry bones,
Deſire without enjoyment groans.
Thou perjur'd wretch! whom falſehood clothes
E'en like a garment; who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the day's broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lie,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to ſave thyſelf.
Thou ſon of chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with honour caught,
Nor on poor virtue loſt one thought;
Who doſt thy *wife*, thy *children* ſet,
Thy *all*, upon a ſingle bet,
Riſking, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here and *hereafter* on a die;
Who on thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy country's coſt,
And, grown expert in ſharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools.
Thou noble gameſter, whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace;
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty iſland fly,
The ſums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty iſland ſold;
Who doſt *betray intelligence*,
Abuſe the *deareſt confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of ſtate;
Who doſt within the *Alley* ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole court,
And make us bankrupts all, if care
With good *Earl* Talbot, was not there.
Thou daring infidel! whom pride
And ſin have drawn from reaſon's ſide;
Who fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God;
Whoſe hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh like a beaſt
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a curſe,
Than hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on deſtruction as a friend,
Chooſing to crumble into duſt
Rather than riſe, though riſe you muſt.
Thou hypocrite! who doſt profane,
And take the patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy country's foe, when moſt
Of love and loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of gold,
Thy friend, thy king, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf would ſell.
Ye villians! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of hell is certain, on whoſe lids
That worm which never dies, forbids
Sweet ſleep to fall, *come* and *behold*,
Whilſt envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitileſs conſcience led,
So juſtice wills, that holy bed,
Where peace her full dominion keeps,
And innocence with Holland ſleeps.

Bid terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind,
Bid earthquakes heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Through the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour in her monſtrous womb
At once all nature to entomb;
Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy ſleep, thou virtuous man,
Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and inſure thy reſt;
Still ſhall thy Ayliff, taught, though late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark as the night, by fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake,
Might tear up freedom from the root,
Deſtroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.

Deep horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and through the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its boſom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning ſtream'd;
The owl at freedom's window ſcream'd,
The ſcreech owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All ſad and ſilent, through the gloom,
The ghoſts of men, in former times
Whoſe public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant ſtalk'd; ſorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney by grief from heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept;
All friends of liberty, when fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or energy or force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, ſhe ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings,
Freſh blooming from our mother earth:
With pride and joy ſhe owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breaſts her genius burn;
Bids us with all thoſe bleſſings live
Which liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that ſpirit nobly die,
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail thoſe old patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the ſenate hung,
Whilſt they the ſacred cauſe maintain'd!
Hail thoſe old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall men like theſe unmention'd ſleep
Promiſcuous with the common heap,
And (gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the ſtream of time
In ſhoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
No—they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of fame,
Founded on honour's baſis, faſt
As the round earth to ages laſt.
Some virtues vaniſh with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in eternity,
An everlaſting crown ſhall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.
But ſhould ſome ſlave-got villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;
May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
'Till he can't live, nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,
Grant him what here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!
But ſhould ſome villain, in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practiſe 'gainſt the life
Of one, who honour'd through the land,
For freedom made a glorious ſtand;
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well;
May he---but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to ſpeak---
May he---O for a noble curſe
Which might his very marrow pierce---
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

BOOK II.

Deep in the boſom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple ſtood;
Ancient, and much the worſe for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from ſide to ſide,
Menac'd deſtruction far and wide,
Nor able ſeem'd, unleſs made ſtronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Riſing in order, *moſt* unſound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof,
Seem'd to ſupport the tott'ring roof,
But to inſpection nearer laid,
Inſtead of giving wanted aid.
The ſtructure, rare and curious, made
By men moſt famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was ſuffer'd into duſt to fall;
Or, juſt to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.
Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not *Flitcrofts* * in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Through Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (though after-ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy:
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.
To Liberty, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the iſle,
Our grateful anceſtors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.
Full in the front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where nature put forth all her ſtrength
In ſpring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their ſons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and ſteel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurſe, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung;
Abſtinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And glory ſparkled in her eyes.
The inſtruments of huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,

* *Henry Flitcroft was the architect of St. Giles's in the Fields, St. Olive, Southwark, &c.*

And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew,
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear;
Their fathers felt a pleaſing fear;
And even courage, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye,
Each ſtripling, leſſon'd by his ſire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himſelf a war.
Their wives, their mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a ſon's or huſband's brow,
With eager fingers laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the ſacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and ſpirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.
What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant ſire,
When from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in Gallia quake!
Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic bride
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Though on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, pleaſure height'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilſt love and glory fire,
A ſon, a ſon juſt like his ſire!
Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter puniſhment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign ſhore;
Such were the men, who free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the men, when luſt of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from thoſe ways
On which a king ſhould found his praiſe;
When ſtern oppreſſion, hand in hand
With pride, ſtalk'd proudly through the land;
When weeping juſtice was miſled
From her fair courſe, and mercy dead;
Such were the men, in virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their country's wrong;
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of war array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the men whom tyrant pride
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes; who, freemen born,
Chains, though of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from law,
From that broad gen'ral law, which ſenſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent ſtations riſe;
Could never be to ſlav'ry led,
For property was at their head;
Such were the men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by liberty, before
Her temple on the ſacred green,
In martial paſtimes oft were ſeen—
Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of honour founded, leads their van;
Diſcretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear,
Diſcretion, valour's better half;
Dependence holds the gen'ral's ſtaff.
In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhow, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Nor damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of *porterage* untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the temple door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Through which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one that paſs'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.
With belly round, and ſully fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The *ſteward* hoſpitality,
Old welcome ſmiling by his ſide,
A good old ſervant, often tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her ſtate a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) *reſign'd*.
Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever ſteward did before,
Succeeding *one*, who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himſelf economy.
Within the temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing, day and night,
The workmen toil'd, where labour bar'd
His brawny arm, where art prepar'd,

In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *printing-preſs* aroſe;
Each workman knew his taſk, and each
Was honeſt and expert as Leach.
Hence learning ſtruck a deeper root,
And ſcience brought forth riper fruit;
Hence loyalty receiv'd ſupport,
Even when baniſh'd from the court;
Hence government gain'd ſtrength, and *Hence*
Religion fought, and found defence;
Hence England's faireſt fame aroſe,
And liberty ſubdu'd her foes.
On a low, ſimple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by *allegiance*, ſcarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wiſh'd to all, ſo far as cou'd
Safely conſiſt with ſocial good,
The goddeſs ſat; around her head
A cheerful radiance glory ſpread;
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovelily ſtern, poſſeſs'd a place
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat honour, cloth'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which ſome great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was oſſic'd to explain,
And make the baſis of her reign;
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breaſt
Two ſmiling twin-born infants preſt
At her feet couching, war was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd;
Juſtice and mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And truth walk'd all about at large;
Health for the royal troop the feaſt
Prepar'd, and virtue was high-prieſt.
Such was the ſame our *goddeſs* bore,
Her temple ſuch in days of yore.
What changes ruthleſs time preſents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name deſpis'd, her prieſts deſtroy'd,
Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by *miniſterial* arts
Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
Whilſt they, to work her ſurer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
With ſome poor hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If ſhe walks forth, ſhe walks *unknown*,
Hooted and pointed at with ſcorn,
As one in ſome ſtrange country born.
Behold a rude and ruſſian race,
A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;
With looks, which might the heart diſ-ſeat,
And make life ſound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *ſtaunch*, *old blood-hound* at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breaſt
Mark'd with a *greyhound*, ſtood confeſt,
Controulment waited on their nod,
High-wielding perſecution's rod;
Coofuſion follow'd at their heels,
And a *caſt ſtateſman* held the ſeals,
Thoſe ſeals, for which he dear ſhall pay,
When awful juſtice takes her day.
The printers ſaw—they ſaw and fled—
Science declining, hung her head,
Property in deſpair appear'd,
And for herſelf deſtruction fear'd;
Whilſt under foot the rude ſlaves trod
The works of men, and word of God;
Whilſt, cloſe behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A *bold*, *bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of hell,
And on the goſpel ſtamp'd an *L*.
Liberty fled, her friends withdrew,
Her friends, a faithful, choſen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and ſhame,
Clothing herſelf with honour's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation; on the throne
Which liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods, that ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring
Under ſo great, ſo good a king,
So lov'd, ſo loving, through the arts
Of ſtateſmen curs'd with wicked hearts)!
For ev'ry darker purpoſe ſit,
Behold in triumph ſtate-craft ſit.

BOOK III.

Ah me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a ſtate,
Whether to ſtrengthen, or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes.
How muſt his ſoul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt or earneſt fight,
Riſking for thoſe both life and limb,
Who would not riſk one groat for him!
Under the temple lay a cave,
Made by ſome guilty, coward ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where fraud in ſecret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt honeſty ſhould rout her.
In a dark corner, ſhunning ſight
Of man, and ſhrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper through the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkneſs, ſhe prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,
With curious, but deſtructive art:
Here, through the eye to catch the heart;

Gay *ſtars* their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a lord;
There, fit for all whom folly bred,
Wave *plumes* of *feathers* for the head;
Garters the hag contrives to make,
Which, as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel;
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a freeman to be free;
Purſes ſhe knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe)?
Which, by ſome ſtrange and magic bands
Enſlave the ſoul, and tie the hands.
Here flatt'ry, eldeſt-born of guile,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile.
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the levee vow,
With which, no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools *in* deceive fools *out* of place.
Corruption (who, in former times,
Through fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,
And what ſhe did, contriv'd to do it
So that the public might not view it)
Preſumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her buſineſs might
Be done as ſafe as in the night.
Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning ſome dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which ſtood,
All freſh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By treaſon borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, ſince they improv'd in trade,
Exciſemen have their lanthorns made,
Aſſaſſination, her whole mind
Blood-thirſting, on her arm reclin'd.
Death, grinning, at her elbow ſtood,
And held forth inſtruments of blood,
Vile inſtruments, which cowards chooſe,
But men of honour dare not uſe;
Around his lordſhip and his grace,
Both qualified for ſuch a place,
With many a Forbes *, and many a Dun †,
Each a reſolv'd, and pious ſon,
Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd,
As ſhe around her orders ſhar'd,
Proof 'gainſt remorſe, to run to fly,
And bid the deſtin'd victim die,
Poſting on villainy's black wing,
Whether he patriot is, or king.
Oppreſſion, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the moſt a rev'rend awe
To breed, uſurp'd the garb of law.
A book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence ſeem to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a book, of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.

She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wiſh'd, and what ſhe wiſh'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong through all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, Norton's creed.
Rea y, e'en with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the ſun,
To worry virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd greyhounds took their ſtand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt ancient caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And ſoldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, "the Tow'r;" but on the back,
Mark'd with a ſecretary's ſeal,
In bloody letters, "the Baſtille."
Around a table, fully bent
On miſchief of moſt black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer laſt, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whoſe heart, tied
To honour, all their pow'r defied,
And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred to infamy,
A privy-council ſat of three;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour through the land of Bute.
The firſt (entitled to the place
Of honour both by gown and grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right-hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve apoſtles in the ſtreet,
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was ſo mean (meanneſs and pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a ſtirrup for the devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind;
Who baſely fawn'd through all his life,
For *patrons* firſt, then for a *wife*;
Wrote *dedications* which muſt make
The heart of ev'ry Chriſtian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t' other ſide)
Was by his ſire a parſon made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;
But he himſelf was thereto drawn
By ſome faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Chriſtian plan
To make himſelf a gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him, [him.
Though fate ne'er thought on't when ſhe made
The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wiſe men do,
With an intent, if things ſtould turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.

* *A Scotch officer who challenged Mr. Wilkes.*
† *A poor lunatic, who was charged with an intention to aſſaſſinate Mr. Wilkes.*

Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade;
Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove;
All gods, all kings (let his great aim
Be answer'd) were to him the same.
A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain,
With more than she could well contain,
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London from the plough
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite.
With wits conversing (and wits then
Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same;
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace;
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry songs to a psalm tune;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;
Prais'd them when living in each breath,
And damn'd their memories after death.
To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his wit,
And make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote too of the inward light,
Though no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place:
He wrote too of the Holy Ghost,
Of whom no more than doth a post
He knew; nor, should an angel show him,
Would he or know, or choose to know him.
Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t' advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-sufficient air
Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,
Usurp'd o'er reason full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain simple man of law *,
He arm'd dead friends †, to vengeance true,
T' abuse the man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,
Most characters are mix'd, we find;
And vice and virtue take their turn
In the same breast to beat and burn.
Our priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim spark in his soul;
Vice, glorious vice possess'd the whole,
And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.
Injurious satire, own at least
One snivelling virtue in the priest,
One sniveiling virtue which is plac'd,
They say, in or about the waist,
Call'd chastity; the prudish dame
Knows it at large by virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.
Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In shape scarce of the human kind;
A man, without a manly mind;
No husband, though he's truly wed;
Though on his knees a child is bred,
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and though oblig'd, no friend;
A heart, which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A head, where learning runs to waste;
A gentleman well bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge of genius, though confest
With not one spark of genius blest;
Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
Though free from ev'ry taint of taste;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
A great divine, as lords agree,
Without the least divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false saint, and true hypocrite.
Next sat a *lawyer*, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when pride
And pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through.
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they past,
He saw poor freedom breathe her last;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan,
He saw her helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.
Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad lawyers was the worst.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,

* *Thomas Edwards, Esq. See Canons of Criticism.*
† *See Notes to Pope.*

Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave, and perfect dunce.
Who will for him may boaſt of ſenſe,
His better guard is impudence.
His front, with tenfold plates of braſs
Secur'd, ſhame never yet could paſs,
Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often in contempt of laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, ev'n in open court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, though to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little villain dead.
Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to ſerve a court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what law cannot.
Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If genius, yok'd with worth, appears,
His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.
So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes juſtice hang her head,
And judges turn from pale to red.
Bid all that nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wiſe,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,
No entrance there ſuch ſuiters gain.
Bid kneeling kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his country groan;
Bid liberty ſtretch out her hands;
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid parents, children, wife, and friends;
If they come 'thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.
Who will for him may cant and whine,
And let weak conſcience with her line
Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell;
His ſpirit dares contend with grace,
And meets damnation face to face.
Such was our *lawyer*; by his ſide,
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad counſels, ſat a *third*,
By birth a lord. O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence men get
A privilege to run in debt;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From ſatire, and her ſervant ſhame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold truth to hold her courſe.

Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The maſter, or by *courteſy*,
The captain of a colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the tree
Eſcap'd: a rope may ſometimes break,
Or men be cut down by miſtake.
He hath not virtue (in the ſchool
Of vice bred up), to live by rule,
Nor hath he ſenſe (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continued ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs grown nice
And deli'cate, from vice to vice;
Nature deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age,
But, having giv'n all the ſin,
Forgot to put the virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the town,
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And in the word's moſt full intent,
A true choice ſpirit we admit;
With wits a fool, with fools a wit:
Hear him but talk, and you would ſwear
Obſcenity herſelf was there;
And that profaneneſs had made choice,
By way of trump, to uſe his voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Billingſgate*;
And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
Blaſphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His bills ſent in; too great, to pay;
Too proud to ſpeak to, if he meets,
The honeſt tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans; who hath been ſpar'd by fate
Only to ſhow, on mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.
Such were the three, who, mocking ſleep,
At midnight ſat, in counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from honour would depart.
"Is he not rank'd amongſt our foes?
"Hath not his ſpirit dar'd oppoſe
"Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
"Stand forward on the roll of ſhame?
"Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
"By ſcorning menaces and bribes,
"And proving, that his darling cauſe
"Is of their liberties and laws

" To ſtand the champion? In a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard
" Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
" Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope), he, without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the *truth* appear."
They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after ſcheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd, none would do.
When fraud, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſu'd from her hiding-place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſt them, took her ſeat.
" No trifling cauſe, my darling boys,
" Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
" No common ſnare, no random blow
" Can work the bane of ſuch a foe:
" By nature cautious as he's brave,
" To *honour* only he's a ſlave;
" In that weak part without defence,
" We muſt to *honour* make pretence:
" That lure ſhall to his ruin draw
" The wretch, who ſtands ſecure in law.
" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe ſcheme; behold at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An inſtrument, whom I have bred,
" Born of theſe bowels, far from ſight
" Of virtue's falſe, but glaring light,
" My youngeſt-born, my deareſt joy,
" Moſt like myſelf, my darling boy.
" He, never touch'd with vile remorſe,
" Reſolv'd and crafty in his courſe,
" Shall work our ends, complete our ſchemes,
" Moſt *mine*, when moſt he *honour*'s ſeems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a ſlave of fraud."
She ſaid, and from each envious ſon
A diſcontented murmur run
Around the table; all in place
Thought his full praiſe their own diſgrace,
Wond'ring what ſtranger ſhe had got,
Who had one voice that they had not,
When ſtrait the portals open flew,
And clad in armour, to their view
M——, *the Duelliſt*, came forth;
All knew, and all confeſt his worth,
All juſtified, with ſmiles array'd,
The happy choice their dam had made.

GOTHAM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether *eaſt* or *weſt*,
A real country, or one made in jeſt)
Nor yet by modern Mandevilles diſgrac'd,
Nor by *map jobbers* wretchedly miſplac'd,
There lies an *iſland*, neither great nor ſmall,
Which, for diſtinction-ſake, I Gotham call.
The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
A goſpel title, though the people there
The pious Chriſtian thinks not worth his care.
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the *weſtern world*.
Caſt by a tempeſt on the ſavage coaſt,
Some roving buccaneer ſet up a poſt;
A beam in proper form tranſverſely laid,
Of his Redeemer's croſs the figure made,
Of that Redeemer, with whoſe laws his life,
From firſt to laſt, had been one ſcene of ſtrife;
His royal maſter's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more proceſs, the whole race enſlav'd,
Cut off that charter they from nature drew,
And made them ſlaves to men they never knew.
Search ancient hiſtories, conſult records,
Under this title the moſt Chriſtian lords
Hold (thanks to conſcience) more than half the ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any monarch dare,
Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Chriſtian air,
Pretend that Chriſt (who came, we all agree,
To bleſs his people, and to ſet them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave,
By which converters made him firſt a ſlave.
Spite of the gloſſes of a canting prieſt,
Who talks of charity, but means a feaſt;
Who recommends it (whilſt he ſeems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd of earth,
Never ſhall one, one truly honeſt man,
Who, bleſt with liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a ſavage ſire
Could from his wretched race, for childiſh hire,
By a wild grant, their all, their freedom paſs,
And ſell his country for a bit of glaſs.
Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and France,
In ſlav'ry bred, as purchaſers advance,
Let them, whilſt conſcience is at diſtance hurl'd,
With ſome gay bawble buy a golden world;
An Engliſhman, in *charter'd* freedom born,
Shall ſpurn the ſlaviſh merchandiſe, ſhall ſcorn
To take from others through baſe private views,
What he himſelf would rather die, than loſe.
Happy the ſavage of thoſe *early* times,
Ere Europe's ſons were known; and Europe's crimes!
Gold, curſed gold! ſlept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its miſchiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the trueſt wealth;
In toil he found diverſion, food, and health;
Stranger to eaſe and luxury of courts,
His ſports were labours, and his labours ſports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve ſerene;
No rules he held, but what were made for uſe;
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
Falſe lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy *now* the savage race,
Since Europe took their *gold*, and gave them *grace!*
Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on sure grounds the gospel pile to rear,
Sends *missionary* felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,
Her want of prudence means, and arms supplies,
Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
Rising in blood, adopts the *scalping-knife*;
Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their state, how deep their woe;
The worth of freedom strongly she explains,
Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks with chains;
Faith too she plants, for her own ends impress't,
To make them bear the worst, and hope the best;
And whilst she teaches on vile int'rest's plan,
As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the sons of hell.
But whither do these grave reflections tend?
Are they design'd for any, or no end?
Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
Which nature made, that by no equal pact [heard,
'Twixt man and man, which might, if justice
Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd,
Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold
The sons of India, and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accurs'd hour,
She saw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
Or wish in thought that title overthrown,
Which coincides with, and involves my own.
Europe discover'd India first; I found
My right to Gotham on the self-same ground:
I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
To her be granted, and denied to me.
I plead possession, and till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that possession hold:
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the western world, be Gotham *mine*.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king:
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry instrument of music play,
Ancient and *modern*; those which drew their birth
(Punctilios laid aside) from *Pagan* earth,
As well as those by *Christian* made and *Jew*;
Those known to many, and those known to few;
Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And those which swell the flow and solemn note;
Those which (whilst reason stands in wonder by)
Make some *complexions* laugh and others cry;
Those which by some strange faculty of sound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Those which can tear up forests by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes;
Those which, whilst ridicule leads up the dance,
Make clowns of Monmouth ape the fops of France;
Those which, where *Lady* Dullness with *Lord* Mayors
Presides, disdaining light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feast with *psalmody*; and those
Which, planted in our churches to dispose
And lift the mind to heaven, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish organist calls *taste*:
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert son of dull sire, discharg'd from school,
Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,
And rises through the *gamut* to degrees)
To those which (though less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd *St. Giles's*, and more fam'd *Vine-street*,
(Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old house, and an older aunt)
Thornton, whilst humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode *;
All instruments (attend ye list'ning spheres,
Attend ye sons of men, and hear with ears)
All instruments (nor shall they seek one hand
Impress't from *modern* music's *coxcomb* band)
All instruments, *self-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud, but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises; whilst *gay* nature, in a robe,
A *coxcomb doctor's robe*, to the full sound [round.
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Infancy, straining backward from the breast,
Techy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond father sits on th' other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter, through Gotham's land.
Childhood, who like an *April* morn appears,
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In reason weak; who, wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep;
Who, with a few'rish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd;
His trembling hash suspended in the air,
Half bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.
Youth who, fierce, fickle, insolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
Of dear regard looks back on childhood past,
In the *mid-chase*, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye,

* *A burlesque ode on St. Cecilia's day, by Bonnel Thornton, performed at Ranelagh.*

When pleaſure, which he deems his greateſt wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
When the chaf'd ſteed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he ſtarts, hath run o'er half the plain,
When, wing'd with fear, the ſtag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds purſue,
Shall ſhout my praiſe to hills which ſhout again,
And e'en the *huntſman* ſtop to cry *Amen.*

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Though worlds ſhould crack around him; on his brow
Wiſdom ſerene, to paſſion giving law,
Beſpeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildneſs wrought;
Courage attemper'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue ſupreme enthron'd; within his breaſt
The image of his Maker deep impreſs'd;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reaſon bleſs'd, and only leſs than God;
Manhood, though weeping beauty kneels for aid,
Though honour calls in danger's form array'd,
Though cloth'd with ſackcloth, juſtice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, redemption waits,
Manhood ſhall ſteal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one)? to hail my pow'r,

Old age, a *ſecond child*, by nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the firſt,
Weak, ſickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with ſage and ſolemn air,
From day to day, without one day to ſpare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tireſome to friends, and tireſome to himſelf;
His faculties impair'd, his temper ſour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting on his ſhatter'd brain,
Though the falſe regiſters of youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praiſe
Of thoſe rare men who liv'd in thoſe rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young;
Dull repetition falt'ring on his tongue,
Praiſing gray hairs, ſure mark of wiſdom's ſway,
E'en whilſt he curſes time which made him gray;
Scoffing at youth, e'en whilſt he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth reſtor'd;
Shall for a moment, from himſelf ſet free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praiſe to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

Things without life ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.

The *ſnow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *herald* of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb *crocus*, flow'r of ſimple note,
Who by her ſide ſtruts in a *herald's* coat;
The *tulip*, idly glaring to the view, [drew,
Who, though no clown, his birth from Holland
Who, once full dreſs'd, fears from his place to ſtir,
The fop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
The *woodbine*, who her *elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in ſurrounding ſweets;
The *lily*, ſilver miſtreſs of the vale;
The *roſe* of Sharon which perfumes the gale:
The *jeſſamine*, with which the queen of flow'rs,
To charm her god, adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatneſs dreſs'd,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breaſt,
Sweet as the incenſe of the morn, and chaſte
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waiſt;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the ſun into ſtrength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *daiſy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it ſprings,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly ruſhing to the ſun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aſpiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

Forming a gloom, through which to ſpleen-ſtruck minds
Religion, horror-ſtamp'd, a paſſage finds,
The *ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where ſome old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *myrtle* ever green,
Beneath whoſe ſhade love holds his rites unſeen;
The *willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *cypreſs* ſacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love ſnatch'd away; the *laurel* worn
By poets in old time, but deſtin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The *fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itſelf a grove, gave our firſt parents clothes;
The *vine*, which like a bluſhing new made bride,
Cluſt'ring, empurples all the mountain's ſide;
The *yew*, which, in the place of ſculptur'd ſtone,
Marks out the reſting place of men unknown;
The hedge row *elm*, the *pine* of mountain race,
The *fir*, the Scotch *fir*, never out of place;
The *cedar*, whoſe top mates the higheſt cloud,
Whilſt his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of ſuch a child, and his vaſt body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial ſhade;
The *oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The Engliſh *oak*, which, dead, commands the flood;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

The *ſhow'rs* which make the young hills, like young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills like old rams,
Unwieldy jump for joy; the *ſtreams* which glide,
Whilſt plenty marches ſmiling by their ſide,

And from their boſom riſing commerce ſprings;
The *winds* which riſe with healing on their wings,
Before whoſe cleanſing breath contagion flies;
The *ſun*, who, travelling in eaſtern ſkies.
Freſh full of ſtrength, juſt riſen from his bed.
Though in Jove's paſtures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip can ſcarce make his ſteeds
Step by ſtep up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the weſt,
As faſt as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's ſin,
Drove for a crown, or *poſt-boys* for an inn;
The *moon*, who holds o'er night her ſilver reign,
Regent of tides, and miſtreſs of the brain,
Who to her ſons, thoſe ſons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madneſs as a bleſſing, but diſpenſes
Wiſdom to fools, and damns them with their ſenſes;
The *ſtars*, who, by I know not what ſtrange right,
Preſide o'er mortals in their own deſpite,
Who without reaſon govern thoſe, who moſt
(How truly, judge from thence)! of reaſon boaſt,
And, by ſome mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *moment*, *minute*, *hour*, *day*, *week*, *month*, *year*,
Morning and *Eve*, as they in turn appear;
Moments and *minutes* which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted (proof we might afford),
Worthy by parliaments to be reſtor'd;
The *hours*, which dreſt by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on day and night;
The *day*, thoſe hours I mean when light preſides,
And buſineſs in a cart with prudence rides;
The *night*, thoſe hours I mean with darkneſs hung,
When ſenſe ſpeaks free and folly holds her tongue;
The *morn*, when nature, rouſing from her ſtrife
With death-like ſleep, awakes to ſecond life;
The *eve*, when, as unequal to the taſk,
She mercy from her foe deſcends to aſk;
The *week*, in which ſix days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heaven;
The *months*, twelve ſiſters all of different hue,
Though there appears in all a likeneſs too;
No ſuch a likeneſs, as, through Hayman's works,
Dull mannereſt, in Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a ſameneſs in each female face,
But a ſtrange ſomething, born of art and grace,
Which ſpeaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At different times of the ſame parents born;
All one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Frore January, leader of the year,
Mince'd pies in van, and *calves heads* in the rear;
Dull February, in whoſe leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain;
March various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welchmen led, and crown'd with leeks!
April with fools, and May with baſtards bleſt;
June with white roſes on her rebel breaſt;
July, to whom, the dog-ſtar in her train,
Saint James gives oyſters, and *Saint* Swithin rain;
Auguſt, who, baniſh'd from her *Smithfield* ſtand,
To *Chelſea* flies, with dogget in her hand *;
September, when by cuſtom (right divine)
Geeſe are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's ſhrine,
Whilſt the prieſt, not ſo full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unbleſs'd, nor gives the ſaint a bit;
October, who the cauſe of freedom join'd,
And gave a *ſecond* George to bleſs mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boaſts, and our Auguſta's † birth;
December, laſt of months, but beſt, who gave
A Chriſt to man, a Saviour to the ſlave,
Whilſt, falſely grateful, man, at the full feaſt,
To do God honour, makes himſelf a beaſt;
All, one and all ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Liſt up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Seaſons* as they roll; ſpring, by her ſide,
Lech'ry and *lent*, *lay-folly*, and *church-pride*,
By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of *ſainted ſalt-fiſh* on her head;
Summer, in light tranſparent gawze array'd,
Like maids of honour at a maſquerade,
In bawdry gawze, for which our daughters leave
The fig, more modeſt, firſt brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, enflam'd with luſtful fires,
Yet wanting ſtrength to perfect her deſires,
Leaning on ſloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each ſtep, and ſlumbers on his feet:
Autumn, when nature, who with ſorrow feels
Her dread foe winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what ſhe wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs and puts forth all her ſtrength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection riſe,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without exciſe;
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, ſince furs become *our own*;
A hag, who lothing all, by all is loth'd,
With weekly, daily hourly libels cloth'd,
Vile faction at her heels, who mighty grown,
Would rule the ruler, and *foreclоſe* the throne,

* *Dogget the celebrated comedian's badge, rowed for on the firſt of Auguſt.*

† *Princeſs Dowager of Wales.*

Would turn all ſtate-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them ſlaves by fraud;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes ſung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *year*, grand circle, in whoſe ample round
The ſeaſons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who in his courſe repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the ſame things which he had ſeen before;
The ſame *ſtars* keep their watch, and the ſame ſun
Runs in the track where he from firſt hath run;
The ſame moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow;
Man is a puppet, and this world a ſhow;
Their old dull follies old dull fools purſue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He ——— a lord (now fair befal that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a lord he died)
Daſhmood is *pious*, Berkeley *fix'd as fate* *,
Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) firſt miniſter of ſtate;
And, though by *fools* deſpis'd, by *ſaints* unbleſs'd,
By *friends* neglected, and by *foes* oppreſs'd,
Scorning the ſervile arts of each *court elf*,
Founded on honour, Wilkes is ſtill *himſelf*)
The *year*, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Thus far in ſport—nor let our critics hence,
Who ſell out monthly traſh, and call it ſenſe,
Too lightly of our preſent labours deem,
Or judge at random of ſo high a theme;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the ſharpeſt ſtroke of ſatire's pen;
But when kind time a proper ſeaſon brings,
In ſerious mood to treat of ſerious things,
Then ſhall they find, diſdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.
Thus far in ſport—nor let half patriots, thoſe
Who ſhrink from ev'ry blaſt of pow'r which blows;
Who with tame cowardice familiar grown, ſown;
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to ſpeak their
Who (leſt bold truths, to do ſage prudence ſpite,
Should burſt the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to truſt themſelves one hour in ſleep),
Condemn our courſe, and hold our caution cheap.
When brave occaſion bids, for ſome great end
When honour calls the poet as a friend,
Then ſhall they find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to ſpeak, what they ſcarce dare to think.

* *A phraſe uſed by Lord Bottetourt, then Norlorne Berkeley, in an addreſs to his electors.*

BOOK II.

How much miſtaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without reſtraint, may drink,
May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burſt,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirſt,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beſide whoſe ſtreams the muſes love to dwell!
Verſe is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilſt, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, muſic comes of courſe.
Little do ſuch men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digeſt,
To cull fit phraſes, and reject the reſt;
To know the times when humour on the cheek
Of mirth may hold her ſports; when wit ſhould ſpeak,
And when be ſilent; when to uſe the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſart air;
To form (which few can do, and ſcarcely one,
One critic in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to ſtrike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture ſhine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy rhyme
Renounce her follies, and with ſenſe keep time;
To make proud ſenſe againſt her nature bend,
And wear the chains of rhyme, yet call her friend.
Some tops there are, among the ſcribbling tribe,
Who make it all their buſineſs to *deſcribe*,
No matter whether in, or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull *propriety* in ſtate preſide
O'er her dull children, nature is their guide,
Wild nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of thoſe tame drudges, *judgment*, *taſte*, and *ſenſe*,
Nor would forgive himſelf the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *perſon*, *place*, and *time*.
Let *liquid* gold emblaze the ſun at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let ſilver *pale* the moon,
Let ſurges *hoarſe* laſh the reſounding ſhore,
Let ſtreams *meander*, and let torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *ſigh with ſighing*, *ſob with ſobbing trees*,
Let vales *embroid'ry* wear, let flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their wiſh; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they ſigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the ſceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.
Others there are, who, in one ſolemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On-ſenſe to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their courſe delay,
Nor for a moment ſtep out of their way,

To make the barren road thoſe graces wear,
Which nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.
Vain men! who blindly thwarting nature's plan,
Ne'er find a paſſage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongſt fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not underſtand;
Who, deſtitute of humour, wit, and taſte,
Let all their little knowledge run to waſte,
And fruſtrate each good purpoſe, whilſt they wear
The robes of learning with a ſloven's air.
Though ſolid reas'ning arms each ſterling line,
Though truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilſt from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and virtue falls aſleep.
Senſe, *mere, dull, formal* ſenſe, in this gay town
Muſt have ſome vehicle to paſs her down,
Nor can ſhe for an hour enſure her reign,
Unleſs ſhe brings fair pleaſure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave ſolemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, through the ſtreets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one ſhe meets,
Half who paſs by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.
Quit then, ye graver ſons of letter'd pride,
Taking for once experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull *college* mode;
Be your purſuits the ſame, but change the road;
Write, or at leaſt appear to write with eaſe,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to pleaſe.
In vain for ſuch miſtakes they pardon claim,
Becauſe they wield the pen in virtue's name.
Thrice ſacred is that name, thrice bleſs'd the man
Who thinks, ſpeaks, writes, and lives on ſuch a plan!
This, in himſelf, himſelf of courſe muſt bleſs,
But cannot with the world promote ſucceſs.
He may be ſtrong, but, with effect to ſpeak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which ſaints with comfort bear,
Will make the ſinner tremble, and deſpair.
True virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which ſhe nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do thoſe miſtake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cauſe
They mean to help, whilſt with a zealot rage
They make that goddeſs, whom they'd have engage
Our deareſt love, in hideous terror riſe!
Such may be honeſt, but they can't be wiſe.
In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too ſtrong for human ſight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker ſenſe,
Shuts herſelf up in darkneſs for defence.
But, to make ſtrong conviction deeper ſink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtleſs think,
Like God made man, ſhe lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the raviſh'd eye.
In earneſt moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems in jeſt,
She worms into, and winds around the breaſt;
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And ſeems unlike herſelf to gain her end.
The ſons of ſin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To huſh the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant conſcience in deluſive ſleep,
Read on at random, nor ſuſpect the dart,
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainſt vice they give their vote, nor know at firſt
That, curſing that, themſelves too they have curs'd;
They ſee not, 'till they fall into the ſnares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.
Thus the ſhrewd doctor, in the ſpleen-ſtruck mind
When pregnant horror ſits, and broods o'er wind,
Diſcarding drugs, and ſtriving how to pleaſe,
Lures on inſenſibly, by ſlow degrees,
The patient to thoſe manly ſports, which bind
The ſlacken'd ſinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by ſtealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.
Some few, whom fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes
In other lands, and *here*, in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *midwife* muſe
Sprinkled all over with Caſtalian dews,
To whom true genius gave his magic pen,
Whom art by juſt degrees led up to men;
Some few, extremes well ſhunn'd, have ſteer'd between
Theſe dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean:
Senſe in their works maintains her proper ſtate,
But never ſleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from ſenſe to run aſtray:
So nice the maſter's touch, ſo great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They ſet each other off, like light and ſhade,
And, as by ſtealth, with ſo much ſoftneſs blend,
'Tis hard to ſay, where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Senſe perfects grace, and grace enlivens ſenſe.
Peace to the men who theſe high honours claim,
Health to their ſouls, and to their mem'ries fame:
Be it my taſk, and no mean taſk, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at diſtance, with a ſteady eye,
Obſerve, and mark their paſſage to the ſky;
From envy free, applaud ſuch riſing worth,
And praiſe their heav'n, though pinion'd down to earth.
Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilſt ſpirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a ſin 'gainſt pleaſure, to deſign
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finiſh, and make ev'ry grace,
In itſelf charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I ſeize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts ſet down;
Rough as they run, diſcharge them on the town:
Hence rude, unfiniſh'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of rhyme,
And the poor *flattern* muſe is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulſes play
Through the dull dubious maſs, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glaſs they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all;

Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the ſex might well a midwife poſe,
Whether they ſhould baptize it, verſe or proſe.
E'en what my maſters pleaſe; bards, mild, meek men,
In love to critics ſtumble now and then.
Something I do myſelf, and ſomething too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the ſmall compaſs of my careleſs page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Maſon can feed one.
When ſatire ſtoops, unmindful of her ſtate,
To praiſe the man I love, curſe him I hate;
When ſenſe, in tides of paſſion borne along,
Sinking to proſe, degrades the name of ſong;
The cenſor ſmiles, and, whilſt my credit bleeds,
With as high reliſh on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* earl fed at a turtle feaſt,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worſe than beaſt,
Eat, 'till his bowels guſh'd upon the floor,
Yet ſtill eat on, and dying call'd for more.
When *looſe* digreſſion, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *connection*, and her formal yoke,
Bounds through the foreſt, wanders far aſtray
From the known path, and loves to loſe her way,
'Tis a full feaſt to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.
When *gay* deſcription, fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleaſure wild,
Waking with nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walk's o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's freſh dew,
And like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, ſhe not one mark imprints,
Nor bruſhes off the dews, nor ſoils the tints;
When thus deſcription ſports, e'en at the time
That drums ſhould beat, and cannons roar in rhyme,
Critics can live on ſuch a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.
Ye mighty *monthly* judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conſcious of the worth
Of my materials, which againſt your will
Oft you've confeſs'd, and ſhall confeſs it ſtill;
Materials rich though rude, enflam'd with thought,
Though more by fancy than by judgment wrought;
Take, uſe them as your own, a work begin,
Which ſuits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom, with critic art,
'Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with ſhade,
To your dull taſte a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swears it ſurpaſſes Rome, and rivals Greece.
Nor think this much, for at one ſingle word,
Soon as the mighty critic *fiat*'s heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and genius is dethron'd!
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.
Me higher buſineſs calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge:
If idle fancy rambles forth at large,
Careleſs of ſuch a truſt, theſe harmleſs lays
May friendſhip envy, and may folly praiſe;
The crown of Gotham may ſome Scot aſſume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.
O my poor people, O thou wretched earth,
To whoſe dear love, though not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my ſervice deeply ſworn,
How (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the beſt degree)
How muſt thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to ſcorn, thy mighty hand
Be ſhorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confeſs'd,
Bleſs'd in thyſelf, to make thy neighbours bleſs'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how muſt freedom's pile,
The boaſt of ages, which adorns the iſle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, ſecure from force and fraud!
How muſt that pile, by ancient wiſdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one ſhort moment into ruins fall,
Should any ſlip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or baſtard or legitimate, diſgrace
Thy royal ſeat of empire! But what care,
What ſorrow muſt be mine, what deep deſpair
And ſelf-reproaches, ſhould that hated line
Admittance gain through any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cauſe whence Gotham's evils ſpring,
Though that curs'd cauſe be found in Gotham's king.
Let war, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror ſtalk through Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her ſtately tow'rs
Sink in the duſt; that court which now is ours
Become a den, where beaſts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harveſts riſe, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thiſtles curſe the ground;
Dry in her thouſand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thouſand hills;
Where pow'r is plac'd, let tygers prowl for prey;
Where juſtice lodges, let wild aſſes bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their neſt,
And on the ſails of commerce bitterns reſt;
Be all, though princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of fate
Give me to chooſe, ſee Gotham's ruin'd ſtate
By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to ſee a Stuart wear a crown.
Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all nature's hoſt,
Thoſe ſervants who their Maker know, who boaſt
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unqueſtion'd, their great Maſter's ſacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with deſtruction big, o'er Gotham ſweep;
Let rains ruſh down, till faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the ſign of mercy in the ſky;
Let peſtilence in all her horrors riſe;
Where'er I turn, let famine blaſt my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulf let all my ſubjects ſink

Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
And, having own'd the justice of my God,
Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
And die with those for whom I wish'd to live.
This; but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er temp: his servant with such ills as these)
This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my crown should wear,
That crown, where, highly cherish'd, freedom shone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun;
Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule, [school,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at
To the whip crouch and tremble---O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madness brought
By the dread vision; at the mere surmise
The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise;
My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, distraction meets.
O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high atchievements, can your spirits bend
Through base controul (ye never can descend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in freedom's seat a Stuart reign?
If fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
The tyranny and falsehood of those lords,
Contents you not, search England's fair records;
England, where first the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham my best love is due;
There once they rul'd, though crush'd by William's hand,
They rul'd no more, to curse that happy land.
The *first*, who, from his native soil remov'd,
Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which spring
In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft gave what wisdom oft denied.
Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, honour found no room;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.
To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed. [throne,
Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was caught,
Or *English* knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought.
To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd:
From empire thrown and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a daughter * fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.
Lies were his play-things, parliaments his sport,
Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court:
Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The *pedant* scholar, he forgot the prince,
And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn, the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crow'd;
False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesmen, and false every thing,
When he should act, he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he should save the state.
Religious, if religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for religion's sake, but argument;
More vain, if some sly, artful, *High-Dutch* slave,
Or, from the *Jesuit* school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, worlds hail'd him lord.
Pow'r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wish'd, what he made *bishops* preach,
And *statesmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not seize: Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That freedom to the realm his will denied.
Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe: Peace was his coward care,
E'en at a time when justice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But, rather than unsheath the sword, submit.
Truth fairly must record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with mercy, justice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain.
At length (with white let freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not lov'd by those whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above;
To answer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuse the throne;
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
The bloody legacy of right divine.
With many virtues, which a radiance fling
Round private men; with few which grace a king,
And speak the monarch; at the time of life
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean fate undone,
Who envied virtue even in a son.
His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up ere he left the child;

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* *The Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George the First.*

His ſoul was eager for imperial ſway,
Ere he had learn'd the leſſon to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour ſtrong:
Wiſdom was treated as a noiſome weed,
And all his follies let to run to ſeed. [ſpring!
What ills from ſuch beginnings needs muſt
What ills to ſuch a land from ſuch a king!
What could ſhe hope! what had ſhe not to fear!
Baſe Buckingham poſſeſs'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engroſs'd his love, and made him all their own;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now:
Each ſtrove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
The firſt with pleaſure, and the laſt with pow'r.
Thinking (vain thought, diſgraceful to the throne)!
That all mankind were made for kings alone,
That ſubjects were but ſlaves, and what was whim
Or worſe in common men, was law in him;
Drunk with *prerogative*, which fate decreed
To guard good kings, and tyrants to miſlead;
Which in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not; which to hold too high
No good can wiſh, no coward king can dare,
And held too high, no *Engliſh* ſubject bear;
Beſieg'd by men of deep and ſubtle arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who ſaw his weakneſs, made their king their tool,
Then moſt a ſlave, when moſt he ſeem'd to rule;
Taking all public ſteps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not ſtrength enough of ſoul to find
That monarchs, meant as bleſſings to mankind,
Sink their great ſtate, and ſtamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one;
Liſt'ning uxorious, whilſt a woman's prate
Modell'd the church, and parcell'd out the ſtate,
Whilſt (in the ſtate not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious
Tutor'd to ſee with miniſterial eyes; [head;
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;
Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
He heard a nation hearing one or two;
Taught by ſtate-quacks himſelf ſecure to think,
And out of danger e'en on danger's brink;
Whilſt pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilſt murmurs ran through an inſulted land,
As if to ſanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly fought the ruin which he found.
Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, cruſh'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Whilſt proud oppreſſion ſtruck at freedom's root,
Lament her ſenates loſt, her Hampden mute.
Illegal taxes and oppreſſive loans,
In ſpite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And loyalty was tempted to rebel.
Each day new acts of outrage ſhook the ſtate,
New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;
State-inquiſitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd *ſtar-chambers* made, or rul'd the law;
Juries were pack'd, and judges were unſound;
Through the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.
From the firſt moments of his giddy youth
He hated ſenates, for they told him truth.
At length againſt his will compell'd to treat,
Thoſe whom he could not fright, he ſtrove to chear,
With baſe diſſembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And, often giving, often broke his word.
O where ſhall helpleſs truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who ſhould protect her, dare to lie?
Thoſe who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame;
Thoſe who were anxious for his ſafety; thoſe
Who were induc'd by duty to oppoſe;
Their truth ſuſpected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne;
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of ſaving him was gone and paſt; till pow'r
Had ſhifted hands, to blaſt his hapleſs reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.
Hence (be that curſe confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, civil war aroſe;
All acts of outrage, and all acts of ſhame,
Stalk'd forth at large, diſguis'd with honour's name;
Rebellion, raiſing high her bloody hand,
Spread univerſal havoc through the land;
With zeal for party, and with paſſion drunk,
In public rage all private love was ſunk;
Friend againſt friend, brother 'gainſt brother ſtood,
And the ſon's weapon drank the father's blood;
Nature, aghaſt, and fearful leſt her reign
Should laſt no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.
Unhappy Stuart! harſhly though that name
Grates on my ear, I ſhould have died with ſhame,
To ſee my king before his ſubjects ſtand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to ſee that monarch bleed.
What though thy faults were many, and were great,
What though they ſhook the baſis of the ſtate,
In royalty ſecure thy perſon ſtood,
And ſacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile miniſters, who dar'd abuſe their truſt,
Who dar'd ſeduce a king to be unjuſt,
Vengeance, with juſtice leagu'd, with pow'r made ſtrong,
Had nobly cruſh'd: *The king could do no wrong.*
Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they ſecur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like ſpecks appear,
From which the ſun in glory is not clear.
Had'ſt thou in peace and years reſign'd thy breath
At nature's call, had'ſt thou laid down in death
As in a ſleep; thy name, by juſtice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous ſoul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.

Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,
And bade, the tyrant ſlain, the martyr live.
Ye princes of the earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds ſubduing, can't yourſelves ſubdue;
Who, goodneſs ſcorn'd, wiſh only to be great,
Whoſe breath is blaſting, and whoſe voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reaſon but your will,
And ſcorn reſtraint, though 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all paſſions groan beneath the worſt,
Then only bleſs'd when they make others curſt;
Think not for wrongs like theſe unſcourg'd to live;
Long may ye ſin, and long may Heav'n forgive:
But, when ye leaſt expect, in ſorrow's day,
Vengeance ſhall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone:
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone:
No; like ſome baſe diſtemper, which remains,
Tranſmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the ſon's blood, ſuch broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to lateſt times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterneſs and ſhame.
From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilſt uſurpation lorded it at home,
Of majeſty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a king, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repoſſeſs his lawful throne
More at his people's ſeeking than his own,
Another Charles ſucceeded. In the ſchool
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors ſent
To ſhame their country on the continent,
From love of England by long abſence wean'd,
From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, ſo cloſe do evil habits cling, [king.
Till crown'd, a beggar; and when crown'd, no
Thoſe grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n
An inſtance of his mercy to mankind, [deſign'd
Were loſt, in ſtorms of diſſipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bleſs a world;
Lighter than levity which ſtrides the blaſt,
And of the preſent fond, forgets the paſt,
He chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curſe,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worſe;
State he reſign'd to thoſe whom ſtate could pleaſe,
Careleſs of majeſty, his wiſh was eaſe;
Pleaſure, and pleaſure only was his aim;
Kings of leſs wit might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity through his reign was made a ſport,
Nor dar'd decorum ſhow her face at court.
Morality was held a ſtanding jeſt,
And faith a neceſſary fraud at beſt;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Poſſeſs'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was looſe, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was folly, folly to acquit)
Stood all abſolv'd in that poor bauble, wit.
In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's ſervants beg their bread,
His father's faithful ſervants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.
Bad counſels he embrac'd through indolence,
Through love of eaſe, and not through want of
ſenſe;
He ſaw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them ſo.
Women rul'd all, and miniſters of ſtate
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as monarchs, grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at ſecond-hand.
To make all other errors ſlight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd ſtand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd ſo deep, that time in vain
Shall ſtrive to wipe thoſe records from the brain,
Amboyna ſtands—Gods, that a king ſhould hold
In ſuch high eſtimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be ſo careleſs found,
That, when the blood of ſubjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he ſhould reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilſt Engliſh victims groan'd,
And butcher'd ſubjects wander'd *unaton'd!*
O dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him, deep ſhame!
Of all the paſſions which from frailty ſpring,
Av'rice is that which leaſt becomes a king.
To crown the whole, ſcorning the public
good,
Which through his reign he little underſtood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reaſſum'd a bigot brother's claim;
And, having made time-ſerving ſenates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother beſt knew *how*.
No matter *how*—he ſlept amongſt the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his ſtead.
But ſuch a reign—ſo glaring an offence
In ev'ry ſtep 'gainſt freedom, law, and ſenſe,
'Gainſt all the rights of nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainſt all which conſtitutes an Engliſhman,
That the relation would mere fiction ſeem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream,
And the poor bards would in this ſceptic age,
Appear as falſe as *their* hiſtorian's page.
Ambitious folly ſeiz'd the ſeat of wit,
Chriſtians were forc'd by bigots to ſubmit;
Pride without ſenſe, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the commonweal;
Stern perſecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings the power of God;
Confcience and fame were ſacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at freedom's ſacred tomb.
Her laws deſpis'd, her conſtitution wrench'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's ſuff'rance, conſcience forc'd,
And healing juſtice from the crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her *patriot* biſhops ſentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of ſhame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms ſhe flew,
At honour's call th' avenging ſword ſhe drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And ſent him in deſpair to beg his bread;
Whilſt ſhe (may ev'ry ſtate in ſuch diſtreſs
Dare with ſuch zeal, and meet with ſuch ſucceſs)
Whilſt ſhe (may Gotham, ſhould my abject mind
Chooſe to enſlave rather than free mankind,
Purſue her ſteps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuſe the crown)

Whilſt ſhe (through ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let revolution ſtand)
Whilſt ſhe, ſecur'd in *liberty* and *law*,
Found what ſhe ſought, a ſaviour in Naſſau.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herſelf depart,
Can ſhe forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed?
To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live?
Yes, from herſelf the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed,
To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilſt life remains,
And pours her current through theſe ſwelling veins,
Whilſt mem'ry offers up at reaſon's ſhrine,
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.
Can the ſtern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt tear her young child;
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone?
Yes, the ſtern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt may tear her child;
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone;
But I (forbid it Heav'n), but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this boſom tear;
Can ne'er ſo far true royalty pervert,
From its fair courſe, to do my people hurt.
With how much eaſe, with how much confidence,
As if, ſuperior to each groſſer ſenſe,
Reaſon had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifeſt her will, and be obey'd,
Men make reſolves, and paſs into decrees
The motions of the mind! With how much eaſe
In ſuch reſolves doth paſſion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
In empire young, ſcarce warm on Gotham's throne,
The dangers and the ſweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, though I ſcarce know why, like ſome young child,
Whoſe little ſenſes each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold ſweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion! how lay down,
Without the ſanction of a precedent,
Rules of moſt large and abſolute extent;
Rules, which from ſenſe of public virtue ſpring,
And all at once commence a patriot king.
But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are ſtak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Muſt from my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I aſſume that name, deſerve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my heart,
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unſuſpected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thouſand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry paſſion to its riſe,
Nor ſpar'd one lurking ſeed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myſelf made known?
A patriot king—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate ſtamp of heav'n; which wears
The neareſt, beſt reſemblance we can ſhow
Of God above through all his works below
To ſtill the voice of diſcord in the land,
To make weak faction's diſcontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren in the ſelf-ſame int'reſts warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies with one ſoul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That ſacred balance, temperate, yet bold,
With ſuch an equal hand, that thoſe who fear
May yet approve, and own my juſtice clear;
To be a common father, to ſecure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice and her ſons to baniſh in diſgrace,
To make corruption dread to ſhow her face;
To bid afflicted virtue take new ſtate,
And be at laſt acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the beſt,
Nor let her prieſts be made a ſtanding jeſt;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, not let the artiſts ſtarve;
To make fair plenty through the realm increaſe,
Give fame in war, and happineſs in peace;
To ſee my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all thoſe bleſſings flow from me;
O 'tis a joy too exquiſite, a thought
Which flatters nature more than flatt'ry ought;
'Tis a great, glorious taſk, for man too hard,
But not leſs great, leſs glorious the reward,
The beſt reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than earth, and little ſhort of heav'n;
A taſk (if ſuch compariſon may be)
The ſame in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with eaſe, and yet performs to all.
How much do they miſtake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Becauſe it gliſtens, muſt be lin'd with down!
With outſide ſhow and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worſhip, which a crown adorns,
Nor once ſuſpect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might reflection folly's place ſupply,
Would we one moment uſe her piercing eye,
Then ſhould we know what woe from grandeur ſprings,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and poverty his guard,
In action ſimply juſt, in conſcience clear,
By guilt untainted, undiſturb'd by fear,
His means but ſcanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his buſineſs and his pleaſure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a ſingle hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.
Call'd up by health, he riſes with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whiſtling off toils, one half of which might make
The ſtouteſt Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainſt heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by conſtant uſe, without complaint
He bears what we ſhould think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirſt he ſlakes at ſome pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor aſks for ſauce where appetite ſtands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the ſun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, ſpeak ſupper nigh,
At diſtance catch and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean, coarſe food,
Which, ſeaſon'd with good-humour, his fond bride
'Gainſt his return is happy to provide; [creeps
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
Into his ſtraw, and 'till the morning ſleeps.
Not ſo the king—With anxious cares oppreſs'd,
His boſom labours, and admits not reſt.
A glorious wretch, he ſweats beneath the weight
Of majeſty, and gives up eaſe for ſtate.
E'en when his ſmiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treaſur'd and preſerv'd from ſide to ſide,
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He ſeems moſt calm, his ſoul is in a ſtorm!
Care, like a ſpectre, ſeen by him alone,
With all her neſt of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when night bids ſleep,
Sweet nurſe of nature, o'er the ſenſes creep,
When miſery herſelf no more complains,
And ſlaves, if poſſible, forget their chains,
Though his ſenſe weakens, though his eyes grow dim,
That reſt which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, care, tyrant care, forbids
The dew of ſleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night ſhe watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, ſits brooding o'er his head;
Anon ſhe ſtarts, and borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for kings." [ball,
Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vaſt
Who rules moſt abſolute o'er me, and all;
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (bleſſed be that ſeaſon, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life to die and paſs away)
Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own;
Thrice hath the moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since ſleep, kind ſleep, who like a friend ſupplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd theſe eyes.
Nor, if my toils are anſwer'd with ſucceſs,
And I am made an inſtrument to bleſs
The people whom I love, ſhall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.
Mindful of that high rank in which I ſtand,
Of millions lord, ſole ruler in the land,
Let me, and reaſon ſhall her aid afford,
Rule my own ſpirit, of myſelf be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown,
Who, ſtern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainſt faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial ſmile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, ſuch curſes of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainſt ſome poor ſubject elf,
Which conſcience tells him he hath broke himſelf?
Can he ſome petty rogue to juſtice call
For robbing one, when he himſelf robs all?
Muſt not, unleſs extinguiſh'd, conſcience fly
Into his cheek, and blaſt his fading eye,
To ſcourge th' oppreſſor, when the ſtate, diſtreſs'd
And ſunk to ruin, is by him oppreſs'd?
Againſt himſelf doth he not ſentence give?
If one muſt die, t' other's not fit to live.
Weak is that throne, and in itſelf unſound,
Which takes not ſolid virtue for its ground;
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would periſh to obtain.
Nor can thoſe ſpirits, turbulent and bold
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be huſh'd to peace, but when fair legal ſway
Makes it their real int'reſt to obey;
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not leſs in virtue than in pow'r excel.
Be that my object, that my conſtant care,
And may my ſ ul's beſt wiſhes centre there.
Be it my taſk to ſeek, nor ſeek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to thoſe virtues which from reaſon ſpring,
And grace the man, join thoſe which grace the king.
Firſt (for ſtrict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with ſervants keep a ſteady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
Firſt (and that method reaſon ſhall ſupport)
Before I look into, and purge my court,
Before I cleanſe the ſtable of the ſtate,
Let me fix things which to myſelf relate.
That done, and all accounts well ſettled here,
In reſolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye ſlaves, who dare abuſe your truſt,
Who dare be villains, when your king is juſt
Are there, amongſt thoſe officers of ſtate
To whom our ſacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commiſſion'd, guide the helm;
Are there, who, truſting to our love of eaſe,
Oppreſs our ſubjects, wreſt our juſt decrees,
And make the law, warp'd from their fair intent,
To ſpeak a language which they never meant;

Are there such men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myself and to my state unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on trust,
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my judgment, but depend on their's?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I must not weigh;
Do what they bid; and what they dictate say;
Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?
Perish the thought—'tis treason to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Insults me more, than he, who, leagu'd with hell,
Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.
The wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face: whose base designs
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
E'en whilst he seems his wishes to support;
Who seizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the judgment-seat
To screen his crimes, and make his frauds complete;
New-models armies, and around the throne
Will suffer none but creatures of his own:
Conscious of such his baseness, well may try,
Against the light to shut his master's eye,
To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those,
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his ear.
Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves proclaim,
And, whilst they publish, baulk their author's aim,
Kings must be blind, into such snares to run;
Or worse, with open eyes must be undone.
The minister of honesty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the day, and seek the shades of night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the light;
None wish their king in ignorance to hold,
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden guilt, and that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confusion wait them, and by justice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.
Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where kings have oft been lost, shall I submit,
And rust in chains like these? Shall I give way,
And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance sit down,
Nor dare assert the honour of my crown?
When stern rebellion (if that odious name
Justly belongs to those, whose only aim
Is to preserve their country; who oppose,
In honour leagu'd, none but their country's foes;
Who only seek their own, and found their cause
In due regard for violated laws)
When stern rebellion, who no longer feels
Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, though strong not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
For due redress presents, from truth's fair pen,
A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men;
How must that king be humbled, how disgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
No other plea but that of ignorance!
A vile defence, which was his all at stake,
The meanest subject well might blush to make;
A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs;
A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.
The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, rests not till inform'd:
And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel?
Or can a just excuse from ignorance flow
To me, whose first, great duty is—to know?
Hence ignorance—thy settled, dull, blank eye
Would hurt me, though I knew no reason why—
Hence ignorance—thy slavish shackles bind
The free-born soul, and lethargy the mind—
Of thee, begot by pride, who look'd with scorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of soul,
Which reason can't convince, nor fear controul;
Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing less than utter ruin teach—
Hence ignorance—hence to that depth of night
Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of light
May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell,
Where monks with superstition love to dwell;
Or in some college sooth thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reside;
Fit mate for royalty thou can'st not be;
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.
Come study, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind;
Come study—painful though thy course and flow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know——
Parent of knowledge, come!—Not thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall
Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh
Things, which when found, thy labours can't repay——
Nor, in one hand, sit emblem of thy trade,
A *rod;* in t' other, gaudily array'd
A *hornbook*, gilt and letter'd; call I thee,
Who dost in form preside o'er A B C—:
Nor (syren though thou art, and thy strange charms,
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms)
Do I call thee, who through a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,
Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real science reigns:

Fair though thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Though full rewards in thy poſſeſſion lie
To crown man's wiſh, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Though (was I ſtation'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy ſight,
Toil with thee all the day, and through the night
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Faſt rivetted on ſcience, ſleep defy;
Yet (ſuch the hardſhips which from empire flow)
Muſt I thy ſweet ſociety forego,
And to ſome happy rival's arms reſign
Thoſe charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.
No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I purſue thy ſteps, and urge my way
Where eager love of ſcience calls; no more
Attempt thoſe paths which man ne'er trod before.
No more the mountain ſcal'd, the deſert croſt,
Loſing myſelf, nor knowing I was loſt,
Travel through woods, through wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well ſpent.
Farewell ye muſes too—for ſuch mean things
Muſt not preſume to dwell with mighty kings—
Farewell ye muſes—though it cuts my heart
E'en to the quick, we muſt for ever part.
When the freſh morn bade luſty nature wake;
When the birds, ſweetly twitt'ring through the brake,
Tun'd their ſoft pipes; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each zephyr ſtole perfume;
When all things with new vigour were inſpir'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay they never could be tir'd;
How often have we ſtray'd, whilſt ſportive rhyme
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to ſee,
Yourſelves made viſible to none but me,
The clown, his work ſuſpended, gape and ſtare,
And ſeem'd to think that I convers'd with air!
When the ſun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
When a faint languor crept through ev'ry breaſt,
And things moſt us'd to labour, wiſh'd for reſt;
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke,
Some ſacred dryad liv'd, or in ſome grove,
Where with capricious fingers fancy wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilſt nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile,
Have we held converſe ſweet! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in Ham's inſpiring ſhade,
Amongſt thoſe poets which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred ſtrain,
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown gray,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here.
When dreary night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by ſilence to reſume her reign,
With darkneſs covering as with a robe,
This ſcene of levity, blank'd half the globe;
How oft enchanted with your heav'nly ſtrains,
Which ſtole me from myſelf, which in ſoft chains
Of muſic bound my ſoul, how oft have I,
Sounds more than human floating through the ſky,
Attentive ſat, whilſt night, againſt her will,
Tranſported with the harmony, ſtood ſtill!
How oft in raptures, which man ſcarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, ſtill thought the muſes there;
Still heard their muſic, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Leſt, breathing all too rudely, I ſhould wound,
And mar that magic excellence of ſound;
Then, ſenſe returning with return of day,
Have chid the night, which fled ſo faſt away.
Such my purſuits, and ſuch my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of envy's walk (for envy ſure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never ſtoop to wound my homeſpun lays)
With ſome few friends, and ſome ſmall ſhare of praiſe,
Beneath oppreſſion, undiſturb'd by ſtrife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life,
Farewell theſe ſcenes of eaſe, this tranquil ſtate;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I diſavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot ſuit me now;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours then might fix diſgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engroſs'd, each private view withſtood,
And taſk'd to labour for the public good;
Be this my ſtudy, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.
Let me the page of hiſtory turn o'er,
Th' inſtructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the ſacred tomb
Where righteous monarchs ſleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.
Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er thoſe ſcenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a poſt which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by falſe delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous ſpring, repairing all his charms,
Calls nature forth from hoary winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to ſome letcher ſold,
Three wretched months ſhe lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, ſhrinking from the breath
Of the rude north, and timorous of death,
To its kind mother earth for ſhelter fled,
And on her boſom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afreſh, and, cheer'd by milder ſkies,
Bids in full ſplendour all her beauties riſe;
The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings diſpatch,
The bee goes forth: from herb to herb ſhe flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs.

With treasur'd sweets; robbing those flow'rs, which left,
Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she flit on pleasure's silken wing,
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of spring
Unrifled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest.
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which chemist night prepar'd, that faith abuse
Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils.
Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the stock she brings her booty home.
Be this my pattern—As becomes a king,
Let me fly all abroad on reason's wing;
Let mine eye, like the lightning, through the earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Escape my note: be all, from the first day
Of nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those, whom time at the desire of fame
Hath spar'd, let virtue catch an equal flame;
From those, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest;
No—let them spread—th' effects let Gotham share,
And reap the harvest of their monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.
Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!
Through whom I reign, in mercy to my youth
Assist my weakness, and direct me right;
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought
Try men and things; let me, as monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of government; how empire first began;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.
Let me consider, as from one great source
We see a thousand rivers take their course,
Dispers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent still supply'd and fed,
That government (though branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands apply'd),
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the same;
The same her view though different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.
Let me find out, by reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems,
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of gen'ral use:
Let me find, too, where, by fair reason try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.
Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,
Till they seem founded on perfection's base;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence they hasten to decay)
Let me, whilst observation lends her clue,
Step by step to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell,
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.
Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all states from common causes grow,
But likewise those which, by the will of fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait;
Which in its various constitution lurk,
Too sure at last to do its destin'd work:
Let me, forwarn'd, each sign, each system, learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to reassure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.
Let me (though great grave brethren of the gown
Preach all faith up, and preach all reason down,
Making those jar whom reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me through reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry
Which law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
What's form, what's essence; what, like vagrant air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time;
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal
Which, without knowledge furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, though at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.
The times have been when priests have dar'd to tread,
Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head;
When whilst they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they banish'd common sense;
When some soft king, too open to deceit,
Easy and unsuspecting join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name
To serve the vilest purposes of shame.
Fear not, my people! where no cause of fear
Can justly rise—your king secures you here;
Your king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of priests the voice of God.
Let me (though lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their monarch to behold what they wish hid,
And for the purposes of knavish gain,
Would have their trade a mystery remain)
Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the spirit find,
Till from the parts made master of the whole,
I see the constitution's very soul.
Let me (though statesmen will no doubt resist,
And to my eyes present a fearful list
Of men whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to resign),
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a king,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,

Determin'd not by worlds to be withſtood;
When my grand object is my country's good)
Unravel all low miniſterial ſcenes.
Deſtroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them ſtep by ſtep; let me well know
How places, penſions, and preferments, go;
Why guilt's provided for when worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, ſupreme preſide,
And dare to know my way without a guide.
Let me (though dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and ſwells behind a cloud,
As if the ſun ſhone with leſs pow'rful ray,
Leſs grace, leſs glory, ſhining ev'ry day,
Though when ſhe comes forth into public ſight,
Unbending as a ghoſt ſhe ſtalks upright,
With ſuch an air as we have often ſeen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor at her preſence, though baſe myriads crook
The ſupple knee, vouchſafes a ſingle look),
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aſide,
All ornament, and needleſs helps of art,
All thoſe big looks which ſpeak a little heart)
Know (which few kings alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Deſtroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
And gives thoſe graces pride can never give.
Let the ſtern tyrant keep a diſtant ſtare,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
Conſcious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my ſubjects have acceſs to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whoſe cauſe we know.
And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a king,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redreſs thee, may my reign
Cloſe up that very moment—To prevent
The courſe of juſtice from her fair intent,
In vain my neareſt, deareſt friend ſhall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—my ſoul may bleed,
But muſt not change—When juſtice draws the dart,
Though it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it duty, and I feel it fame.

THE CANDIDATE.

Enough of *actors*—let them play the play'r,
And, free from cenſure, fret, ſweat, ſtrut, and ſtare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waſte one couplet on a barren ſtage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when theſe *taſty* days,
In juſtice to themſelves, allow'd thee praiſe;
When, at thy bidding, ſenſe, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or diſſolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The town had giv'n ſome little ſhare of wealth,
Could'ſt thou repine at being ſtill a ſlave?
Dar'ſt thou preſume t' enjoy that wealth ſhe gave?
Could'ſt thou repine at laws ordain'd by thoſe,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
Whom, too reſin'd for honeſty and trade,
By need made tradeſmen, pride had bankrupts made;
Whom fear made drunkards, and by modern rules,
Whom drink made wits, though nature made them fools;
With ſuch, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In ſuch a manner, and at ſuch a time,
To quit the ſtage; but men of real ſenſe,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or paſs an act of grace,
Since thou haſt left a Powell in thy place.
Enough of *authors*—Why, when ſcribblers fail,
Muſt other ſcribblers ſpread the hateful tale?
Why muſt they pity, why contempt expreſs,
And why inſult a brother in diſtreſs?
Let thoſe, who boaſt th' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Freſh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages paſt, ſtill flouriſh round their tomb.
Let thoſe, who without genius write, and write,
Verſemen or proſemen, all in nature's ſpite,
The pen laid down, their courſe of folly run
In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why ſhould I tell, to croſs the will of fate,
That Francis * once endeavour'd to tranſlate?
Why, ſweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, ſimple in his lay,
Effuſion on *effuſion* pour away †;
With *friendſhip* and with *fancy* trifle here,
Or ſleep in *paſtoral* at Belvedere ‡?
Sleep let them all, with dullneſs on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.
Enough of *critics*—let them, if they pleaſe,
Fond of new pomp, each month paſs new decrees;
Wide and extenſive be their infant ſtate,
Their ſubjects many, and thoſe ſubjects great,
Whilſt all their mandates as ſound law ſucceed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What though they lay the realms of genius waſte,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taſte;
Though they, like doctors, to approve their ſkill,
Conſult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Though by whim, envy, or reſentment led,
They damn thoſe authors whom they never read;
Though, other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out ſo much praiſe for ſo much gold;
Though *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned cloſe intrigues,
Againſt the commonwealth of letters leagues;
Uncenſur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curſe, the mean tame coward's curſe,
(Nor could ingenious malice make a worſe,

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* *Dr. Philip Francis, the tranſlator of Horace and Demoſthenes.*

† *See the Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy, by Langhorne, 2 vols. 12mo. 1763.*

‡ *See the Enlargement of the Mind, Langhorne's Poems.*

To do our ſenſe and honour deep deſpite)
To credit what they ſay; read what they write.
Enough of *Scotland*—let her reſt in peace,
The cauſe remov'd, effects of courſe ſhould ceaſe.
Why ſhould I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly ſwell'd with waters not his own,
Burſt o'er his banks, and by deſtruction led,
O'er our faint England deſolation ſpread,
Whilſt riding on his waves, ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute aſſum'd,
Now that the river god, convinc'd, though late,
And yielding, though reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair courſe, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the ſea, as uſual, glides.
Enough of *ſtates*, and ſuch like trifling things;
Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
Henceforth, ſecure, let ambuſh'd ſtateſmen lie,
Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of juſtice, uncontroul'd
By fear or ſhame, let vice, ſecure and bold,
Lord it with all her ſons, whilſt virtue's groan
Meets with compaſſion only from the throne.
Enough of *patriots*—all I aſk of man,
Is only to be honeſt as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and ſome may ſtill deceive;
'Tis the fool's curſe at random to believe.
Would thoſe, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this eſſential doctrine—*perſevere*.
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of ſome proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their king and country ſell, with endleſs ſhame
Th' avenging muſe ſhall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to honour true, they ſcorn to bend,
And, proudly honeſt, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country ſhall their fame record,
And I myſelf deſcend to praiſe a lord.
Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honeſt men
His actions ſpeak much ſtronger than my pen,
And future ages ſhall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful, and unjuſt,
But ſoft'ring France ſhall ne'er betray her truſt;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impoſe,
To pay with praiſe the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her baſe,
To prove her virtue, though it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.
Enough of *ſelf*—that darling luſcious theme,
O'er which philoſophers in raptures dream;
Of which with ſeeming diſregard they write,
Then prizing moſt, when moſt they ſeem to ſlight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd ſtrong with pride!
What man can from himſelf himſelf divide?
For me (nor dare I lie), my leading aim
(Conſcience firſt ſatisfied) is love of fame,
Some little fame deriv'd from ſome brave few,
Who prizing honour, prize her votaries too.
Let all (nor ſhall reſentment ſtain my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely
So thoſe (the greateſt curſe I meet below) [ſpeak,
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of thoſe, whom bleſs'd with parts above
My feeble genius, ſtill I dare to love,
Doing more miſchief than a thouſand foes,
Poſthumous nonſenſe to the world expoſe,
And call it mine, for mine though never known,
Or which, if mine; I living bluſh'd to own.
Know all the world, no greedy heir ſhall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of thoſe, whom I deſpiſe though great,
Pretending friendſhip to give malice weight,
Publiſh my life; let no falſe, ſneaking peer,
(Some ſuch there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to ſhame with ſome vile anecdote;
Nor ſoul gall'd biſhop damn me with a note.
Let one poor ſprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilſt I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, ſome rhyming gueſt
Roams through the church-yard whilſt his dinner's dreſs'd,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes;
"Life to the laſt enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies;"
Whilſt (O, what joy that pleaſing flatt'ry gives)
Reading my works, he cries—"*Here* Churchill lives."
Enough of *ſatire*—in leſs harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the ſtrokes ſhe gave,
Whoſe ſouls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
When, in her faithful and immortal page,
They ſaw tranſmitted down from age to age
Recorded villains, and each ſpotted name
Branded with marks of everlaſting ſhame,
Succeeding villains ſought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend.
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which ſtrike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
Too terrible to ſuffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who ſtain a court;
Propp'd by the arm of pow'r, when vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-ſtation'd, holds rebuke in ſcorn;
When ſhe is loſt to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to ſhame;
When prudence a much eaſier taſk muſt hold
To make a new world, than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if ſhe cannot cure, ſhe will not wound.
Come, panegyric—though the muſe, diſdains,
Founded on truth, to proſtitute her ſtrains
At the baſe inſtance of thoſe men, who hold
No argument but pow'r, no god but gold;
Yet, mindful that from heav'n ſhe drew her birth,
She ſcorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herſelf, brings virtue forth to view,
And loves to praiſe, where praiſe is juſtly due.
Come, panegyric—in a former hour,
My ſoul with pleaſure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy ſhrine I fought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, diſpers'd my pray'r;
E'en at thy altars whilſt I took my ſtand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,

Fate, meditating wrath 'gainſt me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my deſign,
Whilſt, Hayter * brought too quickly to his end,
I loſt a ſubject, and mankind a friend.
Come, panegyric—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy pow'r my ſoul is proud to own.
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me ſafe through paſſes yet untry'd.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the houſe of *ſatire* leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praiſe.
What though no theme I chooſe of vulgar note,
Nor wiſh to write as brother-bards have wrote,
So mild, ſo meek in praiſing, that they ſeem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream;
What though a theme I chooſe, which might demand
The niceſt touches of a maſter's hand;
Yet, if the inward workings of my ſoul
Deceive me not, I ſhall attain the goal,
And envy ſhall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The poet praiſing, and the patron prais'd.
What patron ſhall I chooſe? Shall public voice
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I preſer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, ſeeking patriots, to friend Wildman's † go?
To Wildman's! cry'd diſcretion, (who had heard,
Cloſe-ſtanding at my elbow, ev'ry word) [ſure
To Wildman's! Art thou mad? Can'ſt thou be
One moment there to have thy head ſecure?
Are they not all (let obſervation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In *Doomſday* book by miniſters ſet down,
Who ſtyle their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply—let reaſon ſtand aloof—
Preſumptions here muſt paſs as ſolemn proof.
That ſettled faith, that love which ever ſprings
In the beſt ſubjects for the beſt of kings,
Muſt not be meaſur'd now, by what men think,
Or ſay, or do—by what they eat, and drink;
Where and with whom, that queſtion's to be try'd,
And ſtateſmen are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confeſt, in themſelves veſt the law.
Each diſh at Wildman's of ſedition ſmacks;
Blaſphemy may be goſpel at Almack's. [vain;
Peace, good diſcretion, peace—thy fears are
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, againſt the mighty ſtir.
If, from long proof, my temper you diſtruſt,
Weigh my profeſſion, to my gown be juſt;
Doſt thou one parſon know ſo void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place? [mains)
If ſtill you doubt (though ſcarce a doubt re-
Search through my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, ſearching, find, nor deem me now in ſport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court.

Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of miſtakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor bluſh to own that change, which reaſon wrought.
For ſuch a change as this, muſt juſtice ſpeak;
My heart was honeſt, but my head was weak.
Bigot to no one man, or ſet of men,
Without one ſelfiſh view, I drew my pen;
My country aſk'd, or ſeem'd to aſk my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A ſide I choſe, and on that ſide was ſtrong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do leſs!)
Without a ſingle bluſh, that change confeſs;
Confeſs it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the loſing for the winning ſide;
Granting, whilſt virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have fought in vain.
Hail, Sandwich—nor ſhall Wilkes reſentment ſhow,
Hearing the praiſes of ſo brave a foe— [refuſe
Hail, Sandwich—nor, through pride, ſhalt thou
The grateful tribute of ſo mean a muſe—
Sandwich, *all hail*—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, ſcourg'd the land,
When *Scots*, or ſlaves to *Scotſmen* ſteer'd the helm,
When peace, inglorious peace, diſgrac'd the realm,
Diſtruſt, and gen'ral diſcontent prevail'd;
But when (he beſt knows why) his ſpirits fail'd;
When, with a ſudden panic ſtruck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
We ſaw thee nimbly vault into his ſeat,
Into the ſeat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoiſſeur in ſtatemanſhip;
When, like another Machiavel, we ſaw
Thy fingers twiſting and untwiſting law,
Straining, where godlike reaſon bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to ſpare;
Saw thee reſolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy king, thy country right;
All things were chang'd, ſuſpence remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their uſe,
What virtues ſuch as thine muſt needs produce.
Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praiſe, too fearful to oppoſe,
In ſullen ſilence ſit; thy friends (ſome few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the common weal
Expects her ſafety from thy ſtubborn zeal.
A place amongſt the reſt the muſes claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, ſecure their own.
From his youth upwards, to the preſent day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him gray,
When riotous exceſs with waſteful hand
Shakes life's frail glaſs, and haſtes each ebbing ſand,

* *Dr. Thomas Hayter, Biſhop of London. He died January 9 1762.*

† *Maſter of the tavern where the then oppoſers of adminiſtration uſed to meet.*

Unmindful from what ſtock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought ſin with greedineſs, and ſought for ſhame
With greater zeal than good men ſeek for fame.
Where (reaſon left without the leaſt defence)
Laughter was mirth, obſcenity was ſenſe,
Where impudence made decency ſubmit,
Where noiſe was humour, and where whim was wit,
Where rude, untemper'd licence had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was ſpirit,
Where the beſt things were ever held the worſt,
Lothario was, with juſtice, always firſt.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To ſwing upon a gate, to ride a ſtraw,
To play at puſh-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle,
Whilſt, in moſt bleſſed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out—encore,
Whilſt *gray* authority, who ſlumbers there
In robe's of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the ſtreets at noon,
To force plain nature from her uſual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for ſpeed one feather 'gainſt another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainſt all the reſt to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride firſt, and he to ride behind;
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to loſe, and loſing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that ſtock which nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, though March * yet lives.
When folly (at that name, in duty bound,
Let ſubject myriads kneel, and kiſs the ground,
Whilſt they who, in the preſence, upright ſtand,
Are held as rebels through the loyal land),
Queen ev'ry where, but moſt a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her ſports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common ſize,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deſerves it more and more.
Nor in ſuch limits reſts his ſoul confin'd;
Folly may ſhare, but can't engroſs his mind;
Vice, bold, ſubſtantial vice, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his follies well, and you would ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care;
Obſerve his vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for vice alone.
Is the ſoft nature of ſome hapleſs maid
Fond, eaſy, full of faith, to be betray'd;
Muſt ſhe, to virtue loſt, be loſt to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt, declare her ſhame?
Is ſome brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honeſt as his own,
And, free himſelf, in others fears no guile,
To be enſnar'd, and ruin'd with a ſmile?
Is law to be perverted from her courſe?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be cruſh'd, and ev'ry ſon,
Who dares maintain her cauſe, to be undone?
Is baſe corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, ſure, though ſlow?
Or muſt ſhe periſh by a ſingle blow?
Are kings, who truſt to ſervants, and depend
In ſervants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkneſs thicker than the ſhades of death?
Is God's moſt holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His ſervants ſcorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His ſervice laugh'd at, and his Son blaſphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preſide?
Is faith to take an Atheiſt for her guide?
Is ſcience by a blockhead to be led?
Are ſtates to totter on a drunkard's head?
To anſwer all theſe purpoſes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, ſearch hell, the devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
Is this nobility, which, ſprung from kings,
Was meant to ſwell the pow'r from whence it ſprings,
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which nature hop'd for from ſo rich a root?
Were there but two (ſearch all the world around)
Were there but two ſuch nobles to be found,
The very name would ſink into a term
Of ſcorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord; but nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be baſe,
Made only one; and, having made him, ſwore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor ſtopp'd ſhe there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, ſhe ſtrove to mend;
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To ſave her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.
Gods! with what joy, what honeſt joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art
Of ev'ry art which great ones in the ſtate
Practiſe on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Not prone to think that virtues can deſcend,
Do I behold (a ſight, alas! more rare
Than honeſty could wiſh) the noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his father from the grave,
And pays with int'reſt back the fame he gave.
Cur'd of her ſplenetic and ſullen fits,
To ſuch a peer my willing ſoul ſubmits,
And to ſuch virtue is more proud to yield,
Than 'gainſt ten-titled rogues to keep the field.
Such (for that truth e'en envy ſhall allow)
Such Wyndham * was, and ſuch is Sandwich now.
O gentle Montague, in bleſſed hour
Didſt thou ſtart up, and climb the ſtairs of pow'r;

* *Afterwards Duke of Queenſberry.*

* *Earl of Egremont. He died Auguſt* 1763.

England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was one displeas'd.
France heard the news, and told it *cousin* Spain;
Spain heard, and told it *cousin* France again;
The Hollander relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine,
Of Indian villanies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore;
Aw'd by thy fame (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from east to west, from north to south),
The western world shall yield us her increase,
And her wild sons be soften'd into peace;
Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And *all acquir'd by honourable means*,
Some *honourable chief* shall hither steer,
To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.
Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown,
Shall freely as their king our king receive——
Provided *the directors give them leave.*
Union at home shall mark each rising year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, though severe;
Envy her own destroyer shall become,
And faction with her thousand mouths be dumb;
With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail;
Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
And some be converts to thy princely wit;
Rev'rence for thee shall still a nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand excise;
And unbelievers of the first degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.
When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
Possess'd the region of each heated brain;
When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;
When commonwealth's-men, starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with state-bloodhounds hunted freedom down;
When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
And in each friend to liberty and law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell saw;
Thy manly zeal stepp'd forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace;
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live, and not die;
And, patroniz'd by thee, prerogative
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilst privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
Shall not well know, whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, commerce shiv'ring stood;
When credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that she saw her grave;
When property, transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better genius, born to bless,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Didst thou step forth, and without sail or oar
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore;
Nor shalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast!
Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Economy her needful aid shall join
To forward and complete thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have fly and subtle sophists tried
Private from public justice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High-treason in the eye of common sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
But now, though late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid honesty, fair fall that hour,
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, word'rous man,
With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder must behold,
And stamp thy age the only age of gold.
Nor rest thy triumphs here—that discord fled,
And sought with grief the hell where she was bred;
That faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb;
That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended friends (such terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav'd
Thy drooping country; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of brass defies the rage of time;
Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the muse alone can give;
These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.
But that poor sickly science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath neglect's cold shade,
By those who knew her purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knew her not,
Whilst ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd pride,
Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t' other side,

Recover'd from her wretched ſtate, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herſelf with ſtrength,
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to poſſeſs the land.
This praiſe, though in a court, and near a throne,
This praiſe is thine, and thine, alas! alone.
With what fond rapture did the goddeſs ſmile,
What bleſſings did ſhe promiſe to this iſle,
What honour to herſelf, and length of reign!
Soon as ſhe heard, that thou didſt not diſdain
To be her ſteward; but what grief, what ſhame,
What rage, what diſappointment ſhook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will diſpute,
When youth was inſolent, and age was mute.
That young men ſhould be fools, and ſome wild few,
To wiſdom deaf, be deaf to int'reſt too,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men grown gray
In ſearch of wiſdom, men who own'd the ſway
Of reaſon, men who ſtubbornly kept down
Each riſing paſſion, men who wore the gown,
That they ſhould croſs her will, that they ſhould dare
Againſt the cauſe of int'reſt to declare,
That they ſhould be ſo abject and unwiſe,
Having no fear of loſs before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, ſcorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all thoſe honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of ſtate;
That they ſhould dare a Hardwick to ſupport,
And talk within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar conſcience, who undone,
And ſtarv'd herſelf, ſtarves ev'ry wretched ſon;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her ſwear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward ſons who ſcorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful ſhore.
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, which diſgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Though dullneſs there unrivall'd ſtate *doth* keep,
Would ſhe at Wincheſter with Burton * ſleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying ſcene
For ſomething ſtill more dull, and ſtill more mean,
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, ſhe would fly
Far, far beyond the ſearch of *Engliſh* eye,
And reign amongſt the Scots: to be a queen
Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen.
O, ſtay thy flight, fair ſcience! what though ſome,
Some baſe-born children rebels are become,
All are not rebels; ſome are duteous ſtill,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'reſt is oppos'd by thoſe alone,
Who either know not, or oppoſe their own.
Of ſtubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marſhall'd by form, and by diſcretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black † Smith of Trinity; on Chriſtian ground
For faith in myſteries none more renown'd.

* *Dr. John Burton, maſter of Wincheſter ſchool.*

† *Dr. Robert Smith, maſter of Trinity College, Cambridge.*

Next (for the beſt of cauſes now and then
Muſt beg aſſiſtance from the worſt of men)
Next (if old ſtory lies not) ſprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece.
Her, wretched maid! committed to his truſt,
To a rank letcher's coarſe and bloated luſt,
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had ſold,
And thought himſelf and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off ſuch traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,
No woman knew but thoſe which made their bed,
Who, planted virgins on Cam's virtuous ſhore,
Continued ſtill male virgins at threeſcore,
Comes Sumner *, wife, and chaſte as chaſte can be,
With Long †, as wife, and not leſs chaſte than he.
Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cauſe,
Who, for thy ſake, defying penal laws,
Were, to ſupport thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jerſey and the Iſle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, ſhall ſpeak for thee?
Are there not proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo ſtill,
Who may, perhaps, in ſome ten years, or more,
Be aſcertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a ſtill more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With ſuch a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcaſes, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchaſe life on terms of ſhame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, ſound retreat.
But if perſuaſions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
Yet in thy bitterneſs of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? ſhe with open arms
Shall meet thy wiſh, and yield up all her charms;
Shall for thy love her former loves reſign,
And jilt the baniſh'd Stuarts, to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and, ſoon as ſhe could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the deſpot's creed,
She, of ſubjection proud, ſhall kneel thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She ſhall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor ſpeak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial ſway,
If ſubjects none but juſt commands obey?
Then, and then only is obedience ſeen,
When, by command, they dare do all that's mean.
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy ſtand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.
Gods, with what joy (for fancy now ſupplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I ſee the worthies meet,
And brother Litchfield ‡ brother Sandwich greet!

* *Dr. John Sumner, provoſt of King's College, Cambridge.*

† *Dr. Roger Long, maſter of Pembroke College, Cambridge.*

‡ *The Earl of Litchfield, then high ſteward of Oxford.*

Bleſt be your greetings, bleſt each dear embrace,
Bleſt to yourſelves, and to the human race.
Sick'ning at virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
Which ſeem her baſer nature to impeach,
Let envy, in a whirlwind's boſom hurl'd,
Outrageous, ſearch the corners of the world,
Ranſack the preſent times, look back to paſt,
Rip up the future, and confeſs at laſt,
No times, paſt, preſent, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bleſs the world with ſuch a pair.
Phillips *, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Eſcap'd from Monmouth, and eſcap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the commonweal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bleſs'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cauſe of rebels hung;
Whilſt womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Mednam lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reck'ning like an alehouſe ſcore,
Whilſt Paul *the aged* chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to caſt it up;
Daſhwood † ſhall pour, from a communion cup,
Libations to the goddeſs without eyes,
And *bob* and *nob* in cyder and exciſe.
From thoſe deep ſhades, where vanity, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone;
Curs'd in herſelf, by her own thoughts undone,
Where ſhe ſees all, but can be ſeen by none;
Where ſhe no longer, miſtreſs of the ſchools,
Hears praiſe loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a diſtance; in deſpair
To join the croud, and put in for a ſhare,
Twiſting each thought a thouſand diff'rent ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praiſe,
Where frugal ſenſe ſo very fine is ſpun,
It ſerves twelve hours, though not enough for one,
‡ King ſhall ariſe, and burſting from the dead,
Shall hurl his *piebald* Latin at thy head.
Burton (whilſt awkward affectation's hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainſt their will makes junior blockheads ſpeak,
Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
Not ſuch as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;
Who threads, like beads, looſe thoughts on ſuch a ſtring,
They're praiſe, and cenſure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and ſtyle ſo full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew ſick;
Thoughts all ſo dull, ſo pliant in their growth,
They're verſe, they're proſe, they're neither, and they're both)
Shall (though by nature ever loth to praiſe)
Thy curious worth ſet forth in curious phraſe;
Obſcurely ſtiff, ſhall cruſh poor ſenſe to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;

Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name;
Whilſt, beating out his features to a ſmile,
He hugs the baſtard brat, and calls it ſtyle.
Huſh'd be all nature as the land of death;
Let each ſtream ſleep, and each wind hold his breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one ſound of care,
Preſſing for audience, wake the ſlumb'ring air;
Brown comes—behold how cautiouſly he creeps—
How ſlow he walks, and yet how faſt he ſleeps—
But to thy praiſe in ſleep he ſhall agree;
He cannot wake, but he ſhall dream of thee.
Phyſic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaſte matron camphire bound,
Phyſic, obtaining ſuccour from the pen
Of her ſoft ſon, her gentle Heberden,
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet ſpite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *ſcholar*, ſtop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe ſend *claſſic* death.
So deep in knowledge, that few lines can ſound
And plumb the bottom of that vaſt profound,
Few grave ones with ſuch gravity can think,
Or follow half ſo faſt as he can ſink,
With nice diſtinctions gloſſing o'er the text,
Obſcure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With ſubtleties on ſubtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide and ſubdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardneſs of youth in awe,
The ſcowling Blackſtone * bears the train of law,
Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
In her right hand a *new court kalendar*,
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
Loyalty, fix'd on Iſis' alter'd ſhore,
A ſtranger long, but ſtranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
Shall with much pleaſure and more wonder view
Men great at court and great at Oxford too.
O ſacred loyalty! accurs'd be thoſe,
Who, ſeeming friends, turn out thy deadlieſt foes;
Who proſtitute to kings thy honour'd name,
And ſooth their paſſions to betray their fame:
Nor prais'd be thoſe, to whoſe proud nature clings
Contempt of government, and hate of kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A ſtrange intemperance of zeal avow,
And ſtart at loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger freedom never heard.
Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the ſtate not wholeſome, like the dreams,
Children of night, of indigeſtion bred,
Which, reaſon clouded, ſeize and turn the head.
Loyalty without freedom is a chain
Which men of lib'ral notice can't ſuſtain;
And freedom without loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious ſhame.
Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
In Oxford's ſtubborn and untoward ſoil

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* *Sir John Phillips. At this juncture he was ſo unpopular as to excite the rage of a mob at Monmouth againſt him.*

† *Sir Francis Daſhwood. Lord Le Deſpenſer.*

‡ *Dr. King, principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.*

* *Sir William Blackſtone, afterwards one of the Judges of the Common-Pleas.*

To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foſter'd into ſtrength,
Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the ſkies;
Whilſt wiſdom's happy ſon, but not her ſlave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that ſhade which thy own labours wrought
And faſhion'd into ſtrength, ſhalt thou repoſe,
Secure of lib'ral praiſe, ſince Iſis flows,
True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, luſt for Tweed,
And thoſe old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd twine
To grace a Stuart brow, ſhe plants on thine.

THE FAREWELL.

P. Farewell to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell!
To Eaſtern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but rhyme,
The muſes ſteer their courſe, and, fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, deſire to range;
Reſolv'd at leaſt, ſince they the fool muſt play,
To do it in a diff'rent place and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madneſs worſe than in the dog-ſtar's reign?
Why into foreign countries would you roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If ſatire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have ſhown no talents fit for praiſe;
If ſatire be thy object, ſearch all round,
Nor to thy purpoſe can one ſpot be found
Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
Vice chokes up ev'ry virtue; where, ſelf-ſown,
The ſeeds of folly ſhoot forth rank and bold,
And every ſeed brings forth a hundred fold.

P. No more of this—though truth (the more our ſhame
The more our guilt) though truth perhaps may [claim,
And juſtify her part in this, yet here,
For the firſt time, e'en truth offends my ear.
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate—be England what ſhe will,
With all her faults ſhe is my country ſtill. [word

F. Thy country, and what then? Is that mere
Againſt the voice of reaſon to be heard?
Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counteract, and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the ſure ſymptom of a narrow ſoul
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part: men, not confin'd
Within ſuch paltry limits, men deſign'd
Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
Where'er the bleſſed ſun, plac'd in the ſky
To watch this ſubject world, can dart his eye,
Are ſtill the ſame, and, prejudice out-grown,
Conſider every country as their own.
At one grand view they take in nature's plan,
Not more at home in England than Japan.

P. My good grave Sir of theory, whoſe wit,
Graſping at ſhadows, ne'er caught ſubſtance yet,
'Tis mighty eaſy o'er a glaſs of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boaſt of apathy when out of pain,
And in each ſentence, worthy of the ſchools,
Varniſh'd with ſophiſtry, to deal out rules
Moſt fit for practice but for one poor fault,
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.
At home, and ſitting in your elbow chair,
You praiſe Japan, though you was never there.
But was the ſhip this moment under ſail,
Would not your mind be chang'd, your ſpirits fail,
Would you not caſt one longing eye to ſhore,
And vow to deal in ſuch wild ſchemes no more?
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Thoſe paſſions which we cannot chooſe but feel,
There's a ſtrange ſomething, which without a brain
Fools feel, and which e'en wiſe men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In deareſt ties, from whence he drew his birth.
If honour calls, where'er ſhe points the way,
The ſons of honour follow, and obey;
If need compels, wherever we are ſent,
'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own ſingle voice,
To deem of ev'ry country as the ſame,
Is rank rebellion 'gainſt the lawful claim
Of nature; and ſuch dull indifference
May be philoſophy, but can't be ſenſe.

F. Weak and unjuſt diſtinction, ſtrange deſign,
Moſt peeviſh, moſt perverſe, to undermine
Philoſophy, and throw her empire down
By means of ſenſe, from whom ſhe holds her crown.
Divine philoſophy, to thee we owe
All that is worth poſſeſſing here below;
Virtue and wiſdom conſecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.
When, like a garden, where, for want of toil,
And wholeſome diſcipline, the rich rank ſoil
Teems with encumbrances; where all around
Herbs noxious in their nature make the ground,
Like the good mother of a thankleſs ſon,
Curſe her own womb, by fruitfulneſs undone;
Like ſuch a garden, when the human ſoul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
Brings forth thoſe paſſions of luxuriant race,
Which ſpread, and ſtifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilſt virtue, check'd by the cold hand of ſcorn,
Seems with'ring on the bed where ſhe was born,
Philoſophy ſteps in; with ſteady hand
She brings her aid, ſhe clears th' encumber'd land:
Too virtuous to ſpare vice one ſtroke, too wiſe
One moment to attend to pity's cries,
See with what godlike, what relentleſs pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed

P. and ev'ry flow'r.

Philoſophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,
By the proud ſage, who, whilſt he ſtrove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride:
Philoſophy, whom nature had deſign'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,

Herſelf miſled by the philoſopher,
At once her prieſt and maſter, made us err;
Pride, pride, like leaven in a maſs of flour,
Tainted her laws, and e'en made virtue ſour.
Had ſhe, content within her proper ſphere,
Taught leſſons ſuited to the human ear,
Which might fair virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real uſe,
The heart of man unrivall'd ſhe had ſway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.
But when ſhe, overturning reaſon's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When ſhe with apathy the breaſt would ſteel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When ſhe would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our paſſions, but deſtroy;
When, not content our nature to reſtore,
As made by God, ſhe made it all new o'er;
When, with a ſtrange and criminal exceſs,
To make us more than men, ſhe made us leſs;
The good her dwindled pow'r with pity ſaw,
The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.
Truth with a ſimple and unvarniſh'd tale
E'en from the mouth of N—— might prevail,
Could ſhe get there; but falſehood's ſugar'd ſtrain
Should pour her fatal blandiſhments in vain,
Nor make one convert, though the ſyren hung,
Where ſhe too often hangs, on M——— tongue.
Should all the Sophs, whom in his courſe the ſun
Hath ſeen, or paſt or preſent, riſe in one;
Should he, whilſt pleaſure in each ſentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in proſe;
Should he, full orator at once, impart
Th' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art,
Genius and art ſhould in this inſtant fail,
Nor Rome though join'd with Athens here prevail:
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,
To make me find one fault in nature's plan.
Plac'd low ourſelves, we cenſure thoſe above,
And, wanting judgment, think that ſhe wants love;
Blame where we ought in reaſon to commend,
And think her moſt a foe when moſt a friend.
Such be philoſophers——their ſpecious art,
Though friendſhip pleads, ſhall never warp my heart;
Ne'er make me from this breaſt one paſſion tear,
Which nature, my beſt friend hath planted there.

F. Forgiving, as a friend, what, whilſt I live,
As a philoſopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at laſt I join with you;
To nature pay all that is nature's due;
But let not clouded reaſon ſink ſo low
To fancy debts ſhe does not, cannot owe.
Bear, to full manhood grown, thoſe ſhackles bear,
Which nature meant us for a time to wear,
As we wear leading-ſtrings, which, uſeleſs grown,
Are laid aſide, when we can walk alone.
But on thyſelf, by peeviſh humour ſway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens nature never laid? [errs,
Wilt thou make faults, whilſt judgment weakly
And then defend, miſtaking them for her's?
Dar'ſt thou to ſay, in our enlighten'd age,
That this grand maſter paſſion, this brave rage
Which flames out for thy country, was impreſt
And fix'd by nature in the human breaſt?
If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and ſcorn
On fair compariſon; if on that land
With lib'ral and a more than equal hand
Her gifts as in profuſion plenty ſends;
If virtue meets with more and better friends;
If ſcience finds a patron 'mongſt the great;
If honeſty is miniſter of ſtate;
If pow'r, the guardian of our rights deſign'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If riches are employ'd to bleſs the poor;
If law is ſacred, liberty ſecure;
Let but theſe facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reaſon declares, thy love can't be too great;
And in this light could he our country view,
A very Hottentot muſt love it too.
But if, by fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To ſome moſt barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are ſcantily ſupplied,
Where pow'r is reaſon, liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke;
To fix thy love on ſuch a wretched ſpot,
Becauſe in luſt's wild fever there begot,
Becauſe, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
But chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,
Is folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be nature, for it is not ſenſe.
By the ſame argument which here you hold,
(When falſehood's inſolent, let truth be bold)
If propagation can in torments dwell,
A devil muſt, if born there, love his hell.

P. Hard fate, to whoſe decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in puniſhment confeſs a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in ſome place yet untry'd,
On purpoſe made to mortify my pride,
Where the ſun never gave one glimpſe of day,
Where ſcience never yet could dart one ray;
Had I been born on ſome bleak, blaſted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign;
Or in ſome kingdom, where men, weak or worſe,
Turn'd nature's ev'ry bleſſing to a curſe,
Where crowns of freedom by the father's won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate ſon;
In ſpite of all the wiſdom you diſplay,
All you have ſaid, and yet may have to ſay,
My weakneſs here, if weakneſs, I confeſs,
I, as my country, had not lov'd her leſs.
Whether ſtrict reaſon bears me out in this,
Let thoſe who, always ſeeking, always miſs
The ways of reaſon, doubt with precious zeal;
Their's be the praiſe to argue, mine to feel.
Wiſh we to trace this paſſion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
From its rich ſtem ten thouſand virtues ſpring,
Ten thouſand bleſſings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you reaſon call adore;
This, if not reaſon, muſt be ſomething more.
But (for I wiſh not others to confine,
Be their opinions unreſtrain'd as mine)

Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a ſpice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide:
If it is virtuous, ſooth an honeſt pride
With lib'ral praiſe; if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n ſhall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other ſcale.

F. This wild untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madneſs call)
Is it a virtue? That you ſcarce pretend:
Or can it be a vice, like virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and diſſolves the force
Of private ties, nay ſtops us in our courſe
To that grand object of the human ſoul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty iſle,
This nook, which ſcarce deſerves a frown or ſmile,
Weigh'd with creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is ſcarce worth one.
The generous ſoul, by nature taught to ſoar,
Her ſtrength confirm'd in philoſophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with eaſe,
And, ſeeing all mankind, loves all ſhe ſees.

P. Was it moſt ſure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in reaſon's creed, though found in yours,
That theſe two ſervices, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's cannot hold
And draw together; that however loth,
We neither ſerve, attempting to ſerve both;
I could not doubt a moment which to chooſe,
And which in common reaſon to refuſe.
Invented oft for purpoſes of art,
Born of the head, though father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world muſt be confeſt
A barren ſpeculation at the beſt.
Not one man in a thouſand, ſhould he live
Beyond the uſual term of life, could give,
So rare occaſion comes, and to ſo few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.
The love we bear our country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlaſting ſpring
Of glorious actions, which become a king,
Nor leſs become a ſubject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, though they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practiſe ev'ry day.
Nor, for my life (ſo very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument), can I deſcry
What you with faith aſſert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my country can remove,
And make me of neceſſity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Thoſe ties of private nature, ſmall extent,
In which the mind of narrow caſt is pent,
Are only ſteps on which the gen'rous ſoul
Mounts by degrees 'till ſhe includes the whole.
That ſpring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on ſelf, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The ſocial charities of blood and friends,
'Till ſmaller ſtreams included, not o'erpaſt,
It riſes to our country's love at laſt;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to common ſenſe,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country?

P Can the ſon,
(Shame, ſhame, on all ſuch ſons) with ruthleſs eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, ſtand by,
And by ſome ruffian, from all ſhame divorc'd,
All virtue, ſee his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then, no, by him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worſt of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, loſt
Beyond redemption, all her glories croſs'd
E'en when occaſion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while ſhe awakes to ſhame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her ſinking ſtate, than baſely to decline
So great a cauſe, and in deſpair reſign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilſt more able patriots doubt, ſhe dies.
From a foul ſource, more deep than we ſuppoſe,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of faction in the ſtreets,
'Tis not a groſs attack on freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of privilege diſplay'd
Againſt the ſubject, whilſt ſhe wears no ſting
To diſappoint the purpoſe of a king;
Theſe are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd [clar'd.
With thoſe, which are contriv'd, though not de-
Tell me philoſopher, is it a crime
To pry into the ſecret womb of time;
Or, born in ignorance, muſt we deſpair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it ſo—ſtill the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to caſt,
And judge of what's to come, by what is paſt.
Should there be found in ſome not diſtant year
(O how I wiſh to be no prophet here),
Amongſt our Britiſh lords, ſhould there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unſound,
Who look on freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the ſprings of loyalty are dry;
Who wiſh to ſoar on wild ambition's wings,
Who hate the commons, and who love not kings;
Who would divide the people and the throne
To ſet up ſep'rate int'reſts of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholeſome growth,
And only join with, to deſtroy them both;
Should there be found ſuch men in after times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot ſome milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.
Thou God above, on whom all ſtates depend,
Who knoweſt from the firſt their riſe and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the book of fate
When ruin muſt involve our equal ſtate;
When law, alas! muſt be no more, and we,
To freedom born, muſt be no longer free;

Let not a mob of tyrants ſeize the helm,
Nor titled upſtarts league to rob the realm:
Let not, whatever other ills aſſail,
A damned ariſtocracy prevail.
If, all too ſhort, our courſe of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleaſure we ſhould be undone,
Let us ſome comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be ſlaves to one, and be that one a king.

F. Poets, accuſtom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft ſubſtitute creations of the brain
For real ſubſtance, and themſelves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your caſe.——But grant, to ſooth your pride,
That you know more than all the world beſide,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Reſolv'd, and like a man, at once ſpeak out;
Show us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to enſure our ſafety, make us wiſe.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools ſtray;
The proud will rather loſe than aſk their way;
To men of ſenſe what needs it to unfold
And tell a tale which they muſt know untold?
In the bad, int'reſt warps the canker'd heart,
The good are hoodwink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilſt arch, ſubtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of diſcontent alive,
Whilſt they, with arts to honeſt men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne,
Making us fear, where reaſon never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themſelves paſs unſuſpected in diſguiſe,
And 'gainſt our real danger ſeal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded ſtand
On ſhame's black roll, and ſtink through all the land.

P. That might ſome courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks;
But may not judges ſometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject?

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I ſuſpect:
Amongſt twelve judges may not one be found,
(On bare, bare poſſibility I ground
This wholeſome doubt, who may enlarge, retrench,
Create and uncreate, and from the bench,
With winks, ſmiles, nods, and ſuch like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts;
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of ſoul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights controul;
Who may, though judge, turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making interpretation all the way,
In ſpite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving law without the leaſt defence,
May damn his conſcience to approve his ſenſe?

F. Whilſt the true guardians of this charter'd land,
In full and perfect vigour, juries ſtand,
A judge in vain ſhall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppoſe I ſhould be tried in Middleſex?

F. To pack a jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occaſion to pack juries there.

F. 'Gainſt prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reaſon herſelf without effect muſt ſpeak.
Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her int'reſt, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Cannot thy miſbegotten muſe lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counſel taken, what ſhould ſatire do?
Where could ſhe find an object that is new?
Thoſe travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,
And ſend abroad to ſee, and to be ſeen,
With whom, leſt they ſhould fornicate, or worſe,
A tuter's ſent, by way of a dry nurſe,
Each of whom juſt enough of ſpirit bears,
To ſhow our follies, and to bring home theirs,
Have made all Europe's vices ſo well known,
They ſeem almoſt as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpoſe better do? [new.

P. In one reſpect at leaſt—there's ſomething

F A harmleſs people, in whom nature ſpeaks
Free and untainted; 'mongſt whom ſatire ſeeks,
But vainly ſeeks, ſo ſimply plain their hearts,
One boſom where to lodge her poiſon'd darts.

P. From knowledge ſpeak you this, or doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and reſolv'd, hath reaſon found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by reaſon taught,
You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe—What's there in a name?
Propenſity to vice in both the ſame,
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himſelf withſtood.
Nabobs, as well as thoſe who hunt them down,
Deſerve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debaſe
As any poliſh'd prince of Chriſtian race.

F. Could you a taſk more hard than you ſuppoſe,
Could you, in ridicule whilſt ſatire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here.
Howe'er well drawn, the picture after all,
Becauſe we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try.
And if your obſervations ſterling hold,
If the piece ſhould be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the ſide of nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, ſomething ſeem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us ſomething that we know,
And from all honeſt men applauſe to win,
I'll groupe the company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by ſhame ſuppreſs'd,
Add not diſtreſs to thoſe too much diſtreſs'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal miſled, laid bare
Thoſe ſores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their myſteries ſo low,
That what the wiſe ſuſpected not, fools know?
From their firſt riſe e'en to the preſent hour,
Have they not prov'd their own abuſe of pow'r;
Made it impoſſible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;

Whilſt unſeduc'd by miniſters, the throne
Regards our intereſt, and knows its own?
P. Should ev'ry other ſubject chance to fail,
Thoſe who have ſail'd, and thoſe who wiſh to ſail
In the laſt fleet, afford an ample field,
Which muſt beyond my hopes a harveſt yield.
F. On ſuch vile food ſatire can never thrive.
P. She cannot ſtarve, if there was only Clive.

THE TIMES.

The time hath been, a boyiſh, bluſhing time,
When modeſty was ſcarcely held a crime;
When the moſt wicked had ſome touch of grace,
And trembled to meet virtue face to face:
When thoſe, who in the cauſe of ſin grown gray,
Had ſerv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet ſo weak an awkward ſhame to feel,
And ſtrove that glorious ſervice to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our ſires more wiſe,
Such paltry narrowneſs of ſoul deſpiſe,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence diſclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our ſhame.
Time was, ere temperance had fled the realm;
Ere luxury ſat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's ſpace
Reſerv'd for buſineſs, or allow'd for grace;
Ere vanity had ſo far conquer'd ſenſe
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one fool ſtrive to outvie another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dreſs againſt his brother;
Ere baniſh'd induſtry had left our ſhores,
And labour was by pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere idleneſs prevail'd ſole queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for ſports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And diſſipation held the place of thought;
Ere gambling Lords in vice ſo far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the ſun-look on;
Ere a great nation, not leſs juſt than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged honeſty was out of vogue,
Ere faſhion ſtamp'd her ſanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conſcience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to ſhame,
Who dar'd abuſe and falſify his truſt,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjuſt;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at diſtance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded ſtreets in ſolitude,
Nor could his rank, and ſtation in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might ſuch revive
To keep expiring honeſty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not juſt through principle, but juſt through pride.
Our times, more poliſh'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour; payment a diſgrace.
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on folly's liſt,
May gravely tell us trade cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor all thoſe thouſands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once deſtroy'd.
Why—be it ſo—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradeſmen to a lord?
Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradeſmen in his ear,
Of tradeſmen by his villany betray'd,
And, vainly ſeeking juſtice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He ſits at eaſe, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionleſs as ſtone,
Begging, but only begging for their own.
Unheard they ſtand, or only heard by thoſe,
Thoſe ſlaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? He continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in ſtate.
The helpleſs widow, wrung with deep deſpair,
In bitterneſs of ſoul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her ſtarving babes with ſtreaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the ſkies.
What is't to Faber? He ſtands ſafe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breaſt a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple braſs, which bears
The name of privilege 'gainſt vulgar awe;
He feels no conſcience, and he fears no law.
Nor think, acquainted with ſmall knaves alone,
Who have not ſhame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on ſuch men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt ſhall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded ſtand through all the Land of Shame.
No—to his porch, like Perſians to the ſun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All ſworn to keep his crimes in countenance.
Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
As ſmall their conſcience, and their debts as large.
Propp'd by ſuch clients, and without controul
From all that's honeſt in the human ſoul,
In grandeur mean, with inſolence unjuſt,
Whilſt none but knaves can praiſe, and fools will truſt,
Careſs'd and courted, Faber ſeems to ſtand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a ſad truth to which ſucceeding times
Will ſcarce give credit, when 'tis told in rhymes)
Did not ſtrict honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the throne, did not true piety
(Who, link'd with honour for the nobleſt ends,
Ranks none but honeſt men amongſt her friends)
Forbid us to be cruſh'd with ſuch a weight,
He might in time be miniſter of ſtate.
But why enlarge I on ſuch petty crimes?
They might have ſhock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing.—We begin
Where our ſires ended, and improve in ſin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our ſons to do.
Nor deem this cenſure hard; there's not a place
Moſt conſecrate to purpoſes of grace,
Which vice hath not polluted; none ſo high,
But with bold pinion ſhe hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleaſure; none ſo low,
But ſhe hath crept into it; made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps ſhe reigns,
O'er ſober citizens, and ſimple ſwains;

E'en in our temples ſhe hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.
More to increaſe the horror of our ſtate,
To make her empire laſting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curſes which neither art nor time can heal,
All ſhame diſcarded, all remains of pride,
Meanneſs ſits crown'd, and triumphs by her ſide;
Meanneſs, who gleans out of the human mind
Thoſe few good ſeeds which vice had left behind,
Thoſe ſeeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the ſoul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanneſs, at ſight of whom, with brave diſdain
The breaſt of manhood ſwells, but ſwells in vain,
Before whom honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And freedom is compell'd to quit her ſeat;
Meanneſs, which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother ſlain,
God, in his great and all-ſubduing rage,
Ordains the ſtanding mark of this vile age.
The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is ſold,
The ſtateſman bargains for his country's ſhame,
And for preferment prieſts their God diſclaim.
Worn out with luſt, her day of lech'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which ſhe bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to ſome old letcher for a wife,
And makes her an adultereſs for life,
Or in the papers bids his name appear,
And advertiſes for a L———;
Huſband and wife (whom av'rice muſt applaud)
Agree to ſave the charge of pimp and bawd;
Theſe parts they play themſelves, a frugal pair,
And ſhare the infamy, the gain to ſhare:
Well pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue ſo well.
Nor are theſe things (which might imply a ſpark
Of ſhame ſtill left) tranſacted in the dark.
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade.
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkneſs in a cloud,
In fulleſt vigour vice maintains her ſway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanneſs, now wed to impudence, no more
In darkneſs ſkulks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly ſhe ſtalks on earth, and to the ſky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears leſt time abate,
And turn her huſband's love to canker'd hate,
Since fate, to make them more ſincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their ſon;
A ſon ſo like his dam, ſo like his ſire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image ſo expreſs in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would ſtand as heir apparent to the throne.
With our own iſland vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent,
Dance Europe round, and viſit ev'ry court,
To ape their follies, and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent ſins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly induſtrious to make vice appear
In her full ſtate, and perfect only here.
To Holland, where politeneſs ever reigns,
Where primitive ſincerity remains,
And makes a ſtand, where freedom in her courſe
Hath left her name, though ſhe hath loſt her force
In that, as other lands, where ſimple trade
Was never in the garb of fraud array'd,
Where av'rice never dar'd to ſhow his head,
Where, like a ſmiling cherub, mercy, led
By reaſon, bleſſes the ſweet-blooded race,
And cruelty could never find a place,
To Holland for that charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.
France, in return for peace and pow'r reſtor'd,
For all thoſe countries, which the hero's ſword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich ſupplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd, of poliſh'd lies,
Of ſoothing flatteries, which through the ears
Steal to, and melt the heart, of ſlaviſh fears
Which break the ſpirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not ſend abroad.
Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth—
Gives us that jealouſy, which, born of fear
And mean diſtruſt, grows not by nature here—
Gives us that ſuperſtition, which pretends
By the worſt means to ſerve the beſt of ends—
That cruelty, which, ſtranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the ſlave;
That cruelty, which led her Chriſtian bands
With more than ſavage rage o'er ſavage lands,
Bade her without remorſe whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a ſin.
Italia, nurſe of ev'ry ſofter art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Who lays the realms of ſenſe and virtue waſte,
Who mars whilſt ſhe pretends to mend our taſte;
Italia, to complete and crown our ſhame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatneſs without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without eſtate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cauſe, revenge without remorſe,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealouſy without love, found without ſenſe,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reaſon, goſpel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart,
Half-men, who, dry and pithleſs, are debarr'd
From man's beſt joys—no ſooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and *noble* dame,
To ſerve her luſt, and yet ſecure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut out appetites at laſt decreed;
Women, who dance in poſtures ſo obſcene,
They might awaken ſhame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the myſteries of night,

Might make the muſes, in a corner plac'd
To view their monſtrous luſts, deem Sappho chaſte;
Theſe, and a thouſand follies rank as theſe,
A thouſand faults, ten thouſand fools, who pleaſe
Our pall'd and ſickly taſte, ten thouſand knaves,
Who ſerve our foes as ſpies, and us as ſlaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of fame, of virtue, taſte, and common ſenſe.
Nor ſtop we here—the ſoft luxurious eaſt,
Where man, his ſoul degraded, from the beaſt
In nothing diff'rent but in ſhape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye; and flowing from that ſource,
Sins of the blackeſt character, ſins worſe
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the beſt blood in my veins run cold,
And ſtrike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of ſhame;
Sins, if ſuch ſins can be, which ſhut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
E'en in God's mercy, ſins 'gainſt nature's plan
Poſſeſs the land at large, and man for man
Burn in thoſe fires, which hell alone could raiſe
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
Of puniſhment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures ſhe can ſcarce repay.
Be grace ſhut out, be mercy deaf; let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which ſpeaks them loſt, and ſentenc'd to deſpair;
Diſtending wide her jaws, let hell prepare
For thoſe who thus offend amongſt mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On earth, which groans beneath their monſtrous weight,
On earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;
And whilſt the laws, falſe grace, falſe mercy ſhown,
Are taught to wear a ſoftneſs not their own,
Men, whom the beaſts would ſpurn, ſhould they appear
Amongſt the honeſt herd, find refuge here.
No longer by vain fear or ſhame controul'd,
From long, too long ſecurity grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our ſtreets,
And Lumley e'en at noon his miſtreſs meets:
So public in their crimes, ſo daring grown,
They almoſt take a pride to have them known;
And each unnat'ral villain ſcarce endures
To make a ſecret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and ſtares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honeſt whores.
Thoſe who are mean high paramours ſecure,
And the rich guilty ſcreen the guilty poor;
The ſin too proud to feel from reaſon awe,
And thoſe who practiſe it too great for law.
Woman, the pride and happineſs of man,
Without whoſe ſoft endearments nature's plan
Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the loves and graces taught,
With ſofteſt arts, and ſure, though hidden ſkill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd here,
With the perſuaſive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our iſle,
Or win us to her purpoſe with a ſmile;
Woman, by fate the quickeſt ſpur decreed,
The faireſt, beſt reward of ev'ry deed,
Which bears the ſtamp of honour; at whoſe name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilſt o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcaſes of princes ſlain,
Confuſion proudly ſtrode, whilſt horror blew
The fatal trump, and death ſtalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having loſt its uſe; no more the eye
With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that ſeat where love reſides,
Each breath drawn quick and ſhort, in fuller tides
Life poſting through the veins, each pulſe on fire,
And the whole body tingling with deſire,
Pants for thoſe charms, which virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the froſt of age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muſcle ſtrain,
And giving pleaſure which is almoſt pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleaſure we muſt have a Ganymede;
A fine, freſh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To ſerve our purpoſes of beaſtly joy.
Faireſt of nymphs where ev'ry nymph is fair,
Whom nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom art improv'd,
And both declar'd moſt worthy to be lov'd,
——— neglected wanders, whilſt a crowd
Purſue, and conſecrate the ſteps ———.
She, hapleſs maid, born in a wretched hour,
Waſtes life's gay prime in vain, like ſome fair flow'r,
Sweet in its ſcent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the ſtalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilſt he, admir'd, careſs'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome gueſt,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral luſt a common ſewer.
Dine with Apicius—at his ſumptuous board
Find all the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (ſo much diſtemper'd ſpirits pall
The ſickly appetite) amidſt them all
Apicius finds no joy, but, whilſt he carves
For ev'ry gueſt, the landlord ſits and ſtarves.
The foreſt haunch, fine fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, ſmokes before his eye,
But ſmokes in vain; his heedleſs eye runs o'er
And lothes what he had deified before;
The turtle, of a great and glorious ſize,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a man of taſte all riſks would run,
Itſelf a feaſt, and ev'ry diſh in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dreſs'd by Quin:
In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As Quin hath dreſs'd it, he may eat it too,

Apicius cannot.—When the glaſs goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth reſound,
Sober he ſits, and ſilent—All alone
Though in a crowd, and to himſelf ſcarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suſpend his cares, and make him ceaſe to pine.
Why mourns Apicius thus? Why runs his eye,
Heedleſs' o'er delicates, which from the ſky
Might call down Jove? Where now his generous
wiſh,
That, to invent a new and better diſh,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roaſt a Phœnix at the fire?
Why ſwims that eye in tears, which, through a
race
Of ſixty years, ne'er ſhow'd one ſign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his ſtomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of ſorrow? Hath fate call'd
His father from the grave to ſecond life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife;
Or hath the law, by ſtricteſt juſtice taught,
Compell'd him to reſtore the dower ſhe brought?
Hath ſome bold creditor againſt his will
Brought in, and forc'd him to diſcharge a bill,
Where eating had no ſhare? Hath ſome vain
wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the ſtart,
And beat him in his own luxurious art;
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dreſt old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be ſlain with rods,
Spoil'd a diſh fit to entertain the gods;
Or hath ſome varlet, croſs'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?
None, none of theſe—his ſervants all are try'd,
So ſure they walk on ice, and never ſlide;
His cook, an acquiſition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance,
Nor though old Holles ſtill maintains his ſtand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his ſtate
In full ſecurity and triumph held,
Unleſs for once a knave ſhould be expell'd;
His wife is ſtill a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he ſtill retains the dow'r;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly ſent him
there)
His father ſleeps, and, till the laſt trump ſhake
The corners of the earth, ſhall not awake.
Whence flows this ſorrow then? behind his chair
Did'ſt thou not ſee, deck'd with a ſolitaire,
Which on his bare breaſt glitt'ring play'd, and
grac'd
With niceſt ornaments, a ſtripling plac'd,
A ſmooth, ſnug, ſtripling in life's faireſt prime?
Didſt thou not mind too, how from time to time
The monſtrous letcher, tempted to deſpiſe
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How he ſeem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who ſtrove his fix'd attention to recal,
And how he wiſh'd, e'en at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cauſe of grief behold in that fair boy;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.
Vain and unthinking ſtripling! When the glaſs
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you paſs,
Flatt'ring, preſents in ſmiles thy image there,
Why doſt thou bleſs the gods, who made thee
fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reaſon blame;
Curſe, curſe thy beauty, for it leads to ſhame.
When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids ſhow'rs of gold into thy breaſt deſcend,
Suſpect his gifts, nor the vile giver truſt;
They're baits for virtue, and ſmell ſtrong of luſt.
On thoſe gay, gaudy trappings which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with ſcorn,
View them with horror; they pollution mean,
And deepeſt ruin: thou haſt often ſeen,
From 'mongſt the herd, the faireſt and the beſt
Carefully ſingled out, and richly dreſt,
With grandeur mock'd, for ſacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at laſt to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger ſhun,
To ſtay a moment is to be undone.
What though, temptation proof, thy virtue ſhine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one reſource
Is ſtill behind, and thou muſt yield to force.
Paint to thyſelf the horrors of a rape, [eſcape;
Moſt ſtrongly paint, and, whil'ſt thou can'ſt,
Mind not his promiſes—they're made in ſport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at court?
Truſt not his honour, he's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,
Not regiſter'd in heav'n—He mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for conſcience—for he knows her not,
So long a ſtranger, ſhe is quite forgot—
Nor think thyſelf in law ſecure and firm—
Thy maſter is a lord, and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well ſupplied with meat and drink,
And ſuffer'd juſt to crawl from place to place,
Muſt ſerve his luſts, and think he does thee grace.
Fly, then, whilſt yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly;
But whither canſt thou go? on whom rely
For wiſh'd-protection? Virtue's ſure to meet
An armed hoſt of foes in ev'ry ſtreet.
What boots it, of Apicius ſcarful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the houſe of pray'r,
If ſure to meet with an Apicius there?
Truſt not old age, which will thy faith betray,
Saint Socrates is ſtill a goat, though gray;
Truſt not green youth; Florio will ſcarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath ſurfeited the town;
Truſt not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainſt common fame—place H—— in thy view;
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two;
Truſt not to marriage—T—— took a wife,
Who chaſte as Dian might have paſs'd her life,
Had ſhe not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,

And ſave expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Truſt not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S—— new wed.
Would'ſt thou be ſafe? Society forbear,
Fly to the deſert, and ſeek ſhelter there,
Herd with the brutes—they follow nature's plan—
There's not a brute ſo dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds——'mongſt them that refuge find,
Which luſt denies thee here among mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood; on all four
Walk, as you ſee thoſe honeſt creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.
But if the thoughts of ſolitude alarm,
And ſocial life hath one remaining charm,
If ſtill thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongſt the monſters of Auguſta's breed,
Lay by thy ſex, thy ſafety to procure;
Put off the man, from men to live ſecure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb aſſume their manners too.
Had the *light-footed* Greek of Chiron's ſchool
Been wiſe enough to keep this ſingle rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his miſtreſs' room.
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue which they do for vice.
Thus ſhalt thou paſs untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus ſtand uncourted in the drawing-room,
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the ſtreet,
And run no danger but of being beat,
Where is the mother, whoſe officious zeal
Diſcreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what ſhe felt herſelf in days of yore,
Againſt that lecher man makes faſt the door?
Who not permits, e'en for the ſake of pray'r,
A prieſt, uncaſtrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wiſhes and her care prevail)
Would ſuffer in the houſe a fly that's male?
Let her diſcharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them ſo.
Though they more freſh, more lively than the morn,
And brighter than the noon-day ſun, adorn
The works of nature; though the mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in ev'ry daughter's face;
Undiſciplin'd in dull diſcretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-ſchools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run pleaſure down,
Start where ſhe will, diſcard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger when no danger's near.
Watch not their ſteps---They're ſafe without thy care,
Unleſs, like jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unleſs they breed, like carrion, in the ſun.
Men, dead to pleaſure, as they're dead to grace,
Againſt the law of nature ſet their face,
The grand primeval law, and ſeem combin'd
To ſtop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathics read the marriage act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their ſide.
Broke down, and ſtrength a ſtranger to his bed,
Old L———, though yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our iſle;
No longer bleſt with a Cz———'s ſmile
T——— is at P——— diſgrac'd,
And M—— grown gray, perforce grows chaſte;
Nor, to the credit of our modeſt race,
Riſes one ſtallion to ſupply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Though cloſely kept, *now*, when the Dog-ſtar's heat
Inflames the marrow in the very ſtreet,
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by thoſe
Who daintily paſs by, and hold their noſe.
Poor, plain concupiſcence is in diſgrace,
And ſimple lech'ry dares not ſhow her face,
Leſt ſhe be ſent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To ſave their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
Which firſt had left off them; to *Wellcloſe-Square*
Fine, freſh, young ſtrumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for ſubſiſtence; pimps no longer thrive,
And penſions only keep L —— alive.
Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born; thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and anſwer'd in an heir?
Short-ſighted woman! little doth ſhe know
What ſtreams of ſorrow from that ſource may flow;
Little ſuſpect, while ſhe ſurveys her boy,
Her young Narciſſus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that fate could give
Her darling as a curſe; that ſhe may live,
Ere ſixteen winters their ſhort courſe have run,
In agonies of ſoul, to curſe that ſon.
Pray then for daughters, ye wiſe mothers, pray;
They ſhall reward your love, not make you gray
Before your time with ſorrow; they ſhall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilſt ye live
Make life moſt truly worth your care, and ſave,
In ſpite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.
That ſenſe, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of ſoul, that ſtretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted moſt, that purity of taſte
Which critics mention by the name of chaſte
Adorn'd with elegance, that eaſy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe,
That face, that form, that dignity, that eaſe,
Thoſe pow'rs of pleaſing with that will to pleaſe,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the curriſh Pope extorted praiſe,
We ſee, tranſmitted, in her daughter ſhine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.
Is a ſon born into this world of woe?
In never-ceaſing ſtreams let ſorrow flow;
Be from that hour the houſe with fables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,

E'en from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine; let him not see a man;
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, though rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.
Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarse, indelicate and brown,
An antidote to lust, his face deep scarr'd
With the small-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the king's evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells corruption making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Should'st thou report him as by nature made,
He is undone and by thy praise betray'd;
Give him out fair, lechers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, though a god is there
Let him not have one servant that is male;
Where lords are baffled, servants oft prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree;
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs; ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one parson in the pillory
Should he have brothers immerged to thy view
A scene, which though not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone,
Be all his servants female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of nature spur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him. whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this than any other time,
Call for indulgence and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.
Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter through the town
As one who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?
Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,
And let this giant sin, in the full eye
Of observation, pass unwounded by?
Though our meek wives, passive obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs for which they ought,
With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
To cut off male increase from this fair isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Though, on his Sunday, the smug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,
And thinks himself absolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency which meant for the defence
Of real virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of vice; [take
Though the law sleeps, and through the care they
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in such times, nor with that patience curst
Which saints may boast of, I must speak, or burst.
But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaster ear,
If all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.
For you I write—nor wish a better plan,
The cause of woman is most worthy man—
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land.
Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their steps I'll track nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or rest their feet,
'Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her towers in dust, her Thames a lake of fire;
Or they (most worth our wish) convinc'd, though late,
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

INDEPENDENCE.

Happy the bard (though few such bards we find)
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to speak his mind;
Dares, unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
How fashion cannot tempt, him abject need
Cannot compel, him pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of greatness, to strike sail,
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, passes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.
Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the nine sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their name to stink through all the land,
Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great but guilty men,
Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a *lord*.
What is a *lord*? Doth that plain, simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarum-bell on night's dull ear,
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Through reason's court doth it unquestion'd go
E'en on the mention and of course transmit
Notions of something excellent, of wit [chaste,
Pleasing though keen, of humour free though
Of sterling genius with sound judgment grac'd,

Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas nature's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſs'd for men, nor bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd.—She gave them eyes,
And they could ſee—ſhe gave them ears—they heard—
The inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like us, they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think:
'Till they, by pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of ſingularity, diſclaim'd that make;
'Till they, diſdaining nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road,
More fitting *quality*, and to our view
Came forth a ſpecies altogether new, [know,
Something we had not known, and could not
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—*lords* are things,
Which, never made by me, were made by kings.
A *lord* (nor let the honeſt and the brave,
The true, old noble with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; curſt be that thought of mine,
Which with a B— and F— ſhould Grafton join)
A *lord* (nor here let cenſure raſhly call
My juſt contempt of ſome, abuſe of all,
And as of *late*, when S dom was my theme,
Slander my purpoſe, and my muſe blaſpheme,
Becauſe ſhe ſtops not, rapid in her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along,
Though well ſhe hopes to find, another year,
A whole minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere *lord*, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man; himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome grandſire thank
For ſmuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A *bard* owes all to nature and himſelf.
Gods, how my ſoul is burnt up with diſdain,
When I ſee men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of thoſe
Whom genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!
And what's the cauſe? Why theſe ſame ſons of ſcorn,
No thanks to them, were to a title born,
And could not help it; by chance hither ſent,
And only deities by accident.
Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to ſhine,
Their birthright honours had been *your's* or *mine*.
'Twas a mere random ſtroke; and ſhould the throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, though a bard, might'ſt be their fellow yet,
But Felix never can be made a wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of thoſe few things
Which fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of kings.
Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn lords into bards.
A *bard*—a *lord*—Why let them hand in hand
Go forth as friends, and travel through the land;
Obſerve which word the people can digeſt
Moſt readily, which goes to market beſt,
Which gets moſt credit; whether men will truſt
A *bard* becauſe they think he may be juſt,
Or on a *lord* will chooſe to riſk their gains,
Though *privilege* in that point ſtill remains.
A *bard*—a *lord*—let reaſon take her ſcales,
And fairly weigh thoſe words; ſee which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by ſinking, we the victor deem.
'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a ſynod in the ſacred grove. [high,
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on
And ſit in ſtate the ſenate of the ſky;
Whilſt, in a kind of parliament below,
Men ſtare at thoſe above, and want to know
What they're tranſacting. Reaſon takes her ſtand
Juſt in the midſt, a balance in her hand,
Which over and o'er ſhe tries, and finds it true.
From either ſide, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth of figure ſtrange and queer;
We now and then ſee ſomething like them here.
The *firſt* was meagre, flimſy, void of ſtrength,
But nature kindly had made up in length
What ſhe in breadth denied. Erect and proud,
A head and ſhoulders taller than the crowd,
He deem'd them pigmies all; looſe hung his ſkin
O'er his bare bones; his face ſo very thin,
So very narrow, and ſo much beat out,
That phyſiognomiſts have made a doubt,
Proportion loſt, expreſſion quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbleſs'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd;
With legs, which we might well conceive that fate
Meant only to ſupport a ſpider's weight,
Firmly he ſtrove to tread, and with a ſtride
Which ſhow'd at once his weakneſs and his pride,
Shaking himſelf to pieces, ſeem'd to cry,
"Obſerve good people, how I ſhake the ſky."
In his right hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Diſtinct, and plain for thoſe who run to ſee,
Saint Archibald had wrote *L, O, R, D.*
This, with an air of ſcorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into reaſon's ſcales, and on that bar,
Which from his ſoul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddeſs titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove ſtar'd,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
"Good Heaven bleſs us all, is that a *lord!*"
Such was the *firſt*—the *ſecond* was a man,
Whom nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A *bear*, whom from the moment he was born
His dam deſpis'd, and left *unlick'd* in ſcorn;
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of art outdone,
She could not finiſh when ſhe had begun;
An utter *chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could ſtrike one ſpark of light.
Broad were his ſhoulders, and from blade to blade
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vaſt were his bones, his muſcles twiſted ſtrong;
His face was ſhort, but broader than 'twas long;

His features, though by nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye;
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout
That they might bear a mansion-house about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by fate a much less weight to bear.
O'er a brown *cassock*, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of *blue* and *gold*.
Just at that time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd *beau*.
A subject met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.
With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was seen to simper; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor shall the gods condemn,
If, whilst they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale the name of *bard*.
Then (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew,
Nor wish'd to know; she never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,
To show those briefs she had no right to see)
Then sue with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt;
She held her scales out fair to public view,
The *lord*, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *bard*, preponderating, kept his state.
Reason approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground,
Pronouncing for the *bards* a full decree,
Cried—"Those must honour *them* who honour *me*;
"They from this present day, where'er I reign,
"In their own right precedence shall obtain:
"*Merit* rules here; be it enough that *birth*
"Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth."
Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will (I am not now in sport)
You'll find it register'd in reason's court.
Nor think that envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire;
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.
By him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly satisfied to have a crowd
Point at me as I pass, and cry,—"That's he—
"A poor but honest bard, who dares be free
"As idst corruption," than to have a train
Of flick'ring levee slaves, to make me vain
Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am less than man, my faults t' adore,
And make me think that I am something more.
Recal past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril, when he dar'd
Things which his legal bastard, if declar'd,
Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,
In the extremest points of justice just,
Well knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his king, and to his country true;
Honest at court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous, but not profuse,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use;
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
Deserving those high honours which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, because he did not claim;
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lioness of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing sun,
A gen'ral blessing wheresoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd;
Ever awake at pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recal such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend or crack,
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry muse conspire to swell his fame,
Till envy shall to him that praise allow
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.
This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not pride and prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles with me are vain, and nothing worth,
I rev'rence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;
Though none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a lord, who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What, shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant? He might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note,
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my least regards,
Is treason to the *majesty of bards*.
By nature form'd (when for her honour's sake
She something more than common strove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour she impress
Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast)

The *bard*, nor think too lightly that I mean
Thoſe little, piddling witlings, who o'erween
Of their ſmall parts, the Murphys of the ſtage,
The Maſons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearſe,
And drawl out meaſur'd proſe, which they call verſe)
The real *bard*, whom native genius fires,
Whom every maid of Caſtaly inſpires,
Let him conſider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but anſwer nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himſelf with other men,
Would ne'er debaſe the glories of his pen,
Would in full ſtate, like a true monarch, live,
Nor 'bate one inch of his *prerogative*.
Methinks I ſee old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the ſeaſon be a peer,
Though now, againſt his will, of figures ſick,
He's forc'd to diet on *arithmetic*,
E'en whilſt he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old clothes to ſell about the ſtreets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* bob turn'd to a dreſs'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—"What doth this jargon mean?
" Was ever ſuch a damn'd dull blockhead ſeen?
" *Majeſty*——*Bard*——*Prerogative*——Diſdain
" Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
" To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and ſtraw—
" I'm very ſenſible he's mad in law.
" A ſaucy groom who trades in reaſon, thus
" To ſet himſelf upon a *par* with us;
" If this *here's* ſuffer'd, and if that *there* fool
" May when he pleaſes ſend us all to ſchool,
" *Why* then our only buſineſs is outright
" To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
" I've kept a *bard* myſelf *this* twenty years,
" But nothing of this kind in him appears.
" He, like a thorough true-bred ſpaniel, licks
" The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks;
" He fetches and he carries, blacks my ſhoes,
" Nor thinks it a diſcredit to his muſe;
" A creature of the right cameleon hue,
" He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,
" Juſt as I wear them; 'tis all one to him
" Whether I change through conſcience or through whim.
" Now this is ſomething like; on ſuch a plan
" A *bard* may find a friend in a great man;
" But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that all
" Of this queer tribe had been like my *old* Paul."
Injurious thought! accurſed be the tongue
On which the vile inſinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd! Curſt be thoſe,
Thoſe *bards*, who not themſelves alone expoſe,
But *me*, but *all*, and make the very name
By which they're call'd a ſtanding mark of ſhame.
Talk not of cuſtom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but paſſes not with me;
An old ſtale trick, which guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better ſide.
Why tell me then that from the birth of rhyme,
matter when, down to the preſent time,
As by th' original decree of fate,
Bards have protection ſought amongſt the great;
Conſcious of weakneſs, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their ſtem,
Flouriſh'd on high; to gain this wiſh'd ſupport,
E'en Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court?
As to the cuſtom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a fooliſh diffidence, not need,
From which it roſe: had *bards* but truly known
That ſtrength, which is moſt properly their own,
Without a *lord*, *unpropp'd*, they might have ſtood,
And overtopp'd thoſe giants of the wood.
But why, when preſent times my care engage,
Muſt I go back to the *Auguſtan* age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the manſions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And muſt I ſeek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote;
Under his colours *lords* are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a *knight*;
They mention him, as if to uſe his name
Was in ſome meaſure to partake his fame,
Though Virgil, were he living, in the ſtreet
Might rot for them, or periſh in the *Fleet*.
See how they redden, and the charge diſclaim—
Virgil, and in the *Fleet*!—Forbid it, ſhame.
Hence, ye vain boaſters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And aſk, with bluſhes aſk, if LLOYD is there *.
Patrons, in days of yore, were men of ſenſe,
Were men of taſte, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters.—Some of them were heard
To read off hand, and never ſpell a word;
Some of them too, to ſuch a monſtrous height
Was learning riſen, for themſelves could write,
And kept their ſecretaries, as the great
Do many other fooliſh things, for ſtate.
Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent ſtrain,
With neither ſenſe nor taſte, againſt the grain,
They patronize for faſhion ſake—no more—
And keep a *bard*, juſt as they keep a *whore*.
Melcombe † (on ſuch occaſion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deſerve their *clergy* by their *creed*;
Others can write, but ſuch a *pagan* hand,
A Willes ‡ ſhould always at our elbow ſtand;
Many, if begg'd, a *chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at firſt ſight.
Thoſe who ſtand faireſt to the public view,
Take to themſelves the praiſe to others due;
They rob the very *ſpital*, and make free
With thoſe, alas! who've leaſt to ſpare.—We ſee,
———hath not had a word to ſay,
Since winds and waves bore Singleſpeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the *bard* ſhould make his bow

* *Lloyd died in the Fleet, Dec.* 15, 1764, *ſhortly after the publication of this poem.*

† *George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. He died July* 28, 1762.

‡ *Decypherer to the ſtate.*

At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the preſent day,
They never bid the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural eaſe, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, ſnug farm,
Where he might free from trouble, paſs his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praiſe.
Horace lov'd wine, and, through his friend at court,
Could buy it off the quay in ev'ry port;
Horace lov'd mirth, Mæcenas lov'd it too.
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy * and I may do,
Nor in thoſe moments paid the leaſt regard
To which was *miniſter*, and which was *bard*.
Not ſo our patrons---grave as grave can be,
They *know themſelves*, they keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit:
Wit, if familiar made, will find her ſtrength---
'Tis beſt to keep her weak and at arms-length.
'Tis well enough for *bards* if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the ſcanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice ſuch.
They promiſe little, and they give not much
Let the weak *bard*, with proſtituted ſtrain, [dain;
Praiſe that proud Scot, whom all good men diſ-
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme;
Or (if he ſtrives true patriots to diſgrace)
May at the *ſecond* table get a place,
With ſomewhat greater ſlaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.
And are there *bards*, who on creation's file
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair iſle
The air of freedom with ſo little gall,
So low a ſpirit, proſtrate thus to fall
Before theſe idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a ſtone?
Better and much more noble, to abjure
The ſight of men, and in ſome cave, ſecure
From all the outrages of pride, to feaſt
On nature's ſallads, and be free at leaſt.
Better (though that, to ſay the truth, is worſe
Than almoſt any other modern curſe)
Diſcard all ſenſe, divorce the thankleſs muſe,
Critics commence, and write in the *reviews*;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can ſucceed.
But (not to make a brave and honeſt pride
Try thoſe means firſt, ſhe muſt diſdain when tried)
There are a thouſand ways, a thouſand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what nature craves;
Let thoſe, who pine for more, live, and be ſlaves.
Our real wants in a ſmall compaſs lie,
But lawleſs appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a conſtant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own deſires.

Hence our dependence, hence our ſlav'ry ſprings;
Bards, if contented, are as great as kings.
Ourſelves are to ourſelves the cauſe of ill;
We may be independent, if we will.
The man who ſuits his ſpirit to his ſtate,
Stands on an equal footing with the great;
Moguls themſelves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the Engliſh nation, not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and ſtrong
For *bards* than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them ſtill; they've quite for-
got
What freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, though in their ſleep, could they but know
The bleſſings which from independence flow;
Could they but have a ſhort and tranſient gleam
Of liberty, though 'twas but in a dream;
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made freemen, would be always free.
The muſe, if ſhe one moment freedom gains,
Can never more ſubmit to ſing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his ſong,
But if ſome playful child ſets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather ſtarves than to his cage return.
Hail, Independence---by true reaſon taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought.
Some give thee up for riot: ſome, like boys,
Reſign thee, in their childiſh moods, for toys;
Ambition ſome, ſome avarice miſleads,
And in both caſes independence bleeds:
Abroad, in queſt of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
Some, though about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the ſenſe to find thee out;
Others, who know of what they are poſſeſs'd,
Like fearful miſers, lock thee in a cheſt,
Nor have the reſolution to produce
In theſe bad times, and bring thee forth for uſe.
Hail, Independence---though thy name's ſcarce known,
Though thou, alas! art out of faſhion grown,
Though all deſpiſe thee, I will not deſpiſe,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy preſence, and enjoy: by angry fate
Bow'd down, and almoſt cruſh'd, *thou* cam'ſt, though late,
Thou cam'ſt upon me, like a ſecond birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, Independence---never may my cot,
Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot;
Thither, O thither oftentimes repair;
Cotes *, whom thou lov'ſt too, ſhall meet thee there:
All thoughts, but what ariſe from joy, give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and law ſhall guard the door.
O'erweening bard! law guard thy door, what law?
The law of England?——To controul, and awe

* *A Frenchman, ſecretary to Mr. Wilkes.*

* *Humphrey Cotes.*

Thoſe ſaucy hopes, to ſtrike that ſpirit dumb,
Behold, in ſtate, adminiſtration come.
Why let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to ſuffer all ſhe dares to do
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her ſtrength, but will not change my ſide.
This melting maſs of fleſh ſhe may controul
With iron ribs, ſhe cannot chain my ſoul.
No—to the laſt reſolv'd her worſt to bear,
I'm ſtill at large, and *independent* there.
Where is this miniſter? Where is the band
Of ready ſlaves, who at his elbow ſtand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why for the firſt time, are they ſlow to ill?
When ſome grand act 'gainſt law is to be done,
Doth —— ſleep; doth bloodhound —— run
To L——, and worry thoſe ſmall deer,
When he might do more precious miſchief here?
Doth Webb turn tail? Doth he refuſe to draw
Illegal warrants; and to call them law? [run,
Doth Webb, at Guildford kick'd, from Guildford
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his ſon,
And, his more honeſt rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchaſe a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; —— is —— ſtill,
And never ſleeps, when he ſhould wake to ill;
—— doth leſſer miſchiefs by the bye,
The great ones till the term in *ſtato* lie;
Webb lives, and, to the ſtricteſt juſtice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor country—weak and overpower'd
By thine own ſons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I ſee,
And, for myſelf not feeling, feel for *thee*.
I grieve, but can't deſpair—for, lo, at hand
Freedom preſents a choice, but faithful band
Of *loyal* patriots, men who greatly dare
In ſuch a noble cauſe, men fit to bear
The weight of empires; *fortune*, *rank*, and *ſenſe*,
Virtue, and *knowledge*, leagu'd with *eloquence*,
March in their ranks, freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a ſmile
Approves her honeſt ſons, whilſt down her cheek,
As 'twere by ſtealth (her heart too full to ſpeak)
One tear in ſilence creeps, one honeſt tear,
And ſeems to ſay, "Why is not Granby here?"

O ye brave *few*, in whom we ſtill may find
A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,
Go forth, in majeſty of woe array'd,
See, at your feet your country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to thoſe ſons ſhe ſtill can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her laſt in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for freedom, or ſhe begs for death—
Fly then, each duteous ſon, each Engliſh chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the ſyren voice of eaſe
Tempt ye to ſleep, whilſt tempeſts ſwell the ſeas;
Go forth—nor let the hypocriſy, whoſe tongue
With many a fair, falſe, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, croſs your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain fear, who cries to all ſhe meets,
Trembling and pale—"A lion in the ſtreets"—
Damp your free ſpirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
Be as one man—concord ſucceſs enſures—
There's not an Engliſh heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and virtue ever in your ſight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth the champions of your native land,
And may the battle proſper in your hand—
It may, muſt—Ye cannot be withſtood—
Be your heart honeſt, as your cauſe is good.

THE JOURNEY.

Some of my *friends* (for *friends* I muſt ſuppoſe
All, who, not daring to appear my foes
Feign great good-will, and not more full of ſpite
Than full of craft, under falſe colours fight)
Some of my *friends* (ſo laviſhly I print)
As more in ſorrow than in anger, hint
(Though that indeed ſcarce will admit a doubt)
That I ſhall run my ſtock of genius out,
My no great ſtock, and, publiſhing ſo faſt,
Muſt needs become a bankrupt at the laſt.
"The huſbandman, to ſpare a thankful ſoil,
" Which, rich in diſpoſition, pays his toil
" More than a hundred fold, which ſwells his ſtore
" E'en to his wiſh, and makes his barns run o'er,
" By long experience taught who teaches beſt,
" Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it reſt.
" The land, allow'd its loſſes to repair,
" Refreſh'd, and full in ſtrength, delights to wear
" A ſecond youth, and to the farmer's eyes
" Bids richer crops and double harveſts riſe.
" Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
" It reaches to the culture of the mind.
" The mind of man craves reſt, and cannot bear,
" Though next in pow'r to God's continual care.
" Genius himſelf (nor here let genius frown)
" Muſt, to enſure his vigour, be laid down,
" And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but
" this, [miſs,
" Which the moſt ſlight obſerver ſcarce could
" He might have flouriſh'd twenty years or more,
" Though now, *alas!* poor man! worn out in
" four."
Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, *alas!* this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each adviſing friend,
And am, if not too late, reſolv'd to mend,
Reſolv'd to give ſome reſpire to my pen,
Apply myſelf once more to books and men,
View what is preſent, what is paſt review,
And my old ſtock exhauſted, lay in new.
For twice ſix moons (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice ſix moons, I ſwear
No muſe ſhall tempt me with her ſyren lay,
Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way:
Verſe I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who in my hearing ſhall a rhyme commend.
It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in meaſures flow,
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in proſe begin.
But ere I write one ſentence, verſe creeps in, [light,
And taints me through and through: by this good
In verſe I talk by day, I dream by night;

If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme.
E'en now I err, in spite of common sense,
And my confession doubles my offence.
Rest then, my *friends*---spare, spare your precious breath,
And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear
To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear;
On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
Nor e'en in verse become *economist*;
Rest then, my *friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
Let envy in the shape of pity rise
To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry son of phlegm
Find ample room to censure and condemn.
Read some three hundred lines (no easy task;
But probably the last that I shall ask),
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not so much, revenge is in your pow'r,
And ye may cry, "Ere time hath turn'd his glass,
"Lo! what *we* prophesy'd is come to pass."
Let those, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav'd;
Let those, who love a little gall in rhyme,
Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
Let those, who, void of nature, look for art:
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let those, who energy of diction prize,
For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise;
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
The subject not less simple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a day.
Far from me now be ev'ry tuneful maid,
I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the sisters of the hill
Behold their bard in such a dishabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them caress some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things, there's danger in a fool.
Let them, though modest, Gray more modest woo;
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo;
Let them with Franklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles disguis'd, in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead, taught to creep,
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep*;
Let them with Brown contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living sick†;
Let them in charity to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
Let them with *antic* Foote subscriptions get,
And advertise a summer-house of wit.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
While these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed:
I on my Journey all alone proceed.
If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With *hum'rous* Scots let them disport their hour:
Let them dance, fairy-like round Ossian's tomb;
Let them forge *lies* and *histories* for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verse,
Make something like a tragedy in *Erse*;
Under dark allegory's flimsy veil
Let them with Ogilvy spin out a tale
Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
With ev'ry pert, prim prettiness of youth
Born of false taste, with fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated style, by affectation taught,
With much false colouring, and little thought,
With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By reason never to have pass'd the *Tweed*,
With words which nature meant each others foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With such materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantryand skill,
Build up a hard to war 'gainst common sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on *benevolence*,
Or con the pages of his gaping *day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a *letter'd* Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
When for our past misdoings conscience takes
A deep revenge, when by reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let ev'ry muse be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest
Though soft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they please
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

* *See the School for Lovers, by Mr. Whitehead, taken from Fontenelle.*

† *See the Cure of Saul, by Dr. Brown.*

DEDICATION TO CHURCHILL'S SERMONS.

HEALTH to great Gloster—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own.

Accept this greeting—nor let modeſt fear
Call up one maiden bluſh—I mean not here
To wound with flattery—'tis a villain's art,
And ſuits not with the frankneſs of my heart.
Truth beſt becomes an *orthodox* divine,
And, ſpite of hell, that character is mine:
To ſpeak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, *my Lord*, is panegyric here.
Health to great Gloſter---nor, through love of eaſe,
Which all prieſts love, let this addreſs diſpleaſe.
I aſk no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this huſy brain reſts in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have reſt)
I will not trouble you with one bequeſt;
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew, or a ſon,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave;
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—to great Gloſter *health*;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a falſe alarm—in purſe though poor,
In ſpirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, though dedicator, ſcorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes ſhare;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.
Think not, a thought unworthy thy great ſoul,
Which pomps of this world never could controul,
Which never offer'd up at power's vain ſhrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great,
'Tis not t[illegible] tinſel trumpery of ſtate,
'Tis not t[illegible] title, doctor though thou art,
'Tis not t[illegible] mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by miſtaken kings,
Titles are oft miſplac'd; mitres, which ſhine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unleſs ſet off by virtue: who deceives
Under the ſacred ſanction of *lawn ſleeves*,
Enhances guilt, commits a double ſin;
So fair without, and yet ſo foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy eaſy mien,
Thy ſweet complacency, thy brow ſerene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty cupids, as in ambuſh, lie,
Which can from ſixty to ſixteen impart,
The force of love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, though that by nature's made
An index to thy ſoul, though there diſplay'd
We ſee thy mind at large, and through thy ſkin
Peeps out that courteſy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories ſhine—
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make thoſe arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyſelf, thy ſire unknown,
A whole Welch genealogy *alone?*
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right juſt eſtimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholeſome ſource thy mind,
Thy known contempt of perſecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Chriſt, ſo well approv'd 'mongſt men,
Which now give life and utt'rance to my pen:
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the biſhop, but the ſaint I praiſe.
Rais'd by that theme, I ſoar on wings more ſtrong,
And burſt forth into praiſe withheld too long.
Much did I wiſh, e'en whilſt I kept thoſe ſheep,
Which, for my curſe, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice,
Thoſe ſheep which never heard their ſhepherd's voice,
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which ſtray'd themſelves, yet griev'd that I ſhould ſtray,
Thoſe ſheep, which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet ſtarv'd himſelf; e'en at that time,
Whilſt I was pure, and innocent of rhyme,
Whilſt, ſacred dullneſs ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wiſh, though little could I hope,
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.
His hand, ſaid I, my youthful ſteps ſhall guide,
And lead me ſafe where thouſands fall beſide;
His temper, his experience ſhall controul,
And huſh to peace the tempeſt of my ſoul:
His judgment teach me, from the critic ſchool,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Inſtruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakſpeare was not right;
Where they are juſtly prais'd, and where through whim,
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the ſlav'ry of common rules,
Of common-ſenſe, of modern, ancient ſchools,
Thoſe feelings baniſh'd, which miſlead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we nature call,
He, by his great example, might impart
A better ſomething, and baptize it art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might ſhow me what is taſte, by what is not;
By him ſupported, with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beſide;
He (ſhould a world perverſe and peeviſh grown,
Explode his maxims, and aſſert their own)
Might teach me, like himſelf, to be content,
And let their folly be their puniſhment;
Might like himſelf teach his adopted ſon,
'Gainſt all the world, to quote a Warburton.
Fool that I was, could I ſo much deceive
My ſoul with lying hopes; could I believe
That he, the ſervant of his Maker ſworn,
The ſervant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of ſouls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waſte his precious time,
On which ſo much depended, for a rhyme?
Should he forſake the taſk he undertook,
Deſert his flock, and break his paſt'ral crook?
Should he (forbid it Heaven) ſo high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,
And, idly wand'ring o'er the muſes' hill,
Let the ſalvation of mankind ſtand ſtill?
Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be ſuch revolt from grace, and far from me

S.

The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not ſo, not ſo, hath Warburton been taught,
Not ſo learn'd Chriſt—Recal that day, well-known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blaſphemers forth---Methinks I now
See ſtern rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors---from his tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Chriſtian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror ev'ry ſinner's ſoul---
In vain they ſtrive to fly---flight cannot ſave,
And Potter trembles even in his grave---
With all the conſcious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witneſs to himſelf, whilſt all men knew,
By goſpel rules, his witneſs to be true.
O glorious man, thy zeal I muſt commend,
Though it depriv'd me of my deareſt friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes muſt the juſtice of that anger own,
And could thy boſom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himſelf, in turn had pitied you.
Bred to the law, you wiſely took the gown,
Which I, like *Demas*, fooliſhly laid down.
Hence double ſtrength our *Holy Mother* drew:
Me ſhe got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Graſping at ſhadows, let the ſubſtance ſlip;
But you, *my Lord*, renounc'd attorneyſhip
With better purpoſe, and more noble aim,
And wiſely play'd a more ſubſtantial game.
Nor did *law* mourn, bleſs'd in her younger ſon,
For Mansfield does what Gloſter would have done.
Doctor, *Dean*, *Biſhop*, *Gloſter*, and *my Lord*,
If haply theſe high titles may accord
With thy meek ſpirit, if the barren ſound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmoſt round
Of fortune's ladder got, deſpiſe not one,
For want of ſmooth hypocriſy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
And, without envy, ſees thee plac'd ſo high;
Let not thy brain (as brains leſs potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and loſe diſtinction, loſe her ſkill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of ſifting truth from falſehood, friends from foes;
Let Gloſter well remember, how he roſe,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with ſtate,
Forget what once he was, though now ſo high;
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * * * * *
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* * * Cætera deſunt †.
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† *It is preſumed the ſudden death of the author will ſufficiently apologize for the Dedication remaining unfiniſhed.*

JOHN CHURCHILL.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

Containing

THE SHIPWRECK, ‖ ODES,
THE DEMAGOGUE, ‖ SONGS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That ſtands all lonely on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Far other themes of deep diſtreſs to ſing,
Than ever trembled from the vocal ſtring.
No pomp of battle ſwells th' exalted ſtrain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the ſcene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hoſtile elements tumultuous riſe,
And lawleſs floods rebel againſt the ſkies;
Till hope expires, and peril and diſmay
Wave their black enſigns on the wat'ry way.

SHIPWRECK. CANTO I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF FALCONER.

Of the family, birth-place, and education of William Falconer, there are no memorials. He was a native of Scotland, and bred to the ſea, in which he ſpent the greateſt part of his life in a very low ſtation.

He diſplayed his poetical powers at an early age, and publiſhed, at Edinburgh, *A Poem ſacred to the Memory of Frederick Prince of Wales*, 8vo, 1751.

In the courſe of his ſea life, he ſerved on board the *Britannia*, a merchant-man, bound from Alexandria to Venice, which touched at the Iſland of *Candia*, whence, proceeding on her voyage, ſhe met with a violent ſtorm, that drove her on the coaſt of Greece, where ſhe ſuffered ſhipwreck near *Cape Colonne*, three only of the crew being left alive. The dangers which he really experienced, he feelingly deſcribed in his next performance, intituled *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in three Cantos, by a Sailor*, 4to. 1762. He inſcribed it to the Duke of York, and prefixed a chart of the ſhip's way, and a ſection of the ſhip itſelf, in order to render the poem completely intelligible.

It has been frequently obſerved, that true genius will ſurmount every obſtacle that oppoſes its exertion. This very poetical and intereſting performance, is a ſtriking proof of this obſervation. The ſituation of a *ſailor* may be thought unfavourable to the *poet;* but the two characters are not incompatible; for none but an able ſailor could give ſo didactic an account, and ſo accurate a deſcription of the voyage and cataſtrophe related in this performance; and none but a genuine poet could have embelliſhed both with equal harmony of numbers and ſtrength of imagery.

Unleſs a variety of affecting circumſtances are to be attributed to the power of imagination, he appears to have been poſſeſſed of no inconſiderable ſhare of fortitude, to poſſeſs, under ſuch circumſtances, ſo tenacious a memory; for it appears, from various parts of the poem, and particularly from the motto,

—— quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

that he was perſonally aboard, and ſhipwrecked by the ſtorm he ſo poetically deſcribes.

The publication of this work drew him from the obſcurity of his ſituation; he was patronized by the Duke of York, to whom he addreſſed an *Ode on his ſecond departure from England, as Rear Admiral*, and ſoon after received the appointment of Purſer to the Royal George.

Availing himſelf of the diſputes in politics, which were then carried on with peculiar acrimony, and eager to promote the intereſt of thoſe with whom he was connected, he wrote a ſatirical poem, called *The Demagogue*, in which he cenſures the conduct of Mr. Pitt, and his defenders, Mr. Wilkes, Churchill, &c. with great ſeverity.

In 1764, he publiſhed a new edition of *The Shipwreck*, in 8vo, with conſiderable additions, comprehending ſeveral new deſcriptions, characters, and epiſodes, amounting on the whole to upwards of a thouſand lines.

In 1769, he publiſhed his *Marine Dictionary*, in one volume, 4to., an acknowledged uſeful work, and a third edition of the *Shipwreck*, in 8vo, with alterations; and ſoon afterwards embarked on board the *Aurora*, with the Indian ſupervifors, to ſettle in the Eaſt Indies.

In December 1769, he arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence he ſailed ſoon after. Theſe were the laſt tidings of the ſhip, which was never heard of afterwards. It is generally ſuppoſed to have taken fire, and that all the crew periſhed.

This is a that is known of Falconer, an able *eaman*, and an excellent *poet*, whoſe nautical knowledge and poetical abilities entitle him to more attention than he has hitherto received, from the writers of literary and poetical biography.

Since his death, *The Shipwreck* his principal performance, and *An Occaſional Elegy*, has been frequently reprinted; and, together with *The Demagogue*, *Poem on the Death of the Prince of Wales*, *Ode on the Duke of York's departure from England* and *The Fond Lover. a ballad*, inſerted in the edition of the "Engliſh Poets," 1790. They are republiſhed in the preſent collection, with an *Addreſs to Miranda*, a ballad firſt printed in Dr Stuart's "Edinburgh Magazine and Review," for 1773.

Falconer ſeems to have had a natural vein for poetry, and a facility of writing verſes. His compoſitions appear to be the unſtudied and genuine offſpring of natural genius, more than of poetical art. He ſeems to have beſtowed little attention to the art and myſtery of a poet, which is not merely the effect of genius, but is to be acquired only by long application, or a due attention to the practice of the beſt writers. Of the two, he is perhaps a greater maſter of the nautical, than of he poetical art. Indeed, he himſelf confeſſes, that he is more tenacious of his reputation as a ſailor than a poet; though, in the latter capacity, if not a firſt-rate writer, he may be juſtly reckoned the firſt poetical ſailor of our nation.

The Shipwreck amply eſtabliſhes his fame. It has received conſiderable additions ſince the firſt impreſſion, but it may be reaſonably doubted, whether it has been improved in the ſame proportion as it has been lengthened. There is frequently a copious ſimplicity in firſt deſigns, that no afterthought or labour can amend, an irregular beauty that every alteration muſt efface. In lengthening works, an author is apt to fall into repetitions, or to increaſe the number of words, without adding to the number or energy of the thoughts. Thus, the two following lines, in the firſt edition of the poem, are ſwelled into four, in the ſecond; with what improvement, the critical reader will judge.

Rous'd by the tempeſt and the bluſtering night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height.

A troop of Grecians, who inhabit nigh,
And oft the perils of the deep deſcry,
Rous'd by the bluſtering tempeſt of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height.

The alteration of two nervous and conciſe lines, the ſenſe of which was full and perfect, into four tame ones, whoſe imperfect expreſſion lags to the very end of the ſentence, cannot be juſtified by the unimportant and unneceſſary information which they contain. The love tale of *Palemon and Anna*, is, however, interwoven with great art, and is in itſelf pathetic and affecting; but it diverts the attention from the more genuine and manly diſtreſs of the poem. It is to be regretted, that he altered the concluſion, for the ſake of the particular cataſtrophe of *Palemon*, which, however affecting, does not compenſate for the ſeparation and alteration of the beautiful lines that ended the poem, in the firſt edition.

Rous'd by the tempeſt, and the bluſtering night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height;
When gazing down with horror on the flood,
Full to the view a ſcene of horror ſtood;
The ſurf with mangled bodies cover'd o'er,
And thoſe yet breathing on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Though loſt to ſcience and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their ſimple hearts;
Straight down the vale their haſtening ſteps they bend,
The wretched ſufferers helpful to attend.
Three ſtill alive, in mournful plight they find,
Benumb'd and ſhivering, on a rock reclin'd.
Th affected natives, touch'd with gen'rous pain,
The feeble ſeamen in their arms ſuſtain;

With pitying ſighs their helpleſs lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal ſhore.

The poem opens with a general intimation of the ſubject and a comparative deſcription of the preſent ſtate of the iſland of *Candia* and ancient *Crete*; which is followed by ſeveral beautiful marine deſcriptions, ſuch as the proſpect of the ſhore, a ſhoal of dolphins, a water ſpout, the method of taking an azimuth, working the ſhip, &c.

In the ſecond canto, the ſtorm begins, and with it the conſultations of the pilots and operations of the ſeamen, which are deſcribed with an amazing minuteneſs, and the technical terms expreſſed in ſmooth and harmonious numbers. Homer has been juſtly admired for reducing a catalogue of ſhips into tolerably flowing verſe. Falconer has verſified his own ſea language, reef-tackles, hall-yards, clue-garnets, bunt-lines, laſhings, lanyards, &c. with equal happineſs and ſkill.

The following lines, taken from many others of the ſame kind, may ſerve to ſhow how ſucceſsfully he has ventured out of the common road, to excel in his own.

The mainſail by the ſquall ſo lately rent,
In ſtreaming pendants flying is unrent;
With ſails refix'd, another ſoon prepar'd,
Aſcending ſpreads along beneath the yard;
To each yard-arm the head-rope they extend,
And ſoon the earings and the robands bend.
That taſk diſpatch'd, they firſt the traces ſlack,
Then to the cheſtree bring aboard the tack;
And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the ſheet, they tally and belay.

The deſcription of *Parnaſſus* is elegant and harmonious in the higheſt degree. His *Pilot* appears to much greater advantage than the Palinurus of Virgil, whom he ſometimes imitates. The ſplitting of the ſhip on the rocks, beginning, *Lifted on gathering billows*, &c. is repreſented in glowing and lively colours. Nor is his talent confined to the deſcription of inanimate ſcenes; he relates and bewails the fate of his companions in the moſt animated and pathetic ſtrains. The cloſe of the *Pilot's* addreſs to the ſeamen, in the time of their greateſt danger, is noble and philoſophical. It is impoſſible to read the circumſtantial account of the unfortunate end of the ſhip's crew, without being deeply affected by the tale, and charmed with the manner of the relation.

The *Occaſional Elegy* on the unfortunate crew of the *Britannia* is appropriate, pathetic, and pleaſing. The *Demagogue* is not one of the pleaſanteſt of his poems, though it contains a number of animated paſſages. The ſentiments are, for the moſt part, noble and manly, the ſatire poignantly ſevere, the expreſſion ſtrong and nervous; but the tendency of the poem cannot be commended, and the obloquy thrown on Mr. Pitt is totally inexcuſable. The *Poem on the Death of the Prince of Wales* does not riſe above the uſual ſtrain of funeral panegyric. His *Ode on the Duke of York's departure from England*, is written with uniform mediocrity. His *Songs* are tender and eaſy.

THE WORKS OF FALCONER.

THE SHIPWRECK *.

———quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Propoſal of the ſubject---Invocation---Apology---Allegorical deſcription of Memory--- Appeal to her aſſiſtance--- The ſtory begun---Retroſpect of the former part of the voyage--- The ſhip arrives at Candia---Ancient ſtate of that iſland---Preſent ſtate of the adjacent iſles of Greece---The ſeaſon of the year---Character of the maſter and his officers - Story of Palemon and Anna---Evening deſcribed---Midnight---The ſhip weighs anchor and departs from the haven---State of the weather---Morning--- Situation of the neighbouring ſhores---Operation of taking the ſun's azimuth---Deſcription of the veſſel as ſeen from the land.

The ſcene is near the city of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

The ſcene of the ſecond canto lies in the ſea, between Cape Freſchin in Candia, and the Iſland of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spada.---The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

WHILE jarring intereſts wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the ſcene, where war, with ruthleſs hand
Spreads deſolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin ſmile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That ſtands all lonely on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Far other themes of deep diſtreſs to ſing
Than ever trembled from the vocal ſtring.
No pomp of battle ſwells th' exalted ſtrain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the ſcene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hoſtile elements tumultuous riſe,
And lawleſs floods rebel againſt the ſkies;
Till hope expires, and peril and diſmay
Wave their black enſigns on the watery way.
Immortal train, who guides the maze of ſong,
To whom all ſcience, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly ſtray'd,
In life's fair morn beneath your hallow'd ſhade,
To hear the ſweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecſtacy of pain;
Or liſten, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elyſium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blaſt that moans around,
That ſweeps the wild harp with a plaintive ſound;
By the long ſurge that foams through yonder cave,
Whoſe vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verſe to glow,
The ſad memorial of a tale of woe!
A ſcene from dumb oblivion to reſtore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the ſacred nine,
Their ſuppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy ſhore,
To plow the tide where wint'ry tempeſts roar?

* ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

"*The favourable reception which this performance has hitherto met with from the public has encouraged the author to give it a ſtrict and thorough reviſion; in the courſe of which he flatters himſelf it will be found to have received very conſiderable improvement.*"

Somerſet-Houſe, Oct. 1. 1769.

Or ſhall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!---
Far from the muſes' academic grove,
'Twas his the vaſt and trackleſs deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar ſkies congeal th' eternal ſnow,
Or equinoctial ſuns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the ſcorching blaſt,
"A ſhip boy on the high and giddy maſt"*
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coaſts of ſavage Labrador.
From where Damaſcus, pride of Aſian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Iſthmus†, lav'd by adverſe tides,
Atlantic and Pacific ſeas divides.
But while he meaſur'd o'er the painful race,
In fortune's wild illimitable chaſe,
Adverſity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron ſway;
Bade new diſtreſſes ev'ry inſtant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where the Almighty's chaſtening hand
With livid peſtilence afflicts the land:
Or where pale famine blaſts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and miſery ſevere!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hoſtile ſhips in flaming combat join;
Where the torn veſſel wind and wave aſſail,
Till o'er her crew diſtreſs and death prevail---
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive fate
Purſued his weary ſteps with laſting hate!
Rous'd by her mandate, ſtorms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the ſinews of the living lyre,
And quench the kindling ſpark of vital fire.---
Thus while forgotten or unknown he woos,
What hope to win the coy reluctant muſe!
Then let not cenſure, with malignant joy,
The harveſt of his humble hope deſtroy!
His verſe no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor ſculptur'd braſs to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phraſes, wound
The ſofter ſenſe with inharmonious ſound,
Yet here let liſtening ſympathy prevail,
While conſcious truth unfolds her piteous tale?

And lo! the power that wakes the eventful ſong,
Haſtes hither from Lethæan banks along:
She ſweeps the gloom, and ruſhing on the ſight,
Spreads o'er the kindling ſcene propitious light---
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wiſe and noble art of man,
Since firſt the circling hours their courſe began:
Her left a ſilver wand on high diſplay'd,
Whoſe magic touch diſpels oblivion's ſhade.
Penſive her look; on radiant wings that glow,
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She ſails; and ſwifter than the courſe of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas ſhe reſtores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's ſhores.

To things long paſt a ſecond date ſhe gives,
And hoary time from her freſh youth receives.
Congenial ſiſter of immortal fame,
She ſhares her power, and Memory is her name.

O firſt-born daughter of primeval time!
By whom tranſmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blaz n'd glories ſpread from zone to zone;
Whoſe breath diſſolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obſcur'd idea pours the light!
Whoſe wing unerring glides through time and place,
And trackleſs ſcours th' immenſity of ſpace!
Say! on what ſeas, for thou alone canſt tell,
What dire miſhap a fated ſhip befel,
Aſſail'd by tempeſts, girt with hoſtile ſhores?—
Ariſe! approach! unlock thy treaſur'd ſtores!

A SHIP from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her courſe for Venice held;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that iſle her name the veſſel drew.
The wayward ſteps of fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they purſu'd,
And, dazzled by her viſionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal ſnare;
Though warn'd full oft' the ſlippery track to ſhun,
Yet hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The ſcene of peace, and ſocial joy reſign'd.
Long abſent they from friends and native home,
The cheerleſs ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to ſevere diſtreſs,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with ſucceſs;
Still, to atone for toils and hazards paſt,
Reſtor'd them to maternal plains at laſt.

Thrice had the ſun, to rule the varying year,
Acroſs th' equator roll'd his flaming ſphere,
Since laſt the veſſel ſpread her ample ſail
From Albion's coaſt, obſequious to the gale.
She o'er the ſpacious flood, from ſhore to ſhore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial ſtore.
The richeſt ports of Afric ſhe had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her courſe purſu'd;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning iſle,
And viſited the margin of the Nile.
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage haſtens to its goal.
They, blind to fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blaſt their hope foreſaw;
But from gay Venice ſoon expect to ſteer
For Britain's coaſt, and dread no perils near.
A thouſand tender thoughts their ſouls employ,
That fondly dance to ſcenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathleſs tide
Their ſhip through Grecian ſeas the pilots guide.
Occaſion call'd to touch at Candia's ſhore,
Which, bleſt with favouring winds, they ſoon explore;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Diſpatch their commerce, and prepare to ſail.

Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of deſolating war!
Here art and commerce, with auſpicious reign,
Once breath'd ſweet influence on the happy plain!

* *Shakſpeare.* † *Darien.*

While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
Young pleasure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the valleys with eternal green.
For wealth, for valour, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.
But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desart shore,
Now views with triumph, captive gods adore.
No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her venal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!
Now, in the southern hemisphere the sun
Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had run;
And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ship was moor'd beside the wave-worn strand;
Four days her anchors bite the golden sand:
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.
True to his trust when sacred duty calls,
No brooding storm the master's soul appals:
Th' advancing season warns him to the main;
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay;
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.
Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire!
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unbleſt pursuit of fortune hither drew!
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?
They can! for gold too oft, with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom, in vain, sad merit pleads her cause:
This strews with roses life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to pleasure's bleſt abode;
With slaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And smooths the furrows of the treacherous main.
O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command;
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confest the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track, through climes unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sink the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous ocean's roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shar'd.
The second powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's furthest shore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful hands!
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar * and shelf the watery path they sound,
With dextrous arm; sagacious of the ground!
Fearless they combat ev'ry hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice controul,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul! [shore,
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword—
Th' indignant muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!

* *A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven; so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.*

Too oft example, arm'd with poiſons fell,
Pollutes the ſhrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The ſacred ſocial paſſions never knew:
Unſkill'd to argue; in diſpute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud;
In art unſchool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily deſpis'd:
Yet though full oft to future perils blind,
With ſkill ſuperior glow'd his daring mind,
Through ſnares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight ſhades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngeſt of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the ſons of fame?
While yet a ſtripling, oft with fond alarms,
His boſom danc'd to nature's boundleſs charms;
On him fair ſcience dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower;
But frowning fortune with untimely blaſt
The bloſſom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercaſt.
Forlorn of heart, and by ſevere decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithleſs ſea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where ſcience and the tuneful ſiſters rove.---
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each diſtant realm unknown,
And range excurſive o'er th' unravell'd zone.
In vain!---for rude adverſity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his ſteps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope againſt him clos'd.
Permit my verſe, ye bleſt Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill fated ſwain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant ſtars their hoſtile influence ſhed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conſcious anguiſh taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging ſurge in ſafety bore
Amid deſtruction panting to the ſhore.
This laſt our tragic ſtory from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may ſave;
With genuine ſympathy may yet complain,
While ſad remembrance bleeds at ev'ry vein.

Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravell'd courſe by geometric line;
Train'd to command, and range the various ſail,
Whoſe various force conforms to every gale.---
Charg'd with the commerce, hither alſo came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name;
A father's ſtern reſentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a ſecret flame his boſom fed.
Nor let the wretched ſlaves of folly ſcorn
This genuine paſſion, nature's eldeſt born!
'Twas his with laſting anguiſh to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cauſe in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to pleaſe,
Of power to melt the female breaſt with eaſe,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of ſummer's evening gale.
O'erjoy'd, he ſaw her lovely eyes relent;
The bluſhing maiden ſmil'd with ſweet conſent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond ſociety their paſſion grew,
Like the young bloſſom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the ſecret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger ſtruggling in his breaſt,
Palemon's father heard the tale confeſt.
Long had he liſten'd with ſuſpicion's ear,
And learnt, ſagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to nature's warm impreſſions true!
Full oft his wiſdom ſtrove, with fruitleſs toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous ſoil:
That ſoil, impregnated with nobler ſeed,
Refus'd the culture of ſo rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And baſking in the ſmile of fortune's ſun,
With ſcorn the parent ey'd the lowly ſhade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promiſe of his future joy:
He ſooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeleſs paſſion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The raviſh'd ſenſe, or beauty charms the ſight.
With all her powers enchanting muſic fail'd,
And pleaſure's ſyren voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud diſdain,
In look and voice aſſum'd an harſher ſtrain.
In abſence now his only hope remain'd;
And ſuch the ſtern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguiſh, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a ſaddening gloom.
In vain with bitter ſorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that ſordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge conſign'd.
The ſtately ſhip, forſaking England's ſhore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart ſtill panted for its ſecret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him ſince young Arion firſt was known;
Who, wandering here through many a ſcene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the veſſel found;
Where, anxious to review his native ſhore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night;
In whoſe ſad boſom many a ſigh ſuppreſt,
Some painful ſecret of the ſoul confeſt.
Perhaps Arion ſoon the cauſe divin'd,
Though ſhunning ſtill to probe a wounded mind:
He felt the chaſtity of ſilent woe,
Though glad the balm of comfort to beſtow;
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapleſs love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent ſhore.
The ſcene thus preſent, and its ſtory known,
The lover ſigh'd for ſorrows not his own.

Thus, though a recent date their friendſhip bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
For in one tide their paſſions ſeem'd to roll,
By kindred age, and ſympathy of ſoul.
Theſe o'er th' inferior naval train preſide,
The courſe determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the reſt, an undiſtinguiſh'd crew!
Her wing of deepeſt ſhade oblivion drew.
A ſullen languor ſtill the ſkies oppreſt,
And held th' unwilling ſhip in ſtrong arreſt.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
Relax'd from toil the ſailors range the ſhore,
Where famine, war, and ſtorm are felt no more:
The hour to ſocial pleaſure they reſign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the ſhading canvas ſpread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coaſt,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghoſt---
But with Arion, from the ſultry heat
Of noon, Palemon ſought a cool retreat.
And lo! the ſhore with mournful proſpects crown'd *;
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the ſtrand;
Bewail the ſtroke of war's tremendous hand.
What ſcenes of woe this hapleſs iſle o'erſpread!
Where late thrice fifty thouſand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve ſummers were yon towers aſſail'd,
Till barbarous Ottoman at laſt prevail'd;
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
But now before them happier ſcenes ariſe!
Elyſian vales ſalute their raviſh'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful ſhade,
Where light with gay romantic error ſtray'd.
The myrtles here with fond careſſes twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the ſtream, renown'd in claſſic ſong,
Sad Lethe, glides the ſilent vale along.
On moſſy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region languor ſtole,
And with ſweet melancholy charm'd the ſoul.
Here firſt Palemon, while his penſive mind
For conſolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding boſom pour'd the ſtream
Of love's ſoft anguiſh, and of grief ſupreme---
Too true thy words!---by ſweet remembrance taught,
My heart in ſecret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the ſolitary ſhade,
By every action, every look betray'd!---
The pride of generous woe diſdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting froſts congeal:
Yet ſure, if right Palemon can divine,
The ſenſe of gentle pity dwells in thine.

Yes! all his cares thy ſympathy ſhall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.
Albert thou know'ſt with ſkill and ſcience grac'd,
In humble ſtation though by fortune plac'd,
Yet never ſeaman more ſerenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring ſquadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Auguſta's ſpires are ſeen,
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling ſtands in modeſt pride,
Where Thames, ſlow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleaſure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object theſe prepare;
Whatever can allure the ſmell or ſight,
Or wake the drooping ſpirits to delight.
This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd.
Her ſpotleſs ſoul, where ſoft compaſſion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no ſickening folly ſtain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whoſe boſom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconſcious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquiſite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's ſweet attraction dreſt,
The ſmile of maiden innocence expreſt;
While health, that riſes with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the ſofteſt bluſh of May.
Still in her look complacence ſmil'd ſerene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural ſcene.
'Twas at that ſeaſon when the fields reſume
Their lovelieſt hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ſhip, rich freighted from th' Italian ſhore,
To Thames' fair banks her coſtly tribute bore:
While thus my father ſaw his ample horde,
From this return, with recent treaſure ſtor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he ſent
To Albert's humble manſion; ſoon I went,
Too ſoon, alas! unconſcious of th' event---
There ſtruck with ſweet ſurpriſe and ſilent awe,
The gentle miſtreſs of my hopes I ſaw:
There, wounded firſt by love's reſiſtleſs arms,
My glowing boſom throbb'd with ſtrange alarms.
My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conſcious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that ſweetly-painful hour,
When from thoſe eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering ſpirits firſt th' infection caught:
When, as I gaz'd, my faultering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid:
While the dim light my raviſh'd eyes forſook,
And every limb unſtrung with terror ſhook!
With all her powers diſſenting reaſon ſtrove
To tame at firſt the kindling flame of love;
She ſtrove in vain! ſubdu'd by charms divine,
My ſoul a victim fell at beauty's ſhrine.
Oft from the din of buſtling life I ſtray'd,
In happier ſcenes, to ſee my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour through flowery meads.
There, while my heart's ſoft anguiſh I reveal'd,
To her with tender ſighs my hope appeal'd.

* *The intelligent reader will readily diſcover, that theſe remarks allude to the ever-memorable ſiege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then conſidered as impregnable, and eſteemed the moſt formidable fortreſs in the univerſe.*

While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart!—
My suit prevail'd, for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's faireſt sunshine gilds the vernal day!
For here the sigh, that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes, too happy long to last!—
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast!
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguish tore—
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawless wind:
For love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure:
Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd;
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain!
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.
The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove
The heart-felt torments of despairing love.
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;
Desire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear.
She came confest: the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell:
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll.
While love with sweet inchantment melts the soul!

In transport lost, by trembling hope impress,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
Where never gentle hope affords relief.
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone;
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone!
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!
Find out some happier daughter of the town,
With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
Where smiling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate;
Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove!
On me alone let dark affliction fall!
Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!
She ceas'd; while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd,
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner, this moment may the eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!
Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands:
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!—
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
While through the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.

For this proſperity, with brighter ray,
In ſmiling contraſt gilds our vital day.
Thou too, ſweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
Shalt hail Palemon to his native ſhore,
Where never intereſt ſhall divide us more.
Her ſtruggling ſoul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of ſhort relief:
So melts the ſurface of the frozen ſtream,
Beneath the wint'ry ſun's departing beam.
With warning haſte the ſhades of night withdrew,
And gave the ſignal of a ſad adieu.
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thouſand racking doubts her ſpirit wrung;
She wept the terrors of the ſearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With ſoft perſuaſion I diſpell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
While dying fondneſs languiſh'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her ſoul to Heaven in ſuppliant ſighs—
Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
Who hear the ſad complaint of bleeding love!
Ye, who the ſecret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wiſh'd atonement of long-ſuffer'd pain!
Bid every guardian miniſter attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!
With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain—
And, urg'd by ſtrong attraction, met again.
At laſt, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender paſſion ſtream'd in either heart,
Our eyes tranſfix'd with agonizing look,
One ſad farewell, one laſt embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Penſive and pale; of every joy bereft.
She to her ſilent couch retir'd to weep,
While her ſad ſwain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from ſympathy of grief,
Palemon's boſom felt a ſweet relief.
The hapleſs bird, thus raviſh'd from the ſkies,
Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
In ſecret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Compos'd at length, his ſadly-warbling ſtrain
In ſweet oblivion charms the ſenſe of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whoſe pathetic ſouls
Compaſſion's ſacred ſtream impetuous rolls;
Whoſe warm affections exquiſitely feel
The ſecret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the faithleſs main
Pour through your breaſt the ſoft delicious bane!
May never fatal tenderneſs approve
The fond effuſions of their ardent love.
O! warn'd by friendſhip's counſel, learn to ſhun
The fatal path where thouſands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
Firſt, with attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in nature's pride.
His frame the happieſt ſymmetry diſplay'd;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In every look the Paphian graces ſhine.
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lighten'd heart he ſmil'd ſerenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the ſon of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer ſwain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain!

The ſun's bright orb, declining all ſerene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland ſcene.
Creation ſmiles around; on every ſpray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe ſkipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were ſeen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The cryſtal ſtreams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glaſſy ocean huſh'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the ſandy ſhore:
And lo! his ſurface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the weſt, a ſea of living gold!
While, all above, a thouſand liveries gay
The ſkies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian ſweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the ſhades, on time's eternal ſcale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the ſongſters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the ſoul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive maſter ſees,
Th' auſpicious omens of an eaſtern breeze.—
Now radiant veſper leads the ſtarry train,
And night ſlow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charg'd bowl the ſailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or ſing;
As love or battle, hardſhips of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely ſtrain:
Then ſome the watch of night alternate keep,
The reſt lie buried in oblivious ſleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid ſkies,
While infant breezes from the ſhore ariſe.
The waning moon, behind a wat'ry ſhroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her ſilver throne,
With parting meteors croſt, portentous ſhone.
This in the troubled ſky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a ſignal of tempeſtuous gales.—
While young Arion ſleeps, before his ſight
Tumultuous ſwim the viſions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy ſwain,
Approach'd the ſacred Hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flaſh between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are ſeen!
Now with Palemon up a rocky ſteep,
Whoſe ſummit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful ſtep he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then ſudden from the ſlippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering ſound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upſtarting from his couch, on deck he ſprung;
Thrice with ſhrill note the boatſwain's whiſtle rung.
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boiſterous cry:
All hands unmoor, the cavern rocks reply!

Rous'd from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass* arm.
The order given, up springing with a bound
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round:
At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Upt rn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Alo g their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow†.
The nerv us crew their sweeping oars extend;
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill the danger's o'er:
The port is doubled and beheld no more. [sight.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rocks emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Grecian's woody capes arise.
With winning postures, now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stu'n-sails‡ now their wings extend,
Then stay sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.
The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun, yet struggling in the cloud:
Through the wide atmosphere condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray§,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey!

Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen in ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then through the chiliads triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguil'd
The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk white bottom cast a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales†, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone.
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Guard o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:
Where e'er she mov'd, the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And l . the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age
Tam'd into union, yok'd in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav d.
Loose floated o er her limbs an azure vest;
A figur'd scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controul'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius, in the youth express,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confess,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd.
His look, that once shot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,

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* *The windlass is a sort of large roller, used to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long bars or levers; in which operation it is prevented from recoiling by the pauls.*

† *Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward, by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.*

‡ *Studding sails are long, narrow sails which are only used in fine weather and fair winds on the outside of the larger square sails. Stay-sails are three cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.*

§ *The operation of taking the sun's azimuth in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetical needle.*

† *The wales here alluded to are an assemblage of strong planks which envelope the lower part of the ship's side, wherein they are broader and thicker than the rest, and appear somewhat like a range of hoops, which separates the bottom from the upper works.*

Serene as ſummer's evening ſkies ſhe ſaw;
Serene, yet firm; though mild, impreſſing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils ſevere,
Brandiſh'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian ſpear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills ſhe wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hoſtile gore.
Blue was her rocky ſhield; her piercing eye
Flaſh'd like the meteors of her native ſky;
Her creſt, high-plum'd, was rough with many a ſcar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern ſtar.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame,
The hardy off-pring of ſome Runic dame.
Looſe o'er his ſhoulders hung the ſlacken'd bow,
Renown'd in ſong, the terror of the foe!
The ſword, that oft the barbarous north defy'd,
The ſcourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his ſide.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George emblazon'd on his corſelet ſhone.
Faſt by his ſide was ſeen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
Whoſe ſtrings unlock the witches' midnight ſpell;
Or waft wrapt fancy through the gulfs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
The ſongs of heaven the muſic of the ſpheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing through air ſhe flies,
Where other ſuns to other ſyſtems riſe!—
Theſe front the ſcene conſpicuous—over-head
Albion's proud oak his filial branches ſpread:
While on the ſea-beat ſhore obſequious ſtood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There on the watch, ſagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an Engliſh maſtiff lay.
Yonder fair commerce ſtretch'd her winged ſail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-bluſhing armors all the tops inveſt;
And warlike trophies either quarter creſt:
Then tower'd the maſts; the canvas ſwell'd on high;
And waving ſtreamers floated in the ſky.
Thus the rich veſſel moves in trim array,
Like ſome fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus like a ſwan ſhe cleaves the wat'ry plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land---The gale continues---A water-ſpout---Beauty of a dying dolphin---The ſhip's progreſs along the ſhore---Wind ſtrengthens---The ſails reduced---A ſhoal of porpoiſes---Laſt appearance of Cape Spado---Sea riſes---A ſqualt---The ſails further diminiſhed---Mainſail ſplit---Ship bears away before the wind---Again hauls upon the wind---Another mainſail fitted to the yard---The gale ſtill increaſes---Topſails furled---Top-gallant-yards ſent down---Sea enlarges---Sun-ſet---Courſes reefed---Four ſeamen loſt off the lee main-yard-arm---Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous ſituation---Reſolute behaviour of the ſailors---The ſhip labours in great diſtreſs---The artillery thrown overboard---Diſmal appearance of the weather---Very high and dangerous ſea---Severe fatigue of the crew---Conſultation and reſolution of the officers---Speech and advice of Albert to the crew---Neceſſary diſpoſition to veer before the wind---Diſappointment in the propoſed effect---New diſpoſitions equally unſucceſsful.---The mizen-maſt cut away.

Adieu ye pleaſures of the rural ſcene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell ſerene!
To me in vain, on earth's prolific ſoil,
With ſummer crown'd the Elyſian vallies ſmile!
To me thoſe happier ſcenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
For theſe, alas! reluctant I forego,
To viſit ſtorms and elements of woe!
Ye tempeſts, o'er my head congenial roll,
To ſuit the mournful muſic of my ſoul!
In black progreſſion, lo! they hover near;
Hail ſocial horrors, like my fate ſevere!
Old ocean hail, beneath whoſe azure zone
The ſecret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach ye brave companions of the ſea,
And fearleſs view this awful ſcene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold aſſertors of her ſacred cauſe!
The muſe invites you; judge if ſhe depart
Unequal from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conſcious of her pow'r,
Her ſteps intrepid meet the trying hour
O'er the ſmooth boſom of the faithleſs tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the veſſel glides.
Rodmond exulting felt th' auſpicious wind,
And by a myſtic charm its aim confin'd.—
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's ſoul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whoſe vivid ray
Diſtreſs recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent-cliffs ariſe,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous ſailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
E'en they th' impreſſive dart of love can feel,
Whoſe ſtubborn ſouls are ſheath'd in triple ſteel.
Nor leſs o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;
In diſtant boſoms equal ardours glow,
And mutual paſſions mutual joys beſtow.—
Tall Ida's ſummit now more diſtant grew,
And Jove's high hill was riſing on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they deſcry
A liquid column towering ſhoot on high.
The foaming baſe an angry whirlwind ſweeps,
Where curling billows rouſe the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror through the ſkies.
The ſwift volution, and th' enormous train,
Let ſages vers'd in nature's lore explain!
The horrid apparition ſtill draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling ſurges fly!—

The guns were prim'd: the veſſel northward veers
Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful ſound
Convulſive ſhook the ſlumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the ſky,
Burſt down a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' affrighted ſurge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills diſcloſ'd th' abyſs of hell.
But ſoon, this tranſient undulation o'er,
The ſea ſubſides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While ſouthward now th' increaſing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the conſecrated grove
Of cypreſs, ſacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirſty canvas, all around ſupplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aërial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty ſtern,
A ſhoal of ſportive dolphins they diſcern.
From burniſh'd ſcales they beam refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean ſeems to blaze.
Soon to the ſport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or ſpread the baited ſnare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong.
Rodmond unerring o'er his head ſuſpends
The barbed ſteel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the miſſile weapon flew,
And, plunging, ſtruck the fated victim through.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk ſuſtain;
On deck he ſtruggles with convulſive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And ſlitting life eſcapes in ſanguine rills,
What radiant changes ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd ſight!
What glowing hues of mingled ſhade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid weſt,
With parting beams all o'er profuſely dreſt.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his ſides in bright ſuffuſion flow,
That now with gold empyreal ſeem to glow;
Now in pellucid ſapphires meet the view,
And emulate the ſoft celeſtial hue;
Now beam a flaming criniſon on the eye,
And now aſſume the purple's deeper dye.
But here deſcription clouds each ſhining ray;
What terms of art can nature's powers diſplay?

Now, whilſt on high the freſh'ning gale ſhe feels,
The ſhip beneath her lofty preſſure reels.
The auxiliar ſails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high ſtations ſink by ſlow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more
With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent ſhore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that ſtill the impreſſive canvas ſwell'd,
Swift and more ſwift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus ſhe glides along the coaſt,
Till far behind the hill of Jove is loſt:
And while aloof from Retimo ſhe ſteers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon iſthmus ſtands the cypreſs-grove
That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.

This gloomy tyrant, whoſe triumphant yoke
The trembling ſtates around to ſlav'ry broke,
Through Greece for murder, rape, and inceſt known,
The muſes rais'd to high Olympus' throne.—
For oft, alas! their venal ſtrains adorn
The prince whom bluſhing virtue holds in ſcorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endleſs fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.

But ſee! in confluence borne before the blaſt,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the duſky noon o'ercaſt;
The black'ning ocean curls; the winds ariſe;
And the dark ſcud * in ſwift ſucceſſion flies.
While the ſwoln canvas bends the maſts on high,
Low'in the waves the leeward cannon lie †.
The ſailors now, to give the ſhip relief,
Reduce the topſails by a ſingle reef ‡.
Each lofty yard with ſlacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall maſts the topſails ſink amain;
And, ſoon reduc'd, aſſume their poſt again.
More diſtant grew receding Candia's ſhore;
And ſouthward of the weſt Cape Spado bore.
Four hours the ſun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions ſhone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the ſkies invade,
Draw o'er his ſullied orb a diſmal ſhade.
A ſquall deep-low'ring blots the ſouthern ſky,
Before whoſe boiſterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topſails can no more ſuſtain,
Reef topſails, Reef, the boatſwain calls again!
The haliards ‖ and top-bowlines § ſoon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles ¶ next they run:
The ſhivering ſails deſcend; and now they ſquare
The yards, while ready ſailors mount in air.

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* *Scud is a name given by ſeamen to the loweſt clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmoſphere, in ſqually or tempeſtuous weather.*

† *When the wind croſſes a ſhip's courſe, either directly or obliquely; that ſide of the ſhip upon which it acts, is called the weather-ſide; and the oppoſite one, which is then preſſed downwards, is called the lee-ſide. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ſhip are, at this time, diſtinguiſhed by the ſide on which they are ſituated, as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.*

‡ *The topſails are large ſquare ſails of the ſecond degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain diviſions or ſpaces by which the principal ſails are reduced when the wind increaſes; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.*

‖ *Haliards are either ſingle ropes or tackles, by which the ſails are hoiſted up and lowered when the ſail is to be extended or reduced.*

§ *Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the ſail ſteady, and prevent it from ſoaling in an unfavourable wind.*

¶ *Clue-lines are ropes uſed to truſs up the clues, or lower corners, of the principal ſails to their reſpective yards, particularly when the ſail is to be cloſe reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef cloſe up to the yard, ſo that the interval becomes ſlack, and is therefore eaſily rolled up and faſtened to the yard by the points employed for this purpoſe.*

The weather-earings and the lee they paſt *;
The reefs enroll'd, and ev'ry point made faſt.
Their taſk above thus finiſh'd, they deſcend,
And vigilant th' approaching ſquall attend.
It comes reſiſtleſs, and with foaming ſweep
Upturns the whitening ſurface of the deep.
In ſuch a tempeſt, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward ſiſters ſcour the blaſted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And ſtorm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her ſide the reeling veſſel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick †! the maſter cries,
Man the clue-garnets ‡! let the main-ſheet fly ‖!—
The boiſterous ſquall ſtill preſſes from on high,
And ſwift, and fatal as the lightning's courſe,
Through the torn main-ſails burſts with thunder-
ing force.
While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the ſtooping bark inclin'd.—
Bear up the helm § a-weather! Redmond cries!
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow with ſecret inſtinct veers apace;
And now the fore-ſail right athwart the brace:
With equal ſheets reſtrain'd, the bellying ſail
Spreads a broad concave to the ſweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ſhip impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer ¶ the helm applies.
As in purſuit along th' aërial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chaſe,
Obliquely wheeling through the liquid ſpace;
So, govern'd by the ſteerſman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion ſtill commands.

But now the tranſient ſquall, to leeward paſt,
Again ſhe rallies to the ſullen blaſt.
The helm to ſtarboard ** turns; with wings inclin'd
The ſidelong canvas claſps the faithleſs wind.

The mizen draws; ſhe ſprings aloof once more,
While the fore ſtay-ſail * balances before;
The fore-ſail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward ſheet the ſeamen hend,
And haul the bowline to the bowſprit end.
To topſails next they haſte; the huntlines gone,
The clue-lines through their wheel'd machinery run:
On either ſide below the ſheets are mann'd;
Again the fluttering ſails their ſkirts expand.
Once more the topſails, though with humbler
plume,
Mounting aloft their ancient poſt reſume.
Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd †;
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.

The ſail, by whirlwinds thus ſo lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent;
With brails ‡ refix'd another ſoon prepar'd,
Aſcending, ſpreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope ‖ they extend,
And ſoon their earings and the roebins § bend.
That taſk perform'd, they the firſt braces ¶ ſlack;
Then to its ſtation drag th' unwilling tack;
And while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the ſheet, they tally and belay **.

Now to the north from Afric's burning ſhore,
A troop of porpoiſes their courſe explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in ſparkling trails along the main.
The fleeteſt courſers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ethereal vault de-
face,
Their route to leeward ſtill ſagacious form,
To ſhun the fury of th' approaching ſtorm.

Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
Protects the veſſel from th' inſulting ſea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
Rous'd from their ſecret deeps the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly ſhore,
And all the ſcene an hoſtile aſpect wore.

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* *Earings are ſmall cords, by which the upper corners of the principal ſails, and alſo the extremities of the reefs, are faſtened to the yard-arms.*

† *The mizen is a large ſail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-maſt.*

‡ *Clue-garnets are employed for the ſame purpoſes on the mainſail and foreſail, as the clue-lines are upon all other ſquare ſails.*

‖ *It is neceſſary in this place to remark, that the ſheets, which are univerſally miſtaken by the Engliſh poets and their readers for the ſails themſelves, are no other than the ropes uſed to extend the clues, or lower corners of the ſails to which they are attached. To the main-ſail and fore-ſail there is a ſheet and tack on each ſide; the latter of which is a thick rope, ſerving to confine the weather-clue of the ſail down to the ſhip's ſide, whilſt the former draws out the lee clue or lower corner on the oppoſite ſide. Tacks are only uſed in a ſide-wind.*

§ *The helm is ſaid to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the ſide of the ſhip next the wind.*

¶ *Timoneer (from* timonnier, *Fr.) the helmſman or ſteerſman.*

** *The helm being turned to ſtarboard, or to the right ſide of the ſhip, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and* vice verſa. *Hence the helm being put a-ſtarboard, when the ſhip is running northward, directs her prow towards the weſt.*

* *The ſail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmaſt-ſtay-ſail, is a triangular ſail that runs upon the fore topmaſt ſtay over the bowſprit. It is uſed to command the fore part of the ſhip, and counterbalance the ſails extended towards the ſtern. See alſo the laſt note of this Canto.*

† *A yard is ſaid to be braced, when it is turned about the maſt horizontally, either to the right or left: the ropes employed in this ſervice are accordingly called braces.*

‡ *The ropes uſed to truſs up a ſail to the yard or maſt whereto it is attached, are, in a general ſenſe, called brails.*

‖ *The head rope is a cord to which the upper part of the ſail is ſewed.*

§ *Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are ſmall cords, uſed to faſten the upper edge of any ſail to its reſpective yard.*

¶ *Becauſe the lee-brace confines the yard ſo that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are caſt looſe.*

** *Taught implies ſtiff, tenſe, or extended ſtraight; and tally is a phraſe particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the ſheets, or drawing them towards the ſhip's ſtern. To belay, is to faſten.*

The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.——
Toss'd on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe.
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight;
Even so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide.—
Fierce and more fierce the southern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ship no longer can her topsails spread,
And every hope of fairer skies is fled.
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again;
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain;
Clued-up each topsail, and by braces squar'd;
The seamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the sail, and pointed to the wind
The yard, by rolling-tackles * then confin'd.
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies,
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries:
Prompt to direct the unskilful still appears;
Th' expert he praises, and the fearful cheers.
Now some to strike top-gallant yards † attend;
Some travellers ‡ up the weather backstays ‖ send;
At each mast-head the top-ropes others § bend.
The youngest sailors from the yards above
Their parrels ¶, lifts **, and braces soon remove;
Then topt an end, and to the travellers tied, [slide.
Charg'd with their sails, they down the backstays
The yards secure along the booms †† reclin'd;
While some they flying cords aloft confin'd.—

Their sails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe.
Awhile their spirits, with fatigue oppress,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest:
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And watery hills in fell succession flow.
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies;
New troubles grow! new difficulties rise.
No season this from duty to descend!—
All hands on deck, th' eventual hour attend.
His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting-ray.
His sickn'ning fires, half-lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerless night the sky resigns!
Sad evening's hour, how different from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast.
No ray of friendly light is seen around;
The moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.
The ship no longer can her courses * bear:
To reef the courses is the master's care:
The sailors summon'd aft, a daring band!
Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute.——
Rodmond, whose genius never soar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
Still to the hostile fury of the wind
Releas'd the sheet, and kept the tack confin'd.
To long-tried practice obstinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the sage master this advice declines;
With whom Arion in opinion joins.---
The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject.
For, fluttering loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;
And he who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm.
The master said;---obedient to command,
To raise the tack, the ready sailors stand †.——
Gradual it loosens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by ‡;
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
Thus all prepar'd, *Let go the sheet*, he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;

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* *The rolling tackle is an assemblage of pullies, used to confine the yard to the weather-side of the mast, and prevent the former from rubbing against the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ship in a turbulent sea.*

† *It is usual to send down the top gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.*

‡ *Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the backstays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backstays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.*

‖ *Backstays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the topmast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.*

§ *Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.*

¶ *The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.*

** *Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.*

†† *The booms in this place imply any masts or yards lying on the deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather, &c.*

* *The courses are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts: the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.*

† *It has been remarked before, that the tack is always fastened to windward: accordingly as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard: and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting, or being torn to pieces by shivering.*

‡ *It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.*

Shivering at firſt, till by the blaſt impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas ſwell'd:
By ſpilling-lines * embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unſhaken by the wind.
The forcſail then ſecur'd, with equal care
Again to reef the mainſail they repair.—
While ſome high-mounted overhaul the tie,
Below the down-haul-tackle † others ply.
Jears ‡, lifts, and brails, a ſeaman each attends,
Along the maſt the willing yard deſcends.
When lower'd ſufficient they ſecurely brace;
And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
The reef-lines ‖ and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant ſhrouds §, they man the yard.
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatſwain here;
That in the van to front the tempeſt hung;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.
Each earing to its ſtation firſt they bend;
The reef-band ¶ then along the yard extend;
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd
By outer and by inner turns ** they bind.
From hand to hand, the reef-lines, next receiv'd,
Through eye-let holes and roebin-legs were reev'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.
Hadſt thou, Arion, held the leeward poſt,
While on the yard by mountain billows toſt,
Perhaps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her duſky veil.——
But ruling Heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to ſuffer and relate!
For, while their orders thoſe aloft attend,
To furl the mainſail, or on deck deſcend,

A ſea *, up-ſurging with tremendous roll,
To inſtant ruin ſeems to doom the whole.
O friends, ſecure your hold! Arion cries:—
It comes all-dreadful, ſtooping from the ſkies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, ſhe feels
The ſhock, and on her ſide half-bury'd reels:
The ſail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the ſeamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three ſailors with their gallant boatſwain fell.
Torn with reſiſtleſs fury from their hold,
In vain their ſtruggling arms the yard enfold;
In vain to grapple flying cords they try;
The cords, alas, a ſolid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight ſurge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows ſweep;
And down they ſink in everlaſting ſleep.—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades ſee
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitleſs ſorrow their loſt ſtate bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!
In dark ſuſpence on deck the pilots ſtand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Though ſtill they knew the veſſel's armed ſide
Impenetrable to the claſping tide;
Though ſtill the waters by no ſecret wound
A paſſage to her deep receſſes found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A ſtorm, a dangerous ſea, and leeward ſhore!
Should they, though reef'd, again their ſails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or ſhould they ſtand, beneath the dreadful ſtrain
The down-preſt ſhip may never riſe again;
Too late to weather † now Morea's land,
Yet verging faſt to Athens' rocky ſtrand.—
Thus they lament the conſequence ſevere,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At laſt to furl the courſes they conſent.
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try ‡ beneath it, ſidelong in the ſea.
Now down the maſt the ſloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jeers and topping-lift ‖ confin'd.
The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peek, they bound.

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* *The ſpilling-lines, which are only uſed on particular occaſions in tempeſtuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the ſail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.*

† *The violence of the wind forces the yard ſo much outward from the maſt on theſe occaſions, that it cannot eaſily be lowered, ſo as to reef the ſail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the maſt. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle.*

‡ *Jears are the ſame to the mainſail, foreſail, and mizen, as the haliards are to all the inferior ſails. The tie is the upper part of the jears.*

‖ *Reef-lines are only uſed to reef the mainſail and foreſail. They are paſſed in ſpiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the ſails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, ſo as to lace the reef cloſe up to the yard.*

§ *Shrouds are thick ropes, ſtretching from the maſt-heads downwards, to the outſide of the ſhip, ſerving to ſupport the maſts. They are alſo uſed as a range of rope-ladders, by which the ſeamen aſcend or deſcend, to perform whatever is neceſſary about the ſails and rigging.*

¶ *The reef-band is a long piece of canvas ſewed acroſs the ſail, to ſtrengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.*

** *The outer turns of the earing ſerve to extend the ſail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope cloſe to its ſurface.*

* *A ſea is the general name given by ſailors to a ſingle wave or billow: hence when a wave burſts over the deck, the veſſel is ſaid to have ſhipped a ſea.*

† *To weather a ſhore, is to paſs to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the ſtorm.*

‡ *To try, is to lay the ſhip with her ſide nearly in the direction of the wind and ſea, with the head ſomewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that poſition. See a further illuſtration of this in the laſt note of this canto.*

‖ *The topping-lift, which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line, and the ſix following, deſcribe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this ſail is towards the lower end, the knittles being ſmall ſhort lines uſed in the room of points for this purpoſe: they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the ſail.*

The reef enwrapt, th' inserted knittles ty'd,
To hoist the shorten'd sail again they hied.
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd;
The brails relax'd, th' extended sheet belay'd.
The helm its post forsook, and; lash'd a-lee *,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.

When sacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine implor'd his consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was th' attempt to move
The powers of hell with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine to bid th' unwilling muse explore
The wilderness of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;
Till art her salutary help bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the sweet Pierian lay,
The muse, that tun'd to barbarous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.

As yet amid this elemental war,
That scatters desolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear.
Though their firm hearts no pageant honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles in his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn.
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide,
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side,
No future ills unknown their souls appal;
They know no danger, or they scorn it all!
But ev'n the generous spirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave;
A short repose alone their thoughts implore,
Their harass'd powers by slumber to restore.

Far other cares the master's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy.
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
In vain athwart the mimic seas expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful task! for no asylum trac'd,
A passage open'd from the wat'ry waste.
Fate seem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with secret doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives—grasp every man a shroud!—
Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aghast,
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down-rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie.—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main;
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;

Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan,
The trembling decps recoil from zone to zone:
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Forth started from their planks the bursting rings,
Th' extended cordage all asunder springs.
The pilot's fair machinery strews the deck,
And cards and needles swim in floating wreck.
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In streaming ruins from the margin fled.
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy seams.
They sound the well *, and terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake †,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
At this sad task, all diligent appear.
As some fair castle, shook by rude alarms,
Oppose long th' approach of hostile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till in some destin'd hour, against her wall,
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
The ramparts crack, the solid bulwarks rend;
And hostile troops the shatter'd breach ascend;
Her valiant inmates still the foe retard,
Resolv'd till death their sacred charge to guard:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant by rotation lend;
But all in vain—for now the sounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone;
The ribs oppress by ponderous cannon groan.—
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight.
So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And fate vindictive all their skill defies,
One only remedy the season gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan;
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hovering fate alone inspires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.

No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!

* *Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee-side.*

* *The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to enclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.*

† *The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.*

While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood; the stern aërial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist*,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

The ship thus eas'd, some little respite finds,
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds.
Such ease Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore;
When, stung with burning pain, he strove, too late,
To stop the swift career of cruel fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd!
Such, and so short, the pause of woe the found!—
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings gleaming on the sight,
Flash through the gloom a pale disastrous light.
Above all ether, fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below.
Beneath the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppress,
Dismay and anguish every heart possess;
For, while with boundless inundation o'er
The sea-beat ship th' involving waters roar,
Displac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient station to resume;
By secret ambushes, their force to prove,
Through many a winding channel first they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Through her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking strokes resound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
The tough hull-hide must ever be renew'd.
Their sinking hearts unusual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dews distil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with some new woe each moment teems!

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas, his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses, since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way * explor'd,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves and breakers bound;
For if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view! [er;
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and show-
Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride---
Enclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdu'd,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd:

Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occasion all your skill demands;
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.

*. *The waist of a ship of this kind is an hollow space, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter deck and forecastle, and having the upper deck for its base, or platform.*

* *The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are synonymous terms, is the movement by which a ship is driven sideways at the mercy of the wind and sea, when she is deprived of the government of the sails and helm.*

These only in our power are left to try;
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign:
Forbid it, Heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale.
For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our dropsy'd ship may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.

He said; the listening mates with fix'd regard,
And silent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril try'd,
Had oft the master's happier skill descry'd.
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blast;
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents.

Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils exceeding toil's our strength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chas'd by this tempest and outrageous sea?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to present death we haste;
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the gulf of Corinth on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
There distant Greece her rugged shelfs prepares.
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffetted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.
The crew, though harrass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon.
Its rage, though terrible may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease; the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore—

Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.
And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matur'd his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul.

With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combin'd;
While here we linger in the pass of fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shatter'd state and yon desponding crew
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half-fill'd
With waters through an hundred leaks distill'd;
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.
At ev'ry pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load, the quiv'ring bowsprit-end.
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay ant expating death.
Still all our powers th' increasing leak defy:
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the wat'ry tomb.
That bids us shun the death impending here:
Fly from the following blast, and shun-ward steer.
'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And driven before it on the wat'ry waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste,
But haply Falconera we may shun;
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear;
Ev'n then the wearied storms as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.

Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.
He said;---Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd.
High beat his bosom: with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some inchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!——
With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deceiv'd,
Palemon's drooping spirit he reviv'd.
For consolation, oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.---
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:
Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind *.
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and instant death is here;
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.
But if, determin'd by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.

And first let all our axes be secur'd,
To cut the masts and rigging from a board.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.---
When o'er her side once more the billows hound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend:
Then each, secur'd by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board:
Let the broad axes next assail each mast!
And booms, and oars, and rafts to leeward cast.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!
I know, among you some full oft have view'd,
With murd'ring weapons arm'd, a lawless brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd crew;
Who, 'scap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!---a crime to Greece unknown,
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores disown:
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.
With conscious horror struck, the naval band
Detested for a while their native land.
They curs'd the sleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailor's cause.
Mean while the master's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.
No more remains---but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair:---
O Source of life! our refuge and our stay!
Whose voice the warring elements obey,

* *For an explanation of these manœuvres the reader is referred to the last note of this canto.*

On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is just"
He said; and with consenting reverence fraught,
The sailors join'd his prayer in silent thought.
His intellectual eye, serenely bright!
Saw distant objects with prophetic light
Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath mis fortunes and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks sinking as her troops decay;
Some hold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise!
With deep attention marks th' invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and frustrates ev'ry blow;
Tries his last art the tott'ring state to save,
Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.
Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between *.

The balanc'd ship, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd.

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* *That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles, as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.*

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm, and in either state, is the storm if excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea phrase 'under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the lee-side, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling off.

Veering or wearing as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or, of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, "That every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed; and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus, in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle the object of the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case the sails on the hind-part of the ship, are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards, situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the head way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer in order to save the ship from destruction, the mizen mast must be cut away and even the main-mast, if she still remains incapable of answering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ship is carried precipitately before a tempest.

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unless when her condition renders her incapable of sustaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her side, without being exposed to the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended on her foremost, or if the storm is excessive, without any sail, which in the sea phrase is called scudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudding are, generally, a sea striking the ship's stern, the difficulty of steering, which perpetually exposes her to the danger of broaching to; and the want of sufficient sea room. A sea which strikes the stern violently, may shatter it to pieces, by which the ship must inevitably founder. By broaching to suddenly, she is threatened with losing all her masts and sails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of sea-room, she is exposed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee shore.

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.---
The order now was given to bear away;
The otder given, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowſprit ſtretch'd the tortur'd ſail,
As on the rack, diſtends beneath the gale.
But ſcarce the yielding prow its impulſe knew,
When in a thouſand ſlitting ſhreds it flew!—
Yet Albert new reſources ſtill prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls, and brace the foremaſt yards aback!
His great example every boſom fires;
New life rekindles, and new hope inſpires;
While to the helm unfaithful ſtill ſhe lies,
One deſperate remedy at laſt he tries.—
Haſte, with your weapons cut the ſhrouds and ſtay;
And hew at once the mizen-maſt away!
He ſaid; th' attentive ſailors on each ſide,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Faſt by the fated pine bold Rodmond ſtands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandiſh'd on high, it fell with dreadful ſound;
The tall maſt groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gaſh'd with ſores, the tott'ring ſtructure rings,
And craſhing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter ſwings.
Thus when ſome limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's peſtilential breath;
Th' experienc'd artiſt from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its courſe delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital ſtream that warms the heart,
Reſolv'd at laſt, he quits th' unequal ſtrife,
Severs the member, and preſerves the life.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The deſign and influence of poetry---Applied to the ſubject---Wreck of the mizen-maſt cleared away---Ship veers before the wind---Her violent agitation---Different ſtations of the officers---Appearance of the iſland of Falconera---Excurſion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity---Athens---Socrates---Plato---Ariſtides---Solon---Corinth---Sparta---Leonidas---Invaſion of Xerxes---Lycurgus---Epaminondas---Modern appearance---Arcadia---Its former happineſs and fertility---Preſent diſtreſs, the effect of ſlavery---Ithaca---Ulyſſes and Penelope---Argos and Mycenæ---Agamemnon---Macroniſi---Lemnos---Vulcan and Venus---Delos---Apollo and Diana---Troy---Seſtos, Leander and Hero---Delphos Temple of Apollo---Parnaſſus---The Muſes---The ſubject reſumed---Sparkling of the ſea---Prodigious tempeſt, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors---Darkneſs, lightening, and thunder---Approach of day---Diſcovery of land---The ſhip in great danger paſſes the iſland of St. George---Turns her broadſide to the ſhore---Her bowſprit, foremaſt, and main-top-maſt carried away---She ſtrikes a rock---Splits aſunder---Fate of the crew.

The ſcene ſtretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.---The time is about ſeven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

When in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human ſavage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When ſullen ignorance her flag diſplay'd,
And rapine and revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the ſhores of light the muſes came,
The dark and ſolitary race to tame.
'Twas their's the lawleſs paſſions to controul,
And melt in tender ſympathy the ſoul;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breaſts celeſtial flame.
The kindling ſpirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the ſwelling lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primeval night,
At once fair truth and reaſon ſprung to light.—
When great Mæonides, in rapid ſong,
The thundering tide of battle roll's along,
Each raviſh'd boſom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulſes beat to arms.
From earth upborn, on Pegaſean wings,
Far through the boundleſs realms of thought he ſprings;
While diſtant poets, trembling as they view
His ſunward flight, the dazzling track purſue.
But when his ſtrings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire diſtreſs Laertes' ſon beſel,
The ſtraine, meand'ring through the maze of woe,
Bid ſacred ſympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the muſes' heavenly breath
With viral force diſſolv'd the chains of death:
Each bard in epic lays began to ſing,
Taught by the maſter of the vocal ſtring.—
'Tis mine, alas! through dangerous ſcenes to ſtray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!—
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the ſad wanderer loſt upon the ſhore;
But o'er that ſcene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subſervient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, the unravell'd proſpect to diſplay,
And chain th' events in regular array.
Though hard the taſk, to ſing in varied ſtrains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the ſecret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
Might the ſad numbers draw compaſſion's tear
For kindred-miſeries, oft beheld too near:
For kindred-wretches, oft in ruin caſt
On Albion's ſtrand, beneath the wint'ry blaſt:
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her braveſt ſons, her faithful ſailors know!
Sympathy, guſhing o'er each Britiſh breaſt,
Might ſympathiſe with Britain's ſons diſtreſt:
For this, my theme through mazes I purſue,
Which nor Mæonidas nor Maro knew.

Awhile the maſt, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanc'd the impreſſion of the helm and wind:
The wounded ſerpent, agoniz'd with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain,
But now the wreck diſſever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards *! the attentive maſter calls---
You timoneers, her motion ſtill attend!
For on your ſteerage all our lives depend.
So, ſteddy †! meet her, watch the blaſt behind,
And ſteer her right before the ſeas and wind!
Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
Starboard, th' obedient timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
The wheel ‡ revolves; the ringing axle burns!
The ſhip no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her ſide th' invaſions of the ſea:
All lonely o'er the deſart waſte ſhe flies,
Scourg'd on by ſurges, ſtorm and burſting ſkies.
As when the maſters of the lance aſſail,
In Hyperborean ſeas, the ſlumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his ſcaly hide,
With anguiſh ſtung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies! no friendly reſpite found;
His life-blood guſhes through th' inflaming wound.
The wounded bark, thus ſmarting with her pain,
Scuds from purſuing waves along the main;
While, daſh'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elaſtic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Up heav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now ſhivering, o'er the topmoſt wave ſhe rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
Till up the dreadful height again ſhe flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the ſkies.
As that rebellious angel who from heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven,
When dreadleſs he forſook the Stygian ſhore,
The diſtant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on ſulphureous clouds ſublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in ſome hideous gulf deſcending prone,
Far in the rayleſs void of night was thrown:
Even ſo ſhe ſcales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyſs precipitates her flight.
The maſts, around whoſe tops the whirlwinds ſing,
With long vibration round her axle ſwing.
To guide the wayward courſe amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different poſts aſſume.
Albert and Rodmond, ſtation'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.

High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To ſhun the cruiſers wand'ring o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves Palemon ſtill attends,
As if on him his only hope depends:
While Rodmond, fearful of ſome neighbouring ſhore,
Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*
Four hours thus ſcudding on the tide ſhe flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view.
High o'er its ſummit, through the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower caſt a mournful light.
In dire amazement rivetted they ſtand,
And hear the breakers laſh the rugged ſtrand:
But ſoon beyond this ſhore the veſſel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the ſkies.
So from the fangs of her inſatiate foe,
O'er the broad champain ſcuds the trembling roe.—
That danger paſt, reflects a feeble joy:
But ſoon returning fears their hope deſtroy.
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the ſailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of ſofter ſkies,
Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone:
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales ſupply:
In cooling ſtream the aëreal billows fly;
Awhile deliver'd from the ſcorching heat,
In gentler tides the feveriſh pulſes beat.
So, when their trembling veſſel paſt this iſle,
Such viſionary joys the crew beguile:
Th' illuſive meteors of a lifeleſs fire!
Too ſoon they kindle, and too ſoon expire!
Say, memory! thou, from whoſe unerring tongue
Inſtructive flows the animated ſong!
What regions now the flying ſhip ſurround?
Regions of old, through all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme the muſes boaſt,
Now lie in ruins in oblivion loſt!
Did they, whoſe ſad diſtreſs theſe lays deplore,
Unſkill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore
Unconſcious paſs each famous circling ſhore?
They did, for, blaſted in the barren ſhade,
Here, all too ſoon, the buds of ſcience fade:
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every ſpringing flower.
Here fancy droops, while ſullen cloud and ſtorm
The generous climate of the ſoul deform.
Then if, among the wandering naval train,
One ſtripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's ſoothing dream,
Approach'd to taſte the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream,
(Since thoſe ſalubrious ſtreams, with power divine,
To purer ſenſe th' attemper'd ſoul refine)
His heart, with liberal commerce here unbleſt,
Alien to joy! ſincerer grief poſſeſt.
Yet on the youthful mind th' impreſſion caſt
Of ancient glory, ſhall for ever laſt.
There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
It glows with inextinguiſhable fire.
Immortal Athens firſt, in ruin ſpread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head.
Great ſource of ſcience! whoſe immortal name
Stands foremoſt in the glorious roll of fame.

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* *To ſquare the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ſhip's length.*

† *Steddy, is the order to ſteer the ſhip according to the line on which ſhe advances at that inſtant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.*

‡ *In all large ſhips the helm is managed by a wheel.*

Here godlike Socrates and Plato ſhone,
And firm to truth eternal honour won.
The firſt in virtue's cauſe his life reſign'd,
By heav'n pronounc'd the wiſeſt of mankind:
The laſt foretold the ſpark of vital fire,
The ſoul's fine eſſence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philoſophic ſage,
That fled Piſiſtratus' vindictive rage.
Juſt Ariſtides here maintain'd the cauſe,
Whoſe ſacred precepts ſhine through Solon's laws.
Of all her towering ſtructures, now alone
Some ſcatter'd columns ſtand, with weeds o'ergrown.
The wandering ſtranger, near the port, deſcries
A milk-white lion of ſtupendous ſize;
Unknown the ſculptor; marble is the frame:
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.
Next, in the gulf of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whoſe gorgeous fabrics ſeem'd to ſtrike the ſkies;
Whom, though by tyrant-victors oft ſubdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd *,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal deſolution laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a diſmal ſhade.
Then further weſtward on Morea's land,
Fair Miſitra! thy modern turrets ſtand.
Ah! who, unmov'd with ſecret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedemon's glory fell?
Here once ſhe flouriſh'd, at whoſe trumpet's ſound
War burſt his chains, and nations ſhook around.
Here brave Leonidas from ſhore to ſhore
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Perſia's ſumleſs troops to war,
Till Macedonia ſhrunk beneath his ſpear,
And Greece diſmay'd beheld the chief draw near;
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Oeto ſaw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gaſping millions, bleed on hoſtile lands.
Thus vanquiſh'd Aſia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens ſicken'd at thy fame!
Thy ſtate, ſupported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, ſuperlative applauſe.
Even great Epaminondas ſtrove in vain
To curb that ſpirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born ſpirit now!
Her abject ſons to haughty tyrants bow;
A falſe, degenerate, ſuperſtitious race
Infeſt thy region, and thy name diſgrace!
Not diſtant far, Arcadia's bleſt domains
Peloponneſus' circling ſhore contains.
Thrice happy ſoil! where ſtill ſerenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obſequious field,
Rich without art, ſpontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with ſome rural nymph ſupremely bleſt,
While tranſport glow'd in each enamour'd breaſt,
Each faithful ſhepherd told his tender pain,
And ſung of ſylvan ſports in artleſs ſtrain.
Now, ſad reverſe! oppreſſion's iron hand
Enſlaves her natives, and deſpoils the land.

* *Architecture.*

In lawleſs rapine bred, a ſanguine train
With midnight-ravage ſcour th' uncultur'd plain.
Weſtward of theſe, beyond the iſthmus, lies
The long-loſt iſle of Ithacus the wiſe;
Where fair Penelope her abſent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd.
Though many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by her ſtripling ſon,
Each bold attempt of ſuitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud ſhe foil'd.
True to her vows, and reſolutely chaſte,
The beauteous princeſs triumph'd at the laſt.
Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still ſeems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whoſe monarch led the Grecian hoſts
Far o'er th' Ægean main to Dardan coaſts.
Unhappy prince! who, on a hoſtile ſhore,
Toil, peril, anguiſh, ten long winters bore.
And when to native realms reſtor'd at laſt,
To reap the harveſt of thy labours paſt;
A perjur'd friend, alas! and faithleſs wife,
There ſacrific'd to impious luſt thy life!---
Faſt by Arcadia ſtretch theſe deſart plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Next the fair iſle of Helena † is ſeen,
Where adverſe winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian hoſt,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coaſt;
For whom ſo long they labour'd to deſtroy
The ſacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapleſs dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The port an image bears of Parian ſtone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
Due eaſt from this appears th' immortal ſhore
That ſacred Phœbus and Diana bore:
Delos, through all th' Ægean ſeas renown'd!
(Whoſe coaſt the rocky Cyclades ſurround).
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even diſtant Perſia fear'd.
But now, a ſilent unfrequented land!
No human footſtep marks the trackleſs ſand.
Thence to the north, by Aſia's weſtern bound,
Fair Lemnos ſtands, with riſing marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ethereal world.
There his eternal anvils firſt he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that ſhook the ſkies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by ſkill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this cripp'led wretch, the foul diſgrace
And living ſcandal of th' empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of love in wedlock dwelt,
In fires profane can heavenly boſoms melt?
Eaſtward of this appears the Dardan ſhore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illuſtrious Troy renown'd in every clime,
Through the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy tutelar gods in vain deſcend!

† *Now known by the name of Macroniſi.*

Though chiefs unnumber'd in her cauſe were ſlain,
Though nations periſh'd on her bloody plain,
That refuge of perfidious Helen's ſhame
Was doom'd at length to ſink in Grecian flame:
And now, by time's deep plough-ſhare harrow'd o'er,
The ſeat of ſacred Troy is found no more.
No trace of all her glories now remains;
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant ſhore;
Scamander oft o'erflow'd with hoſtile gore!

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter view appears the Thracian ſtrand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Diſplay'd her creſcent each revolving night;
Whoſe gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Helleſpont to Aſia's ſhore;
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coaſt
She ſaw her lover's lifeleſs body toſt:
Then felt her boſom agony ſevere;
Her eyes ſad-gazing pour'd th' inceſſant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, frantic with deſpair,
She beat her beauteous breaſt and tore her hair---
On dear Leander's name in vain ſhe cry'd;
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide,
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.

Far weſt of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The ſacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount aroſe, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
Auguſt the fabric! elegant its ſtyle!
On brazen hinges turn'd the ſilver doors,
And chequer'd marble pav'd the poliſh'd floors.
The roofs, where ſtoried tablatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of ſhining porphyry the ſhafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's ſuppliant prieſts, a blameleſs train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the ſun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The ſciences and arts around the ſhrine
Conſpicuous ſhone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æſculapius' ſnake diſplay'd his creſt,
And burning glories ſparkled on his breaſt:
While from his eye's inſufferable light
Diſeaſe and death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'er-
Parnaſſus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where, from the deluge ſav'd, by Heaven's com-
Deucalion leading Pyrrha hand in hand,
Repeopled all the deſolated land.
Around the ſcene untading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol ſweet numbers through the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal ſpring that ſmiles beneath,
Young zephyrs borne on roſy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the ſun! the ſacred nine,
Here wake to eceſtaſy their ſongs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in ſome ſweet alcove
Attune the tender ſtrings to bleedieg love.
All ſadly ſweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to ſofteſt peace the tortur'd ſoul,
While hill and vale with choral voice around
The muſic of immortal harps reſound,
Fair pleaſure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still ſcattering where ſhe moves Elyſian flowers!
Even now the ſtrains, with ſweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.—
Adieu ye vales, that ſmiling peace beſtow,
Where Eden's bloſſoms ever-vernal blow!
Adieu ye ſtreams, that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill ſurround!
Ye fairy ſcenes, where fancy loves to dwell,
And young delight, for ever, O farewell!
The ſoul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the ſenſe Lethean dews diſtil!
Awake, O memory, from th' inglorious dream!
With brazen lungs reſume the kindling theme!
Collect thy powers! arouſe thy vital fire!
Ye ſpirits of the ſtorm, my verſe inſpire!
Hoarſe as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrents pour along the ſwelling ſtrain!

Now borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her courſe to Attic ſhores the veſſel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her ſwell,
Still with the wheeling ſtern their force repel.
For this aſſault ſhould either quarter * feel,
Again to flank the tempeſt ſhe might reel.
The ſteerſmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the ſpokes alternate fly.
Thus when ſome conquer'd hoſt retreats in fear,
The braveſt leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppoſe
Superior armies that around them cloſe;
Still ſhield the flanks; the routed ſquadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that laſh her to the ſhore.
As ſome benighted traveller, through the ſhade,
Explores the devious path with heart diſmay'd;
While prowling ſavages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop th' audacious ſeas aſpire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As ſome fell conqueror, frantic with ſucceſs,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and diſtreſs;
So, while the wat'ry wilderneſs he roams,
Incens'd to ſevenfold rage the tempeſt foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below, [woe.
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl from afar a deaf and hollow groan!
The ſhip's high battlements, to either ſide
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unhing'd, in palſied languors play,
As ice diſſolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The ſkies, aſunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail deſcends in whirling ſhower.
High on the maſts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.

* *The quarter is the hinder part of a ſhip's ſide, or that part which is near the ſtern.*

Th' etheria dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable ſhade;
Now, flaſhing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erſpread, [head.
When Heaven's loud trumpet ſounded o'er his
It ſeem'd the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the ſkies combin'd;
And here, to one ill-fated ſhip oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine diſcloſ'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he ſprings,
Th' enflaming ſulphur flaſhing from his wings!—
Hark! his ſtrong voice the diſmal ſilence breaks;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing ſides diſcharge:
There all aghaſt the ſhivering wretches ſtood,
While chill ſuſpenſe and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge burſts the living flame,
And dread concuſſion rends th' etherial frame;
Sick earth convulſive groans from ſhore to ſhore,
And nature ſhuddering feels the horrid roar.

Still the ſad proſpect riſes on my ſight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful ſhade and light
Swift through my pulſes glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah the force of numbers ſtrives in vain,
The glowing ſcene unequal to ſuſtain.

But lo! at laſt from tenfold darkneſs borne,
Forth iſſues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, ſacred viſion! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature ſmiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ſhip, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope deſcry'd.
For now in front her trembling inmates ſee
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the loſt lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his boſom torn,
The nymph ador'd reſigns her blooming charms,
To bleſs with love ſome happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That ſaw him parting, never to return,
Herſelf in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial ſource of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our ſight!
Go, with thy ſmile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the ſcenes where health and pleaſure reign:
But let not here, in ſcorn, thy wanton beam
Inſult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While ſhoreward now the bounding veſſel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs ariſe:
High o'er the reſt a pointed crag is ſeen,
That hung projecting o'er a moſſy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their ſkill relentleſs fates oppoſe.
For, while more eaſtward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
While, as ſhe wheels, unable to ſubdue
Her ſallies, ſtill they dread her broaching-to*.

Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven ſide could bear th' invading ſea;
And if the following ſurge ſhe ſcuds before,
Headlong ſhe runs upon the dreadful ſhore;
A ſhore where ſhelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in ſecret ambuſh lurks around.—
Far leſs diſmay'd Anchiſes' wandering ſon
Was ſeen the ſtraits of Sicily to ſhun:
When Palinurus from the helm deſcry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eaſtern ſide;
While in the weſt, with hideous yawn diſcloſ'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track purſu'd.
Thus, while to right and left deſtruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring veſſel flies.
With boundleſs involution, burſting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-daſhing ſurges roar.
Hoarſe through each winding creek the tempeſt raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Deſtruction round th' infatiate coaſt prepares
To cruſh the trembling ſhip, unnumber'd ſnares.
But haply now ſhe 'ſcapes the fatal ſtrand,
Though ſcarce ten fathoms diſtant from the land.
Swift as the weapon iſſuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping with tumultuous haſte,
As on the tempeſt's wing, the iſle ſhe paſt.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The ſailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe, with India's richeſt ore,
A ſafe acceſſion to that barren ſhore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Loſt to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive waſtes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his boſom agonize,
When far above the ſacred light he eyes,
While all forlorn the victim pines in vain
For ſcenes he never ſhall poſſeſs again.

But now Athenian mountains they deſcry,
And o'er the ſurge Colonna frowns on high.
Beſide the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
Firſt planted by devotion to ſuſtain,
In elder times, Tritonia's ſacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The ſickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feveriſh weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flaſh, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmſman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compaſſion, gaz'd upon the blind;
And, while around his ſad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the ſhroud.

* *Broaching-to is a ſudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ſhip, whilſt ſcudding or ſailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her ſide to windward. It is generally occaſioned by the difficulty of ſteering her, or by ſome diſaſter happening to the machinery of the helm. See the laſt note of the ſecond canto.*

Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only succour on the maſt relies!—
The helm, bereſt of half its vital force,
Now ſcarce ſubdu'd the wild unbridled courſe:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ſhip's tempeſtuous ſallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he ſaw her, o'er the ſounding foam
Upborne, to right and left diſtracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale diſmay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With raſh and impious hand the ſtripling try'd
Th' immortal courſers of the ſun to guide.—
The veſſel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate ſpurs her on.—Thus iſſuing from afar,
Advances to the ſun ſome blazing ſtar;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated courſe.

With mournful look the ſeamen eye the ſtrand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers paſt,
As, dumb with terror they beheld the laſt.
Now on the trembling ſhrouds, before, behind,
In mute ſuſpenſe they mount into the wind.—
The genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment ſeem'd to bring.
The fatal ſiſters, on the ſurge before,
Yok'd their infernal horſes to the prore.—
The ſteerſmen now receiv'd their laſt command
To wheel the veſſel ſidelong to the ſtrand.
Twelve ſailors, on the foremaſt who depend,
High on the platform of the top aſcend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-preſt by wat'ry weight the bowſprit bends,
And from above the ſtem deep craſhing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremaſt totters, unſuſtain'd on high:
And now the ſhip, fore-lifted by the ſea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful ſtay
Drags the main-topmaſt from its poſt away.
Clung from the maſt, the ſeamen ſtrive in vain
Through hoſtile floods their veſſel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till bereft of ſtrength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hoſtile waters cloſe around their head.
They ſink for ever, number'd with the dead!

Thoſe who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their loſt companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with ſorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendſhip to bemoan.—
Albert and Redmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the maſt appear;
Even they, amid th' unſpeakable diſtreſs,
In every look diſtracting thoughts confeſs;
In every vein the reſluent blood congeals,
And every boſom fatal terror feels
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent ſhore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where ſad deſpair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breaſt,
While fancy views the manſions of the bleſt.

For Heaven's ſweet help their ſuppliant cries implore;
But Heaven, relentleſs, deigns to help no more!
And now, laſh'd on by deſtiny ſevere,
With horror fraught the dreadful ſcene drew near!
The ſhip hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks riſe, and breakers roar beneath!
In vain, alas! the ſacred ſhades of yore
Would arm the mind with philoſophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the lateſt breath,
To ſmile ſerene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's ſelf, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyſs had ſhudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wiſeſt of the ſons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this ſcene of phrenzy and diſtreſs,
His ſoul had trembled to its laſt receſs!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This laſt tremendous ſhock of fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reaſon yet ſuſtain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious ſeas inſult the yard;
High o'er the ſhip they throw a horrid ſhade,
And o'er her burſt, in terrible caſcade.
Uplifted on the ſurge, to heaven ſhe flies,
Her ſhatter'd top half buried in the ſkies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps reſound!
Her giant bulk the dread concuſſion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
Again ſhe plunges! hark! a ſecond ſhock
Tears her ſtrong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with diſmal cries,
The fated victims ſhuddering roll their eyes
In wild deſpair; while yet another ſtroke,
With deep convulſion, rends the ſolid oak:
Till like the mine, in whoſe infernal cell
The lurking demons of deſtruction dwell,
At length aſunder torn her frame divides,
And craſhing ſpreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to ſympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the ſmooth and mournful verſe to dreſs
In all the pomp of exquiſite diſtreſs!
Then, too ſeverely taught by cruel fate
To ſhare in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd ſtrains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward ſhore.

As o'er the ſurge the ſtooping main-maſt hung,
Still on the rigging thirty ſeamen clung:
Some, ſtruggling, on a broken crag were caſt,
And there by oozy tangles grappled faſt:
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their ſlippery hold, and ſink to ſhades below.
Some, from the main-yard arm impetuous thrown,
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their ſkill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts deſcend.

Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, whom seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses! red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now left nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray---
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.---
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die:
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away
Huri'd on the crags, behold, they gasp! they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed!---
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and memory views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd, and never rise again!
Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhausted wave's retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more.
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And these yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts:
Strait down the vale with hast'ning steps they hied,
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist and guide.
Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay---
It is Palemon:—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown.
Arion thus; but ah! sad doom of fate!
That bleeding memory sorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
His ribs were dash'd and fractur'd with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung pourtray'd;

Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony? thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppress,
In faultering accents thus his friend address'd:
" O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
" Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
" Are we then exil'd to this last retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
" Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
" For wounded far beyond all healing power,
" Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
" By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
" Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
" Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguish and de-
" spair!
" Such dire effects from avarice arise,
" That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
" With force severe endeavours to controul
" The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
" But O, thou sacred Power! whose law connects
" Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
" Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
" Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
" And you, Arion! who with these the last
" Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
" Ah, cease to mourn! those friendly tears re-
" strain!
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since Heaven may soon thy wandering steps re-
" store,
" When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
" Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,
" To him the tragic story first relate,
" Oh, friendship's generous ardour then suppress!
" Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
" Nor let each horrid incident sustain
" The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
" Ah! then remember well my last request
" For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
" Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
" The helpless maid to succour and defend.
" Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
" So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
" Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change, no diminution ever knew,
" Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
" Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck;
" Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
" I struggled, life and this alone to save!
" My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
" But strives in vain!—the chilling ice of death
" Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of
" breath:
" Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode.
" To course that long, unknown, eternal road —
" O Sacred Source of ever-living light
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
" Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
" Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more!
" When thou some tale of hapless love shalt
" hear,
" That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
" Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
" To absence, sorrow, and despair, consign'd,
" Oh then! to swell the tides of social woe,
" That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
" While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell,
" And what distress thy wretched friend befel!
" Then, while in streams of soft compassion
" drown'd,
" The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
" While lisping children touch'd with infant fear,
" With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious
" tear;
" Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain.
" All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain *."
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung:
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!
As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.
Oh, ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wond'rous maze,
Where reason, lost in endless error, strays!
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, " Thy will be done!"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet survive:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.

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* ——————— sed scilicit ultima semper
Expectanda dies homini; " dicique beatus
" Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet."
Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

The scene of death is clos'd, the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying langour on the ear:
Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains. [fear.
And dumb suspence awaits o'erwhelm'd with

But the sad muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of friendship still lament thy doom;
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid shall weep,
While secret anguish nips her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless phrenzy shall the father sting,
Untaught in virtue's school distress to bear;
Severse remorse his tortur'd soul shall wring,
'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils, and pains, and dangers, are no more!
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat:
Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,
And scorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful maid, the sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume;
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe;
No more behold pale famine, scattering death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling strain,
Unheard shall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards, still molest
The wandering vassals of the faithless deep,
O! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we, who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell:

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What though no epic muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal muses crown
The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall remembrance from oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft compassion, at your tragic tale,
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

POEMS.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

From the big horror of war's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the list'ning world in awe *)
Is my intent: Melpomene inspire,
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre!
And may my lines with easy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:

Big with the sorrow it describes, my song,
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.
Oh! bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarser winds howl murm'ring through the grove;
Where some unhappy wretch ay mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wand'ring through the gloom;
Where solitude and meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come:
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead;

* *By awe, here, is meant attention.*

T' assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.
When winter's horrors left Britannia's isle,
And spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile;
When rill unbound, began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song;
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson dye,
Began to bloom,——————
Hard fate! then, noble Fred'ric, didst thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable fate's decree,
Th' approaching summer ne'er on earth to see;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whose flame the virtue of no herbs assuage;
No cooling med'cine can its heat allay,
Relentless destiny cries, "No delay."
Ye pow'rs! and must a prince so noble die?
(Whose equal breathes not under th' ambient sky):
Ah! must he die, then, in youth's full-blown prime,
Cut by the scythe of all-devouring time?
Yes, fate has doom'd: his soul now leaves its weight,
And all are under the decree of fate;
Th' irrevocable doom of destiny
Pronounc'd, All mortals must submissive die.
The princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A dismal noise! Now one promiscuous roar
Cries, "Ah! the noble Fred'ric is no more!"
The chief reluctant yields his latest breath;
His eye-lids settle in the shades of death:
Dark sable shades present before each eye,
And the deep vast abyss, eternity!
Through perpetuity's expanse he springs;
And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings:
The soul to distant regions fleets her flight,
And fails incumbent on inferior night:
With vast celerity she shoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To shine forever in the heav'nly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeless fate.
Disconsolate they move, a mournful band!
In solemn pomp they march along the strand:
The noble chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.
Adown Augusta's pallid visage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe:
Disconsolate, hapless, see pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd isle! forsaken and forlorn!
With desp'rate hands her bleeding breast she beats;
While o'er her, frowning, grim destruction threats,
She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'st thou mourn thy patriot's timeless end,
Thy muses patron, and thy merchants friend.
What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
T' encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
And learned science to promote, bestow?
Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
And to the injur'd just return his own?
From usury and oppression who should guard
The helpless, and the threat'ning ruin ward?
Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan!
Impending desolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
The blooming spring droops her enamell'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:
The sprouting leaves already drop away;
Languish the living herbs with pale decay:
The bowing trees, see! o'er the blasted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death:
Wrapp'd in th' expansive gloom, the lightnings play,
Hoarse thunder mutters through th' aërial way:
All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.
Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state!
Minerva, hover o'er young George's soul;
May sacred wisdom all his deeds controul!
Exalted grandeur in each action shine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.
Methinks I see him shine a glorious star,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
Methinks each region does his praise resound,
And nations tremble at his name around!
His fame, through ev'ry distant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he sprung:
So sable smoke, in volumes curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the sky:
Already so, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around th' admiring venerating world.
So the benighted wand'rer, on his way,
Laments the absence of all-cheering day;
Far distant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpse does glimmer through the gloom:
In thought he breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
Present, each meditation, pits of death:
Irregular, wild chimeras fill his soul,
And death, and dying, every step controul.
Till from the east there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vanish as a fleeting dream,
Hid in a cloud the sun first shoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day;
We see no spot then in the flaming rays,
Confus'd and lost within th' excessive blaze,

ODE

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

Written aboard the Royal George.

Again the royal streamers play!
To glory Edward hastes away;
Adieu, ye happy sylvan bowers,
Where pleasure's sprightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state!
Ye scenes where virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic muse complain!
Where satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age;

Where muſic pours the ſoft, melodious lay,
And melting ſymphonies congenial play!
Ye ſilken ſons of eaſe, who dwell
In flowery vales of peace, farewell!
In vain the goddeſs of the myrtle grove
Her charms ineffable diſplays;
In vain ſhe calls to happier realms of love,
Which ſpring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roſes blow,
And ever-vernal pleaſures grow;
The gentle ſports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful ſhore:
Arcadian eaſe no longer charms,
For war and fame alone can pleaſe.
His throbbing boſom beats to arms,
To war the hero moves, through ſtorms and wintery ſeas.

CHORUS.

The gentle ſports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful ſhore,
For war and fame alone can pleaſe;
To war the hero moves, through ſtorms and wintery ſeas.

Though danger's hoſtile train appears
To thwart the courſe that honour ſteers;
Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
Deſpiſing peril and diſmay:
His country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo every joy the gallant youth reſigns;
Th' avenging naval ſword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines:
Hark! his ſprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the ſounding drum,
Tell the deeps their maſter's come.

CHORUS.

Hark! his ſprightly clarions play,
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the ſounding drum,
Tell the deeps their maſter's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike ſon
The thorny courſe of virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardours to ſubdue:
For pleaſure Venus' lovely form aſſum'd;
Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And ſtruck his raviſh'd ſight.
Tranſfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd:
Enchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confeſt
Th' alternate paſſions in his breaſt:
Her ſwelling boſom half reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thouſand tender pains inſtill'd,
A thouſand flatt'ring thoughts inſpir'd:
Perſuaſion's ſweeteſt language hung
In melting accent on her tongue:
Deep in his heart, the winning tale
Infus'd a magic power;
She preſt him to the roſy vale,
And ſhow'd th' Elyſian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
Conducts him bluſhing to the bleſt alcove:
Ah! ſee, o'erpow'rd by beauty's charms,
And won by love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to nature's ſoft alarms!

CHORUS.

Ah! ſee, o'erpower'd by beauty's charms,
And won by love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to nature's ſoft alarms!

Aſſiſt, ye guardian powers above!
From ruin ſave the ſon of Jove!
By heavenly mandate virtue came,
And check'd the fatal flame:
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whoſe point the magnet's influence feels.
Inſpir'd with awe,
He, turning, ſaw
The nymph divine
Tranſcendent ſhine;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a ſacred impulſe ſway'd:
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And love, regret, and hope, divide his ſoul.
But ſoon her words his pain deſtroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celeſtial art,
Now ſwell'd to ſtrains of nobler joy.
Inſtructed thus by virtue's lore,
His happy ſteps the realms explore
Where guilt and error are no more:
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath diſpelling, melt away:
Broke looſe from pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd her ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke looſe from pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd the ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope ſhe ſhone,
Like him the royal youth ſhe won:
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France:
Aloft his martial enſigns flow,
And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!
The wat'ry profound,
Awak'd by the ſound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields:
High on the deck behold he ſtands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join:
They, while the warlike trumpet's ſtrain,
Deep founding, ſwells along the main,
Extend the embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly ſaw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vaſt ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy:
The sailors all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies!
Exulting with Bacchanal rage.
Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine!
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine!
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known;
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone;
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul:
Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue:
To thy great trust
Severely just,
All dissonant strife they disclaim:
To meet the foe,
Their bosoms glow;
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud can subdue:
All dissonant strife they disclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye nine!
Triumphant strike each living string,
For him, in ecstacy divine,
Your choral Io Pæans sing!
For him your festive concerts breathe!
For him your flowery garlands wreathe!
Wake! O wake the joyful song!
Ye fauns of the woods,
Ye nymphs of the floods,
The musical current prolong!
Ye sylvans, that dance on the plain,
To swell the grand chorus accord!
Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
Exulting, acknowledge your lord!
Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
That floating proclaim
Our admiral's name,
In symphony roll on the wind!

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful song!
Ye sylvans, that dance on the plain,
Ye Tritons, that sport on the main,
The musical current prolong!

O! while consenting Britons praise,
Those votive measures deign to hear;
For thee muse awakes her lays,
For thee th' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a soul sincere.
Nor thou, illustrious chief, refuse
The incense of a nautic muse!
For ah! to whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
But him whose arms unrivall'd rule the main.
Deep on my grateful breast
Thy favour is impress;
No happy son of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came!
A hapless youth, whose vital page
Was one sad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthless fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire succession flow.
To glittering stars and titled names unknown,
Preferr'd his suit to thee alone.
The tale your sacred pity mov'd;
You felt, consented, and approv'd.
Then touch my strings, ye blest Pierian quire!
Exalt to rapture every happy line!
My bosom kindle with Promethean fire!
And swell each note with energy divine,
No more to plaintive sounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow!
Perhaps the chief to whom I sing
May yet ordain auspicious days,
To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to war the nervous string.
Though all the powers of genius he possess,
For who, untaught in Neptune's school,
Though disciplin'd by classic rule,
With daring pencil can display
The fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents express?
To him my muse, these warlike strains belong!
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

CHORUS.

To him, my muse, these warlike strains belong.
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy song.

THE FOND LOVER,

A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all-confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts by sense refin'd,
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress?

If when her blooming lips I preſs,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the ſweet exceſs
In trembling motion thrills.
Say whence this ſecret anguiſh grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleaſure glows,
Should vital peace deſtroy?

If when my fair, in melting ſong,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleaſing ſounds convey:
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondeſt love,
Why heaves this broken ſigh?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the ſtrain
Which you alone inſpire;
To thee the dying ſtrings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding boſom eaſe,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to pleaſe,
Or deign to love like me.

AN ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

The ſmiling plains, profuſely gay,
Are dreſs'd in all the pride of May;
The birds, on ev'ry ſpray above,
To rapture wake the vocal grove.

But ah! Miranda! without thee,
Nor ſpring, nor ſummer ſmiles on me:
All lonely in the ſecret ſhade,
I mourn thy abſence, charming maid!

O ſoft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely ſweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms, for you alone
Can all my abſence paſt atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart
The ſovereign balm of love impart;
Thy preſence laſting joy ſhall bring,
And give the year eternal ſpring!

THE DEMAGOGUE.

Bold is the attempt, in theſe licentious times,
When with ſuch towering ſtrides ſedition climbs,
With ſenſe or ſatire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great deciſive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the paſs of fate to bar her way:
Whoſe heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking ſnares of ſpecious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And ſtem, with ſtubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice inſolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thouſand mortal ſhafts in ſecret fly:
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Purſues the incautious victim to deſtroy:
And ſlander ſtrives, with unrelenting aim,
To ſpit her blaſting venom on his name:
Around him faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble ſtings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Enclos'd with perils thus the conſcious muſe,
Alarm'd, though undiſmay'd, her danger views.
Nor ſhall unmanly terror now controul
The ſtrong reſentment ſtruggling in her ſoul.
While indignation, with reſiſtleſs ſtrain,
Pours her full deluge through each ſwelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breaſt,
By ſordid caution is her voice ſuppreſt,
While arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious ſtruts on power's imperial ſtage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black diſcord, ſcreaming, ſhakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The ſacrilegious ſword rebellion draws;
Shall ſhe at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! ſhe fears no threat'ning foe,
When conſcious juſtice bids her boſom glow:
And while *ſhe* kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of friendſhip blame!
She feels the ſting of keen reſentment goad,
Though guiltleſs yet of ſatire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vaſſal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Aſs through Gotham bray!
Our poet brandiſhes no mimic ſword,
To rule a realm of dunces ſelf explor'd:
No bleeding victims curſe his iron ſway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herſelf, unarm'd, the fearleſs muſe
Through reaſon's path her ſteady courſe purſues;
True to herſelf advances, undeterr'd
By the rude clamours of the ſavage herd.
As ſome bold ſurgeon, with inſerted ſteel,
Probes deep the putrid ſore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our Patriot load,
Shall ſhe with cauſtic's healing fires corrode.
Yet ere from patient ſlumber ſatire wakes,
And brandiſhes th' avenging ſcourge of ſnakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark receſſes of his heart diſplay;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in ſevereſt danger's trying hour!
Let truth conſenting, with the trump of fame,
His glory, in auſpicious ſtrains, proclaim!
He bade the tempeſt of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from ſhore to ſhore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,
How oft my boſom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applauſe beſtow'd;
Applauſe, that, genuine as the bluſh of youth
Unknown to guile, was ſanctify'd by truth!
How oft I bleſt the Patriot's honeſt rage,
That greatly dar'd to laſh the guilty age:
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and ſtrong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride
And all corruption's venal arts defy'd!

When from afar thoſe penetrating eyes
Beheld each ſecret hoſtile ſcheme ariſe;
Watch'd every motion of the faithleſs foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:
A fond enthuſiaſt, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in ſecret with congenial flame;
While my young boſom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone. [be,
Such then he ſeem'd, and ſuch indeed might
If truth with error ever could agree!
Sure ſatire never with a fairer hand
Pourtray'd the object ſhe deſign'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue ſhould ſo ſoon decay,
And faction's wild applauſe thy heart betray!
The muſe with ſecret ſympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when thoſe dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread diſcord and diſtraction through the ſtate,
Reaſon ſhould then exert her utmoſt power
To guard our paſſions in that fatal hour.

There was a time, ere yet his conſcious heart
Durſt from the hardy path of truth depart,
While yet with generous ſentiment it glow'd,
A ſtranger to corruption's ſlippery road;
There was a time our PATRIOT durſt avow
Thoſe honeſt maxims he deſpiſes now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the infatiate German vulture rail!
Whoſe cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whoſe hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The miſts of error, that in darkneſs held
Our reaſon, like the ſun, his voice diſpell'd.
And lo! exhauſted, with no power to ſave,
We view Britannia panting on the wave; [weight
Hung round her neck, a millſtone's ponderous
Drags down the ſtruggling victim to her fate!
While horror at the thought our boſom feels,
We bleſs the man this horror who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze;
For, lo! poſſeſt of power's imperial reins,
Our chief thoſe viſionary ills diſdains!
Alas! how ſoon the ſteddy PATRIOT turns!
In vain this change aſtoniſh'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accurs'd Weſtphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millſtone feels the touch and melts away!
And, ſtrange to tell, ſtill ſtranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er ſaw, and heart could ne'er con-
ceive,
At once, tranſplanted by the ſorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in diſtant Auſtria ſtand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Weſtphalia utters groan for groan:
By ſympathy ſhe fevers with her fires,
Burns as ſhe burns, and as ſhe dies expires.

From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Swoln with ſucceſs, and with applauſe enflam'd,
He ſcorn'd all caution, all advice diſclaim'd;
Arm'd with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Thoſe patriot principles maintain'd before.

Perverſe, inconſtant, obſtinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent, and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful ſtrand
He once devoted all his powers to brand!

Our hapleſs country views with weeping eyes
On every ſide o'erwhelming horrors riſe;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhauſted of her power,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies waſted with inceſſant toils,
Or doom'd to periſh in contagious ſoils,
To guard ſome needy royal plunderer's throne,
And ſent to fall in battles not their own. [charg'd,
Th' enormous debt at home, though long o'er-
With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
Cruſh'd with increaſing taxes to the ground,
That ſuck like vampires every bleeding wound:
Ground with ſevere diſtreſs th' induſtrious poor,
Driven by the ruthleſs landlord to the door.

While thus our land her hapleſs fate bemoans
In ſecret, and with inward ſorrow groans;
Though deck'd with tinſel trophies of renown,
All gaſh'd with ſores, with anguiſh bending down,
Can yet ſome impious parricide appear,
Who ſtrives to make this anguiſh more ſevere?
Can one exiſt, ſo much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with freſh effuſion flow?

There can; to him in vain ſhe lifts her eyes,
His ſoul relentleſs hears her piercing ſighs!
Shameleſs of front, impatient of controul,
He ſpurs her onward to deſtruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curſt Weſtphalia's ſhore
With mad profuſion to exhauſt her ſtore,
Still peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the ſight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reaſon ſpurns;
Till preſt with danger, by diſtreſs aſſail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er ſkill prevail'd;
Till foundering in the ſtorm himſelf had brew'd,
He ſtrives at laſt its horrors to elude.
Some wretched ſhift muſt ſtill protect his name,
And to the guiltleſs head tranſfer his ſhame:
Then hearing modeſt diffidence oppoſe
His raſh advice, that golden time he choſe;
And while big ſurges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ſhip, inglorioufly forſook the helm.

But all th' events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.

He firſt aſſum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Thoſe patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauſes ſwell'd,
Thruſt himſelf forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone, [own;
Grown drunk and wanton with ſucceſs, could
Betray'd her intereſt, and abus'd his truſt;
Then, deaf to prayers, forſook her in diſguſt;
With tragic mummery, and moſt vile grimace,
Rode through the city with a woeful face,
As in diſtreſs, a PATRIOT out of place!
Inſults his generous prince, and in the day
Of trouble ſkulks, becauſe he cannot ſway!
In foreign climes embroils him with allies!
And bids at home the flames of DISCORD riſe!

She comes! from hell the exulting fury ſprings!
With grim deſtruction ſailing on her wings!

Around her ſcream an hundred harpies fell!
An hundred demons ſhriek with hideous yell!
From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
Full-drawn the deadlieſt ſhafts of ſatire fly,
Where Churchill brandiſhes his clumſy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick, awkward and unclean,
Crawls on his native duſt, a worm obſcene!
While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear
Myriads of nameleſs buzzing drones appear:
From their dark cells the angry inſects ſwarm,
And every little ſting attempt to arm.
Here *Chaplains* *, *Privileges* *, moulder round,
And feeble *Scourges* * rot upon the ground:
Here hungry Kenrick ſtrives, with fruitleſs aim,
With Grub-ſtreet ſlander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the ſlavering, ſnarling cur,
But only fills his famiſh'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin ſpreads th' aſſaſſinating cloke,
Where lurking rancour gives the ſecret ſtroke;
While gorg'd with filth, around this ſenſeleſs block,
A ſwarm of ſpider-bards obſequious flock:
While his demure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,
In *Poet's-Corner* hangs each ſlimſy woof;
And friſky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,
On wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
Here, ſeiz'd with iliac paſſion, mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas! for ſatire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, faction's common ſewer,
Diſgorges all her excremental ſtore.
With equal pity and regret the muſe
The thundering ſtorms that rage around her views;
Impartial views the tides of diſcord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her patriot-heart with anguiſh torn,
Would eye the oppoſing chiefs with equal ſcorn.
Let freedom's deadlieſt foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall!
Aloof ſhe ſtands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
While villany the ſcourge of juſtice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."
Let ſome ſoft mummy of a peer, who ſtains
His rank, ſome ſodden lump of aſs's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his ſanction give;
Support his ſlander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wiſdom all to him ſubmit!
Let proud ambition's ſons, with hearts ſevere,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag diſplay,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward juſtice, trembling on her ſeat,
Like a vile ſlave deſcends to lick her feet!
Nor here let cenſure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muſe has ſtray'd!
Sometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant burſting, ſwamps the adjacent grounds;
But rapid and impatient of delay,
Through the deep channel ſtill purſues its way.

Our pilot now retir'd, no pleaſure knows,
But every man and meaſure to oppoſe;
Like Æſop's cur, ſtill ſnarling and perverſe,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curſe,
No more at council his advice will lend,
But with all others who adviſe contend:
He bids diſtraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, ſwelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes *:
Swallows the penſion; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to ſave,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.
But ſhould ſome frantic wretch, whom all men know
To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to ſhame and friendſhip's ſocial tie;
Should ſuch a miſcreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wreſting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs;
Would'ſt thou with this deteſted robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
Forbid it, Heav'n! thou canſt not be ſo baſe,
To blaſt thy name with infamous diſgrace!
The muſe who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not ſo black a thought anticipate:
By Heaven, the muſe her ignorance betrays;
For while a thouſand eyes with wonder gaze,
Though gorg'd and glutted with his country's ſtore,
The vulture pounces on the ſhining ore;
In his ſtrong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.
The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, ſtrikes expectation dumb.
O! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and liſten to the muſe's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair ſucceſſion ſhall impart!
Ere yet the deſolating god of war
Had cruſh'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had ſhook her ſhores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, to
In climes remote, beyond the ſetting ſun,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain did thy filial boſom groan!
What ſavage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and diſtant from maternal aid!
Thy cottages with cruel flames conſum'd,
And the ſad owner to deſtruction doom'd;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguiſh torn,
Or left to periſh naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins ſhriek'd in vain!
In every look diſtraction ſeem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and deſpair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.

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* *Certain poems intended to be very ſatirical; but alas!—we refer our reader to the Reviews.*

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* *See anecdotes of Luca Pitt, a man of a very ſimilar complexion and conſtitution, in "Machiavel's Hiſtory of Florence," 1753.*

She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone:
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe:
Nor ceas'd till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet *.

Her fears dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds industriously improv'd,
Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours crown'd,
And plenty smiling on her plains around;
Thus blest with all that commerce could supply,
America regards with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the *parent*, who so late
Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of fate;
Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood;
Who now of *her* demands that tribute due,
For whom alone th' avenging sword she drew.

Scarce had America the just request
Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithless breast
Resentment glows, enrag'd sedition burns,
And, lo! the mandate of our laws she spurns!
Her secret hate, incapable of shame
Or gratitude, incenses to a flame,
Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
Insults our honour, and our laws defies;
O'er all her coasts is heard th' audacious roar,
"England shall rule America no more!"

Soon as on Britain's shore th' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
Yet, loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
From her perfidious sons who thus rebell'd:
Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,
Determin'd not to draw her penal steel
Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.

And now the great decisive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling *patriot* cast her eye;
His voice like thunder will support her cause,
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws;
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
And bid th' insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to
Discover language or ideas fit? [hit,
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and swagger,
The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger?
Our *patriot* comes!—with frenzy fir'd, the muse
With allegoric eye his figure views:
Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,
A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark!
And lo! th' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden milstone hangs upon his neck!

On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our *patriot* comes!—the buckles of whose shoes
Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.
Repeat his name in thunder to the skies!
Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise!
Through faction's wilderness prepare the way!
Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him stand,
The alpha and omega of the land!

Methinks I hear the bellowing *demagogue*
Dumb-sounding declamations dismembogue,
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exasperated metaphors convey!
With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enrag'd sedition beat the charge;
From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And lists to *guide* in insurrection's cause.
And lo! where, in her sacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
With those infernal lungs arouse the flame!
Though England merits not her least regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward!
Arise, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
The signal her black ensigns to display *.

* * * * * *

To thee, whose soul, all stedfast and serene,
Beholds the tumults that distract our scene;
And, in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,
Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste;
To thee, O *Marius!* whom no factions sway,
Th' impartial muse devotes her honest lay!
In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
Nor venal hope, assumes fair friendship's name:
Sooner shall *Churchill's* feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *demagogue* astray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in error's night,
Eclipse great *Mansfield's* strong meridian light,
Than shall the change of fortune, time or place,
Thy generous friendship in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war;
Or in the blest retreat of virtue laid,
Where contemplation spreads her awful shade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven desert me at my latest hour!

Still satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
And throb with irresistible alarms.
Like some full river charg'd with falling showers,
Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.
But rest and silence now, who wait beside,
With their strong flood gates bar th' impetuous tide.

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* *See Marine Dictionary, article* Cartel, *and a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade, Aug.* 24. 1760.

* *See account of the fall of Luca Pitt, in* "*Machiavel's History of Florence.*"

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ROBERT LLOYD.

Containing

THE ACTOR,	TALES,
THE PROGRESS OF ENVY,	ODES,
THE LAW STUDENT,	SONGS,
ARCADIA,	PROLOGUES,
EPISTLES,	TRANSLATIONS
FABLES,	IMITATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Peace to thy aſhes, LLOYD, ill-treated bard——
Hard was thy lot, ſweet bird! in this rude age,
That coop'd thee up to whiſtle in a cage:
Yet thou could'ſt even freedom's ſelf ſurvive,
And blithly ſing while Churchill was alive,
But when your mate was ſnatch'd, you droop'd and died;
Bleſt was that trial, for thy truth was tried.
For ages hence your chaplet ſhall be green,
And, ages paſt, no withering leaf be ſeen.
Softly repoſe upon the Muſe's breaſt,
And Phœbus' ſelf ſhall ſing you to your reſt.

EVAN LLOYD'S VERSES ON THE DEATH OF LLOYD.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF LLOYD.

ROBERT LLOYD was the ſon of the Rev. Dr. Pearſon Lloyd, ſecond Maſter of Weſtminſter School. He was born in 1733.

He received his education at Weſtminſter School; and had for his ſchoolfellows, Churchill, Thornton, Colman, Benſley, and ſome others, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the literary world. To Churchill, he was, through life, particularly attached.

In 1751, he ſtood firſt in the liſt of Weſtminſter ſcholars who were ſent to Trinity College, Cambridge; at the ſame time that his friend Colman obtained the ſame rank among thoſe who were ſent to Oxford.

So early as the year 1751, he had written *The Progreſs of Envy*, to ſhew his indignation at Lauder's malevolent attack upon Milton, and continued to cultivate his poetical talents during his reſidence at Cambridge.

In 1755, he took the degree of Bachelor, and in 1761, that of Maſter of Arts.

Though he went to the Univerſity from ſchool, in a manner ſo honourable to his literature, he never became a Fellow of his College.

To the decency or propriety of his conduct at Cambridge, little commendation can be afforded; the report of his contemporaries is not the leaſt favourable to his behaviour there.

On leaving the Univerſity, he returned to Weſtminſter, and became an aſſiſtant to his father, as one of the Uſhers of the ſchool, an employment he undertook with reluctance, and retired from with diſguſt.

His motives for relinquiſhing this ſituation, the duties of which he was particularly well qualified to diſcharge, as aſſigned by himſelf, in his *Apology*, was his deſire of farther improving his own mind, inſtead of vainly attempting the improvement of others.

> For ſuch *his* taſk, a diſmal truth,
> Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
> And while a paltry ſtipend earning,
> He ſows the richeſt ſeeds of learning,
> And tills *their* minds with proper care,
> And ſees them their due produce bear:
> No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
> His *own* lies fallow all the while.

It is probable, however, that this impatience of reſtraint and diſguſt at ſcholaſtic confinement were heightened by his intimacy with Churchill, Thornton, and Benſley, whoſe congenial talents and diſpoſition might ſerve to encourage each other in the purſuit of ſuch youthful amuſements, as inſenſibly betrayed them into a liberality of life and converſation which the prudential part of the world condemned.

It is a melancholy reflection, and ſufficiently mortifying to men of parts and genius, that every one of his ſpirited companions fell, with himſelf, a ſacrifice in the prime of life to the want of that diſcretion in themſelves which they ſo wittily ridiculed, and as imprudently deſpiſed in others.

Having reſigned the Uſherſhip of Weſtminſter School, he became an author by profeſſion, and experienced moſt of the viciſſitudes of fortune to which men of that precarious profeſſion are liable.

He engaged in many literary undertakings; but added little to his reputation, and nothing to his independence. The firſt performance which eſtabliſhed his reputation as a poet was *The Actor*, publiſhed in 1760, and addreſſed to his friend Thornton, which not only gave proofs of great judgment, but had alſo the merit of ſmooth verſification and great ſtrength of poetry.

The ſame year, his ode, intituled, the *Tears and Triumphs of Parnaſſus*, was performed at Drury-Lane, and publiſhed in 4to.

It is ſuppoſed, that the reputation he acquired by the *Actor*, ſtimulated Churchill to write his celebrated "Roſciad;" the ſuperior popularity of which, according to Dr. Kenrick, gave him at firſt ſome diſguſt; but on the farther exertion of Churchill's abilities, the ſuperiority in force of numbers, and power of imagery, appearing ſo greatly on the ſide of his friend, with the modeſty becoming real genius, and the complacency of a diſpoſition untainted by envy, he joined the reſt of his admirers in the unlimited applauſe beſtowed on his productions.

For me, who labour with poetic ſin,
Who often woo the muſe I cannot win,
Whom pleaſure firſt a willing poet made,
And folly ſpoilt by taking up the trade:
Pleas'd I behold ſuperior genius ſhine,
Nor, ting'd with envy, wiſh that genius mine.
To *Churchill's* muſe can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various powers to pleaſe,
Be his the *ſtrength* of *numbers*, mine the *eaſe*.

In the beginning of the *poetical war*, to which the "Roſciad" ſounded the firſt charge, Lloyd was ſuſpected to be the author; but exculpated himſelf from the charge, by an advertiſement in the public papers; on which occaſion, Churchill came forward, and in the ſame public manner, declared himſelf the author, and drew on that torrent of "Anti Roſciads," "Apologies," "Murphiads," Churchilliads," "Examiners," &c. which for a long time engaged the attention of the public.

In 1761, his *Arcadia on the Shepherd's Wedding*, a dramatic paſtoral, was brought on the ſtage at Drury-Lane, and performed ſeveral nights, though with no great ſucceſs. It is extremely ſhort and ſimple, being only a compliment to their preſent Majeſties on their nuptials.

The ſame year, he conducted the poetical department of a periodical publication, called, *The Library*, to which Churchill is ſuppoſed to have contributed.

His attachment to the pleaſures of the table, particularly to thoſe of the bottle, being much cenſured both by his real and pretended friends, Churchill attempted to apologize for him, and even to juſtify the practice, as well by precept as example. His gay and ſpirited epiſtle, intituled, "Night," inſcribed to Lloyd, is a profeſſed apology, if not a formal juſtification of their nocturnal feſtivity.

Let ſlaves to buſineſs, bodies without ſoul,
Important blanks in nature's nightly roll,
Solemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad glare,
We *night* prefer, which heals or hides our care.

The truth ſeems to be, that however eagerly they might enter on the career of theſe jovial amuſements, they continued their race out of pique at the worldly diſreſpect, which they had imprudently, and perhaps unexpectedly incurred. This is pathetically inſinuated in the following lines:

When foes inſult, and *prudent* friends diſpenſe
In pity's ſtrains, the worſt of inſolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I ſteal an hour from grief,
And in thy ſocial converſe find relief,
The mind, of ſolitude impatient grown,
Loves any ſorrows rather than her own.

The expences neceſſary to ſupport the character of a man of the town exceeding the income of a man of wit, he was induced to engage in publications that promiſed to produce profit rather than

praiſe. Among theſe was the *St. James's Magazine*, a periodical work, begun 1763, and which was ſoon diſcontinued for want of encouragement, though far ſuperior to moſt other publications of the kind.

In this work, he inſerted a tranſlation of Moliere's *Ecole des Femmes*, which was publiſhed merely to ſhow how much Mr. Murphy had borrowed in compoſing "The Way to keep Him."

The ſame year, he publiſhed *The Death of Adam*, a tragedy, tranſlated from the German of Klopſtock. Dr. Kenrick obſerves, that he was not ſufficiently acquainted with that language, to do juſtice either to the original or to himſelf.

The *St. James's Magazine* not meeting with that ſucceſs which, from its merit, might be reaſonably expected, he found himſelf unable to diſcharge ſome pecuniary obligations which he had improvidently laid himſelf under on the flattering proſpect of its ſucceſs; and of courſe became a priſoner in the Fleet, where he was almoſt entirely ſupported by the benevolence of his friend Churchill, who allowed him a regular ſtipend, from the commencement of his confinement.

He was viſited in the Fleet by a number of thoſe who had, or would be thought to have pretenſions to wit; but he was abandoned by almoſt all the friends and companions of his youth, eſpecially thoſe on whom he laviſhed many encomiums in his writings.

"Thornton," ſays he, in one of his letters to Mr. Wilkes, after the death of Churchill, "is *what you thought him*. I have many acquaintances, but *now* no friend here." Mr. Wilkes was then in France. Garrick, Colman, and Hogarth, whom he had ſo berhymed and bepraiſed, were in England.

During his confinement, he undertook, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Denis, a tranſlation of the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel; a careleſs performance that did them little credit.

In 1762, he collected his *Poems* into a 4to volume, for which he obtained a very liberal ſubſcription.

He wrote alſo a comic opera, intituled, *The Capricious Lovers*, which was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in 1764, with ſome applauſe; but not with ſo much as it merited; though his genius does not appear to have led him ſtrongly to dramatic compoſition. The ground-word of this piece is the *Caprices d'Amour*, or *Ninette a la Cour*, by Favart.

In this ſtate of dereliction and depreſſion, he had the affliction to loſe his friend Churchill, whoſe kindneſs to him continued undiminiſhed during all his neceſſities.

The following letters to their common friend, Mr. Wilkes, the one written before, and the other after the death of his liberal benefactor, ſufficiently ſpeak his apprehenſions and ſenſe of that melancholy event.

"Your letters have given me inexpreſſible uneaſineſs concerning my friend Charles; and your not giving me a direction, leaves me in ſtill greater anxiety that this may not reach you, and I conſequently hear nothing how he does. Indeed, we are all much alarmed; for though the ſeeming ſpirits of your letter to me gave us hopes that it might not be ſo bad with him, that which Jack has received entirely quaſhes them. Pray let me hear from you the earlieſt opportunity. I hope I ſhall not be doubly unfortunate in the loſs of my friend, and be reduced to the comfortleſs neceſſity of brooding over my own calamities in this ungrateful ſituation. Dear Wilkes, give me all the information you can, and what ſervices I can do, I in duty owe to you both, command."

"I will ſpare your own feelings," he writes him, Nov. 20, 1764, "and mine on our irreparable loſs. You did not, I imagine, receive my letter, directed to you at an uncertainty, at the poſt-houſe, or if you did, you returned no anſwer, I ſuppoſe becauſe you could give no conſort. I am pleaſed to find from Mr. Cotes, who communicated your letter to him this day to me, that you will be kind to the remains of our dear friend. What is in my power to execute, you will direct and command. And I could much wiſh, you would, as early as you can, bring your mind to write on ſuch a ſubject.—Do, if it is only for my conſolation, who indeed moſt truly want it; write to me, and as the memory of Charles was dear to you, do not forget him who is moſt unfortunate in the loſs of the living and the dead friend."

The news of the melancholy event being announced to him ſomewhat abruptly while he was ſitting at dinner, "he was ſeized," ſays Dr. Kenrick, "with a ſudden ſickneſs, and ſaying, 'I ſhall follow poor Charles,' took to his bed, from which he never roſe again."

He fell into a fit of deſpondence, and ſurvived him but a few weeks. He died on the 15th of December 1764, at the age of 31, and was buried on the 19th, in the church-yard of St. Bride's pariſh.

In his ſickneſs, he was attended by Miſs Patty Churchill, the favourite ſiſter of his deceaſed friend, who is ſaid to have poſſeſſed a conſiderable portion of the ſenſe, ſpirit, and genius of her brother. She is reported to have been betrothed to Lloyd, and that ſo mournful was the effect, which the melancholy cataſtrophe of her lover and brother had on her ſuſceptible mind, that ſhe caught the contagion of grief, which preyed on her ſpirits, and did not permit her long to ſurvive them.

His *Poetical Works*, with conſiderable additions from the *St. James's Magazine*, were reprinted, in 2 vols. 8vo. 1774, with "An Account of his Life," by Dr. Kenrick, and inſerted, with additions, in the edition of the "Engliſh Poets," 1790.

Lloyd ſeems to have been of a diſpoſition different from that of the *genus irritabile vatum*. In the general intercourſe of life, he is ſaid to have been generous and friendly: he had a grateful heart, and ſhowed, by his warm attachment to his friends, how ſenſible he was of their kindneſs. Though the rigid moraliſt might have reaſon to cenſure his irregularities, they were of ſuch a nature as betrayed no malevolence of temper, reflecting on him the character ſo well known under the denomination of *no one's enemy but his own*, rather than that of a friend only to himſelf, and an enemy to others. His grateful attachment to Churchill, needs no other proof than the fatal one of breaking his heart at his death.

"Mr. Lloyd," ſays Mr. Wilkes, "was mild and affable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in converſation." Captain Edward Thompſon deſcribes him as of a tacit diſpoſition, reſerved and attentive; "he took much ſnuff," ſays he, "and would often ſit the auditor of converſation rather than the promoter." "He was the worſt reciter of his own verſes," ſays Dr. Kenrick, "that I ever remember to have heard. At the ſame time, what he wanted in power of declamation, was amply ſupplied by tenaciouſneſs of memory and facility of compoſition; the productions of no writer, perhaps ancient or modern, being more truly ſaid to be written *currente calamo* than thoſe of Mr. Lloyd. So ready was his pen, and retentive his mind, that when his devotion to the muſes has been interrupted by the orgies of Bacchus, and the ſuſpended fable, like that of Butler's tale, been broke off in the middle, he has purſued it from memory with the utmoſt compoſure, when the fever of the brain was over, and finiſhed the compoſition as conſiſtently as if the copy had been all before him."

As a poet, Lloyd is to be conſidered as an elegant and correct, rather than a very animated or firſt rate writer. His compoſitions are diſtinguiſhed by a happy eaſe, and a graceful negligence of expreſſion. But they are extremely unequal; ſometimes terſe and neat, and at other times ſlovenly and inaccurate. Prior, Gay, and Swift, were the models which he followed, in preference to Dryden, Pope, and Churchill. The *Actor* is one of his beſt productions. It is not a regular treatiſe of the whole art of acting, but only ſuch particular parts of it as he probably thought beſt adapted to the improvement of the ſtage. He begins, by exploding the prevailing vice of imitation, and paſſes a very high and juſt encomium on Garrick, the great object of imitation among the inferior players. He then cenſures the moſt ſtriking errors in theatrical action, particularly the ſtudied affectation of attitude. He goes on to cenſure the diſagreeable practice, not uncommon among players of great merit, of over-acting their parts; and cenſures, with equal juſtice and propriety, the monotony of ſome actors, the rant of others, and the inattention of moſt; as alſo, the ſeveral ſtage tricks of dreſs, ghoſts, and the abſurd entertainments of pantomime; concluding with the following apology for, and addreſs to the actor, which is ſelected as a ſpecimen of his terſe ſtyle and eaſy verſification.

Shall they, who trace the paſſions from their riſe,
Show ſcorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to ſcan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man,
Shall their profeſſion e'er provoke diſdain,
Who ſtand the foremoſt in the moral train;
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And ſtrike the precept home upon the heart?

Yet, hapleſs artiſt! though thy ſkill can raiſe
The burſting peal of univerſal praiſe,
Though at thy beck applauſe delighted ſtands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands,
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the ſtroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And lateſt times th' eternal Nature feel.
Though blended here the praiſe of bard and play'r,
While more than half becomes the actor's ſhare,
Relentleſs death untwiſts the mingled fame,
And ſinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muſcles of the various face,
The mien that gave each ſentence ſtrength and grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that ſpoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a ſingle trace behind.

Of his *Occaſional Pieces*, the *Epiſtle to Garrick*, *Epiſtle to Churchill*, *Shakſpeare*, *The Poet*, *The Cobler of Tiſſington's* and *The Cobler of Cripplegate's Letters*, &c. have conſiderable merit. His *Progreſs of Envy*, is a happy imitation of the ſtyle and manner of *Spenſer*. The two *Odes* to *Obſcurity* and *Oblivion*, written in conjunction with Colman, are admirable parodies of *Gray's* "Progreſs of Poetry, and Bard," and Maſon's "Ode to Memory," &c. In the firſt, the birth of *Faſhion* is humorouſly and poetically deſcribed, and in the latter, the goddeſs *Oblivion* is pleaſantly and characteriſtically repreſented. His Latin verſion of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," is inferior to ſome other verſions of that exquiſite performance. His tranſlation of the firſt book of Voltaire's *Henriade* is executed with ſpirit and elegance. The *Imitation from the Spectator* is exquiſitely beautiful. His *Songs* are tender and elegant. His *Fables*, *Tales*, &c. are familiar and eaſy. His other levities and pieces of humour have their proportion of wit and pleaſantry; but require no diſtinct enumeration or particular criticiſm.

"To expatiate on his merit as a writer," ſays Dr. Kenrick, "would be needleſs; as nothing can be more fully ſaid of him than he hath occaſionally ſaid of himſelf, in reply to the cenſure of the critics:

Hiſt! 'tis a critic—yes—'tis he—
What would your graceleſs form with me?
Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
Of ſpinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of ſtringing various thoughts together
In verſe or proſe, or both, or neither?
A vein which, though it muſt offend
You, *lofty* Sirs! who can't *deſcend*
To fame, has often made its way,
From *Butler*, *Prior*, *Swift*, and *Gay*.

"In his claſſical alluſions, and happy imitations of the Greek and Latin poets, Mr. Lloyd bears away the palm from all other Engliſh poets. I do not mean to refer the reader to his tranſlation of *Homer's Hymn*, which appears (as well as his imitation of *Spenſer*) to be a very juvenile performance. The claſſical reader, however, cannot fail of being pleaſed with moſt of his Latin compoſitions, his tranſlation of Mr. Gray's celebrated Ode, [Elegy] and particularly on making the compariſon with his Engliſh imitation of *Theocritus*.

"It is yet remarkable, that Mr. Lloyd, though ſo excellent a ſcholar, had not the leaſt tincture of the pedant in his character; none being more ready to turn pedants into ridicule; particularly thoſe affected pedagogues who attempted to reduce the numbers of Engliſh verſe to the ſcale of Greek and Roman feet. He was indeed one of thoſe whom he deſcribes under the title of real ſcholars:"

Whoſe knowledge unaffected flows,
And ſits as eaſy as their clothes.

"Mr. Lloyd," ſays Mr. Wilkes, "was an excellent ſcholar, and an eaſy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was the dreſſing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was content to ſcamper round the foot of Parnaſſus on his little Welch poney, which ſeems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged ſteed, and the daring flights of the ſacred mountain, to the ſublime genius of his friend Churchill."

THE WORKS OF LLOYD.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

My works are advertis'd for ſale,
And cenſures fly as thick as hail;
While my poor ſcheme of publication
Supplies the dearth of converſation.
What will the *world* ſay?—That's your cry.
Who is the *world?* and what am I?
Once, but thank Heaven, thoſe days are o'er,
And perſecution reigns no more,
One man, *one* hardy man alone,
Uſurp'd the critic's vacant throne,
And thence with neither taſte nor wit,
By powerful catcall from the pit,
Knock'd farce, and play, and actor down.
Who paſs'd the ſentence then?—the town.
So now each upſtart puny elf
Talks of the *world*, and means *himſelf.*
Yet in the circle there are thoſe
Who hurt e'en more than open foes:
Whoſe friendſhip ſerves the talking turn,
Juſt ſimmers to a kind concern.
And with a wond'rous ſoft expreſſion
Expatiates upon indiſcretion;
Flies from the poems to the man,
And gratifies the favourite plan
To pull down others' reputation,
And build their own on that foundation.
The ſcholar grave, of taſte diſcerning,
Who lives on credit for his learning,
And has no better claim to wit,
Than carping at what others writ,
With pitying kindneſs, friendly fear,
Whiſpers conjectures in your ear.
" I'm ſorry—and he's much to blame—
" He might have publiſh'd—but his name!
" The thing might pleaſe a few, no doubt,
" As handed privately about—
" It might amuſe a friend or two,
" Some partial friend like me and you;
" But when it comes to preſs and print,
" You'll find, I fear, but little in't.
" He ſtands upon a dangerous brink,
" Who totters o'er the ſea of ink,
" Where reputation runs aground,
" The author caſt away, and drown'd.
" And then—'twas wilful and abſurd,
" (So well approv'd, ſo well preferr'd)
" Abruptly thus a place to quit,
" A place which moſt his genius hit,
" The theatre for Latin wit!
" With critics round him chaſte and terſe,
" To give a plaudit to his verſe!"
Latin, I grant, ſhows college breeding,
And ſome ſchool-common-place of reading.
But has in *moderns* ſmall pretenſion
To real wit, or ſtrong invention.
The excellence you critics praiſe
Hangs on a curious choice of phraſe;
Which pick'd and choſen here and there,
From proſe or verſe, no matter where,
Jumbled together in a diſh,
Like Spaniſh olio, fowl, fleſh, fiſh,
You ſet the claſſic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your would-be genii vainly ſeek
Fame for their Latin verſe, or Greek;
Who would for that be moſt admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words—a bare collection
Of phraſes—where the labour'd cento
Preſents you with a dull memento,
How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, join,
And club together half a line.
Theſe only ſtrain their motly wits
In gathering patches, ſhreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a claſſic Harlequin.
— Were I at once empower'd to ſhow
My utmoſt vengeance on my foe,
To puniſh with extremeſt rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Than uſing him as learning's tool,
To make him uſher of a ſchool.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren ſoil,
And labouring with inceſſant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For whoſoe'er, though ſlightly, ſips,
Their grateful flavour with his lips,
Will find it leave a ſmatch behind,
Shall ſink ſo deeply in the mind,
It never thence can be eras'd—
But, riſing up, you call it *taſte.*
'Twere fooliſh for a drudge to chooſe
A guſto which he cannot uſe.
Better diſcard the idle whim,
What's *he to taſte?* or *taſte to him?*

For me, it hurts me to the ſoul
To brook confinement or controul;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The ſyntax and the parts of ſpeech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worſe,
The links, and joints, and rules of verſe;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny-pots of *Oxford* ale;
—Oh! 'tis a ſervice irkſome more
Than tugging at the ſlaviſh oar.
Yet ſuch *his* taſk, a diſmal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry ſtipend earning,
He ſows the richeſt ſeeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And ſees them their due produce bear,
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
" Yet ſtill he's in the road, you ſay,
" Of learning."—Why, perhaps, he may.
But turns like horſes in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor ſtanding ſtill:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.
" Yet you can ſend advent'rous youth,
" In ſearch of letters, taſte, and truth,
" Who ride the highway-road to knowledge,
" Through the plain turnpikes of a college,"
True.—Like way-poſts, we ſerve to ſhow
The road which travellers ſhould go;
Who jog along in eaſy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whene'er they will,
The *poſt*, and its direction ſtill:
Which ſtands an uſeful unthank'd guide,
To many a paſſenger beſide.
'Tis hard to carve for others' meat,
And not to have time one's ſelf to eat.
Though, be it always underſtood,
Our appetites are full as good.
" But there have been, and proofs appear,
" Who bore this load from year to year;
" Whoſe claim to letters, parts, and wit,
" The world has ne'er diſputed yet.
" Whether the flowing mirth prevail
" In *Weſley's* ſong, or humorous tale;
" Or happier *Bourne's* expreſſion pleaſe
" With graceful turns of claſſic eaſe;
" Or *Oxford's* well-read poet ſings
" Pathetic to the ear of kings:
" Theſe have indulg'd the muſes flight,
" Nor loſt their time or credit by't;
" Nor ſuffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
" On the due buſineſs of the day.
" Verſe was to them a recreation,
" Us'd by way of relaxation."
Your inſtances are fair and true,
And genius I reſpect with you.
I envy none their honeſt praiſe;
I ſeek to blaſt no ſcholar's bays:
Still let the graceful foliage ſpread
Its greeneſt honours round their head,
Bleſt, if the muſes hand entwine
A ſprig at leaſt to circle mine!
Come—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of ſight,
And you may whiſper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiſcreet.
Yet tell me, while you cenſure me,
Are you from error ſound and free?
Say, does your breaſt no bias hide.
Whoſe influence draws the mind aſide!
All have their hobby-horſe you ſee,
From Triſtram down to you and me.
Ambition, ſplendour may be thine;
Eaſe, indolence, perhaps are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wiſh our weakneſſes to hide,
And ſet their hedges up before 'em,
Some ſprouts will branch, and ſtraggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight againſt her how you will,
Nature will be the miſtreſs ſtill,
And though you curb with double rein
She'll run away with us again.
But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools ſhall cackle out reproof,
The very aſs will raiſe his hoof;
And he who holds in his poſſeſſion,
The ſingle virtue of diſcretion,
Who knows no overflow of ſpirit,
Whoſe want of paſſions is his merit,
Whom wit, and taſte, and judgment flies,
Shall ſhake his noddle, and *ſeem* wiſe,

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, ESQ.

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws,
From no obſervance of mechanic laws;
No ſettled maxims of a fav'rite ſtage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary ſkill.
If 'mongſt the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to ſit,
Is he pleas'd more becauſe 'twas acted ſo
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago?
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes ſo near.
Why lov'd he Wilkes's air, Booth's nervous tone?
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick', genius muſt our wonder raiſe.
But gives his mimic no reflected praiſe.
Thrice happy genius, whoſe unrivall'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic ſkill,
The train of captive paſſions at thy will;
To bid the burſting tear ſpontaneous flow
In the ſweet ſenſe of ſympathetic woe:
Through ev'ry vein I feel a chillneſs creep,
When horrors ſuch as thine *have murder'd ſleep*;
And at the old man's look and frantic ſtare
'Tis Lear alarms me, for I ſee him there.
Nor yet confin'd to tragic walks alone,
The comic muſe too claims thee for her own.
With each delightful requiſite to pleaſe,
Taſte, ſpirit, judgment, elegance, and eaſe,
Familiar nature forms thy only rule,
From Ranger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
With powers ſo pliant, and ſo various bleſt,
That what we ſee the laſt, we like the beſt.

Not idly pleas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
But burſt outrageous with the laugh of ſenſe.
Perfection's top, with weary toil and pain,
'Tis genius only that can hope to gain.
The play'r's profeſſion (though I hate the phraſe,
'Tis ſo *mechanic* in theſe modern days)
Lies not in trick, or attitude, or ſtart,
Nature's true knowledge is the only art.
The ſtrong felt paſſion bolts into his face,
The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
To this one ſtandard make your juſt appeal,
Here lies the golden ſecret; learn to FEEL.
Or fool, or monarch, happy, or diſtreſs'd,
No actor pleaſes that is not *poſſeſs'd*.

Once on the ſtage, in Rome's declining days,
When Chriſtian's were the ſubject of their plays,
E'er perſecution dropp'd her iron rod,
And men ſtill wag'd an impious war with God,
An actor flouriſh'd of no vulgar fame,
Nature's diſciple, and Geneſt his name.
A noble object for his ſkill he choſe,
A martyr dying 'midſt inſulting foes.
Reſign'd with patience to religion's laws,
Yet braving monarchs in his Saviour's cauſe,
Fill'd with th' idea of the ſacred part,
He felt a zeal beyond the reach of art,
With look and voice, and geſture, all expreſt
A kindred ardour in the player's breaſt;
Till as the flame through all his boſom ran,
He loſt the actor, and commenc'd the man;
Profeſt the faith; his pagan gods denied,
And what he acted then, he after died.

The player's province they but vainly try,
Who want theſe pow'rs, *deportment*, *voice*, and *eye*,
The critic ſight 'tis only *grace* can pleaſe,
No figure charms us if it has not *eaſe*,
There are, who think the ſtature all in all,
Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.
The feeling ſenſe all other want ſupplies,
I rate no actor's merit from his ſize.
Superior height requires ſuperior grace,
And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,
Affect to mark the ſolemn pace of ſtate.
One foot put forward in poſition ſtrong,
The other, like its vaſſal, drag along.
So grave each motion, ſo exact and ſlow,
Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-ſhow.
The mien delights us with that native grace,
But affectation ill ſupplies its place,

Unſkilful actors, like your mimic apes,
Will writhe their bodies in a thouſand ſhapes;
However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a ſtart.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he ſtands,
Till praiſe diſmiſs him with her echoing hands!
Reſolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pauſe,
By perſeverance to extort applauſe.
When Romeo, ſorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madneſs burſts the canvas tomb,
The ſudden whirl, ſtretch'd leg, and lifted ſtaff,
Which pleaſe the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the paſſion's force, and mark it well,
The proper action nature's ſelf will tell;

No pleaſing pow'rs diſtortions can expreſs,
And nicer judgment alway loathes exceſs
In ſock or buſkin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Diſguſts our reaſon, and the taſte confounds.

Of all the evils which the ſtage moleſt,
I hate your fool who overacts his jeſt;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With ſhrug, and grin, and geſture out of place,
And writes a fooliſh comment with his face.
Old Johnſon once, though Cibber's perter vein *,
But meanly groups him with a num'rous train,
With ſteady face, and ſober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the ſtrong outlines of the comic ſcene,
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance ſpoke,
Betray'd no ſymptom of the conſcious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And though upon the ſtage, appear'd no play'r.

The word and action ſhould conjointly ſuit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While ſober humour marks th' impreſſion ſtrong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
Well-plea'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.

But let the generous actor ſtill forbear
To copy features with a mimic's care!
'Tis a poor ſkill which ev'ry fool can reach,
A vile ſtage-cuſtom, honour'd in the breach.
Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
But ſhows the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public ſcene,
Forſaking nature's fair and open road
To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with diſguſt I lothe his ſervile plan,
Deſpiſe the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
And hunt for humour in diſtortion there!
Fill up the meaſure of the motely whim
With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
Then ſhame at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
Good ſenſe, good manners, virtue, and the ſtage!

'Tis not enough the voice be ſound and clear,
'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear,
When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
The ſame ſoft ſounds of unimpaſſioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs,
But none emphatic can that actor call,
Who lays an equal emphaſis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd meaſures roll
Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll,
Point ev'ry ſtop, mark ev'ry pauſe ſo ſtrong,
Their words, like ſtage-proceſſions ſtalk along.
All affectation but creates diſguſt,
And e'en in ſpeaking we may ſeem *too* juſt.

Nor proper, Thornton, can thoſe ſounds appear
Which bring not numbers to thy nicer ear;
In vain for them the pleaſing meaſure flows,
Whoſe recitation runs it all to proſe;

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* *See Cibber's Apology*, 8vo, 1750.

Repeating what the poet fets not down,
The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,
While pauſe, and break, and repetition join
To make a diſcord in each tuneful line.
Some placid natures fill th' allotted ſcene
With lifeleſs drone, inſipid and ſerene;
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,
And almoſt crack your ears with rant and roar.
More nature oft and finer ſtrokes are ſhown,
In the low whiſper than tempeſtuous tone.
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze,
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
Than he, who, ſwol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the ſtage.
He, who in earneſt ſtudies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A ſingle look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.
Up to the face the quick ſenſation flies,
And darts its meaning from the ſpeaking eyes;
Love, tranſport, madneſs, anger, ſcorn, deſpair,
And all the paſſions, all the ſoul is there.
In vain Ophelia gives her flowrets round,
And with her ſtraws fantaſtic ſtrews the ground,
In vain now ſings, now heaves the deſp'rate
ſigh,
If phrenzy ſit not in the troubled eye.
In Cibber's look commanding ſorrows ſpeak,
And call the tear faſt trick'ling down my cheek.
There is a fault which ſtirs the critic's rage;
A want of due attention on the ſtage.
I have ſeen actors, and admir'd ones too,
Whoſe tongues wound up ſet forward from their
cue;
In their own ſpeech who whine, or roar away,
Yet ſeem unmov'd at what the reſt may ſay;
Whoſe eyes and thoughts on diff'rent objects
roam,
Until the prompter's voice recal them home.
Diveſt yourſelf of hearers, if you can,
And ſtrive to ſpeak, and be the very man.
Why ſhould the well-bred actor wiſh to know
Who ſits above to-night, or who below?
So, 'mid th' harmonious tones of grief or rage,
Italian ſquallers oft diſgrace the ſtage;
When, with a ſimp'ring leer, and bow pro-
found,
The ſqueaking Cyrus greets the boxes round;
Or proud Mandane, of imperial race,
Familiar drops a curt'ſie to her grace.
To ſuit the dreſs demands the actor's art,
Yet there are thoſe who over-dreſs the part.
To ſome preſcriptive right gives ſettled things,
Black wigs to murd'rers, feather'd hats to kings.
But Michael Caſſio might be drunk enough,
Though all his features were not grim'd with
ſnuff.
Why ſhould Poll Peachum ſhine in ſatin clothes?
Why ev'ry devil dance in ſcarlet hoſe?
But in ſtage cuſtoms what offends me moſt
Is the ſlip-door, and ſlowly-riſing ghoſt.
Tell me, nor count the queſtion too ſevere,
Why need the diſmal powder'd forms appear?
When chilling horrors ſhake th' affrighted king,
And guilt torments him with her ſcorpion ſting;
When keeneſt feelings at his boſom pull,
And fancy tells him that the ſeat is full;
Why need the ghoſt uſurp the monarch's place,
To frighten children with his mealy face?
The king alone ſhould form the phantom there,
And talk and tremble at the vacant chair,
If Belvidera her lov'd loſs deplore,
Why for twin ſpectres burſts the yawning floor?
When with diſorder'd ſtarts, and horrid cries,
She paints the murder'd forms before her eyes,
And ſtill purſues them with a frantic ſtare,
'Tis pregnant madneſs brings the viſions there.
More inſtant horror would enforce the ſcene
If all her ſhudd'rings were at ſhapes unſeen.
Poet and actor thus, with blendid ſkill,
Mould all our paſſions to their inſtant will:
'Tis thus, when feeling Garrick treads the ſtage,
(The ſpeaking comment of his Shakſpeare's page)
Oft as I drink the words with greedy ears,
I ſhake with horror, or diſſolve with tears.
O, ne'er may folly feize the throne of taſte,
Nor dullneſs lay the realms of genius waſte!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'rers fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uſes to the ſtage belong
Than tumblers, monſters, pantomime, or ſong.
For other purpoſe was that ſpot deſign'd;
To purge the paſſions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And, while it charms the ear, to mend the heart.
Thornton, to thee I dare with truth commend
The decent ſtage as virtue's natural friend.
Though oft debas'd with ſcenes profane and looſe,
No reaſon weighs againſt its proper uſe.
Though the lewd prieſt his ſacred function ſhame,
Religion's perfect law is ſtill the ſame.
Shall they, who trace the paſſions from their
riſe,
Show ſcorn her features, her own image vice?
Who teach the mind its proper force to ſcan,
And hold the faithful mirror up to man;
Shall their profeſſion e'er provoke diſdain,
Who ſtand the foremoſt in the moral train,
Who lend reflection all the grace of art,
And ſtrike the precept home upon the heart?
Yet, hapleſs artiſt! though thy ſkill can raiſe
The burſting peal of univerſal praiſe;
Though at thy beck applauſe delighted ſtands,
And lifts, Briareus' like, her hundred hands;
Know, fame awards thee but a partial breath!
Not all thy talents brave the ſtroke of death.
Poets to ages yet unborn appeal,
And lateſt times th' eternal nature feel.
Though blended here the praiſe of bard and
play'r.
While more than half becomes the actor's ſhare,
Relentleſs death untwiſts the mingled fame,
And ſinks the player in the poet's name.
The pliant muſcles of the various face,
The mien that gave each ſentence ſtrength and
grace,
The tuneful voice, the eye that ſpoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a ſingle trace behind.

THE LAW STUDENT *.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permeſſidos undâ? Romanum propius divitiuſque Forum eſt. MART.

Now Chriſt-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important ſtudies of the law begin.
Now groan the ſhelves beneath th' unuſual charge
Of records, ſtatutes, and reports at large.
Each claſſic author ſeeks his peaceful nook,
And modeſt Virgil yields his place to Coke.
No more, ye bards, for vain precedence hope,
But even Jacob take the lead of Pope!
While the pil'd ſhelves ſink down on one another,
And each huge folio has its cumb'rous brother,
While, arm'd with theſe, the ſtudent views with awe
His rooms become the magazine of law,
Say whence ſo few ſucceed? where thouſands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd goal of fame?
Say why Cæcilius quits a gainful trade
For regimentals, ſword, and ſmart cockade?
Or Sextus why his firſt profeſſion leaves
For narrower band, plain ſhirt, and pudding ſleeves?
The depth of law aſks ſtudy, thought, and care;
Shall we ſeek theſe in rich Alonzo's heir?
Such diligence, alas! is ſeldom found
In the briſk heir to forty thouſand pound.
Wealth, that excuſes folly, ſloth creates,
Few who can ſpend e'er learn to get eſtates,
What is to him dry caſe, or dull report,
Who ſtudies faſhions at the inns of court;
And proves that thing of emptineſs and ſhow,
That mungrel, half-form'd thing, a temple-beau?
Obſerve him daily ſaunt'ring up and down,
In purple ſlippers, and in ſilken gown;
Laſt night's debauch his morning converſation,
The coming all his evening preparation.
By law let others toil to gain renown!
Florio's a gentleman, a man o' th' town.
He nor courts clients, or the law regarding;
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden:
Yet he's a ſcholar;—mark him in the pit
With critic catcall ſound the ſtops of wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the throng,
Cenſor of ſtyle from tragedy to ſong:
Him ev'ry witling views with ſecret awe,
Deep in the drama, ſhallow in the law.
Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the ſcience they can ne'er attain:
Who write, and read, but all by fits and ſtarts,
And varniſh folly with the name of parts;
Truſt all to genius, for they ſcorn to pore,
Till e'en that little genius is no more.
Knowledge in law care only can attain,
Where honour's purchas'd at the price of pain.

If, loit'ring, up th' aſcent you ceaſe to climb,
No ſtarts of labour can redeem the time.
Induſtrious ſtudy wins by ſlow degrees,
True ſons of Coke can ne'er be ſons at eaſe.
There are, whom love of poetry has ſmit,
Who, blind to intereſt, arrant dupes to wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleaſing road,
With Attic flowers and claſſic wreaths beſtrew'd;
Wedded to verſe, embrac'd the muſe for life,
And ta'en, like modern bucks, their whores to wife.
Where'er the muſe uſurps deſpotic ſway,
All other ſtudies muſt of force give way,
Int'reſt in vain puts in her prudent claim,
Nonſuited by the pow'rful plea of fame.
As well you might weigh lead againſt a feather,
As ever jumble wit and law together.
On Lyttleton Coke gravely thus remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming temple ſparks)!
"In all our author's tenures, BE IT NOTED,
"This is the fourth time any verſe is quoted."
Which, 'gainſt the muſe and verſe, may well imply
What lawyers call a *noli proſequi*.
Quit then, dear George, O quit the barren field,
Which neither profit nor reward can yield!
What though the ſprightly ſcene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Engliſhmen unbrib'd applauſe,
Some monthly Grub, ſome Dennis of the age,
In print cries ſhame on the degen'rate ſtage *.
If haply Churchill ſtrive with generous aim,
To fan the ſparks of genius to a flame:
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
By noting thy deſert, he prove his own;
Envy ſhall ſtraight to Hamilton's repair,
And vent her ſpleen, and gall, and venom there,
Thee, and thy works, and all thy friends decry,
And boldly print and publiſh a rank lie,
Swear your own hand the flatt'ring likeneſs drew,
Swear your own breath fame's partial trumpet blew.
Well I remember oft your friends have ſaid,
(Friends, whom the ſureſt maxims ever led)
Turn parſon, Colman, that's the way to thrive:
Your parſons are the happieſt men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve, and never more,
But ſtalls untold, and biſhops, twenty-four,
Of pride and claret, ſloth and ven'ſon full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need penſive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to ſleep;
On rich preferments battens at his eaſe,
Nor ſweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.
Thus they adviſ'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, ſtick cloſe, dear Colman, to the bar!
If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder hall?

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* *In the preface to Colman's proſe, that gentleman claims the preſent performance, and ſays that it was given to our author to fill up a volume of poems publiſhed by ſubſcription.*

* *See the very curious and very ſimilar criticiſms on the comedy of the Jealous Wife, in two Reviews, together with the moſt malicious and inſolent attack on the writer, and the author of this collection, in the Critical Review for March; an injury poorly repaired by a lame apology in the Review for the ſucceeding month, containing freſh inſults on one of the injured parties.*

'Tis not enough each morn, on term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the hall to take your silent stand,
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
Marking grave serjeants cite each wise report,
And noting down sage dictums from the court,
With overwhelming brow and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.

These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
Doom'd through law's maze, without a clue, to range,
From *second Vernon* down to *second Strange*.
Do thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulness no longer on the woolpack sits;
No longer on the drawling dronish herd
Are the first honours of the law confer'd;
But they whose fame reward's due tribute draws.
Whose active merit challenges applause,
Like glorious beacons, are set high to view,
To mark the paths which genius should pursue.
O for thy spirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What bosom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from jargon born to rescue law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal saw!
To strip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry common law to common sense!

PRATT*! on thy lips persuasion ever hung!
English falls, pure as manna, from thy tongue;
On thy voice truth may rest, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY † sound the just decree.

HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICKE's well-rais'd fame,
No worthier second Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Fashion'd in black corruption's pliant school;
Form'd 'twixt the people and the crown to stand,
And hold the scales of right with even hand!
True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, see in YORKE ‡ the force of lineal worth!

But why their sev'ral merits need I tell
Why on each honour'd sage's praises dwell
WILMOT § how well his place, or FOSTER ‖ fills?
Or shrew'd sense beaming from the eye of WILLES ¶?

Such, while thou seest the public care engage,
Their fame increasing with increasing age,
Rais'd by true genius, bred in Phœbus' school,
Whose warmth of soul sound judgment knew to cool;
---With such illustrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to rise,
Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and fee,
And leave the press to ********* *** ** **

* *Afterwards Earl Camden.*

† *Afterwards Earl of Northington.*

‡ *Charles Yorke, Esq. second son of Lord Hardwicke.*

§ *Sir John Eardley Wilmot, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.*

‖ *Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.*

¶ *Sir John Willes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.*

THE POETRY PROFESSORS.

OLD ENGLAND has not lost her pray'r,
And GEORGE, (thank Heav'n!) has got an heir.
A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
---Poets! I pity all your nails---
What reams of paper will be spoil'd!
What *graduses* be daily soil'd
By inky fingers, greasy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!
Now *academics* pump their wits,
And lash in vain their lazy *tits*;
In vain they whip, and slash, and spur,
The callous jades will never stir;
Nor can they reach *Parnassus'* hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, should the tits get on for once,
Each rider is so *grave* a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges say,
'Tis ten to one they'd lose their way;
Though not one wit bestrides the back
Of useful drudge, ycleped hack,
But fine *bred things*, of *mettled blood*,
Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal *stud*.
Greek, *Roman*, nay *Arabian* steeds,
Or those our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
And to come *home* go round *about*,
Nor on the green sward, nor the road,
And that I think they call an ODE.
Some take the pleasant country air,
And smack their whips and drive a pair.
Each horse with bells which clink and chime,
And so *they* march---and that is *rhyme*.
Some copy with prodigious skill
The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall pass for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
While some, as *patriot* love prevails,
To compliment a prince of *Wales*,
Salute the royal babe in *Welsh*,
And send forth *gutturals* like a belch.
What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The *Pagan* gods shall visit earth,
To triumph in a *Christian's* birth.
While *classic* poets, pure and chaste,
Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
Shall lug them in by head and shoulders,
To be or *speakers*, or *beholders*.
MARS shall present him with a lance,
To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*:
The GRACES, buxom, blithe and gay,
Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*;
And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
Shall bring a thousand pair of *doves*
To bill, to coo, to whine, to squeak,
Through all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
How many *swains* of classic breed,
Shall *deftly* tune their *oaten* reed,
And bring their *Doric* nymphs to town,
To sing their measures *up* and *down*,

In notes *alternate*, clear, and ſweet,
Like *ballad ſingers* in a ſtreet.
While thoſe who graſp at reputation,
From *imitating imitation*,
Shall hunt each cranny, nook, and creek,
For *precious* fragments in the *Greek*,
And *rob the ſpital*, and the *waſte*,
For ſenſe, and ſentiment, and taſte.
What Latin *hodgepodge* Grecian *baſh*,
With Hebrew *roots*, and Engliſh *traſh*,
Shall academic cooks produce
For preſent ſhow and future uſe!
FELLOWS! who've ſoak'd away their knowledge,
In *ſleepy* reſidence at college;
Whoſe lives are like a ſtagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool;
Mere drinking, eating; eating, drinking;
With no impertinence of thinking;
Who lack no farther erudition,
Than juſt to *ſet* an impoſition
To cramp, demoliſh, and diſpirit,
Each true begotten child of merit;
Cenſors, who, in the day's broad light,
Puniſh the vice they act at night;
Whoſe charity with *ſelf* begins,
Nor covers others venial ſins;
But that their feet may ſafely tread,
Take up hypocriſy inſtead,
As knowing that muſt always hide
A multitude of ſins beſide;
Whoſe ruſty wit is at a ſtand,
Without a *freſh man* at their hand;
(Whoſe ſervice muſt of courſe create
The juſt return of ſev'nfold hate)
Lord! that ſuch *good* and *uſeful* men
Should ever turn to books agen.
YET matter muſt be gravely plann'd,
And ſyllables on fingers ſcann'd,
And racking pangs rend lab'ring head,
Till lady muſe is brought-to-bed:
What hunting, changing, toiling, ſweating,
To bring the uſual epithet in!
Where the crampt meaſure kindly ſhows
It *will* be verſe, but *ſhould* be proſe.
So, when its neither light nor dark,
To 'prentice ſpruce, or lawyer's clerk,
The nymph, who takes her nightly ſtand
At ſome ſly corner in the Strand,
Plump in the cheſt, tight in the boddice,
Seems to the eye a perfect goddeſs;
But canvaſs'd more minutely o'er,
Turns out an old, ſtale, batter'd whore.
Yet muſt theſe ſons of GOWNED EASE,
Proud of the plumage of *degrees*,
Forſake their APATHY a while,
To figure in the *Roman* ſtyle,
And offer incenſe at the ſhrine
Of LATIN POETRY *divine*:
Upon a throne the goddeſs ſits,
Surrounded by her *bulky* wits;
FABRICIUS, COOPER CALEPINE,
AINSWORTHIUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE;
And he, who like DODONA ſpoke,
DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE;
Theſe are her counſellors of ſtate,
Men of much words, and wits of *weight*;
Here GRADUS, full of *phraſes cleber*,
Lord of her *treaſury* for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Seals*.
Next to the perſon of the queen,
Old madam PROSODY is ſeen;
Talking inceſſant, although dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.
And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the *Latin* tongue;
Italian, *Engliſh*, *German*, *French*,
Who moſt laborioufly entrench
In deep parade of language *dead*,
What would not in their *own* be read,
Without impeachment of that TASTE,
Which LATIN IDIOM turns to *chaſte*.
SANTOLIUS here, whoſe flippant joke,
Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloke:
With dull COMMIRIUS at his ſide,
In all the pomp of Jeſuit pride.
MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
A trifler with a ſolemn air:
And there in looſe, unſeemly view,
The graceleſs, eaſy LOVELING *too*.
'Tis here grave poets urge their claim,
For ſome thin blaſt of tinſy fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praiſe,
With half a ſprig of *wither'd* bays.
O poet, if that honour'd name
Befits ſuch idle childiſh aim;
If VIRGIL aſk thy ſacred care,
If HORACE charm thee, Oh, forbear
To ſpoil with ſacreligeous hand
The glories of the CLASSIC land!
Nor ſow thy *dowlas* on the SATIN,
Of *their* pure uncorrupted Latin.
Better be native in thy verſe,——
What is FINGAL but genuine *Erſe*?
Which all ſublime ſonorous flows,
Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken proſe.
Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but moſt the pow'rs of ſong;
Whether the rude unpoliſh'd *Erſe*
Stalk in the buckram *proſe* or *verſe*,
Or bonny RAMSAY pleaſe thee *mo'*,
Who *ſung ſae* ſweetly *aw* his woe.
If ought (and ſay who knows ſo well!)
The ſecond-ſighted muſe can tell,
The happy LAIRDS ſhall laugh and ſing,
When ENGLAND's GENIUS droops his wing.
So ſhall thy ſoil new wealth diſcloſe,
So thy own THISTLE choke the ROSE.
But what comes here? Methinks I ſee
A *walking* univerſity.
See how they preſs to croſs the TWEED,
And ſtrain their limbs with eager ſpeed!
While SCOTLAND, from her *fertile* ſhore,
Cries, On my ſons, return no more.
Hither they haſte with willing mind,
Nor caſt one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* carriage to ſalute,
The k——, and q——n, and EARL OF BUTE.
No more the gallant *northern* ſons
Spout forth their ſtrings of *Latin* puns;
Nor *courſe* all languages to frame,
The quibble ſuited to their name;

As when their anceſtors *be-wers'd*,
That *glorious* STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
But with that elocution's GRACE,
That oratorial flaſhy *lace*,
Which the fam'd *Iriſh* TOMMY PUFF,
Would ſow on ſentimental *ſtuff*;
Twang with a ſweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan;
While JACKEY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got penſion neat and clear
Three hundred *Engliſh* pounds a-year.
While ſiſter PEG, our *ancient Friend*,
Sends MACS and DONALDS without end;
To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raiſe,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illuſtrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.
Hail to the THANE, whoſe *patriot* ſkill
Can break all nations to his will;
Maſter of ſciences and arts,
MÆCENAS to all men of parts;
Whoſe feſt'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find *us* all in places fit;
So ſhall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a ſettled home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born,
To fill her almoſt empty horn:
Hail to thy ancient glorious *ſtem*,
NOT THEY *from kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY BOX, 1757.

"Vos ſapere et ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum,
"Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis."
HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one-horſe chair,
Old *Deboin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,
Admires its views, its ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her oration.
What ſignify the loads of wealth,
Without that richeſt jewel, health?
Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
Is more than human ſtrength can bear.
One may obſerve it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exerciſe and country air.
Sir Traffic has a houſe, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not ſo *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to ſneer—
One would not be out-done my dear!
Sir Traffic's name ſo well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife.
Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon,
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his country box.
Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the Bear
You're ſet down at the very door.
Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt,
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.
Well to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
It is a charming ſpot of ground;
So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
And all about ſo *countrified!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradiſe;
I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
Thoſe ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
We build a railing, all Chineſe.
Although one hates to be expos'd;
'Tis diſmal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object ſees—
I wiſh you'd ſell thoſe odious trees.
Objects continual paſſing by
Were ſomething to amuſe the eye,
But to be pent within the walls---
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our houſe, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little manſion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's country ſeat.
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's TASTE can never fail.
Bleſt age! when all men may procure,
The title of a connoiſſeur;
When noble and ignoble herd,
Are govern'd by a ſingle word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears an hundred Chriſtian names;
As genius, fancy, judgment, goût,
Whim, caprice, je-ne-ſcai-quoi, virtù
Which appellations all deſcribe
TASTE, and the modern *taſteful* tribe.

Now bricklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chineſe artiſts, and deſigners,
Produce their ſchemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The uſeful dome, which ſecret ſtood,
Emboſom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
The trav'ler with amazement ſees
A temple, Gothic, or Chineſe,
With many a bell, and tawdry rag on,
And creſted with a ſprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent aſtride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From halfpenny's exact deſigns.
In front, a level lawn is ſeen,
Without a ſhrub upon the green,
Where taſte would want its firſt great law,
But for the ſkulking, ſly *ha-ha*,
By whoſe miraculous aſſiſtance,
You gain a proſpect two fields diſtance.
And now from Hyde-Park corner come
The gods of Athens, and of Rome.
Here ſquabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumſy graces:
Apollo there, with aim ſo clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thriſty has a taſte;
And madam's female friends, and couſins,
With common-council-men, by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the feat,
To ſtare about them, and to eat.

GENIUS, ENVY, AND TIME.

A FABLE.

Addreſſed to William Hogarth, Eſq.

In all profeſſionary ſkill,
There never was, nor ever will
Be excellence, or exhibition,
But fools are up in oppoſition:
Each letter'd, grave, pedantic dunce
Wakes from his lethargy at once,
Shrugs, ſhakes his head, and rubs his eyes,
And, being dull, looks wond'rous wiſe,
With ſolemn phiz, and critic ſcowl,
The wiſdom of his brother owl.
MODERNS! He hates the very name;
Your ancients have preſcriptive claim:---
But let a century be paſt,
And we have taſte and wit at laſt;
For at that period moderns too
Juſt turn the corner of *virtu*.
But merit now has little claim
To any meed of preſent fame,
For 'tis not worth that get you friends,
'Tis excellence that moſt offends.
If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
Shows taſte and ſkill in every part;
If, ever juſt to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here ſhall envy take her aim,
— — — write and — — — blame.

The JEALOUS WIFE, though chaſtely writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall ſet a ſcribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who ſhow their teeth before they bite,
And ſacrifice each reputation,
From wanton falſe imagination.
Theſe obſervations, rather ſtale,
May borrow ſpirit from a tale.
GENIUS, a buſtling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and ſtarts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot, or a poem,
From eccentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, deſign, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the leaſt conſtraint,
Who hated all pedantic ſchools,
And ſcorn'd the glofs of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*,
And give the ſame ſufficient rule
To make a poem, as a ſtool—.
From the firſt ſpring time of his youth,
Was downright worſhipper of truth;
And with a free and liberal ſpirit,
His courtſhip paid to lady MERIT.
ENVY, a ſquint-ey'd, mere old maid,
Well known among the ſcribbling trade;
A hag, ſo very, very rhin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-ſkin;
Who could not for her ſoul abide
That folks ſhould praiſe where ſhe muſt chide,
Follow'd the youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;
Would lies, and plots and miſchief hatch,
To ruin HIM and ſpoil the match.
Honour ſhe held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of *faction*, gang, alliance,
As if the real ſons of taſte
Had clubb'd to lay a DESERT waſte.
In ſhort, whetever GENIUS came,
You'd find this antiquated dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd MERIT by a thouſand names,
Which decency or truth diſclaims,
While all her buſineſs, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lie, compare,
To pull the modeſt maiden down,
And blaſt her fame to all the town.
The youth, inflam'd with conſcious pride,
To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
Who gave his anſwer thus in rhyme,
By his chief miniſter, Old TIME.
" Repine not at what pedants ſay,
" We'll bring thee forward on the way;
" If wither'd ENVY ſtrive to hurt
" With lies, with impudence and dirt,
" You only pay a common tax
" Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
" Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
" Thy ſtrength is in its prime; my boy,

" And ev'ry year thy vigour grows,
" Impairs the credit of my foes.
" Envy shall sink, and be no more
" Than what her Naiads were before;
" Mere excremental maggots, bred,
" In poet's topsy-turvy head,
" Born like a momentary fly,
" To flutter, buzz about, and die.
" Yet, Genius, mark what I presage,
" Who look through every distant age:
" Merit shall bless thee with her charms,
" Fame lift thy off-spring in her arms,
" And stamp eternity of grace
" On all thy numerous various race.
" Roubilliac, Wilton, names as high
" As *Phidias* of antiquity,
" Shall strength, expression, manner give,
" And make e'en marble breathe and live;
" While Sigismunda's deep distress,
" Which looks the soul of wretchedness,
" When I, with slow and soft'ning pen,
" Have gone o'er all the tints agen,
" Shall urge a bold and proper claim
" To level half the ancient fame:
" While future ages yet unknown
" With critic air shall proudly own
" Thy Hogarth first of every clime
" For humour keen, or strong sublime,
" And hail him from his fire and spirit,
" The child of Genius and of Merit."

THE HARE AND TORTOISE. 1757.

A FABLE.

Genius, best term of meaning wide,
For sure no term so misapply'd,
How many bear thy sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'd inclination.
But yet suppose a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ me or you;
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition,
Should he rely alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts,
Sure of success where'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?
Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold, if you will, for value's sake;
Its springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?
Some genial spark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your bosom plays:
O how the purer rays aspire,
If application fans the fire!
Without it genius vainly tries,
However sometimes it seems to rise:
Nay application will prevail
When braggart parts and genius fail;
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.
In days of yore, when time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,
When use of speech was not confin'd,
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd *beat them hollow*,
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.
A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my shell upon the trial.
'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scamp'ring hare outstript the wind,
The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When puss had almost reach'd the goal.
Friend tortoise, quoth the jeering hare,
Your burden's more than you can bear,
To help your speed, it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell:
Jog on a little faster pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure?
Where e'er he walk'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.
The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to *persevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who should say,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss unknowing soundly slept.
The bets were won, the hare awake,
When thus the victor tortoise spake.
Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts,
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *slow and steady* wins the race.

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR. 1757.

Words are, so Wollaston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a pow'r at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now *damn'd* for instance—all agree,
Damn'd 's the *superlativ degree*;
Means *that* alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore;
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own,
But signifies or bad or good
Just as its neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough.
Damn'd high, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd* stuff

So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
The wit with metaphors makes bold,
And tells you he's *damnation* cold;
Perhaps, that metaphor forgot,
The ſelf-ſame wit's *damnation* hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once in the middle of December,
When ev'ry mead in ſnow is loſt,
And ev'ry river bound with froſt,
When families get all together,
And feelingly talk o'er the weather;
When—pox on the deſcriptive rhyme—
In ſhort it was the winter time.
It was a pedlar's happy lot,
To fall into a ſatyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almoſt froze,
With pearly drop upon his noſe,
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death.
He blew upon them with his breath.
"Friend, quoth the ſatyr, what intends
"That blowing on thy fingers ends?
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
"For they are froze as cold as ſnow.
"And ſo inclement has it been
"I'm like a cake of ice within."
Come, quoth the ſatyr, comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy infide, if I can;
You're welcome in my homely cottage
To a warm fire, and meſs of pottage.
This ſaid, the ſatyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of ſav'ry broth,
Which with delight the pedlar view'd,
As ſmoking on the board it ſtood.
But, though the very ſteam aroſe
With grateful odour to his noſe,
One ſingle ſip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was ſo wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, till it's cool enough.
Why, how now, pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing! quoth the ſatyr.
I blow to cool it, cries the clown,
That I may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, ſir, as hot as hell
Then raiſing high his cloven ſtump,
The ſatyr ſmote him on the rump.
"Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
"With the ſame breath to warm and cool:
"Friendſhip with ſuch I never hold
"Who're ſo *damn'd* hot, and ſo *damn'd* cold."

THE NIGHTINGALE, THE OWL, AND THE CUCKOW.

A FABLE.

Addreſſed to David Garrick, Eſq. on the report of his retiring from the Stage, Dec. 1760.

CRITICS, who like the ſcarecrows ſtand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with ſeverity of ſenſe,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all ſublime,
Whether you write in proſe or rhyme.
And yet the truth may loſe its grace,
If blurted to a perſon's face;
Eſpecially if what you ſpeak
Should crimſon o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that ſlaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praiſe before him,
However juſt the application,
It looks a-ſquint at adulation.
I would be honeſt and ſincere,
But not a flatterer, or ſevere.
Need I be ſurly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?
And ſhe, good dame, with beauty's queen,
Was not at all times naked ſeen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident ſhe loſt her clothes,
When falſehood ſtole them to diſguiſe
Her miſbegotten brood of lies.
Why ſhould the prudiſh goddeſs dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that ſhe is in pitious fright,
Leſt, riſing up to mortal ſight,
The modeſt world ſhould fleer and flout her.
With not a rag of clothes about her?
Yet ſhe might wear a proper dreſs
And keep her eſſence ne'ertheleſs,
So Delia's boſom ſtill will riſe,
And faſcinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck ſhe draws,
The decent ſhade of ſpecious gauze,
I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to?——Sirs,

A FABLE.

WHEN birds allow'd the eagle's ſway,
Ere eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His royal majeſty of air
Took muſic underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded concerts ev'ry night.
Here every bird of parts might enter,
The nightingale was made precentor;
Under whoſe care and juſt direction,
Merit was ſure to meet protection.
The lark, the blackbird, and the robin
This concert always bore a bob in:
The beſt performers all were in it,
The thruſh, canary-bird, and linnet.
But birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've ſmalleſt claim.
The ſtaring owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his ſervice for a flute.
The cuckow needs would join the band;
"The thruſh is but a paultry hand:
"And I can beſt ſupply that place,
"For I've a ſhake, a twell, a grace."
The manager their ſuit preferr'd:
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;
Yet each their ſeveral praiſes miſs'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiſs'd.
The cuckow hence, with rancour ſtirr'd,
(A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of naſty hue, and body ſcabby,
No would-be-play-wright half ſo ſhabby)

Reviles, abuſes, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And ſtrikes at nightingale or lark,
Like Liſbon ruffians, in the dark.
The owl harangues the gaping throng
On *pow'rs*, and excellence of ſong,
" The blackbird's note has loſt its force;
" The nightingale is downright hoarſe;
" The linnet's harſh; the robin ſhrill;
" —The ſparrow has prodigious ſkill!"
At length they had what they deſir'd:
The ſkilful nightingale retir'd.
When folly came, with wild uproar,
And harmony was heard no more.

A TALE.

VENUS, of laughter queen and love,
The greateſt demirep above,
Who ſcorn'd reſtriction, hated cuſtom,
Knew her own ſex too well to truſt 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere traſh,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an oaf is,
According to appointment, came
To ſee CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whoſe praiſe by Dryden's ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own;
And who hath been for many years
The chief directreſs of the ſpheres.
Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a ſtar,
Who, in the honeſt way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down, and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.
But, truth to ſay, I cannot tell
Whether it knocker was or bell,
(This for vertù an anecdote is),
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the ſky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm ſure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with ſkill.
Methinks I hear the reader cry—
His part with ſkill? why, you or I,
Or any body elſe, as well
As Thomas, ſure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of ſkill in knocking at a door.
Poor low-liv'd creature! I ſuppoſe,
Nay, and am ſure, you're one of thoſe
Who, at what door ſoe'er they be,
Will always knock in the ſame key.
Thinking that bell and knocker too
Were found out nothing elſe to do,
But to inform the houſe, no doubt,
That there was ſomebody without,
Who, if they might ſuch favour win,
Would rather chooſe to be within.
But had our ſervants no more ſenſe,
Lord! what muſt be the conſequence?
Error would error ſtill purſue,
And ſtriſe and anarchy enſue,
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence ſhe declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy is decreed,
Through all her niceties muſt bleed.
For if there was not to be found
Some wholeſome difference of ſound,
But the ſame rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordſhip hop'd to ſee
Some raſcal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy ſtill,
The ſtupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might paſs through all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.
My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage ſtiff, and formal face,
Which, ſhe deceiv'd, had taken care
For ſome inferior to prepare;
Or might ſome wretch from Lombard-ſtreet
With greater eaſe and freedom meet,
Than ſenſe of honour will admit
Between my lady and a cit.
Thoſe evils wiſely to prevent,
And root out care and diſcontent,
Ev'ry gay ſmart, who rides behind,
With roſe and bag in taſte refin'd,
Muſt muſic fully underſtand,
Have a nice ear and ſkilful hand;
At ev'ry turn be always ſound
A perfect connoiſſeur in ſound;
Through all the gamut ſkilful fly,
Varying his notes, now low, now high,
According as he ſhifts his place;
Now hoarſely grumbling in the baſe,
Now turning tenor, and again
To treble raiſing his ſhrill ſtrain;
So to declare, where'er he be,
His maſter's fortune and degree,
By the diſtinguiſhing addreſs,
Which he'll upon the door expreſs.
Thomas, whom I have nam'd before
As ringing at CÆCILIA's door,
Was perfect maſter of this art,
And vers'd alike in ev'ry part:
So that Cæcilia knew, before
Her footman came unto the door,
And in due form had told her ſo,
That Madam VENUS was below.
The doors immediate open flew,
The GODDESS, without more ado,
Diſplaying beauty's thouſand airs,
Skim'd through the hall, and tripp'd up ſtairs.
CÆCILIA met her with a ſmile
Of great delight, when all the while,
If her falſe heart could have been ſeen,
She wiſh'd ſhe had at Cyprus been.

But ladies, ſkill'd in forms and arts,
Don't in their faces wear their hearts,
And thoſe above, like thoſe below,
Deal frequently in outſide ſhow,
And always to keep up parade,
Have a ſmile by them ready made.
The forms, which ladies when they meet
Muſt for good manners' ſake repeat,
As *humble ſervant, how d'you do,*
And in return, *pray how are you?*
Enrich'd at ev'ry proper ſpace,
With due integuments of lace,
As Madam, Grace, and Godeſhip,
Which we for brevity ſhall ſkip,
Happily paſt, in elbow-chair
At length our ladies ſeated are.
Indiff'rent ſubjects firſt they chooſe,
And talk of weather and the news.
That done, they ſit upon the ſtate,
And ſnarl at the decrees of fate,
Invectives againſt Jove are hurl'd,
And they alone ſhould rule the world.
Dull politics at length they quit,
And by ill-nature ſhow their wit;
For hand in hand, too well we know,
Theſe intimates are ſaid to go,
So that where either doth preſide
T' others' exiſtence is implied.
The man of wit, ſo men decree,
Muſt without doubt ill-natur'd be;
And the ill-natur'd ſcarce forgets
To rank himſelf among the wits.
Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And moſt minutely could advance
Each intereſting circumſtance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Diſplay'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, obſerv'd, enlarg'd, applied;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In ſuch a way each tale rehearſe
As good made bad, and bad made worſe:
CÆCILIA too, with ſaint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a ſaint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or ſhine, her church ne'er miſt,
Prude, devotee, and Methodiſt,
With equal zeal the cauſe promoted,
Miſconſtru'd things, and words miſquoted,
Miſrepreſented, miſapplied,
And, inſpiration being her guide,
The very heart of man diſſected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongſt us, the ſanctified,
In all the ſpirituals of pride,
Whoſe honeſt conſciences ne'er reſted,
Till of carnalities diveſted,
They knew and felt themſelves t' inherit
A double portion of the ſpirit:
Who from one church to th' other roam,
Whilſt their poor children ſtarve at home,
Conſid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who ſent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To ſee their ev'ry want ſupplied;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors ſhould pay,
And hold that choſen veſſels muſt
Be generous before they're juſt,
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er Heaven their debts to pay,
And ſerve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilſt nought hereafter can prevent,
Their ſure reward of *cent. per cent.*
Who honeſt labour ſcorn, and ſay
None need to work who love to pray,
For Heaven will ſatisfy their cravings,
By ſending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their ſpirits fail,
A diſh of manna, or a quail;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham-Court
In furious fits of zeal reſort,
Praiſe what they do not underſtand,
Turn up the eye, ſtretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilſt ——— blows
The twang of nonſenſe through his noſe,
Or ——— deals in ſpeculation,
Or ——— hums his congregation,
Or ——— talks with the Lord of Hoſts,
——— with pillars and with poſts:
Who ſtrictly watch, leſt Satan ſhould,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Enſnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor ſouls be taken napping;
Who ſtrictly faſt, becauſe they find,
The fleſh ſtill wars againſt the mind,
And fleſh of ſaints, like ſinner's, muſt
Be mortified, to keep down luſt;
Who, four times in the year at leaſt,
Join feaſt of love to love of feaſt,
Which, though the profligate and vain
In terms of blaſphemy profane,
Yet all the ceremony here is,
Pure as the myſteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themſelves ſalvation's ſeal,
And will not, muſt not, dare not doubt,
That Heav'n itſelf can't blot it out;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to ſcandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't ſerve Heav'n ſo well,
As with its creatures filling hell;
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They ſave themſelves, damn all beſide.
For perſons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others ſcorn, and ſeem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their ſpleen in tales of ſpite,
And think they raiſe their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with moſt ſucceſs,
Becauſe they charity profeſs,
And make the outſide of religion,
Like Mahomet's inſpiring pigeon,

To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough ſure that ——— ſaid it.
But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever ſuch an hodgepodge ſeen?
VENUS, CÆCILIA, ſaints, and whores,
Thomas, Veriù bells knockers doors,
Lords, rogues, relations, ladies, cits,
Stars, flambeaux, thunderbolts, horns, wits,
Vulcan, and cuckold-maker, ſcandal,
Muſic, and footmen, ear of Handel,
Weather, news, envy, politics,
Intrigues, and women's thouſand tricks,
Prudes, Methodiſts, and devotees,
Faſtings, feaſts, pray'rs, and charities,
Ceres, with her myſterious train,
———, ———, ———, and ———,
Fleſh, ſpirit, love, hate, and religion,
A quail, a raven, and a pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large diſh,
Red-herring, bread, fowl, fleſh, and fiſh.
Where's the connection, where's the plan,
The devil ſure is in the man.
All in an inſtant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world;
Yet find no reaſon for it—mum—
There, my good critic, lies the hum—
Well, but methinks, it would avail
To know the end of this—A TALE.

SHAKSPEARE.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much induſtry and pains,
Much twiſting of the wit and brains,
Tranſlation has unlock'd the ſtore,
And ſpread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his ſcenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.
No more ſhall taſte preſume to ſpeak
From its encloſures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.
Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
"'Tis blaſphemy againſt that ſtage,
"Which Æſchylus his warmth deſign'd,
"Euripides his taſte refin'd,
"And Sophocles his laſt direction,
"Stamp'd with the ſignet of perfection."
Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real:
For excellence was never hit
In the firſt eſſays of man's wit.
Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
Preclude the moderns from their claim?
Muſt they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buſkins or in ſocks.
Muſt they be damn'd as heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the claſſic pale?
'Tis ſtuff that bears the name of knowledge,
Not current half a mile from college;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Before I ſpeak of times of yore)
Than juſt a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark:
As ruſhlights in a ſpacious room,
Juſt burn enough to form a gloom.
When Shakſpeare leads the mind a dance,
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chaſe.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakſpeare, every where.
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring paſt and preſent cloſe together,
In ſpite of diſtance, ſeas, or weather;
And ſhut up in a ſingle action
What coſt whole years in its tranſaction.
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the univerſe about,
Whoſe geographical account
Is drawn and pictured on the mount:
Yet, when they pleaſe, contract the plan,
And ſhut the world up in a fan.
True genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raiſe the ſpring from barren land.
While all the art of imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the firſt creation;
Tranſplanting flowers, with uſeleſs toil,
Which wither in a foreign ſoil.
As conſcience often ſets us right
By its interior active light,
Without th' aſſiſtance of the laws
To combat in the moral cauſe;
So genius, of itſelf diſcerning,
Without the myſtic rules of learning,
Can, from its preſent intuition,
Strike at the truth of compoſition.
Yet thoſe who breathe the claſſic vein,
Enliſted in the mimic train,
Who ride their ſteed with double bit,
Ne'er run away with by their wit,
Delighted with the pomp of rules,
The ſpecious pedantry of ſchools,
(Which rules, like crutches, ne'er became
Of any uſe but to the lame,)
Purſue the method ſet before 'em;
Talk much of order, and decorum,
Of probability, of fiction,
Of manners, ornament, and diction,
And with a jargon of hard names,
(A privilege which dulneſs claims,
And merely us'd by way of fence,
To keep out plain and common ſenſe),
Extol the wit of ancient days,
The ſimple fabric of their plays;
Then from the fable, all ſo chaſte,
I rick'd up in ancient-modern taſte,
So mighty gentle all the while,
In ſuch a ſweet deſcriptive ſtyle,
While chorus marks the ſervile mode
With fine reflection, in an ode,
Preſent you with a perfect piece,
Form'd on the model of old Greece.
Come, pr'ythee critic, ſet before us,
The uſe and office of a chorus.
What! ſilent! why then, I'll produce
Its ſervices from ancient uſe.

'Tis to be ever on the ſtage,
Attendants upon grief or rage;
To be an arrant go between,
Chief-mourner at each diſmal ſcene;
Showing its ſorrow, or delight,
By ſhifting dances, left and right,
Not much unlike our modern notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* motions;
To watch upon the deep diſtreſs,
And plaints of royal wretchedneſs;
And when, with tears, and execration,
They've pour'd out all their lamentation,
And wept whole cataracts from their eyes,
To call on rivers for ſupplies,
And with their *bais*, and *bees*, and *bees*,
To make a ſymphony of woes.
Doubtleſs the ancients want the art
To ſtrike at once upon the heart:
Or why their prologues of a mile
In ſimple—call it—humble ſtyle,
In unimpaſſion'd phraſe to ſay
" 'Fore the beginning of this play,
" I, hapleſs Polydore, was found
" By fiſhermen, or others drown'd!"
Or, " I, a gentleman, did wed,
" The lady I wou'd never bed,
" Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
" Who's coming hither to draw water."
Or need the chorus to reveal
Reflections, which the audience feel;
And jog them, leſt attention ſink,
To tell them how and what to think!
Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
Could look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?
He ſcorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakſpeare, thus, who ſtands alone—
—But why repeat what *you* have ſhown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts muſt tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

If at a tavern, where you'd wiſh to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, reſolve me, critics, for you can,
Send for the maſter up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knaviſh buſineſs drives,
But tell me what's the maſter who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and ſure the doctrine's true,
Which ſays, no quarter to a foul review.
It matters not who vends the nauſeous ſlop,
Maſter or 'prentice; we deteſt the ſhop.
Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or cenſur'd with an open face:
Boldly purſu'd the free deciſive taſk,
Nor ſtabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's maſk.
To works not men, with honeſt warmth, ſevere,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble ſkill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its ſtrongeſt light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
But, as all ſtates are ſubject to decay,
The ſtate of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling ſound,
Softneſs now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, fought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of ſlaves.
In claſſic lore, deep ſcience, language dead,
Thou modern witlings are but ſcantly read,
Profeſſors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praiſe of either, with the want of all:
Hail'd mighty critics to this preſent hour.
—The tribune's name ſurviv'd the tribune's pow'r.
Now quack and critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontleſs both, they mean the ſame;
This raw in phyſic, that in letters freſh,
Both ſpring, like warts, excreſcence from the fleſh.
Half form'd, half bred in printer's hireling ſchools,
For all profeſſions have their rogues and fools,
Though the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Caſts no reflection on the wiſe or brave.
Yet, in theſe leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulneſs, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainſt author rails with venom curſt,
And happy he who calls out blockhead firſt;
From the low earth aſpiring genius ſprings,
And fails triumphant, born on eagle wings.
No toothleſs ſpleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee, Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and ſhines out fool to lateſt time.
Pity perhaps might wiſh a harmleſs fool
To 'ſcape th' obſervance of the critic ſchool;
But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, riſe,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with lies;
Should wakeful dulneſs, if ſhe ever wake,
Write ſleepy nonſenſe but for writing's ſake,
And, ſtung with rage, and piouſly ſevere,
Wiſh bitter comforts to your dying ear;
If ſome ſmall wit, ſome ſilk-lin'd verſeman, rakes,
For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,
Talents uſurp'd demand a cenſor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proſcrib'd in ev'ry age
Courtier, phyſician, lawyer, parſon, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone,
To make that weapon, ridicule, your own?
Profeſſions bleed not from his juſt attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the ſtage are fools the ſame,
And every dunce is ſatire's lawful game.

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* *The author takes this opportunity, notwithſtanding all inſinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whoſe ability he ſufficiently acknowledges.*

Freely you thought, where thought has freeſt room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?
Though Gray's-Inn wits with author ſquires unite,
And ſelf-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointleſs ſatire make its weak eſcape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly purſue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics ſay.
Firm in thyſelf, with calm indifference ſmile,
When the wiſe vet'ran knows you by your ſtyle,
With critic ſcales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or you, or he, or no one writ;
Denying thee thy juſt and proper worth,
But to give falſehood's ſpurious iſſue birth;
And all ſelf-will'd with lawleſs hand to raiſe
Malicious ſlander on the baſe of praiſe.
Diſgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Of fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But ſhrewd ſuſpicion with her ſquinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whiſper'd lie.
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wiſhes, and with joy deceives.
The world, a pompous name, by cuſtom due
To the ſmall circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And ſends the whiſper buzzing through the ſtreets,
The prude demure, with ſober ſaint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for ſhe's wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiſcreet:
She hopes the nymph will every danger ſhun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
Mean time ſits watching for the daily lie,
As ſpiders lurk to catch a ſimple fly.
Yet is not ſcandal to one ſex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind.
Yet, this great lord, creation's maſter, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For inſtance now, your Roſciad, all to me.
If partial friendſhip, in thy ſterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praiſe,
Critics, who judge by ways themſelves have known,
Shall ſwear the praiſe, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in theſe learned days
For wits to ſcribble firſt, and after praiſe.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched ſtuff,
And help out nonſenſe by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,
And deſcant ſweetly on their own dear ſelves;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade.
Reſerv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My muſe e'er ſought to blaſt another's fame.
With willing hand could twine a rival's bays,
From candour ſilent where ſhe could not praiſe:
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor or mimic, printer, or reviewer;
Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaſeleſs venom ſpread
Still hiſs out ſcandal from their Hydra head;
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herſelf would wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with juſtice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works. I would not know the men:
All in their turns might make reprifals too,
Had all the patience but to tread them through.
Come, to the utmoſt, probe the deſperate wound,
Nor ſpare the knife where'er infection's found!
But, prudence, Churchill, or her ſiſter, fear,
Whiſpers forbearance to my fright'ned ear,
Oh! then with me forſake the thorny road,
Leſt we ſhould flounder in ſome Fleet-Ditch ode,
And ſunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of mud.
Hail mighty ode! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your nitches, planted thick and thin,
Will ſerve to cram the random hero in..
Hail mighty hard too—whatſoe'er thy name,
——— or Durfy, for it's all the ſame.
To brother bards ſhall equal praiſe belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy, and ſong?
No coſtive muſe is thine, which freely rakes
With eaſe familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in ſkill to ſouſe through foul and fair,
And toſs the dung out with a *lordly* air.
So have I ſeen, amidſt the grinning throng,
The ſledge proceſſion ſlowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female ſhrew and hen-peck'd male
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd burſts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And daſh'd and ſplaſh'd the filthy grains about.
Quit then, my friend, the muſe's lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.
Be ſolemn, ſad, put on the prieſtly frown,
Be dull! 'tis ſacred, and becomes the gown.
Leave wit to others, do a Chriſtian deed, [need.
Your foes ſhall thank you, for they know their
Broad is the path by learning's ſons poſſeſs'd,
A thouſand modern wits might walk abreaſt,
Did not each poet mourn his luckleſs doom,
Joſtled by pedants out of elbow room.
I, who nor court their love, nor fear their hate,
Muſt mourn in ſilence o'er the muſe's fate.
No right of common now on Pindus' hill,
While all our tenures are by critic's will;
Where, watchful guardians of the lady muſe,
Dwell monſtrous giants, dreadful tall Reviews,
Who, as we read in fam'd romance of yore,
Sound but a horn, preſs forward to the door:
But let ſome chief, ſome bold advent'rous knight,
Provoke theſe champions to an equal fight,
Strait into air to ſpaceleſs nothing fall
The caſtle, lions, giants, dwarf and all.
Ill it befits with undiſcerning rage,
To cenſure giants in this poliſh'd age.
No lack of genius ſtains theſe happy times,
No want of learning, and no dearth of rhymes.
The ſee-ſaw muſe that flows by *meaſur'd* laws,
In tuneful numbers, and affected pauſe,
With ſound alone, ſound's happy virtue fraught,
Which hates the trouble and expence of thought,
Once, every moon throughout the circling year,
With even cadence charms the critic ear.

While, dire promoter of poetic sin,
A *magazine* must hand the lady in.
How *moderns* write, how nervous, strong and well,
The ANTI-ROSCIAD's decent muse *does* tell:
Who, while she strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
Daubs with her praise, and rubs him into dirt.
Sure never yet was happy era known
So gay, so wise, so *tasteful* as our own.
Our curious histories rise at once COMPLETE,
Yet still *continued*, as they're paid, per sheet.
See every science which the world would know,
Your magazines shall every month bestow,
Whose very titles fill the mind with awe,
Imperial, Christian. Royal, British, Law;
Their rich contents will every reader fit,
Statesman, Divine, Philosopher, and Wit; [once,
Compendious schemes! which teach all things at
And make a pedant coxcomb of a dunce.
But let not anger with such frenzy grow,
Drawcansir like, to strike down friend and foe,
To real worth be homage duly paid,
But no allowance to the paltry trade.
My friends I name not (though I boast a few,
To me an honour, and to letters too)
Fain would I praise, but, when such *things* oppose,
My praise of course must make them ——'s foes.
If manly JOHNSON, with satyric rage,
Lash the dull follies of a trifling age,
If his strong muse with genuine strength aspire,
Glows not the reader with the poet's fire?
HIS the true fire, where creep the witling fry
To warm themselves, and light their rushlights by.
What muse like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive flow
Attemper'd sweetly to the rustic woe?
Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master pour forth thoughts of fire?
E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
Boast we *true critics* in their proper right,
While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste unite.
Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the muse's page,
Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife:
Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
Should mark each passage to the human heart,
But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.
To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not asham'd to bow.
To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757.

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we deal no more in
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.
But still you cry in sober sadness,
"There is discretion ev'n in madness,"
A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
Because I find a poet said it;
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known liars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still;
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.
Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his witches, fairies, fools:
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all enclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Nor e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
Its airy summit in the clouds,
While round its root still love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.
"But Shakspeare's all creative fancy
"Made others love extravagancy;
"While cloud-capt nonsense was their aim,
"Like Hurlothrumbo's mad Lord Flame."
True—who can stop dull imitators?
Those younger brothers of translators,
Those insects, which from genius rise,
And buzz about, in swarms, like flies?
Fashion, that sets the modes of dress,
Sheds too her influence o'er the press:
As formerly the sons of rhyme
Sought Shakspeare's fancy and sublime
By cool correctness now they hope
To emulate the praise of Pope.
But Pope and Shakspeare both disclaim
Those low retainers to their fame.
What task can dullness e'er effect
So easy, as to write *correct?*
Poets, 'tis said, are sure to split
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miss their mark and follow neither;
They so exactly poise the scale
That neither measure will prevail,
And mediocrity the muse
Did never in her sons excuse,
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taste,
And every senseless line is dress
In quaint expression's tinsel vest,
Say, did you never chance to meet
A monsieur barber in the street,
Whose ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers ends,
His olive-tann'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dresden laces,

While for the body Monſieur Puff,
Would think e'en dowlas fine enough?
So fares it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry clothes,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly ſtrip them to the ſhirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.
And ſhall theſe wretches bards commence,
Without or ſpirit taſte, or ſenſe?
And when they bring no other treaſure,
Shall I admire them for their meaſure?
Or do I ſcorn the critic's rules
Becauſe I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full mouth'd proſe
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionyſius' learned taſte
Is ever manly, juſt, and chaſte,
Who, like a ſkilful wiſe phyſician,
Diſſects each part of compoſition,
And ſhows how beauty ſtrikes the ſoul
From a juſt compact of the whole;
Though judgment in Quintilian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I diſdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all thoſe empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow ſcience mocks
Damn with the name of het'rodox.
Theſe butchers of a poet's fame,
While they uſurp the critic's name,
Cry—"This is taſte—that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you ſeen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the priſoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praiſe,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, "You'll ſuffer for your daring,
"And d—n you, you ſhall pay for ſwearing."
Then turning, tell th' aſtoniſh'd ring,
I ſit to repreſent the KING.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME. 1757.

Has my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentle name of wild;
If cheſts he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks:
The mother's fondneſs ſtamps it merit,
For vices are a ſign of ſpirit.
Say, do the neighbours think the ſame
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries goſſip Prate, "I hear with grief
"My neighbour's ſon's an arrant thief.
"Nay, could you think it, I am told,
"He ſtole five guineas, all in gold,
"You know the youth was always wild—
"He got his father's maid with child;
"And robb'd his maſter, to defray
"The money he had loſt at play.
"All means to ſave him muſt now fail,
"What can it end in?—In a jail."
Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My goſſip ſays the very truth.
But as his vices love would hide,
Or torture them to virtue's ſide,
So friendſhip's glaſs deceives the eye,
(A glaſs too apt to magnify)
And makes you *think* at leaſt you ſee
Some ſpark of genius, ev'n in me.
You ſay I ſhould get fame: I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praiſe?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the laurel, rareſt wonder!
May ſcreen us from the ſtroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poets live on ſlender fare,
Who, like cameleons, feed on air,
And ſtarve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only ſerves them after death.
Grant I ſucceed, like Horace riſe,
And ſtrike my head againſt the ſkies;
Common experience daily ſhows,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we ſhall find in every town
Goſſips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious converſation
T' anatomize a reputation,
With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.
Their idle cenſures I deſpiſe;
Their niggard praiſes won't ſuffice.
Tempt me no more then to the crime
Of dabbling in the font of rhyme.
My muſe has anſwer'd all her end
If her productions pleaſe a friend.
The world is burden'd with a ſtore,
Why need I add one ſcribbler more?

TO * * * *

About to publiſh a Volume of Miſcellanies.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1755.

Since now, all ſcruples caſt away,
Your works are riſing into day,
Forgive, though I preſume to ſend
This honeſt counſel of a friend.
Let not your verſe, as verſe now goes,
Be a ſtrange kind of meaſur'd proſe;
Nor let your proſe, which ſure is worſe,
Want nought but meaſure to be verſe.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your muſe by imitation:
For copies ſhow, howe'er expreſt,
A barren genius at the beſt
But imitation's all the mode—
Yet where one hits, ten miſs the road.
The mimic bard with pleaſure ſees
Mat Prior's unaffected eaſe:
Aſſumes his ſtyle, affects his ſtory,
Sets every circumſtance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And mars a curious tale in telling:
Obſerve how *eaſy* Prior flows,
Then runs his numbers down to proſe.

Others have fought the filthy ſtews
To find a dirty ſlip-ſhod muſe.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common ſewers, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme expoſes,
Diſguſtful to our eyes and noſes:
With many a daſh that muſt offend us,
And much * * *
* * * * *
* * * *Hiatus* non *deflendus.*
O Swift! how wouldſt thou bluſh to ſee,
Such are the bards who copy thee?
This, Milton for his plan will chooſe:
Wherein reſembling Milton's muſe?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majeſty of ſong;
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep;
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the muſtard bowl.
The ſtiff expreſſion, phraſes ſtrange,
The epithet's prepoſterous change.
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verſe. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus you copy Milton's ſtyle?
His faults religiouſly you trace,
But borrow not a ſingle grace.
How few (ſay, whence can it proceed)?
Who copy Milton, e'er ſucceed!
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore ſo?—The reaſon's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by thoſe
Milton's the model moſtly choſe,
Who can't write verſe, and won't write proſe.
Others, who aim at fancy, chooſe
To woo the gentle Spenſer's muſe.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waſte of flimſy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his ſtrong muſe takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er ſhe ſings of peerleſs wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, ſpells and knights:
Till allegory, Spenſer's veil
T' inſtruct and pleaſe in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to ſhroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.
Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of Pope
Satire's the word againſt the times—
Theſe catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's ſtrong wings,
Their muſe aſpires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In theſe the ſpleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatneſs of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere ſtrangers to his manly ſenſe.
Some few, the fav'rites of the muſe,
Whom with her kindeſt eye ſhe views;
Round whom Apollo's brighteſt rays
Shine forth with undiminiſh'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have ſweetly trod
In imitation's dang'rous road,
Long as tobacco's mild perfume
Shall ſcent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he ſmokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O * Brown, ſhall laſt thy praiſe,
Crown'd with tobacco-leaf for bays;
And whoſoe'er thy verſe ſhall ſee,
Shall fill another pipe to thee.

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

Written January 1. 1761. *From Tiſſington in Derbyſhire.*

FRIENDSHIP with moſt is dead and cool,
A dull, inactive, ſtagnant pool;
Yours like the lively current flows,
And ſhares the pleaſure it beſtows.
If there is ought, whoſe lenient pow'r
Can ſooth affliction's painful hour,
Sweeten the bitter cup of care,
And ſnatch the wretched from deſpair,
Superior to the ſenſe of woes,
From friendſhip's ſource the balſam flows.
Rich then am I, poſſeſt of thine,
Who know that happy balſam mine.
In youth, from nature's genuine heat,
The ſouls congenial ſpring to meet,
And emulation's infant ſtrife,
Cements the man in future life.
Oft too the mind well pleas'd ſurveys
Its progreſs from its childiſh days;
Sees how the current upwards ran,
And reads the child o'er in the man.
For men, in reaſon's ſober eyes,
Are children, but of larger ſize,
Have ſtill their idle hopes and fears,
And hobby-horſe of riper years.
Whether a bleſſing or a curſe,
My rattle is the love of verſe.
Some fancied parts, and emulation,
Which ſtill aſpires to reputation,
Bade infant fancy plume her flight,
And held the laurel full to ſight.
For vanity, the poet's ſin,
Had ta'en poſſeſſion all within:
And he whoſe brain is verſe-poſſeſt,
Is in himſelf as highly bleſt,
As he, whoſe lines and circles vie
With heav'n's direction of the ſky.
Howe'er the river rolls its tides,
The cork upon the ſurface rides.
And on ink's ocean, lightly buoy'd,
The cork of vanity is Lloyd.
Let *me* too uſe the common claim
And ſouſe at once upon my name,

* *Iſaac Hawkins Brown Eſq author of a piece called the Pipe of Tobacco, a moſt excellent imitation of ſix different authors.*

Which ſome have done with greater ſtreſs,
Who know me, and who love me leſs.
Poets are very harmleſs things,
Unleſs you teaze one till it ſtings;
And when affronts are plainly meant,
We're bound in honour to reſent:
And what tribunal will deny
An injur'd perſon to reply?
In theſe familiar emanations,
Which are but writing converſations,
Where thought appears in diſhabille,
And fancy does juſt what ſhe will,
The ſoureſt critic would excuſe
The vagrant ſallies of the muſe:
Which lady, for Apollo's bleſſing,
Has ſtill attended our careſſing,
As many children round her ſees
As maggots in a Cheſhire cheeſe,
Which I maintain at vaſt expence,
Of pen and paper, time and ſenſe:
And ſurely 'twas no ſmall miſcarriage
When firſt I enter'd into marriage.
The poet's title which I bear,
With ſome ſtrange caſtles in the air,
Was all my portion with the fair.
However narrowly I look,
In Phœbus's *valorem* book,
I cannot from inquiry find
Poets had much to leave behind.
They had a copyhold eſtate
In lands which they themſelves create,
A fooliſh title to a *fountain*,
A right of common in a *mountain*,
And yet they liv'd amongſt the great,
More than their brethren do of late;
Invited out at feaſts to dine,
Eat as they pleas'd, and drank their wine;
Nor is it any where ſet down
They tipt the ſervants half-a-crown,
But paſs'd amid the waiting throng
And pay'd the porter with a ſong;
As once, a wag, in modern days,
When all are in theſe bribing ways,
His ſhillings to diſpenſe unable,
Scrap'd half the fruit from off the table.
And walking gravely through the crowd,
Which ſtood obſequiouſly, and bow'd,
To keep the faſhion up of tipping,
Dropt in each hand a golden pippin.
But there's a difference indeed
'Twixt ancient bards and modern breed.
Though poet known, in Roman days,
Fearleſs he walk'd the public ways,
Nor ever knew that ſacred name
Contemptuous ſmile, or painful ſhame:
While with a fooliſh face of praiſe,
The folks would ſtop to gape and gaze,
And half untold the ſtory leave,
Pulling their neighbour by the ſleeve,
While th' index of the finger ſhows,
—There—yonder's Horace—there he goes.
This finger, I allow it true,
Points at us modern poets too;
But 'tis by way of wit and joke,
To laugh, or as the phraſe is, *ſmoke*,

Yet there are thoſe, who're fond of wit,
Although they never us'd it yet,
Who wits and witlings entertain;
Of taſte, virtù, and judgment vain,
And dinner, grace, and grace-cup done,
Expect a wond'rous deal of fun:
"Yes—He at bottom—don't you know him?
"That's he that wrote the laſt new poem.
"His humour's exquiſitely high,
"You'll hear him open by and by."
The man in print and converſation
Have often very ſmall relation;
And he, whoſe humour hits the town,
When copied fairly, and ſet down,
In public company may paſs,
For little better than an aſs.
Perhaps the fault is on his ſide,
Springs it from modeſty, or pride,
Theſe qualities aſham'd to own,
For which he's happy to be known;
Or that his nature's ſtrange and ſhy,
And diffident, he knows not why;
Or from a prudent kind of fear,
As knowing that the world's ſevere,
He wou'd not ſuffer to eſcape
Familiar wit in eaſy ſhape:
Leſt gaping fools, and vile repeaters,
Should catch her up, and ſpoil her features,
And, for the child's unlucky maim,
The faultleſs parent come to ſhame.
Well, but methinks I hear you ſay,
"Write then, my friend!"—Write what?—"a
"play.
"The theatres are open yet,
"The market for all ſterling wit;
"Try the ſtrong efforts of your pen,
"And draw the characters of men;
"Or bid the burſting tear to flow,
"Obedient to the fabled woe;
"With tragedy's ſevereſt art,
"Anatomize the human heart,
"And, that you may be underſtood,
"Bid nature ſpeak, as nature ſhou'd."
That talent, George, though yet untried,
Perhaps my genius has denied;
While you, my friend, are ſure to pleaſe
With all the pow'rs of comic eaſe.
Authors, like maids at fifteen years,
Are full of wiſhes, full of fears.
One might by pleaſant thoughts be led,
To loſe a trifling maiden-head;
But 'tis a terrible vexation
To give up with it reputation.
And he, who has with plays to do,
Has got the devil to go through.
Critics have reaſon for their rules,
I dread the cenſure of your fools.
For tell me, and conſult your pride,
(Set Garrick for a while aſide)
How cou'd you, George, with patience bear,
The critic proſing in the play'r?
Some of that calling have I known,
Who held no judgment like their own;
And yet their reaſons fairly ſcan,
And ſeparate the wheat and bran;

You'd be amaz'd indeed to find
What little wheat is left behind.
For, after all their mighty rout
Of chatt'ring round and round about,
'Tis but a kind of clock-work talking,
Like croſſing on the ſtage, and walking.
The form of this tribunal paſt,
The play receiv'd, the parts all caſt,
Each actor has his own objections,
Each character new imperfections:
The man is drawn too coarſe and rough,
The lady has not ſmut enough.
It wants a touch of Cibber's eaſe,
A higher kind of talk to pleaſe;
Such as your titled folks would chooſe,
And lords and ladyſhips might uſe;
Which ſtyle, whoever would ſucceed in,
Muſt have ſmall wit, and much good breeding.
If this is dialogue—*ma foi*,
Sweet Sir, ſay I, *pardonnez moi!*
As long as life and buſineſs laſt,
The actors have their ſeveral caſt,
A walk where each his talent ſhows,
Queens, nurſes, tyrants, lovers, beaux;
Suppoſe you've found a girl of merit,
Would ſhow your part in all its ſpirit,
Take the whole meaning in the ſcope,
Some little lively thing, like Pope,
You rob ſome others of a feather
They've worn for thirty years together.
But grant the caſt is as you like
To actors which you think will ſtrike.
To-morrow then—(but as you know
I've ne'er a comedy to ſhow,
Let me a while in converſation
Make free with yours for application)
The arrow's flight can't be prevented—
To-morrow then will be preſented
The JEALOUS WIFE! To-morrow? Right.
How do you ſleep, my friend, to-night?
Have you no pit-pat hopes and fears,
Roaſt beef, and catcalls in your ears?
Mab's wheels a-croſs your temples creep,
You toſs and tumble in your ſleep,
And cry aloud, with rage and ſpleen,
"That fellow murders all my ſcene."
To-morrow comes. I know your merit,
And ſee the piece's fire and ſpirit;
Yet friendſhip's zeal is ever hearty,
And dreads the efforts of a party.
The coach below, the clock gone five,
Now to the theatre we drive:
Peeping the curtain's eyelet through,
Behold the houſe in dreadful view!
Obſerve how cloſe the critics ſit,
And not one bonnet in the pit.
With horror hear the galleries ring,
Noſy! Black Jock! God ſave the King!
Sticks clatter, catcalls ſcream, *Encore!*
Cocks crow, pit hiſſes, galleries roar:
E'en *cha' ſome oranges* is found
This night to have a dreadful ſound:
Till, decent fables on his back,
(Your prologuizers all wear black)
The prologue comes; and, if it's mine,
It's very good, and very fine;
If not, I take a pinch of ſnuff,
And wonder where you got ſuch ſtuff.
That done, a-gape the critics ſit,
Expectant of the comic wit.
The fiddlers play again pell-mell:
—But hiſt!—the prompter rings his bell.
—Down there! hats off!—the curtain draws!
What follows is—the juſt applauſe.

TWO ODES *.

ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ. ΕΣ
ΔΕ ΤΟ ΠΑΝ, ΕΡΜΗΝΕΩΝ
ΧΑΤΙΖΕΙ. PINDAR, Olymp. II.

ODE I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of chaos and old night,
Cimmerian muſe, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canſt write,
And ſhadoweſt meaning with thy duſky veil!
What poet ſings, and ſtrikes the ſtrings?
It was the mighty Theban ſpoke,
He from the ever-living lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of modern rhymers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G—y,
Involv'd in tenfold ſmoke.

I. 2.

The ſhallow fop in antic veſt,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be ſingly dreſt,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, ſhall not then the heav'n-born muſes too
Variety purſue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the muſe the ſtyle of Cambria's ſons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia ſhe affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy ſtill ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terreſtrial ball
The tyrant faſhion governs all.
She, fickle goddeſs, whom, in days of yore,
The ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore:
Long ſhe paid him with diſdain,
And long his pangs in ſilence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-ſick pain
On thy bleſt calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces ſprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Faſhion, goddeſs ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, ſhe loves to ride
Upon a weather-cock aſtride.

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* *I take the liberty of inſerting the two following odes, though I cannot, with ſtrict propriety, print them as my own compoſition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend, to whoſe labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the author of the Jealous Wife.*

Each blaſt that blows, around ſhe goes,
While nodding o'er her creſt,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light cameleon ſtands confeſt,
Changing it's hues a thouſand times an hour.
And in a veſt is ſhe array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor zoneleſs is her waiſt:
But fair and beautiful I ween,
As the ceſtus-cinctur'd queen,
Is with the rainbow's ſhadowy girdle brac'd.

II. 2.

She bids purſue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt ode.
Meantime each bard, with eager ſpeed,
Vaults on the Pegaſean ſteed:
Yet not that Pegaſus of yore
Which th' illuſtrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed;
High blood and youth his luſty veins inſpire:
From Tottipontimoy he came;
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-ſhoulder'd Arab was his ſire;
* His White-noſe. He on fam'd Doncaſtria's plains
Reſign'd his fatal breath:
In vain for life the ſtruggling courſer ſtrains.
Ah! who can run the race with death?
The tyrant's ſpeed, or man, or ſteed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chaſe, he wins the race,
We ſtumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from White-noſe ſprings
Pegaſus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground,
While all the turf with acclamation rings:
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won:
There Granta's ſon
Seiz'd on the ſteed,
And thence him led (ſo fate decreed)
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's ſong,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in ſilence laves,
Winding ſlow his ſluggiſh ſtreams along.

III. 1.

What ſtripling neat, of viſage ſweet,
In trimmeſt guiſe array'd.
Firſt the neighing ſteed affay'd?
His hand a taper ſwitch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elaſtic ſteel:
The whiles he wins his whiffling way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenſward gay:
Till fated with the pleaſing ride,
From the lofty ſteed diſmounting,
He lies along, enwrapt in conſcious pride,
By gurging rill, or cryſtal fountain.

III. 2.

Lo! next a bard, ſecure of praiſe,
His ſelf-complacent countenance diſplays.
His broad muſtachios, ting'd with golden dye,
Flame like a meteor to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
O'erhung with laviſh lid, yet ſhone with glorious glare.
The grizzle grace
Of buſhy peruke ſhadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whoſe ponderous weight
Would ſink each wight of modern date,
He rides well pleas'd: So large a pair
Not Garagantua's ſelf might wear:
Not he, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we truſt to ancient ballad,
Devour'd three pilgrims in a fallad;
Nor he of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' advent'rous youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Faſt by whoſe ſide clear ſtreams meand'ring creep;
But urges on amain the fiery ſteed
Up Snowdon's ſhaggy ſide, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
Where the venerable herd
Of goats, with long and ſapient beard,
And wanton kidlings their blithe revels keep.
Now up the mountain ſee him ſtrain,
Now down the vale he's toſt,
Now flaſhes on the ſight again,
Now in the palpable obſcure quite loſt.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all, all is woe,
Diſeaſe, miſchance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
But, o'er every peril bounding,
Ambition views not all the ills ſurrounding,
And tiptoe on the mountains ſteep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, ſee, he ſoars! With mighty wings outſpread,
And long reſounding mane,
The courſer quits the plain.
Aloft in air, ſee, ſee him bear
The bard, who ſhrouds
His lyric glory in the clouds,
Too fond to ſtrike the ſtars with lofty head,
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian gulf immerg'd in endleſs night!

IV. 3.

O ſteed divine! what daring ſpirit
Rides thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ſelf opinion,
Which elate the mighty pair,
Each of taſte the fav'rite minion,
Prancing through the defart air;
By help mechanic of equeſtrian block,
Yet ſhall he mount, with claſſic houſings grac'd,
And, all unheedful of the critic mock,
Drive his light courſer o'er the bounds of taſte.

---

* *The author is either miſtaken in this place, or has elſe indulged himſelf in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. White noſe was not the ſire, but a ſon of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar.* HEBER.

ODE II.

TO OBLIVION.

* PARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
Who lov'ſt thy dwelling place to hold,
Where ſcepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary ſway,
Whoſe ſullen pride the ſhiv'ring ghoſts obey!
Thou, who delighteſt ſtill to dwell
By ſome hoar and moſs-grown cell,
At whoſe dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black ſtreams, which even Jove controul!
Or if it ſuit thy better will
To chooſe the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whoſe ſide the ſeeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his ſweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders ſlow,
Lethe's drowſy waters flow,
And hollow blaſts, which never ceaſe to ſigh,
Hum to each care ſtruck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
A prey no longer let me be
To that goſſip MEMORY,
Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To ſpread abroad her bribble brabble lies.
With thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair ſilent queen,
The ſolemn ſtole of grief is never ſeen.

All, all is thine. Thy pow'rful ſway
The throng'd poetic hoſts obey:
Though in the van of MEM'RY proud t' appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What though the modern tragic ſtrain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet through the nine, like whelps of curriſh kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to thee the Crambo rhyme,
The motley forms of pantomime:
For thee from eunuch's throat ſtill loves to flow
The ſoothing ſadneſs of his warbled woe:
Each day to thee falls pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born magazine:
Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
And, if thou deign'ſt to take one moment's care,
Attend thy bard! who duly pays
The tribute of his votive lays;
Whoſe muſe ſtill offers at thy ſacred ſhrine;—
Thy bard, who calls THEE *his*, and makes him THINE.
O ſweet FORGETFULNESS ſupreme!
Rule ſupine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each ſad ſubject, o'er each ſoothing ſtrain,
Of mine, O GODDESS, ſtretch thine awful reign!
Nor let MEM'RY ſteal one note,
Which this rude hand to thee hath wrote!
So ſhalt thou ſave me from the poet's ſhame,
Though on the letter'd rubric DODSLEY poſt my name.

---

* *According to Lillæus, who beſtows the parental function on oblivion.*

Verba OBLIVISCENDI regunt GENITIVUM.
Lib. xiii. *Cap.* 8.
There is a ſimilar paſſage in Buſbæus.

O come, with opiate poppies crown'd,
Shedding ſlumbers ſoft around! [ſack!—
O come, FAT GODDESS, drunk with laureat's
See, where ſhe ſits on the benumb'd Torpedo's back!
Me, in thy dull Elyſium lapt, O bleſs
With thy calm forgetfulneſs!
And gently lull my ſenſes all the while
With placid poems in the ſinking ſtyle!
Whether the herring poet ſing,
Great laureat of the fiſhes king,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker ſtrains of Johnny —;
Or, if HE ſing, whoſe verſe affords
A *bevy* of the *choiceſt* words,
Who meets his lady muſe by moſs-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
Theſe, GODDESS, let me ſtill forget,
With all the dearth of modern wit!
So mayſt thou gently o'er my youthful breaſt,
Spread, with thy welcome hand, OBLIVION's friendly veſt.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

AH me! unhappy ſtate of mortal wight,
Sith ENVY's ſure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth ſhe reſt from rancorous deſpight,
Until ſhe works him mickle woe and ſhame;
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth ſpoil,
Ne doth ſhe check her ever-reſtleſs hate:
Until ſhe doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckleſs imp is he, whoſe worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

There ſtood an ancient mount, yclept Parnaſs,
(The fair domain of ſacred poeſy)
Which, with freſh odours ever-blooming, was
Beſprinkled with the dew of Caſtaly;
Which now in ſoothing murmurs whiſp'ring glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant ſoil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's ſteepy ſides,
Teaching the vales full beauteouſly to ſmile,
Dame NATURE's handywork, not form'd by lab'ring toil.

The MUSES fair, theſe peaceful ſhades among,
With ſkillful fingers ſweep the trembling ſtrings;
The air in ſilence liſtens to the ſong,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-viſag'd CARE, with ſoul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the ſummit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the bliſsful ſeat;
Her unavailing ſtrength is ſpent in vain, [pain.
CONTENT ſits on the top, and mocks her empty

Oft PHOEBUS ſelf left his divine abode,
And here enſhrouded in a ſhady bow'r,
Regardleſs of his ſtate, lay'd by the god,
And own'd ſweet muſic's more alluring pow'r.
On either ſide was plac'd a peerleſs wight,
Whoſe merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
This, FANCY's darling child, was SPENSER hight,

Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Tame;
That no less fam'd than he, and MILTON was his name.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
Alternately they sung; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong;
Now MILTON sung of disobedient man,
And Eden lost: The bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their princes' song.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, ancient wight,
A lofty seat on Mount Parnassus held,
Who long had been the muses chief delight;
His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld;
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain;
And while he sung, fair nature he display'd,
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain;
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

Next SHAKSPEARE sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the soulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair.
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withstand.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimn'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
FANCY her name, ysprong of race divine;
Her mantle * wimpled low, her silken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders stray'd,
'She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly maid.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:
She wav'd it round: Eftsoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before:
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand;
Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain were seen
The gay inhabitants of Fairy-Land,
And blithe attendants upon MAB their queen
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

On th' other side stood NATURE, goddess fair;
A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid;
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
In loose attire of purest white array'd:
A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such
(As from her darling's works may well be shown,)
That often with its soul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
And murky mists the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infect the skies,
And all around their baleful influence shed;
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkness o'erspread;
The sun, which whilom shone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head, [bed.
And sore the time sore-grieving seeks his wat'ry

ENVY, the daughter of fell Acheron,
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night)
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And through the frighted heavens wing'd her flight:
With careful eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe;
For happiness, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on religion base designs to serve.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost,
Sith others were of happiness possest:
Did never gloomy hell send forth like ugly pest.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where funeral cypress star-proof branches spread,
O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern stood;
Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.
Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting sun,
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

In flowing sable stole she was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief gone mad,
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd;
A ghastly grin and eyes asquint, display
The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain; [man.
MALICE the monster's name, a foe to God and

Along the floor black lothsome toads still crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den.

---

* Wimpled. *A word used by Spenser for* hung down.—*The line enclosed within commas is one of Fairfax's, in his translation of Tasso.*

* *Dreary-head.* Gloominess.

Around her waiſt, in place of ſilken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no diſtinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But death on ev'ry ſide fierce brandiſhed,
Fly, reckleſs mortals, fly, in vain is * hardy-head.

Impatient ENVY, through th' etherial waſte,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly ſpite,
Unto this cavern ſteer'd her panting haſte,
Enſhrouded in a darkſome veil of night.
Her inmoſt heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell deſtruction ſparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flaſh'd with revengeful fire,
Awhile contending paſſions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her ſilence broke.

Siſter, ariſe! ſee how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire thou and I can hoaſt,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praiſe,
Sith man is bleſt, and thou and I are loſt:
See in what ſtate Parnaſſus' hill appears;
See PHOEBUS' ſelf two happy bards atween;
See how the God their ſong attentive hears;
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween!
Who can behold unmov'd ſike heart-tormenting ſcene?

Siſter, ariſe! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel theſe mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force ſhall ſtoop;
ENVY and MALICE then ſhall reign alone:
Thou beſt has known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with ſpecious bait:
Like TRUTH accoutred, ſpreadeſt forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Ariſe, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

The fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
"Tremble, ye bards, within that bliſsful ſeat;
"MALICE and ENVY ſhall o'erthrow your joys,
"Nor PHOEBUS ſelf ſhall our deſigns defeat.
"Shall we, who under friendſhip's feigned veil,
"Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
"Shall we, who under ſhow of ſacred zeal,
"Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in loweſt hell— [cell."
Such vile diſgrace of us no mortal man ſhall

And now, more hideous rendered to the ſight,
By reaſon of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did caſt their rays aſkance,
While helliſh imps prepare the monſter's car,
In which ſhe might cut through the wide expanſe,
And find out nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright ſtar.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell ſerpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon ſpit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;

A lofty ſeat the ſiſter-monſters bore,
In deadly machinations cloſe combin'd,
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel DISCORD follow'd faſt behind:
God help the man 'gainſt whom ſuch caitiff foes are join'd.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harſhly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed ſpires of ſmoke around them riſe,
The air depreſs'd unuſual burthen feels!
Deteſted ſight! in terrible array,
They ſpur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger ſuffer cold delay,
Until the wiſh'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

Here, eldeſt ſon of MALICE, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falſities was built:
(Ah! worthleſs ſon, of worthleſs parent born)!
Under the ſhow of ſemblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his helliſh breaſt;
And by theſe guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profeſt;
The wolf more ſafely wounds when in ſheep's clothing dreſt.

Him then themſelves atween they joyful place,
(Sure ſign of woe when ſuch are pleas'd, alas)!
Then meaſure back the air with ſwifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnaſs.
Hither in evil hour the monſters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had loſt all ſenſe of virtuous ſhame,
Beholding worth with poiſonous deſpight;
On his ſucceſs depends their impious delight.

Long burnt he ſore the ſummit to obtain,
And ſpread his venom o'er the bliſsful ſeat;
Long burnt he ſore, but ſtill he burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.
At length, at unawares, he out doth ſpit
That ſpite which elſe had to himſelf been bane;
The venom on the breaſt of MILTON lit,
And ſpread benumbing death through every vein;
The bard of life bereft fell ſenſeleſs on the plain.

As at the banquet of Thyeſtes old,
The ſun is ſaid t' have ſhut his radiant eye,
So did he now through grief his beams withhold,
And darkneſs to be felt o'erwhelm'd the ſky;
Forth iſſued from their diſmal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,
Shriek-owls and ravens, whoſe fell croaking bodes
Approaching death to miſerable wight:
Did never mind of man behold ſike dreadful ſight?

APOLLO wails his darling done to die
By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane;
The MUSES ſprinkle him with dew of Caſtaly,
And crown his death with many a living ſtrain;
Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breaſt,
Aged, yet ne'er before did ſorrow know;
The flowers drooping their deſpair atteſt,

* *Hardy-head.* Courage.

Th' aggrieved rivers querulouſly flow;
All nature ſudden groan'd with ſympathetic woe.

But, lo! the ſky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkneſs diſappears,
(May darkneſs ever thus to light give place!)
Erſt griev'd APOLLO jocund looks reſumes,
The NINE renew their whilom cheerful ſong,
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breaſt conſumes,
For from the teeming earth new flowers ſprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peaceſully along.

The ſtricken bard freſh vital heat renews,
Whoſe blood, erſt ſtagnate, ruſhes through his veins;
Life through each pore her ſpirit doth infuſe,
And FAME by MALICE unextinguiſh'd reigns:
And ſee, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A female form, yclad in ſnowy white,
Ne half ſo fair at diſtance ſeen as nigh;
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER die.

PROLOGUE TO THE JEALOUS WIFE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THE JEALOUS WIFE! a comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject! but a wretched plan.
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealouſies, and ſpleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic ſcene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis paſſion, pathos, character, ſublime! [ſcene,
What round big words had ſwell'd the pompous
A king the huſband, and the wife a queen!
Then might diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
See ſightleſs forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Drawcanſir death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poiſon'd bowl.
What eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *Hah* and *Oh?*
But peace! the gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends,
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore.—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakſpeare has done it, and the Grecian ſtage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.
If in his ſcenes an honeſt ſkill is ſhown,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a maſter's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your deciſion he ſubmits his cauſe,
Secure of candour, anxious for applauſe.
But if all rude, his artleſs ſcenes deface
The ſimple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do juſtice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *blockheads* paſt one *blockhead* more.

PROLOGUE,

Intended to have been ſpoken at Drury-Lane Theatre, on his Majeſty's Birth-day, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But ſoars to heav'n from virtue's generous praiſe.
When kings themſelves the proper judges ſit
O'er the bleſt realms of ſcience, arts and wit,
Each eager breaſt beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Auguſtus roſe imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then ſinew'd genius ſtrong and nervous roſe,
In Spenſer's numbers, and in Raleigh's proſe;
On Bacon's lips then every ſcience hung,
And nature ſpoke from her own Shakſpeare's tongue.
Her patriot ſmiles fell, like refreſhing dews,
To wake to life each pleaſing uſeful muſe,
While every virtue which the queen profeſs'd,
Beam'd on her ſubjects, but to make them bleſt.
O glorious times!—O theme of praiſe divine!
—Be happy, Britain, then—ſuch times are thine.
Behold e'en now ſtrong ſcience imps her wing,
And arts revive beneath a patriot king.
The muſes too burſt forth with double light,
To ſhed their luſtre in a monarch's ſight.
His cheering ſmiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this ſpot* may boaſt a royal friend.
And when a prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himſelf ſhall marſhal out the way to taſte,
Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may riſe
Some powerful genius of uncommon ſize,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depth explore,
And be what our great Shakſpeare was before.

PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A GRECIAN bard, two thouſand years ago,
Plann'd this ſad fable of illuſtrious woe;
Waken'd each ſoft emotion of the breaſt,
And called forth tears, that would not be ſuppreſt.
Yet, O ye mighty Sirs, of judgment chaſte,
Who, lacking genius, have a deal of taſte,
Can you forgive our modern ancient piece,
Which brings no chorus, though it comes from Greece?
Kind ſocial chorus, which all humours meets,
And ſings and dances up and down the ſtreets.
——Oh! might true taſte, in theſe unclaſſic days,
Revive the Grecian faſhions with their plays!
Then, rais'd on ſtilts, our players would ſtalk and rage,
And, at three ſteps, ſtride o'er a modern ſtage;
Each geſture then would boaſt unuſual charms,
From lengthen'd legs, ſtuff'd body, ſprawling arms!
Your critic eye would then no pigmies ſee,
But buſkins make a giant, even of me.
No features then the poet's mind would trace,
But one black vizor blot out all the face.

O! glorious times, when actors thus could ſtrike,
Expreſſive, inexpreſſive, all alike!
Leſs change of face than in our punch they ſaw,
For punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;
With one ſet glare they mouth'd the rumbling
verſe;
Our Gog and Magog look not half ſo fierce!
Yet, though depriv'd of inſtruments like theſe,
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to pleaſe:
Which, whereſoe'er ſhe glows with genuine flame,
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the ſame.
Of raillery, then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.
Theirs was the ſkill, with honeſt help of art,
To win, by juſt degree, the yielding heart,
What if our Shakſpeare claims the magic throne,
And in one inſtant makes us all his own;
They differ only in one point of view,
For Shakſpeare's nature, was their nature too.

ODE

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Nor at Apollo's vaunted ſhrine,
Nor to the fabled ſiſters nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow,
Far be their rites!—Such worſhip fits not now;
When at Eliza's ſacred name
Each breaſt receives the preſent flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulſe ſtrikes th' accordant ſtrings,
Reflecting on the crowded line
Of mitred ſages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cauſe,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh memory! how thou lov'ſt to ſtray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when ſimple youth
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!
'Tis then the ſouls congenial meet,
Inſpir'd with friendſhip's genuine heat,
Ere intereſt, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here*, in many an early ſtrain
Dryden firſt try'd his claſſic vein,
Spurr'd his ſtrong genius to the diſtant goal,
In wild effuſions of his manly ſoul;
When Buſby's ſkill, and judgment ſage,
Repreſs'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the ſtrength of thought.

Nor, Cowley, be thy muſe forgot! which ſtrays
In wit's ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and ſtudied art:
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and ſublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The *poet*'s trifles ne'er diſgrac'd the *man*.

Well might thy morals ſweet engage
Th' attention of the mitred ſage,
Smit with the plain ſimplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy ſtrife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which ſnare the gay unſtable youth,
Cou'd lure thee from the ſober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirement's arms,
Whence thou, untainted with the pride of ſtate,
Cou dſt ſmile with pity on the buſtling great.

Such were Eliza's ſons. Her ſoft'ring care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful ſong;
Which elſe had waſted in the deſart air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate ſhame
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inſpir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of fame!

THE

TEARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS:

AN ODE,

Set to Muſic and performed at Drury-Lane, 1760.

The ſcene diſcovers Apollo and the Nine Muſes in their proper habits.

Apollo.

Fate gave the word; the deed is done;
Augustus is no more:
His great career of fame is run,
And all the loſs deplore.

[*The muſes tear off their Laurels*

Calliope.

Well ſiſters of the ſacred ſpring,
Well may you rend your golden hair;
Well may you now your dirges ſing,
And pierce with cries the troubled air.

Chorus.

Fate gave the word, &c.

Clio.

Founded in juſtice was his ſway;
Ambition never mark'd his way.

Calliope.

Unleſs the beſt ambition that can fire
A monarch's breaſt and all his ſoul inſpire;
The gen'rous purpoſe of the noble mind,
The beſt ambition—to ſerve human kind.

Apollo.

Yes, virgins, yes; that wiſh ſublime
Rank'd him with thoſe of earlieſt time,
Who for a people's welfare ſtrove;
Whoſe ſpirits breathe ætherial air,
And for their meed of earthly care,
Drink nectar with Olympian Jove.

Calliope.

Oh Truth! fair daughter of the ſky,
And Mercy!—that with aſking eye
Near the Omnipotent doſt ſtand;
And, when mankind provoke his rage,
Doſt claſp his knees, his wrath aſſuage,
And win the thunder from his hand!

Clio.

Oh white-rob'd Faith! celeſtial maid!
Twin-born with Justice! by whoſe aid
He liv'd the guardian of the laws;

Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's isle
That bid'st eternal sunshine smile,
Who now will guard your sacred cause?
CHORUS.
Dear liberty, &c.
Calliope.
Where were ye, muses, when the fatal sheers
The FURY rais'd, to close his rev'rend years?
But ah, vain wish!—you could not stop the blow!
No omen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.
Apollo.
See, where BRITANNIA stands
With close-enfolded hands,
On yonder sea-beat shore!
Behold her languid air!
Lo, her dishevell'd hair!
Majestic now no more!
Still on the sullen wave her eye is bent,
The TRIDENT of the MAIN thrown idle by;
OLD THAMES, his sea-green mantle rent,
Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful sigh.
Hark! to the winds and waves
Frantic with grief she raves,
And, cruel gods! she cries;
Each chalky cliff around,
Each rock returns the sound,
And, cruel gods! replies.
Calliope.
See, the procession sad and slow,
Walks in a solemn pomp of woe
Through awful arches, gloomy ailes,
And rows of monumental piles,
Where lie the venerable just,
Where heroes moulder into dust.
Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
Pale! pale! inanimate and cold!
Where round him baleful vapours rise,
'Midst bones of legislators old!
Clio.
Of him who fought th' ambitious Gaul
O'er thick-embattled plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
This only now remains.
Apollo.
Bring, in handfuls, lilies bring
Bring me all the flow'ry spring.
Scatter roses on his bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!
CHORUS.
Scatter roses, &c.
Mercury *descends.*
No more, harmonious progeny of Jove,
No more let fun'ral accents rise;
The great, the good AUGUSTUS reigns above,
Translated to his kindred skies.
Clio.
No more for my historic page—
Calliope.
No more for my great epic rage—
Both.
Will by the hero now be done—
CHORUS.
His great career of fame is run,
And all the loss deplore.

Enter Mars.
Lo! Mars, from his beloved land,
Where freedom long hath fix'd her stand,
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,
And again the laurel wear:
For see, BRITANNIA rears her drooping head;
Again resumes her TRIDENT of the main;
THAMES takes his urn, and seeks his wat'ry bed,
While gay content sits smiling on the plain.
Hark! a glad voice
Proclaims the people's choice.
CHORUS, *within the scenes.*
He is our liege, our rightful lord!
Of heart and tongue with one accord
We all will sing
Long live the king!
He is our liege!—he!—he alone!
With BRITISH HEART he mounts the throne;
Around him throngs a loyal band;
He will protect his NATIVE LAND!
He is our liege, &c.
[*The muses rise and put on their laurels.*
Calliope.
The muses now their heads shall raise;
The arts to life shall spring;
Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd bays,
And wake each vocal string;
Now shall the sculptor's happy skill
Touch the rude stone to life;
The painter shall his canvas fill,
Pleas'd with his mimic strife.
Clio.
Sweet MERCY, FAITH, CELESTIAL TRUTH,
Now by your aid the royal youth
Shall live the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's isle
That bidst eternal sunshine smile,
He now will guard your sacred cause.
Apollo.
Blest prince! whose subjects in each adverse hour
For freedom still have stood!
Blest isle! whose prince but deems the sov'reign pow'r,
The pow'r of doing good!
Mars.
Now open all your Helicon; explore
Of harmony the loftiest store;
Let the drum beat alarms,
Such as rouse us to arms; [the sky!
The trumpet's shrill clangor shall pierce through
Swell the rapture, swell it high;
And in notes sublime and clear
Pour the strong melody, that Heav'n may hear.
Apollo.
Nothing mortal will I sound;
Lo, the flame, the flame divine!
High I mount, I quit the ground,
Holy fury! I am thine.
With rage possest
Big swells my breast!
In visions rapt, before my sight appears
A brighter order of increasing years.
Mars.
I see the Rhine devolve his flood,
Deep-crimson'd with the Gallic blood!

I hear, I hear the diſtant roar
Of ruin on yon hoſtile ſhore!
I ſee, young prince, to thee I ſee
The ſavage Indian bend the knee!
Lo, AFRIC from her ſable kings
Her richeſt ſtores in tribute brings!
And fartheſt IND, beneath the riſing day
Lays down her arms, and venerates thy ſway.

Calliope.

I ſee Bellona baniſh'd far!
I ſee him cloſe the gates of war,
While purple rage within
With ghaſtly ire ſhall grin,
And rolling his terrific eyes,
Where round him heaps of arms ariſe,
Bound with a hundred brazen chains,
In vain ſhall foam, and thirſt for ſanguine plains.

Clio.

Sweet peace returns;
O'er Albion's ſons
She waves her dove-like wing:
On ev'ry plain
The ſhepherd train
Their artleſs loves ſhall ſing.
Pale DISCORD ſhall fly
From the light of the ſky.
To black Cocytus hurl'd;
There, there ſhall feel
Ixion's wheel,
The furies with their ſerpents curl'd;
With the unceaſing toil ſhall groan
Of the unconquerable ſtone,
And leave in harmony the Britiſh world.

Apollo.

Proceed great days; lead on th' auſpicious years;
Such years (---for lo! the ſcene of fate appears)!
Such years, the DESTINIES have ſaid, ſhall roll;
Jove nods conſent, and thunder ſhakes the pole.

ARCADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. *A view of the country.*

Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

CHORUS.

SHEPHERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
Now's the time for jollity.

Sylvia.

AIR.

Hither haſte, and bring along
Merry tale and jocund ſong,
To the pipe and tabor beat
Frolic meaſures with your feet.
Ev'ry gift of time employ;
Make the moſt of proffer'd joy.
Pleaſure hates the ſcanty rules
Portion'd out by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blithe and free
Now's the time for jollity.

[*A dance of Shepherds, &c.*

Sylvia.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy ſwains, rejoice;
It is the heart that prompts the voice.
Be ſorrow baniſh'd far away;
Thyrſis ſhall make it holiday.
Who at his name can joy ſuppreſs?
ARCADIAN-BORN to rule and bleſs.

Damon.

And hark! from rock to rock the ſound
Of winding horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blitheſome Phœbe near:
See where ſhe haſtes with eager pace,
To ſpeak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II. *Opens to a proſpect of rocks.*

Huntſmen, Huntreſſes, &c. coming down from them.

Phœbe.

Hither I ſpeed with honeſt glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;
Your cheerful troop, blithe youth, to join,
And mix my ſocial joys with thine.
Now may each nymph and frolic ſwain,
O'er mountain ſteep, or level plain,
Court buxom health, while jocund horn
Bids echo wake the ſluggard morn.

AIR.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's cool gale,
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
Up, ye nymphs, and ye ſwains, and together we'll rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horns, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be ſlaves to ambition and wealth;
All the bleſſing we aſk is the bleſſing of health.
So ſhall innocence ſelf give a warrant to joys
No envy diſturbs, no dependence deſtroys.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam;
Yet returning, ſtill find the dear pleaſures at home;
Where the cheerful good humour gives honeſty grace,
And the heart ſpeaks content in the ſmiles of the face.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

Damætas.

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to preſent joys.

Sylvia.

Though the white locks of ſilver'd age,
And long experience hail thee ſage;
Ill ſuits it in this joy, to wear
A brow ſo overhung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raiſe,
And join a whole Arcadian's praiſe.

Damætas.

With you I joy that Thyrſis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains:

But praiſe is ſcanty to reveal
The ſpeaking bleſſings all muſt feel.

Damon.

True, all muſt feel—but thankleſs too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart ſhall ever ſhow
The debt I need not bluſh to owe.

AIR.

That I go where I liſt, that I ſing what I pleaſe,
That my labour's the price of contentment and eaſe,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taſte the true family joys,
That my kids wanton ſafely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my ſheep graze ſecure from the robber or fox;
Theſe are bleſſings I ſhare with the reſt of the ſwains,
For its Thyrſis who gave them, and Thyrſis maintains.

Damætas.

RECITATIVE.

Periſh my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliſs alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his buſy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offspring own
The virtues which their ſire hath ſhown.

AIR

With joy the parent loves to trace
Reſemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docile youth
To walk the ſteady paths of truth,
Obſerves them ſhooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.
While active ſons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this buſy ſtage,
What in the ſons we moſt admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd ſire.

Sylvia.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent ſage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtleſs youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia ſhares
May but embitter future cares.
Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all the ſylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and ruſtic fawn,
To the pipe and merry ſtrain,
Trip it o'er the ruſſet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded graſs
Hurt their footſteps as they paſs;
Whilſt in gambols round and round
They ſport it o'er the ſhaven ground!

Though thy ſyrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vaniſh'd in the limpid ſtream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart ſhould burn,
In careſſing,
Bleſt, and bleſſing,
May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd return.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

[*A dance of Huntſmen and Huntreſſes.*

Damætas.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, ſhepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which ſpeaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia haſtes. The glad ſurpriſe
Of rapture flaſhing from her eyes.

Enter DELIA.

Delia.

AIR.

Shepherds, ſhepherds, come away;
Sadneſs were a ſin to-day.
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the ſkill of the voice;
For our wiſhes are crown'd, and our hearts ſhall rejoice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For ſure he is mad
Who, where mirth and good humour, and harmony's found, [round.
Never catches the ſmile, nor lets pleaſure go
Let the ſtupid be grave,
'Tis the vice of the ſlave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who is born in a country that's happy and free.

Damætas.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Show
Th' event our boſoms burn to know.

Delia.

Now as I trod yon verdant ſide,
Where Ladon rolls its ſilver tide,
All gaily deck'd in gorgeous ſtate,
Sail'd a proud barge of richeſt freight:
Where ſat a nymph, more freſh and fair
Than bloſſoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modeſt grace
Of maiden bluſh beſpread her face.
Hither it made, and on this ſtrand
Pour'd its rich freight for ſhepherds' land.
Ladon, for this, ſmooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrſis' bride.

Damætas.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, ſhepherds, if aright I hear,
The ſounds of joy proclaim them near:
Let's meet them, friends, I'll lead the way;
Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE III.

A view of the ſea, with a veſſel at a diſtance.

[*Here follows a Paſtoral Proceſſion to the wedding of Thyrſis.*

Prieſt.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty Pan! with tender care,
View this ſwain and virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Juſt return of heart for heart.

May the pledges of their bliſs
Climb their knees to ſhare the kiſs.
May their ſteady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either ſide,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

May their ſteady blooming youth,
While they tread the paths of truth,
Virtues catch from either ſide,
From the bridegroom and the bride.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

You know dear George, I'm none of thoſe
That condeſcend to write in proſe;
Inſpir'd with paths and ſublime,
I always ſoar—in doggrel rhyme,
And ſcarce can aſk you how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Beſides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of *eaſy writing*;
Perhaps the reaſon makes it pleaſe
Is, that I find its writ with eaſe.
I vent a notion here in private,
Which public taſte can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
Than Addiſon and his Spectator,
Who ſays (it is no matter where,
But that he ſays it, I can ſwear)
With *eaſy verſe* moſt bards are ſmitten,
Becauſe they think its *eaſy written*;
Whereas the *eaſier* it appears,
The greater marks of *care* it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illuſtration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is ſaid,
Oft bit his nails, and ſcratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Becauſe he did not like the rhymes.
To make my meaning clear, and pleaſe ye,
In ſhort, he *labour'd* to write *eaſy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a ſimile will hit him;
His verſe, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no tailor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.
Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the reſult of admiration
To ſpend itſelf in imitation;
If imitation may be ſaid,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than theſe,
That I'm idolater of *eaſe*.
Who, but a madman, would engage
A poet in the preſent age?
Write what we will, our works beſpeak us
Imitatores, ſervum Pecus.
Tale, elegy, or lofty ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb ſtill ſticks cloſely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas ſaid an age ago,
Ere Milton ſoar'd in thought ſublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in ſtyle ſo pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burleſqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my ſcraps of wit,
And happy in the cloſe connection,
T' acquire ſome name from their reflection;
So (the ſimilitude is trite)
The moon ſtill ſhines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the ſun for her lac'd clothes.
Methinks there is no better time
To ſhow the uſe I make of rhyme,—
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet ſinging,
Preſuming on good-nature's ſcore,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.
The firſt advantage which I ſee,
Is, that I ramble looſe and free:
The bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him priſ'ner to the ſenſe.
Howe'er in common place he rage,
Rhymes like your *fetters* on the *ſtage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only ſtrut the more,
While, raving in pathetic ſtrains,
He ſhakes his legs to clank his chains.
From rhyme, as from a handſome face,
Nonſenſe acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its ſcope,
That ſenſe may unperceiv'd elope:
So miniſters of baſeſt tricks
(I love a fling at *politics*)
Amuſe the nation, court, and king,
With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater* ſlink away.
This ſimile perhaps would ſtrike,
If match'd with ſomething more alike;
Then take it dreſs'd a ſecond time
In Prior's eaſe, and *my* ſublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the ſtreet,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haſte to catch a thief,
While the ſly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too cloſe beſet to run away,
Stop thief! ſtop thief! exclaims aloud,
And ſo eſcapes among the crowd?
So miniſters, &c.
O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For ſure thy loſſes now are great;
Two ſuch, what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the connoiſſeur!
To-day, before the ſun goes down,
Will die the cenſor, Mr. TOWN!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With bluſhing honours thick upon him;
O may his name theſe verſes ſave,
Be theſe inſcrib'd upon his grave!

Know, reader, that on Thurſday died
The CONNOISSEUR, a ſuicide!
Yet think not that his ſoul is fled,
Nor rank him 'mongſt the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you ſet him down,
He's only *going out of town.*

THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER AND AUTHOR.

Bookſeller.

MUSEUM, ſir! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a puff;
A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by ſurpriſe:
As gaudy ſigns, which hang before
The tavern or the alehouſe door,
Hitch every paſſer's obſervation,
Magnetic in their invitation.
—That SHAKSPEARE is prodigious fine!
Shall we ſtep in, and taſte the wine?
Men, women, houſes, horſes, books,
All borrow credit from their looks.
Externals have the gift of ſtriking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

Author.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—
Call it *St. James's Magazine.*

Bookſeller.

Or the *New Britiſh*—

Author.

Oh! no more.
One name's as good as half a ſcore.
And titles oft give nothing leſs
Than what they *ſtaringly* profeſs.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
The common hackney turnpike road:
But cuſtom is the blockhead's guide,
And ſuch low arts diſguſt my pride.
Succeſs on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends;
Not on the *ſeems*, that bully ſin;
But that *which paſſeth ſhow within:*
Which bids the warmth of friendſhip glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deſerve ſucceſs, and proudly claim,
Not *ſteal* a paſſage into fame.

Bookſeller.

Your method, ſir, will never do;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in *our* trade
Says, there's no harm in ſome parade.
Suppoſe we ſaid, by Mr. Lloyd?

Author.

The very thing I would avoid;
And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myſelf unknowing, and unknown:
What could th' unknowing muſe expect,
But information or neglect?
Unknown—perhaps her reputation
Eſcapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkneſs, laughs unhurt,
While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt:
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take ſure aim.

Bookſeller.

True---but a name will always bring
A better ſanction to the thing:
And all your ſcribbling foes are ſuch,
Their cenſure cannot hurt you much;
And, take the matter ne'er ſo ill,
If *you* don't print, Sir, *they* will.

Author.

Well, be it ſo---that ſtruggle's o'er---
Nay,---this ſhall prove one ſpur the more
Pleas'd if ſucceſs attends, if not,
I've *writ my name, and made a blot.*

Bookſeller.

But a good print.

Author.

The print? why there
I truſt to honeſt LEACH's care.
What is't to me? in verſe or proſe,
I find the ſtuff, you make the clothes:
Add paper, print, and all ſuch dreſs,
Will loſe no credit from *his* preſs.

Bookſeller.

You quite miſtake the thing I mean,
---I'll fetch you, Sir, a MAGAZINE;
You ſee that picture there---the QUEEN.

Author.

A dedication to her too!
What will not folly dare to do?
O days of art! when happy ſkill
Can raiſe a likeneſs whence it will;
When portraits aſk no REYNOLDS' aid,
And queens and kings are ready made.
No, no, my friend, by helps like theſe,
I cannot wiſh my work ſhould pleaſe;
No pictures taken from the life,
Where all proportions are at ſtrife;
No HUMMING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
No BEAST juſt landed in the TOWER,
No WOODEN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
No COUNTRY-DANCE ſhall ſtop a gap;
O PHILOMATH, be not ſevere,
If not one problem meets you here;
Where goſſip A, and neighbour B,
Pair, like good friends, with C and D;
And E F G, H I K join;
And curve and *incidental* line
Fall out, fall in, and croſs each other,
Juſt like a ſiſter and a brother.
Ye *tiny* poets, *tiny* wits,
Who friſk about on *tiny* tits,
Who words disjoin, and ſweetly ſing,
Take one third part and *take the thing;*
Then cloſe the joints again, to frame
Some LADY's, or ſome CITY's name,
Enjoy your own, your proper *Phœbus:*
We neither make, nor print a REBUS,
No CRAMBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
Great letters lacing down each line;
No ſtrange CONUNDRUM, no invention
Beyond the reach of comprehenſion,
No RIDDLE, which whoe'er unties,
Claims twelve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
Shall ſtrive to pleaſe you, at th' expence
Of ſimple taſte and common ſenſe.

Bookſeller.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace and proper uſe?
A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

Author.

Plain letter-preſs ſhall do the feat;
What need of foppery to be neat?
The paſteboard guard delights me more
That ſtands to watch a bun-houſe door,
Than ſuch a mockery of grace,
And ornament ſo out of place.

Bookſeller.

But one word more, and I have done—
A PATENT might enſure its run.

Author.

Patent! for what? can patents give
A genius, or make blockheads live?
If ſo, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what, alas! will that avail
Beyond the *property* of ſale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honeſt fame we ſtrive,
But not to ſtruggle half alive,
And drag a miſerable being,
Its end ſtill fearing and foreſeeing.
Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindled with the breath of praiſe!
But far be ev'ry fruitleſs puff
To blow to light a dying ſnuff.

Bookſeller.

But ſhould not ſomething, Sir, be ſaid
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What *infinite* variety,
Multum in parvo, as they ſay,
And ſomething neat in every way?

Author.

I wiſh there could—but that depends
Not on myſelf ſo much as friends.
I but ſet up a new machine,
With harneſs tight, and furniſh'd clean;
Where ſuch, who think it no diſgrace
To ſend in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper ſhall minute down,
And I with pleaſure drive to town.

Bookſeller.

Ay, tell them that. Sir, and then ſay,
What letters come in every day;
And what great *wits* your care procures,
To join their ſocial hands with yours.

Author.

What! muſt I huge propoſals print,
Merely to drop ſome ſaucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
—This puff's of uſe, you ſay—why let it,
We'll boaſt ſuch friendſhip when we get it.

Bookſeller.

Get it! Ah, Sir, you do but jeſt;
You'll have aſſiſtance, and the beſt.
There's CHURCHILL—will not CHURCHILL lend
Aſſiſtance?

Author.

Surely—to his FRIEND.

Bookſeller.

And then your intereſt might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their ſocial hand, to ſtrengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

Author.

True, I've indulg'd ſuch hopes before
From thoſe you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not aſham'd of mine.
Bold is the taſk we undertake;
The friends we wiſh, the WORK muſt make:
For wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which ſtands alone.

Bookſeller.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure ſome uſeful aid:
Could we engage ſome able pen
To furniſh matter now and then;
There's—what's his name, Sir? would compile,
And methodiſe the news in *ſtyle*.

Author.

Take back your newſman whence he came,
Carry your clutches to the lame.

Bookſeller.

You muſt enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will ſucceed;
Which readers are not now a-days
By half ſo apt to buy as praiſe;
And praiſe is hardly worth purſuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books ſhift about like ladies' dreſs,
And there's a faſhion in ſucceſs.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raiſe?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?
Bid *General* ESSAY lead the van,
By—Oh! the *ſtyle* will ſhow the man:
Bid *Major* SCIENCE bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

Author.

True, true—our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHYMES,
Shall ſhow the colour of the times;
For which moſt ſalutary ends
We've fellow-ſoldiers, fellow-friends.
For city and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politics—eternal talkers,
Profound obſervers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Lately or juſt arriv'd in town)
Or ſome, in ſtate of abdication,
Of oratorial reputation;
Or thoſe who live on ſcraps and bits,
Mere green-room waſps, and temple wits;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK ſhould, or ſhould not do.
Trim poets from the *city* deſk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* pictureſque,

Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER's autumn contains
On flow'r and ſeed, and wind, and weather,
And bind them in an *ode* together;
Shall through the ſeaſons monthly ſing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING.

Bookſeller.

Ah, ſir! I ſee you love to jeſt,
I did but hint things for the beſt.
Do what you pleaſe, 'tis *your* deſign,
And if it fails, no blame is mine;
I leave the management to you,
Your ſervant, Sir,

Author.

I'm yours,—Adieu.

CHIT-CHAT.

An Imitation of Theocritus.

IDYLL. XV. Ενδοι Πραξινεα, &c.

Mrs. Brown.

Is Miſtreſs SCOT at home, my dear?

Servant.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here,
My *Miſſes*, though reſolv'd to wait,
Is quite *unpatient*—'tis ſo late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. BROWN.

Mrs. Scot.

Your ſervant, MADAM. Well, I ſwear
I'd giv'n you over---Child, a chair.
Pray, MA'M, be ſeated.

Mrs. Brown.

Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almoſt dead with fear.
There is ſuch *ſcrouging* and ſuch *ſqueeging*,
The folks are all ſo diſobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all theſe narrow ways,
What with the buſtle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Beſides the walk is ſo *immenſe*---
Not that I grudge a coach expence,
But then it jumbles me to death,
---And I was always ſhort of breath.
How can you live ſo far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.

Mrs. Scot.

Lard! MA'M, I left it all to *him*,
Huſbands you know, will have their whim.---
He took this houſe.---This houſe! this den
See but the temper of ſome men.
And I, forſooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live *quite out of all the world.*
Huſband, indeed!

Mrs. Brown.

Hiſt! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you ſay.
See how he looks---

Mrs. Scot.

Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy, look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
---Surely he cannot find it out.

Mrs. Brown.

See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he underſtands.
---There's a ſweet child, come, kiſs me, come,
Will *Jacky* have a ſugar-plumb?

Mrs. Scot.

This perſon, MADAM (call him ſo
And then the child will never know)
From houſe to houſe would ramble out,
And every night a drunken-bout.
For at a tavern he will ſpend
His twenty ſhillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricaſſeed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the *Crown*,
With port and punch to waſh 'em down,
Would ſcarcely ſerve this belly-glutton,
Whilſt we muſt ſtarve on mutton, mutton.

Mrs. Brown.

My good man, too- -Lord bleſs us! wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Although his profits bring him clear
Almoſt two hundred pounds a-year,
Keeps me of caſh ſo ſhort and bare,
That *I have not a gown to wear*;
Except my robe, and yellow ſack,
And this old luteſtring on my back.
---But we've no time, my dear, to waſte.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haſte.
The KING, God bleſs his majeſty, I ſay,
Goes to the houſe of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his ſtate.
And then the QUEEN---

Mrs. Scot.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a ſhow,
But tell me, do—I've never ſeen
Her preſent majeſty, the QUEEN.

Mrs. Brown.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

Mrs. Scot.

KITTY, my things,—I'll ſoon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at *one*.
—Why, girl! ſee how the creature ſtands!
Some water here, to waſh my hands.
—Be quick---why ſure the gipſy ſleeps!
---Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
That baſon there---why don't you pour,
Go on, I ſay---ſtop, ſtop---no more---
Lud! I could beat the huſſey down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown.
---Bring me my ruffles---can'ſt not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou haſt awkwardneſs enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd---this work is done,
I'm ready now, my dear---let's run.
Girl,---put that bottle on the ſhelf,
And bring me back the key yourſelf.

Mrs. Brown.

That clouded ſilk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with ſuch,

But you've a charming taſte in dreſs.
What might it coſt you, Madam?
Mrs. Scot.
Gueſs.
Mrs. Brown.
Oh! that's impoſſible---for I
Am in the world the worſt to buy.
Mrs. Scot.
I never love to bargain hard,
Five ſhillings, as I think, a-yard.
---I was afraid it ſhould be gone---
'Twas what I'd ſet my heart upon.
Mrs. Brown.
Indeed you bargain'd with ſucceſs,
For its a moſt delightful dreſs.
Beſides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis flop'd with ſuch an air.
Mrs. Scot.
I'm glad you think ſo,---*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take *you abroad!*---indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboes* to fright ye---
Beſides, the naughty horſe will bite ye;
With ſuch a mob about the ſtreet,
Bleſs me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you pleaſe, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber than be lame.
The more you cry, the leſs you'll——
——Come, come then, give mamma a kiſs,
KITTY, I ſay, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the laſt new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to KITTY---there's a *man*,
Call in the dog, and ſhut the door,
Now, MA'M.
Mrs. Brown.
Oh Lard!
Mrs. Scot.
Pray go before.
Mrs. Brown.
I can't indeed, now.
Mrs. Scot.
MADAM, pray.
Mrs. Brown.
Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.
Mrs. Scot.
Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How ſhall we do to get along?
What will become of us?---look here,
Here's all the king's horſe-guards, my dear.
Let us croſs over---haſte, be quick,
---Pray ſir, take care---your horſe will kick,
He'll kill his rider---he's ſo wild.
---I'm glad I did not bring the child.
Mrs. Brown.
Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you ſee the guards are gone?
Mrs Scot.
Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almoſt ſcar'd to death
For when a horſe rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,---nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather ſee a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look ſo bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward---come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vaſtly thick.
Mrs. Brown.
Come you from *Palace yard*, old dame?
Old Woman.
Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?
Mrs. Brown.
Was it much crowded when you came?
Mrs. Scot.
And is his majeſty gone by?
Mrs. Brown.
Can we get in, old lady, pray
To ſee him robe himſelf to-day?
Mrs. Scot.
Can you direct us, dame?
Old Woman.
Endeavour.
TROY could not ſtand a ſiege for ever.
By frequent trying, TROY was won.
All things, by trying, may be done.
Mrs. Brown.
Go thy ways, proverbs---well ſhe's gone---
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks preſs on before,
And throng impatient at the door.
Mrs. Scot.
Perdigious! I can hardly ſtand,
Lord bleſs me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we muſt ſtick as cloſe as burrs,
Or in this racket, noiſe and pother,
We certainly ſhall loſe each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and ſack
Are almoſt torn from off my back.
Lard, I ſhall faint---Oh Lud --my breaſt---
I'm cruſh'd to atoms, I proteſt.
God bleſs me---I have dropt my fan,
——Pray did you ſee it, honeſt man?
Man.
I, madam! no,---indeed, I fear
You'll meet with ſome misfortune here.
---Stand back, I ſay---pray, ſir, forbear---
Why, don't you ſee the ladies there?
Put yourſelves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your ſafe protection.
Mrs. Scot.
You're very kind, ſir; truly few
Are half ſo complaiſant as you.
We ſhall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always ſure to meet
A welcome, ſir, in---Lard! the ſtreet
Bears ſuch a name I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
---Mercy! what's all this noiſe and ſtir?
Pray is the KING a-coming, ſir?
Man.
No---don't you hear the people ſhout?
'Tis Mr PITT juſt *going* OUT.
Mrs Brown.
Aye, there he goes, pray Heav'n bleſs him!
Well may the people all careſs him.

---Lord, how my husband us'd to sit,
And drink success to honest PITT,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, you shall pledge this toast, my dear.

Man.

Hist---silence---don't you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the KING's a-coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?

Mrs. Brown.

Which is the king?

Mrs. Scot.

Which is the coach?

Scotchman

Which is the noble EARL OF BUTE,
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.
For he's the *laird of aw our clan*,
Troth he's a *bonny muckle man.*

Man.

Here comes the coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.

Mrs. Scot.

Upon my word, it's *monstrous* fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shows!
It puts *one's* eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.

Mrs. Brown.

So painted, gilded, and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.
And so it is---look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else---a barge on wheels.

Man.

Large! it can't pass *St. James's* gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a *body*-coachman get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head* to drive the king.

Mrs. Scot.

Lard! what are those two ugly things
There---with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the saucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the QUEEN?

Man.

Oh! they are gods, ma'm, which you see,
Of the *Marine Society*,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.

Mrs. Scot.

Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these *Tritons* do on land?

Mrs. Brown.

And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?

Man.

Oh, they are gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the king before.
For *show*, they wear the *yellow hue*,
Their *proper* colour is *true-blue.*

Mrs. Scot.

Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hiss, and hoot!
Well---Heav'n preserve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do---give us shelter, honest man.

Mrs. Brown.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear.
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. *Scott;*
Where's Mrs. *Tape*, and Mr. *Grin?*
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

Friend.

You say, "it hurts you to the soul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would shun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harness on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on spendthrift wit,
Which often flings whole stores away,
And oft has not a doit to play!
---Give us a work, indeed---of length---
Something which speaks poetic strength;
Is sluggish fancy at a stand?
No scheme of consequence in hand?
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name, and why A. M.?

Author.

Yes---it stands forth to public view,
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic letters,
Nor dash'd --emvowell'd---like my betters.
And though it stares me in the face,
Reflects no shame, hints no disgrace.
While these unlaboured trifles please,
Familiar chains are worn with ease.
---Behold! to yours and my surprise,
These trifles to a VOLUME rise.
Thus will you see me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of snow,
Steal by degrees upon your shelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.
The current studies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY:
A PAMPHLET may deserve a look,
But Heav'n defend us from a BOOK!

A LIBEL flies on ſcandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things.
---Not one in twenty will ſucceed---
Conſider, Sir, how few can read.

Friend.

I mean a work of *merit*——

Author.

True.

Friend.

A man of *taſte* MUST buy.

Author.

Yes;——You
And half a dozen more, my friend,
Whom your good taſte ſhall recommend.
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reaſon fail;
The NUPTIALS now—

Friend.

Whoſe nuptials, ſir?—

Author.

A poet's——did that poem *ſtir?*
No---fixt---though thouſand readers paſs,
It ſtill looks through its pane of glaſs,
And ſeems indignant to exclaim
Paſs on ye SONS of TASTE, for ſhame!
While duly each revolving moon,
Which often comes, God knows too ſoon,
Continual plagues my ſoul moleſt,
And *magazines* diſturb my reſt,
While ſcarce a night I ſteal to bed,
Without a couplet in my head.
And in the morning, when I ſtir,
Pop comes a *devil*, "copy ſir."
I cannot ſtrive with daring flight
To reach the bold *Parnaſſian* HEIGHT;
But at it's foot, content to ſtray,
In eaſy unambitious way,
Pick up thoſe flowers the muſes ſend,
To make a noſegay for my friend.
In ſhort, I lay no idle claim
To genius ſtrong, and noiſy fame.
But with a hope and wiſh to pleaſe,
I write, as I would live, with eaſe.

Friend.

But you muſt have a fund, a mine,
Proſe, poems, letters,

Author.

Not a line.
And here, my friend, I reſt ſecure;
He can't loſe much, who's always poor.
And if, as now, through numbers *five*,
This work with pleaſure kept alive
Can ſtill its currency afford,
Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
Can pay you, as at ſundry times,
For *ſelf* per *Mag*, two thouſand rhymes,
From whence ſhould apprehenſion grow,
That *ſelf* ſhould fail, with richer Co?
No *doer* of a monthly grub,
Myſelf *alone* a learned *club*,
I aſk my readers to no treat
Of ſcientific *haſh'd-up* meat,
Nor ſeek to pleaſe theatric friends,
With ſcraps of plays, and odds and ends.---

Friend.

Your method, Sir, is plain enough;
And all the world has read your PUFF *.
Th' alluſion's neat, expreſſion clean,
About your travelling MACHINE,
But yet---it is a *magazine.*

Author.

Why let it be, and wherefore ſhame?
As JULIET ſays, what's in a name?
Beſides it is the way of *trade*,
Through which all ſcience is convey'd,
Thus knowledge parcels out her ſhares;
The COURT has hers, the LAWYERS theirs.
Something to SCHOLARS ſure is due,---
Why not *one* MAGAZINE for YOU?

Friend.

That's an Herculean taſk, my friend,
You toil and labour---to offend.
Part of your ſcheme---a free tranſlation,
To SCHOLARS is a profanation;
What! break up *Latin!* pull down *Greek!*
(Peace to the ſoul of Sir JOHN CHEEKE †)!
And ſhall the gen'rous liquor run,
Broach'd from the rich FALERNIAN tun?
Will you pour out to *Engliſh* ſwine,
Neat as imported, old GREEK wine?
Alas! ſuch beverage only fits
Collegiate taſtes, and claſſic wits.

Author.

I ſeek not, with ſatiric ſtroke,
To ſtrip the pedant of his cloak;
No——let him cull and ſpout quotations,
And call the jabber, demonſtrations,
Be his the great concern to ſhow,
If *Roman* gowns were *tied* or no ‡;
Whether the *Grecians* took a ſlice
Four times a-day, or only *twice*,
Still let him work about his hole,
Poor, buſy, blind, laborious mole;
Still let him puzzle, read, explain,
Oppugn, remark, and read again.
Such, though they waſte the midnight oil
In dull, minute, perplexing toil,
Not underſtanding, do no good,
Nor can do harm, not underſtood.
By ſcholars, apprehend me right,
I mean the learned, and polite,
Whoſe knowledge unaffected flows,
And ſits as eaſy as their clothes;
Who care not though an *ac* or *ſed*
Miſplac'd, endanger PRISCIAN's head;
Nor think his wit a grain the worſe,
Who cannot frame a *Latin* verſe,
Or give the *Roman* proper word
To things the ROMANS never heard.
'Tis true, *except among the great*,
Letters are rather out of date,
And *quaking* genius more diſcerning,
Scoffs at your *regulars* in learning.
---PEDANTS, indeed, are learning's curſe,
But IGNORANCE is ſomething worſe:

---

* *See the Puff.*

† *The firſt reſtorer of Greek learning in England.*

‡ *See Sigonius and Manutius.*

All are not bleſt with reputation,
Built on the WANT of EDUCATION,
And ſome, to letters duly bred,
Mayn't *write* the worſe, becauſe they've *read*.
Though books had better be unknown,
Than not one thought appear our own;
As ſome can never ſpeak themſelves,
But through the authors on their ſhelves,
Whoſe writing ſmacks too much of reading,
As affectation ſpoils good breeding.

Friend.

True; but that fault is ſeldom known,
Save in your bookiſh *college* drone.
Who, conſtant (as I've heard them ſay)
Study their fourteen hours a-day,
And ſquatting cloſe, with dull attention,
Read themſelves out of apprehenſion;
Who ſcarce can waſh their hands or face,
For fear of loſing time, or place,
And give one hour to meat and drink,
But never *half a one* to THINK.

Author.

Lord! I have ſeen a thouſand ſuch,
Who read, or ſeem to read, too much,
So have I known, in that rare place,
Where *claſſics* always breed diſgrace,
A wight, upon diſcoveries hot,
As whether flames have heat or not,
Study himſelf, poor ſceptic dunce,
Into the very fire at once,
And clear the philoſophic doubt,
By burning all ideas out.
With ſuch, eternal books, ſucceſſive
Lead to no ſciences progreſſive,
While each dull fit of ſtudy paſt,
Juſt like a wedge drives out the laſt.
From theſe I ground no expectation
Of genuine wit, or free tranſlation;
But you miſtake me, friend. Suppoſe,
(Tranſlations are but modern clothes)
I dreſs my boy—(for inſtance ſake
Maintain theſe children which I make)
I give him coat and breeches—

Friend.

True—
But not a bib and apron too!
You would not let your child be ſeen,
But dreſt conſiſtent, neat, and clean.

Author.

So would I clothe a free tranſlation,
Or as Pope calls it, imitation;
Not pull down authors from my ſhelf,
To ſpoil their wit, and plague myſelf,
My learning ſtudious to diſplay,
And loſe their ſpirit by the way.

Friend.

Your HORACE now—e'en borrow thence
His eaſy wit, his manly ſenſe,
But let the moraliſt convey
Things in the manners of to-day,
Rather than that old garb aſſume,
Which only ſuits a man at *Rome*.

Author.

Originals will always pleaſe,
And copies too, if done with eaſe.
Would not old PLAUTUS wiſh to wear,
Turn'd *Engliſh* hoſt, an *Engliſh* air,
If THORNTON, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an inſtance nearer home;
Though in an idiom moſt unlike,
A ſimilarity muſt ſtrike,
Where both of ſimple nature fond,
In art and genius correſpond;
And *native* both (allow the phraſe
Which no one *Engliſh* word conveys)
Wrapt up their ſtories neat and clean,
Eaſy as ————

Friend.

DENNIS's you mean.
—The very man—not mere tranſlation,
But LA FONTAINE by tranſmigration.

Author.

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs
Have what he calls poetic ſons,
Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
Was richer Spenſer's lawful child:
And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
Is DRYDEN's heir in every line
Thus DENNIS proves his parents plain,
The child of EASE and LA FONTAINE.

Friend

His muſe, indeed, the work ſecures,
And aſks our praiſe as much as your's;
For if, delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks as well as you.
But You, my friend (ſo folks complain)
For ever in this eaſy vein,
This proſe in verſe, this meaſur'd talk,
This pace that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor ſtrive to give
A real poem fit to live.

Author.

(To critics no offence I hope)
PRIOR ſhall live as long as POPE.
Each in his manner, ſure to pleaſe,
While both have ſtrength, and both have eaſe,
Yet though their various beauties ſtrike,
Their eaſe, their ſtrength is not alike.
Both with conſummate horſeman's ſkill,
Ride as they liſt about the *hill*;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horſe, and favourite road.
For me, once fond of author fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and ſhame,
I have no time to run a race,
A traveller's my only pace.
They, whom their ſteeds unjaded bear
Around *Hyde-Park*, to take the air,
May friſk and prance, and ride their fill,
And go all paces which they will;
We *hackney* tits—nay never ſmile,
Who treat our ſtage of *thirty* mile,
Muſt travel in a conſtant plan,
And run our journey, as we can.

Friend.

A critic ſays, upon whoſe ſleeve
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,

That writings which as *eaſy* pleaſe,
Are not the writings wrote with *eaſe*.
From whence the inference is plain,
Your friend MAT. PRIOR wrote with pain.

Author.

With pain perhaps he might correct
With care ſupply each looſe defect,
Yet ſure, if rhyme, which ſeems to flow
Whether its maſter will or no,
If humour, not by ſtudy ſought,
But riſing from immediate thought,
Are proofs of eaſe, what hardy name
Shall e'er diſpute a PRIOR's claim!
But ſtill your critic's obſervation
Strikes at no POET's reputation,
His keen reflection only hits
Your rhyming fops and pedling wits.
As ſome take ſtiffneſs for a grace,
And walk a dancing-maſter's pace,
And others, for familiar air
Miſtake the flouching of a bear;
So ſome will finically trim,
And dreſs their lady muſe too prim,
Others, mere ſlovens in their pen
(The mob of *Lords* and *Gentlemen*)
Fancy they write with eaſe and pleaſure,
By rambling out of rhyme and meaſure.
And, on your critic's judgment, theſe
Write *eaſily*, and not with EASE.
There are, indeed, whoſe wiſh purſues,
And inclination courts the muſe;
Who happy in a partial fame,
A while poſſeſs a poet's name.
But read their works, examine fair.
---Show me invention, fancy there,
Taſte I allow; but is the flow
Of genius in them? Surely, no.
'Tis labour from the claſſic brain.
Read your own ADDISON's CAMPAIGN.
E'en he, nay, think me not ſevere,
A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,
Who toſs'd his claſſic thoughts around
With elegance on *Roman* ground,
Juſt ſimmering with the muſe's flame
Woos but a cool and ſober dame;
And all his *Engliſh* rhymes expreſs
But beggar-thoughts in royal dreſs.
In verſe his genius ſeldom *glows*,
A POET only in his *proſe*,
Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaſte,
Improv'd by fancy, wit, and taſte.

Friend.

I taſk you for yourſelf, my friend,
A ſubject you can ne'er defend,
And you cajole me all the while
With diſſertations upon ſtyle.
Leave others wits and works alone,
And think a little of your own.
For FAME, when all is ſaid and done,
Though a coy miſtreſs may be won;
And half the thought, and pains, and time,
You take to jingle *eaſy* rhyme,
Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY,
Done into Engliſh, MALLOCH's way,
---Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,
And write an ELEGY complete.

Or, not a more laborious taſk,
Could you not pen a *cloſſic* MASQUE?

Author.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
I durſt not ſoar to ſuch *high* things.
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Muſt underſtand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

Friend.

But buſineſs of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engroſs your mind.
Aſſiſtance muſt pour in a-pace,
New paſſengers will take a place,
And then your friends——

Author.

Aye, they indeed,
Might make a better work ſucceed,
And with the helps which they ſhall give,
I and the Magazine ſhall live.

Friend.

Yes, live, and *eat*, and nothing more,

Author.

I'll live as——Authors did before.

THE POET.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL.

WELL—ſhall I wiſh you joy of fame,
That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
And ſets you on the muſes' throne,
Which right of conqueſt made your own?
Or ſhall I (knowing how unfit
The world eſteems a man of wit,
That whereſoever he appears,
They wonder if the knave has ears)
Addreſs with joy and lamentation,
CONDOLENCE and CONGRATULATION,
As colleges, who duly bring
Their meſs of verſe to every king,
Too *œconomical* in taſte,
Their ſorrow or their joy to waſte:
Mix both together, ſweet and ſour;
And bind the thorn up with the flow'r?
Sometimes 'tis elegy, or ode,
Epiſtle now's your only mode.
Whether that ſtyle more glibly hits,
The fancies of our rambling wits,
Who wince and kick at all oppreſſion,
But love to ſtraggle in digreſſion;
Or, that by writing to the GREAT
In letters, honours, or eſtate,
We ſlip more eaſy into fame,
By clinging to another's name,
And with their ſtrength our weakneſs yoke,
As ivy climbs about an oak:
As TUFT-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
About a FELLOW-COMMONER,
Or crows will wing a higher flight,
When ſailing round the floating kite.
What'er the motive, 'tis the mode,
And I will travel in the road,
The faſhionable track purſue,
And write my ſimple thoughts to YOU,
Juſt as they riſe from head or heart,
Not marſhall'd by the herald art.

By vanity or pleasure led,
From thirst of fame, or want of bread,
Shall any start up sons of rhyme
PATHETIC, EASY, or SUBLIME?
—You'd think, to hear what critics say,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but such a paltry station
Reflects disgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forsake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has superior skill,
And can write better when he will.
In short, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge,
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with strange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And sounds the words another talks.
Bring me eleven critics *grown*,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
Of some informing master god.
Or as, when near his latest breath,
The patient fain would juggle death,
When DOCTORS sit in CONSULTATION
(Which means no more than conversation,
A kind of comfortable chat
'Mongst social friends, on this and that,
As whether stocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town:
Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whose)
Opinions never disagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.
But eminence offends at once
The owlish eye of critic dunce,
DULLNESS alarm'd, collects her force,
And FOLLY screams till she is hoarse.
Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
From all th' artillery of lies.
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her sting.
Around the frequent pellets whistle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead strives to throw
His share of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the same.
Thus should a wooden collar deck
Some woeful 'squire's embarrass'd neck,
When high above the crowd he stands
With equi-distant sprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and stones, and addle eggs.
O GENIUS! though thy noble skill
Can guide thy *Pegasus* at will;
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you spur, and whip, and smack,
You cannot shake her from your back.
Ill nature springs as merit grows,
Close as the thorn is to the rose.
Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a second birth,
MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would sanctify the noble prize.
While *modern* critics should behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wondering gape at one another,
To see the likeness of a brother.
But with us *rhyming* moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.
Not such alone who understand,
Whose book and memory are at hand,
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts—*more* or *less*;
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,
They write A. M. or sign M. D.
Or make advances somewhat higher
And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
And bring you strange quotations pat in,
As if each sentence grew more terse
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
And load one letter with the labours,
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours,
Who know that thought produces pain,
And deep reflection made the brain,
And *therefore*, wise and prudent grown,
Have no ideas of their own.
But if the man of *nature* speak,
Advance their bayonets of *Greek*,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies.
But those who cannot *spell*, will TALK,
As women scold, who cannot walk.
Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a NAME.
A rake! alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
And runs to FOLLY for relief,
There, 'midst the momentary joys
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
Smooths the world's hate, and blockhead's scorn,

Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
Ye CARES, go whiſtle to the wind
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
The world is all alike to *him*.
Diſtreſs is all in apprehenſion;
It ceaſes when 'tis paſt prevention:
And happineſs then preſſes near,
When not a hope's left, not a fear.
—But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
And I was never form'd for teaching.
Male prudes we know (thoſe driv'ling things),
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
How will the ſober cit abuſe,
The ſallies of the culprit muſe;
To her and poet ſhut the door---
And whip the beggar, with his whore!
POET!---a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
A mere mechanic dirty ſlave!
What is his verſe, but cooping ſenſe
Within an arbitrary fence?
At beſt, but ringing that in rhyme,
Which proſe would ſay in half the time?
Meaſure and numbers! what are thoſe
But artificial chains for proſe?
Which mechaniſm quaintly joins
In parallels of ſee-ſaw lines.
And when the friſky wanton writes
In PINDAR's (what d'ye call 'em)---flights
Th' uneven meaſure, ſhort and tall,
Now rhyming *twice*, now *not at all*,
In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
Like *Chineſe railing*, in and out.
Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
Cull'd all the *ſweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
The churl, whoſe dull imagination
Is dead to every fine ſenſation,
Too groſs to reliſh nature's bloom,
Or taſte her *ſimple* rich perfume.
Shall caſt them by as uſeleſs ſtuff,
And fly with keenneſs to his---ſnuff.
Look round the world, not one in ten,
Thinks poets good, or honeſt men.
'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often looſe to eaſy vice.
Perhaps *their temperance* will not paſs
The due rotation of the glaſs;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at ſuch an hour.
Some vices muſt to all appear
As conſtitutional as FEAR;
And every moraliſt will find
A ruling paſſion in the mind:
Which, though pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will ſally from their den,
And raiſe a tempeſt now and then;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her plan,
And ruffle all the world of man.
Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the ſame indulgence find.
Their lives are more conſpicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and ſhown.
Till every *error* ſeems to riſe
To SINS of moſt *gigantic* ſize.

Thus fares it ſtill, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.
His *public* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his miſtreſs, or his wife,
And ev'ry ſocial, dear connection,
Muſt bear a critical diſſection:
While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads bait.
Perhaps you'll readily admit
There's danger from the *trading* wit,
And dunce and fool, and ſuch as thoſe,
Muſt be of courſe the poet's foes:
But ſure no ſober man alive,
Can think that *friends* would e'er *connive*.
From juſt remarks on earlieſt time,
In the firſt infancy of rhyme,
It may be fairly underſtood
There were two ſects---the bad, the good.
Both fell together by the ears,
And both beat up for volunteers.
By intereſt, or by birth allied,
Numbers flock'd in on either ſide.
WIT to his weapons ran at once,
While all the cry was "down with DUNCE!"
Onward he led his ſocial bands,
The common cauſe had join'd their hands.
Yet even while their zeal they ſhow,
And war againſt the gen'ral foe,
Howe'er their rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
They'd ſtop it all to fight a duel.
And each cool wit would meet his brother,
To pink and tilt at one another.
Jealous of every puff of fame.
The idle whiſt'ling of a name,
The property of half a line,
Whether a comma's your's or mine,
Shall make a bard a hard engage,
And ſhake the friendſhip of an age.
But diffident and modeſt wit
Is always ready to ſubmit;
Fearful of preſs and publication,
Conſults a brother's obſervation,
Talks of the maggot of his brains,
As hardly worth the critic pains;
"If ought diſguſts the ſenſe or ear,
"You cannot, Sir, be too *ſevere*.
"Expunge, correct, do what you will.
"I leave it to ſuperior ſkill;
"Exert the office of a friend,
"You may oblige, but can't offend."
This bard too has his private clan,
Where *he's* the great, the only man.
Here, while the bottle and the bowl
Promote the joyous flow of ſoul,
(And ſenſe of mind, no doubt, grows ſtronger
When failing legs can ſtand no longer)
Emphatic judgment takes the chair,
And damns about her with an air.
Then each ſelf-puff'd, and hero grown,
Able to cope with hoſts alone,
Drawcanſir like his murders blends,
Firſt ſlays his foes, and then his *friends*.
While your good word, or converſation,
Can lend a brother reputation;
While verſe or preface quaintly penn'd,
Can raiſe the conſequence of friend,

How viſible the kind affection!
How cloſe the partial fond connection!
Then *he* is quick, and *I'm* diſcerning,
And *I* have wit, and *he* has learning,
My judgment's ſtrong, and *his* is chaſte;
And BOTH—ay BOTH, are men of taſte.
Should you nor ſteal nor borrow aid,
And ſet up for yourſelf in trade,
Reſolv'd imprudently to ſhow
That 'tis not always wit and *Co.*
Feelings, before unknown, ariſe,
And genius looks with jealous eyes.
Though thouſands may arrive at fame,
Yet never take one path the ſame,
An author's vanity or pride
Can't bear a neighbour by his ſide,
Although he but delighted goes
Along the track which nature ſhows,
Nor ever madly runs aſtray,
To croſs his brother in his way.
And ſome there are, whoſe narrow minds
Center'd in ſelf, ſelf always blinds,
Who, at a friend's re-echoed praiſe,
Which their own voice conſpir'd to raiſe,
Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's inſulting dirt.
And ſome, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are ſcanty to expreſs,
But friends muſt feel from friends' ſucceſs,
When full of hopes and fears, the muſe,
Which every breath of praiſe purſues,
Would open to their free embrace,
Meet her with ſuch a blaſting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which ſeeks the ſun of approbation,
No more its early bloſſoms tries,
But curls its tender leaves, and dies.
Is there a man, whoſe genius ſtrong,
Rolls like a rapid ſtream along,
Whoſe muſe, long hid in cheerleſs night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whoſe acting comprehenſive mind
Walks fancy's régions, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the ſurly ſenſe of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aſide;
Who drags no author from his ſhelf,
To talk on with an eye to ſelf;
Careleſs alike, in converſation,
Of cenſure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely ſpeaks,
And meets the wit he never ſeeks;
Whoſe reaſon calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praiſe beſtow,
If merit ſparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends---yet loves them too:
CHURCHILL will he the laſt to know
His is the portrait, I would ſhow.

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS.

A DIALOGUE.

IN *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, enſued of late,
Between two poſts a ſtrange debate.
---Two poſts---aye poſts---for poſts can ſpeak,
In *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *French* or *Greek*.
One Rubric thus addreſs'd the other:
" —A noble ſituation, brother,
" With authors lac'd from top to toe,
" Methinks we cut a *taring* ſhow,
" The *dialogues* of famous dead *,
" You know how much they're bought and read
" Suppoſe again we raiſe their ghoſts,
" And make them chat through us two poſts
" A thing's half finiſh'd well begun,
" So take the authors as they run.
" The liſt of names is mighty fine,
" You look down this, and I that line.
" Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY
" And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
" Whilſt you have thoſe, I cannot ſpeak,
" But found moſt wonderful in *Greek*.
" —A dialogue—I ſhould adore it,
" With ſuch a ſhow of names before it."
" Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"
The ancient Rubric ſtrait reply'd.
" It grieves me much, indeed, to find
" We never can be of a mind,
" Before one door, and in one ſtreet,
" Neither ourſelves nor thoughts can meet,
" And we, as brother oft with brother,
" Are at a diſtance from each other.
" Suppoſe among the *letter'd* dead,
" Some author ſhould erect his head,
" And ſtarting from his rubric, pop
" Directly into *Davies'* ſhop,
" Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
" To find his own opinions out;
" D'ye think one author out of ten
" Would know his ſentiments agen?
" Thinking, your authors differ leſs in,
" Than in their manner of expreſſing.
" 'Tis ſtyle which makes the writer known,
" The mark he ſets upon his own.
" Let CONGREVE ſpeak as CONGREVE writ,
" And keep the ball up of his wit;
" Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e'er demean
" The ſenſe and humour of the DEAN.
" E'en let the ancients reſt in peace,
" Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
" To give a cauſe for paſt tranſactions,
" They never dreamt of in their actions.
" I can't help quibbling, brother poſt,
" 'Twere better we ſhould *lay* the ghoſt,
" But 'twere a taſk of real merit
" Could we contrive to raiſe their *ſpirit*.
" Peace, brother, peace, though what you ſay,
" I own has reaſon in its way,
" On dialogues to bear ſo hard,
" Is playing with a dangerous card;
" Writers of rank are ſacred things,
" And cruſh like arbitrary kings.
" Perhaps your ſentiment is right,
" Heav'n grant we may not ſuffer by't.
" For ſhould friend DAVIES overhear,
" He'll publiſh ours another year."

---

* *By Lord Lyttleton.*

SONG.

Though winter its desolate train
Of frost and of tempest may bring,
Yet *Flora* steps forward again,
And nature rejoices in spring.

Though the sun in his glories decreast,
Of his beams in the evening is shorn,
Yet he rises with joy from the east,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's sunshine recal,
Or the blossoms of beauty restore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The spring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a lesson that's easy to learn,
For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,
And his seasons will never return.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

Shall I, from worldly friends estrang'd,
Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
In that affection firm and true,
Which gratitude excites to you;
Shall I indulge the muse, or stifle
This meditation of a trifle?
But you, perhaps, will kindly take
The trifle for the giver's sake,
Who only pays his grateful mite,
The just acknowledgment of right,
As to the landlord duly sent
A pepper-corn shall pass for rent.
Yet trifles often show the man,
More than his settled life and plan:
These are the starts of inclination;
Those the mere gloss of education,
Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
A blockhead to a man of learning;
And, by the help of form and place,
The child of sin to babe of grace.
Not that it alters nature quite,
And sets perverted reason right,
But, like hypocrisy, conceals
The very passions which she feels;
And claps a vizor on the face,
To hide us from the world's disgrace,
Which as the first appearance strikes,
Approves of all things or dislikes.
Like the fond fool with eager glee,
Who sold his all, and put to sea,
Lur'd by the calm which seem'd to sleep
On the smooth surface of the deep;
Nor dreamt its waves could proudly rise,
And toss up mountains to the skies.
Appearance is the only thing,
A king's a wretch, a wretch a king.
Undress them both---You king, suppose
For once you wear the beggar's clothes;
Clothes that will take in every air;
---Bless me! they fit you to a hair.
Now you, sir Vagrant, quickly don
The robes his majesty had on.
And now, O World, so wond'rous wise,
Who see with such discerning eyes,
Put observation to the stretch,
Come---which is king, and which is wretch?
To cheat *this* world, the hardest task
Is to be constant to our mask.
Externals make direct impressions,
And masks are worn by all professions.
What need to dwell on topics stale?
Of parsons drunk with wine or ale?
Of lawyers, who with face of brass,
For learned rhetoricians pass?
Of scientific doctors big,
Hid in the pent house of their wig?
Whose conversation hardly goes
Beyond half words, and hums! and Oh's!
Of scholars, of superior *taste*,
Who cork it up for fear of waste,
Nor bring one bottle from their shelves,
But keep it always for themselves?
Wretches like these my soul disdains,
And doubts their hearts as well as brains,
Suppose a neighbour should desire
To light a candle at your fire,
Would it deprive your flame of light,
Because another profits by't?
But youth must often pay its court,
To these *great* scholars *by report*,
Who live on hoarded reputation
Which dares no risk of conversation,
And boast within a store of knowledge,
Sufficient, bless us! for a college,
But take a prudent care, no doubt,
That not a grain shall straggle out;
And are of wit too nice and fine,
To throw their pearl and gold to *swine*;
And therefore, to prevent deceit,
Think every man a *hog* they meet.
These may perhaps as scholars shine,
Who hang *themselves* out for a *sign*.
What signifies a lion's skin,
If it conceals an ass within?
If thou'rt a lion, prithee roar;
If ass---bray once, and stalk no more;
In words as well as looks be wise,
Silence is folly in disguise;
With so much wisdom bottled up,
Uncork, and give your friends a sup.
What need your *nothings* thus to save?
Why place the *dial* in the *grave*?
A fig for wit and reputation,
Which sneaks from all communication.
So in a post-bag, cheek by jole,
Letters will go from pole to pole,
Which *may* contain a wond'rous deal;
But then they travel under seal,
And though they bear your wit about,
Yet who shall ever find it out,
Till trusty wax foregoes its use,
And sets imprison'd meaning loose?
Yet idle folly often deems
What man must be from what he seems;
As if, to look a dwelling o'er,
You'd go no farther than the door.
Mark yon round parson, fat and sleek,
Who preaches only once a week,

Whom claret, ſloth, and ven'ſon join
To make an *orthodox* divine
Whoſe holineſs receives its beauty
From income large, and little duty;
Who loves the pipe, the glaſs, the ſmock,
And keeps---a curate for his flock.
The world, obſequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor prieſt, with half a ſcore
Of prattling infants at his door,
Whoſe ſober wiſhes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For man of wealth, or man of wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wiſe as he
Who ſigns with ſtaring S. T. P.
And full of sacerdotal pride,
Lays God and duty both aſide.
" This curate, ſay you, learn'd and wiſe!
" Why does not then this curate riſe?"
This curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a curacy)
At no great mart of letters bred,
Had ſtrange odd notions in his head,
That parts, and books, and application,
Furniſh'd all means of education;
And that a pulpiteer ſhould know
More than his gaping flock below;
That learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming ſounds to ſpeak,
Apt or unapt in each quotation,
Were *inſults* on a congregation,
Who could not underſtand one word
Of all the learned ſtuff they heard;
That ſomething more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a ſound divine;
That church, and prayer, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuſe for ſinful *Monday*;
That pious doctrine, pious life,
Should both make one as man and wife.
Thinking in this uncommon mode,
So out of all the prieſtly road,
What man alive can e'er ſuppoſe,
Who marks the way PREFERMENT goes,
That ſhe ſhould ever find her way
To this *poor curate's* houſe of clay?
Such was the prieſt, ſo ſtrangely wiſe!
He could not bow---How ſhould he riſe?
Learned he was, and deeply read;
---But what of that?---not duly bred.
For he had ſuck'd no grammar-rules
From royal founts or public ſchools,
Nor gain'd a ſingle corn of knowledge
From that vaſt granary---a college.
A granary, which food ſupplies
To vermin of uncommon ſize.
Aye, now indeed the matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public ſchool's the place alone,
Where duly talents may be known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
But then, ſuch friendſhips, ſuch connections!
The parent who has form'd his plan,
And in his child conſider'd man,
What is his grand and golden rule?
" Make your connections, child at ſchool.
" Mix with your equals, fly inferiors,
" But follow *cloſely* your ſuperiors,
" On them your every hope depends,
" Be prudent, ſom, get *uſeful* friends;
" And therefore like a ſpider wait,
" And ſpin your web about the great.
" If *my Lord's* genius wants ſupplies,
" Why---You muſt make his exerciſe.
" Let the young *Marquis* take your place,
" And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
" Suppoſe (ſuch things may happen once)
" The nobles wits, and you the dunce,
" Improve the means of education;
" And learn commodious adulation.
" Your maſter ſcarcely holds it ſin,
" *He* chucks his *Lordſhip* on the chin,
" And would not for the world rebuke,
" Beyond a pat, the ſchool-boy *Duke*.
" The paſtor there, of —— what's the place?
" With ſmiles eternal in his face,
" With dimpling cheek, and ſnowy hand,
" That ſhames the whiteneſs of his band;
" Whoſe mincing dialect abounds
" In hums and hahs, and half-form'd ſounds;
" Whoſe elocution, fine and chaſte,
" Lays his *commaands* with judgment *vaſt*;
" And left the company ſhould hear,
" Whiſpers his nothings in your ear;
" Think you 'twas zeal, or virtue's care
" That plac'd the *ſmirking* doctor there?
" No---'twas connections form'd at ſchool
" With ſome rich wit, or noble fool,
" Obſequious flattery, and attendance,
" A wilful, uſeful, baſe dependance;
" A ſupple bowing of the knees
" To any *human god* you pleaſe,
" (For true good-breeding's ſo *polite*,
" 'Twould call the very devil white)
" 'Twas watching others ſhifting will,
" And veering to and fro with ſkill:
" Theſe were the means that made him riſe,
" Mind your *connections*, and be wiſe."
Methinks I hear ſon Tom reply,
I'll be a biſhop by and by.
Connections at a public ſchool
Will often ſerve a wealthy fool,
By lending him a letter'd knave
To bring him credit, or to ſave;
And knavery gets a profit *real*,
By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
The child that marks this ſlaviſh plan,
Will make his fortune when a man.
While honeſt wit's ingenious merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his ſpirit.
The ſtrength of public education
Is quick'ning parts by EMULATION;
And emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous ſtate,
Which ſtifled for a courſe of years,
From want of ſkill or mutual fears,
Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
Which none but trival wits can feel.
For when good people wits commence,
They loſe all other kind of ſenſe;

(The maxim makes you ſmile, I ſee,
Retort it when you pleaſe on me);
One writer always hates another,
As emperors would kill a brother,
Or empreſs-queen to rule alone,
Pluck down a huſband from the throne.
When tir'd of friendſhip and alliance,
Each ſide ſprings forward to defiance,
Inveterate hate and reſolution,
Faggot, and fire, and perſecution,
Is all their aim, and all their cry,
Though neither ſide can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant men,
And flaſh about them with their pen.
What inkſhed ſprings from altercation!
What loppings off of reputation!
You might as ſoon huſh ſtormy weather,
And bring the north and ſouth together,
As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.
Your deſperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a jail,
Who muſe, and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the lightning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal ſtroke,
Will blaſt the verieſt heart of oak)
Will wrangle, bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though ſwain look glum, and miſs look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium iræ*,
And all the progreſs purely this—
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiſs.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an eaſy mingled ſtrife,
To make the ſallad up of life.
Love ſettles beſt from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.
In a ſtage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourſelf about,
To find the ſeat and cuſhion out?
How diſagreeably you ſit,
With b—m awry and place unfit,
Till ſome kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town
Shall wedge you cloſe, and nail you down,
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.
When tiffs ariſe, and words of ſtrife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial courſe
Which yoke-mates muſt go through perforce,
And ev'ry married man is certain
T' attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
Though not another word is ſaid
When once the couple are in bed:
There things their proper channel keep,
(They make it up, and go to ſleep)
Theſe fallings in and fallings out,
Sometimes with cauſe, but moſt without,
Are but the common modes of ſtrife,
Which oil the ſprings of married life,
Where ſameneſs would create the ſpleen,
For ever *ſtupidly ſerene*.
Obſerve yon downy bed—to make it,
You toſs the feathers up, and ſhake it.
So fondneſs ſprings from words and ſcuffling,
As beds lie ſmootheſt after ſhuffling.
But authors wranglings will create
The very quinteſſence of hate.
Peace is a fruitleſs vain endeavour,
Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.
—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiſer betters
That I had never taſted letters,
Then no Parnaſſian maggots bred
Like fancies in a madman's head,
No graſpings at an idle name,
No childiſh hope of future fame,
No impotence of wit had ta'en
Poſſeſſion of my muſe-ſtruck brain.
Or had my birth, with fortune fit,
Varniſh'd the dunce, or made the wit;
I had not held a ſhameful place,
Nor letters paid me with diſgrace.
—O! for a pittance of my own,
That I might live unſought, unknown!
Retir'd from all this pedant ſtrife,
Far from the cares of buſtling life;
Far from the wits, the fools, the great,
And all the little world I hate.

THE MILK-MAID.

Whoe'er for pleaſure plans a ſcheme,
Will find it vaniſh like a dream,
Affording nothing found or real,
Where happineſs is all ideal;
In grief, in joy, or either ſtate,
Fancy will always antedate,
And when the thoughts on evil pore,
Anticipation makes it more.
Thus while the mind the *future* ſees,
It cancels all its *preſent* eaſe.
Is pleaſure's ſcheme the point in view;
How eagerly we all purſue!
Well—Tueſdady is th' appointed day;
How ſlowly wears the time away!
How dull the interval between,
How darken'd o'er with clouds of ſpleen,
Did not the mind unlock her treaſure,
And fancy feed on promis'd pleaſure.
Delia ſurveys, with curious eyes,
The clouds collected in the ſkies;
Wiſhes no ſtorm may rend the air,
And Tueſday may be dry and fair;
And I look round my boys, and pray
That Tueſday may be holiday.
Things duly ſettled—what remains?
Lo! Tueſday comes—alas! it rains;
And all our viſionary ſchemes
Have died away, like golden dreams.
Once on a time, a ruſtic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleaſing contemplation;
While on a bench ſhe took her ſeat,
And plac'd the milk-pail at her feet,
Oft in her hand ſhe chink'd the pence,
The profits which aroſe from thence;
While fond ideas fill'd her brain
Of layings up, and *monſtrous* gain.

Till every penny which she told
Creative fancy turn'd to gold;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.
" Please Heav'n but to preserve my health,
" No doubt I shall have store of wealth;
" It must of consequence ensue
" I shall have store of lovers too.
" Oh! how I'll break their stubborn hearts
" With all the pride of female arts.
" What suitors then will kneel before me!
" *Lords*, *Earls*, and *Viscounts*, shall adore me.
" When in my gilded coach I ride,
" *My Lady* at his *Lordship's* side,
" How will I laugh at all I meet
" Clatt'ring in pattens down the street!
" And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
" Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore;
" Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
" I will not hear the simple youth,
" But rise indignant from my seat,
" And spurn the lubber from my feet."
Action, alas! the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe,
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew!
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.
Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident destroys the scheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE,

From the Rev. Mr. Hanbury's Horse to the Rev. Mr. Scot.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *rank* and *situation;*
And men increase in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *birth.*
Thus he is born to live obscure,
Who has the sin of being poor;
While wealthy dullness lolls at ease,
And is—as witty as you please.
—" What did his *Lordship* say?—O! fine!
" The very *thing! bravo! divine!*"
And then 'tis buzz'd from *route* to *route*,
While ladies whisper it about,
" Well, I protest, a charming hit!
" His *Lordship* has a deal of wit.
" How elegant that double sense!
" *Perdigious! vastly fine! immense!*"
When all my lord has said or done
Was but the *letting off* a pun.
Mark the fat *cit*, whose good round sum
Amounts at least to half a *plumb;*
Whose chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither sober folks repair
To take the *dust*, which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,
And peeping from *his* windows, tells
To all beholders where she dwells.
Yet once a week this purse-proud cit
Shall ape the sallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To priestly saint, or city sinner,
Shall tell the story o'er and o'er
H'as told a thousand times before;
Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.
Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire:
While he looks pleas'd at every gueſt,
And laughs much louder than the rest;
And cackling with incessant grin,
Triples the *double* of his chin.
Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill
Make *wits* and *statesmen* when they will;
While genius holds no estimation
From luckless want of *situation;*
And if through clouded scenes of life
He takes dame poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and teaze his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a *grain;*
While with his *Lordship* it *abounds*,
And one light grain swells out to *pounds.*
Receive, good Sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton *gallop* of the mind;
But, since all things increase in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Lest you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My *breed*, my *blood*, my *sire*, my *dam.*
My *sire* was PINDAR'S *eagle*, son
Of *Pegasus* of HELICON;
My *dam*, the *hippogryph*, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of *mettled blood*,
The best in all APOLLO'S stud.
Now CRITICS here would bid me speak
The OLD horse language, that is, *Greek;*
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago;
And men of *taste* and *judgment* FINE,
Allow the passage is *divine.*
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed;
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a stride.
How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirl'd,
A third, good Lord! would clear the world.
But till some learned wight shall show
If *accents* MUST be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
Of giant and of pigmy size,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of salvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to *men*,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very *straw;*

Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain nag, in homely phraſe,
I'll uſe the language of *our* days;
And, for this firſt and only time,
Juſt make a *trot* in eaſy rhyme.
Nor let it ſtock your thought or ſight,
That thus a *quadruped* ſhould write;
Read but the papers, and you'll ſee
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and *ſparrows* taught to dance,
By monſieur *Paſſerat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;
And all are *faſhionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.
Of paper, pen, and ink poſſeſs'd,
With faculcies of writing bleſt,
Why ſhould not I then, *Hownnyhwm* bred
(A word that muſt be *ſeen*, not ſaid)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folks feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more diſcerning eyes of ſteed;
When in the ſhape of uſeful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?
Know, ſafely rode my maſter's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, Sir, his awkward care
Enſur'd protection to the fair.
No—conſcious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footſteps ſlipt no more.
For though I ſcorn the *poet's* ſkill,
My miſtreſs guides me where ſhe will.
Abſtract in wond'rous ſpeculation,
Loſt in laborious meditation,
As whether 'twould promote *ſublime*
If *ſilver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of *ſweeter tune*,
Month might be clink'd inſtead of moon:
No wonder poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.
Whether they ride or walk the ſtreet,
Their *heads* are always on their *feet*;
They now and then may get aſtride
Th' *ideal* Pegaſus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
As boys ride cock-horſe on a broom.
Whether *acroſtics* teize the brain,
Which goes a hunting words in vain,
(For words moſt *capitally* ſin,
Unleſs their letters right begin.)
Since how to man or woman's name,
Could you or I acroſtic frame.
Or make the *ſtaring* letters join,
To form the word, that tells us *thine*,
Unleſs we'ad *right* initials got,
S, C, O, T, and ſo made SCOT?
Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle's* brother
(Both which had DULLNESS for their mother)
Employ the gentle poet's care,
To celebrate ſome town or fair,
Which all *ad libitum* he ſlits
For *you* to pick it up by bits,
Which bits together plac'd, will frame
Some city's or ſome lady's name;
As when a worm is cut in twain,
It joins and is a worm again;
When thoughts *ſo* weighty, *ſo* intenſe,
Above the reach of common ſenſe,
Diſtract and twirl the mind about,
Which fain would hammer ſomething out;
A kind diſcharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of ſenſe in poet's head,
They fix themſelves without controul,
Where'er its ſeat is on the ſoul.
Then, like your heathen idols, we
Have eyes indeed, but cannot ſee.
(*We*, for I take the poet's part,
And for my blood, am *bard* at heart)
For in reflection deep immerſt,
The man muſe-bitten and *be-verſt*,
Neglectful of eternals all,
Will run his head againſt a wall,
Walk, through a river as it flows,
Nor ſee the bridge before his noſe.
Are things like theſe equeſtrians fit
To mount the back of mettled tit?
Are—but farewell, for here comes *Bob*,
And I muſt ſerve ſome hackney job;
Fetch letters, or, for recreation,
Tranſport the bard to our *plantation*.
Robert joins compts with *Burnam Black*.
Your humble ſervant, *Hanbury's* hack.

THE NEW-RIVER HEAD.

A TALE.

Attempted in the manner of Mr. C. Denis.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."
HOR.

DEAR WILKES, whoſe lively ſocial wit
Diſdains the prudiſh affectation
Of gloomy folks, who love to ſit
As doctors *ſhould* at conſultation,
Permit me in familiar ſtrain,
To ſteal you from the idle hour
Of combating the NORTHERN THANE,
And all his puppet tools of pow'r.
Shame to the wretch, if ſenſe of ſhame
Can ever touch the miſcreant's breaſt,
Who dead to virtue as to fame,
(A monſter whom the gods deteſt)
Turns traitor to himſelf, to court
Or miniſter or monarch's ſmile;
And dares, in inſolence of ſport,
Invade the CHARTER of our iſle.
But why ſhould I, who only ſtrive
By telling of an eaſy tale,
To keep attention half alive
'Gainſt BOLGOLAM and FLIMNAP rail?
For whether ENGLAND be the name,
(Name which we're taught no more to prize)
Or BRITAIN, it is all the ſame,
The Lilliputian ſtateſmen riſe
To malice of gigantic ſize.

Let them enjoy their warmth a-while,
Truth ſhall regard them with a ſmile,
While you, like GULLIVER, in ſport
Piſs out the fire, and ſave the court.
But to return--- The tale is old:
  Indecent, truly none of mine---
What BEROALDUS gravely told;
  I read it in that ſound divine.
And for indecency, you know
  He had a faſhionable turn,
As prim obſervers clearly ſhow
  In t'other parſon doctor STERNE.
Yet POPE denies it all defence,
And calls it, bleſs us! want of ſenſe.
But e'en the *decent* POPE can write
  * Of bottles, corks and maiden ſighs,
Of charming beauties leſs in ſight,
  Of the more ſecret precious hair,
† " And ſomething elſe of little ſize,
    You know where."
If ſuch authorities prevail,
  To varniſh o'er this petty ſin,
I plead a pardon for my tale,
  And having hemm'd and cough'd---begin.
A genius (one of thoſe I mean,
  We read of in th' Arabian Nights;
Not ſuch as every day are ſeen
  At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;
For howſoe'er you change the name,
The clubs and meetings are the ſame;
Nor thoſe prodigious learned folks,
Your haberdaſhers of ſtale jokes,
Who dreſs them up ſo neat and clean
For news-paper or magazine:
But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
  Changing the very courſe of nature,
Not ASMOD US on two ſticks
  Or ſage URGA DA could do greater.)
  Once on a time incog came down
  From his equivocal dominions,
And travell'd o'er a country town
  To try folks' tempers and opinions.
When to accompliſh his intent
  (For had the cobler known the king,
  Lord! it would quite have ſpoil'd the thing)
In ſtrange diſguiſe he ſlily went
And ſtump'd along the high-way track,
With greaſy knapſack at his back;
And now the night was pitchy dark,
Without one ſtar's indulgent ſpark,
Whether he wanted ſleep or not,
  Is of no conſequence to tell;
A bed and lodging muſt be got,
  For geniuſes live always well.
At the beſt houſe in all the town,
  (It was th' attorneys you may ſwear)
He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,
  Knock as you would, no entrance there.
But from the window cried the dame,
Go, ſirrah go, from whence you came.
Here, Neil, John, Thomas, ſee who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the ſtocks.

Be gentle ma'm, the genius cried;
  Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
Who knows not where his head to hide,
  And aſks a pittance at your door.
A mug of beer, a cruſt of bread—
Have pity on the houſeleſs head;
  Your huſband keeps a lordly table,
I aſk but for the offal crumbs,
  And for a lodging—barn or ſtable
Will ſhroud me till the morning comes.
  'Twas all in vain; ſhe rang the bell,
The ſervants trembl'd at the knell;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,
To drive the vagrant back agen.
He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
  Till through a caſement's dingy pane,
A ruſh-light's melancholy ray,
  Bad him e'en try his luck again;
Perhaps beneath a houſe of clay
A wand'ring paſſenger might find,
A better friend to human kind,
And far more hoſpitable fare,
Though not ſo coſtly, nice, or rare,
As ſmokes upon the ſilver plate
Of the luxurious pamper'd great.
  So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the ſame plight the genius came:
  Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch;
What want ye ſir?
    God ſave you, dame.
And ſo he told the piteous tale,
  Which you have heard him tell before;
Your patience and my own would fail
  Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her beſt, though ſimple fare,
  And from the corner-cupboard's hoard,
Her ſtranger gueſt the more to pleaſe,
  Beſpread her hoſpitable board
With what ſhe had—'twas bread and cheeſe.
'Tis honeſt though but homely cheer;
  Much good may't do ye, eat your fill,
Would I could treat you with ſtrong beer,
  But for the action take the will,
You ſee my cot is clean, though ſmall,
  Pray Heav'n increaſe my ſlender ſtock!
You're welcome, friend, you ſee my all;
  And for your bed, ſir, there's a flock.
No matter what was after ſaid,
He eat and drank, and went to bed.
And now the cock his mattins ſung,
  (Howe'er ſuch ſinging's light eſteem'd,
'Tis precious in the muſes' tongue
  When ſung, rhymes better than he ſcream'd);
The dame and pedlar both aroſe,
  At early dawn of riſing day,
She for her work of folding clothes,
  And he to travel on his way;
But much he thought himſelf to blame,
  If, as in duty ſurely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
  For the reception he had found.
Hoſteſs, quoth he, before I go,
  I thank you for your hearty fare;

---

* *Rape of the Lock.*
† *Popes Letters.*

Would it were in my pow'r to pay
My gratitude a better way;
But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doit to ſpare;
But if you'll take this piece of ſtuff—
—No, quoth the dame, I'm poor as you,
Your kindeſt wiſhes are enough,
You're welcome, friend, farewell---Adieu.
But firſt reply'd the wand'ring gueſt,
For bed and board and homely diſh,
May all things turn out for the beſt,
So take my bleſſing and my wiſh.
May what you firſt begin to do,
Create ſuch profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finiſh till the depth of night.
Thank you, ſhe ſaid, and ſhut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more.
And now the napkin which was ſpread
To treat her gueſt with good brown bread,
She folded up with niceſt care;
When lo! another napkin there!
And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a ſhift---by ſtrange increaſe,
The remnant ſwells into a piece.
Her caps, her laces, all the ſame,
Till ſuch a quantity of linen,
From ſuch a very ſmall beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the dame,
Who wonder'd how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry ſhe had got
Within her little ſhabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-ſtreet and Cheapſide.
It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
Who, to be ſure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher life,
Who did the pariſh mighty honour,
Sent for the dame, who, poor and willing,
Would take a job of charing work,
And ſweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a ſixpence or a ſhilling.
She could not come, not ſhe indeed!
She thank'd her much, but had no need.
Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous ſtory came,
About the pedlar and the dame,
Which made th' attorney's wife ſo mad,
That ſhe reſolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and lady airs,
To get the pedlar tête-à-tête,
And make up all the paſt affairs:
And though ſhe wiſh'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monſtrous civil,
And drop her curt'ſy at the door.
Now all was racket, noiſe and pother,
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horſe ſent,
To learn which way the pedlar went.
Thomas return'd;---the pedlar brought.
---What could my dainty madam ſay,
For not behaving as ſhe ought,
And driving honeſt folks away?
Upon my word, it ſhocks me much,
---But there's ſuch thieving here of late---
Not that I dream'd that you were ſuch,
When you came knocking at my gate.
I muſt confeſs myſelf to blame,
And I'm afraid you lately met
Sad treatment with that homely dame,
Who lives on what her hands can get.
Walk in with me at leaſt to-night,
And let us ſet all matters right.
I know my duty, and indeed
Would help a friend in time of need.
Take ſuch refreſhment as you find,
I'm ſure I mean it for the beſt,
And give it with a willing mind
To ſuch a grave and ſober gueſt.
So in they came, and for his picking,
Behold the table covers ſpread,
Inſtead of Goody's cheeſe and bread,
With tarts, and fiſh, and fleſh, and chicken.
And to appear in greater ſtate,
The knives and forks with ſilver handles,
The candleſticks of bright (French) plate
To hold her beſt mould (tallow) candles.
Were all brought forth to be diſplay'd,
In female houſewifery parade.
And more the pedlar to regale,
And make the wond'rous man her friend,
Decanters foam'd of mantling ale,
And port and claret without end;
They hobb'd and nobb'd, and ſmil'd and laugh'd,
Touch'd glaſſes, nam'd their toaſts, and quaff'd;
Talk'd over every friend and foe,
Till eating, drinking, talking paſt,
The kind houſe-clock ſtruck twelve at laſt,
When wiſhing madam *bon repos*,
The pedlar pleaded weary head,
Made his low bow, and went to bed.
Wiſhing him then at perfect eaſe,
A good ſoft bed, a good ſound ſleep,
Now, gentle reader, if you pleaſe,
We'll at the lady take a peep.
She could not reſt, but turn'd and toſs'd,
While fancy whiſper'd in her brain,
That what her indiſcretion loſt,
Her art and cunning might regain.
Such linen to ſo poor a dame!
For ſuch coarſe fare! perplex'd her head;
Why might not ſhe expect the ſame,
So courteous, civil, and well-bred?
And now ſhe reckon'd up her ſtore
Of cambrics, hollands, muſlins, lawns,
Free gifts, and purchaſes, and pawns,
Reſolv'd to multiply them more,
Till ſhe had got a ſtock of linen,
Fit for a dowager to ſin in.
The morning came, when up ſhe got,
Moſt ceremoniouſly inclin'd
To wind up her ſagacious plot,
With all that civil fluff we find
'Mongſt thoſe who talk a wond'rous deal
Of what they neither mean nor feel.
How ſhall I, ma'm, reply'd the gueſt,
Make you a ſuitable return,

For your attention and concern,
And such civilities expreſt
To one, who muſt be ſtill in debt
For all the kindneſs he has met?
For this your entertainment's ſake,
If ought of good my wiſh can do,
May what you firſt ſhall undertake,
Laſt without ceaſing all day through.
Madam, who kindly underſtood
His wiſh effectually good,
Strait dropp'd a curtſy wond'rous low,
For much ſhe wanted him to go,
That ſhe might look up all her ſtore,
And turn it into thouſands more.
Now all the maids were ſent to look
In every cranny, hole and nook,
For every rag which they could find
Of any ſize, or any kind.
Draw'rs, boxes, cloſets, cheſts, and caſes
Were all unlock'd at once to get
Her point, her gauze, her Pruſſian-net,
With fifty names of fifty kinds,
Which ſuit variety of minds.
How ſhall I now thy tale purſue,
So paſſing ſtrange, ſo paſſing true?
When every bit from every horde,
Was brought and laid upon the board,
Leſt ſome more urgent obligation
Might interrupt her pleaſing toil,
And marring half her application,
The promis'd hopes of profit ſpoil,
Before ſhe folds a ſingle rag,
Or takes a cap from board or bag,
That nothing might her work prevent,
(For ſhe was now reſolv'd to labour,
With earneſt hope and full intent
To get the better of her neighbour)
Into the garden ſhe would go
To do that neceſſary thing,
Which muſt by all be done, you know,
By rich and poor, and high and low,
By male and female, queen and king;
She little dream'd a common action,
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
Should prove ſo tedious a tranſaction,
Or coſt her ſuch a ſea of cares.
In ſhort the ſtreams ſo plenteous flow'd,
That in the dry and duſty weather,
She might have water'd all the road
For ten or twenty miles together.
What could ſhe do? as it began,
Th' involuntary torrent ran.
Inſtead of folding cap or mob,
So dreadful was this diſtillation,
That from a ſimple watering job,
She fear'd a general inundation.
While for her indiſcretion's crime,
And coveting too great a ſtore,
She made a river at a time,
Which ſure was never done before.

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHYMES.

TO A LADY.

Yes—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And ſtrip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their faireſt hue,
Merely to be out-bluſh'd by you.
The lily, pale, by my direction,
Should fight the roſe for your complexion:
Or I could make up ſweeteſt poſies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noſes,
Which drooping, on your breaſt reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every ſongſter can diſplay,
I've more authorities than Gay;
Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
To pay all homage to your beauty,
And, wit's creative pow'r to ſhow,
The very *fire* ſhould mix with *ſnow*;
Your eyes, that brandiſh burning *darts*
To ſcorch and ſinge our *tinder* hearts,
Should he the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
And light them to their own undoing;
While all the *ſnow* about your breaſt
Should leave them hopeleſs and diſtreſt.
For thoſe who rarely ſoar above
The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
In their conceits and amorous fictions,
Are mighty fond of contradictions,
Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
And things that do, or do not breathe,
All have their parts, and ſeparate place,
To paint the fair one's various grace.
Her cheek, her eye, her boſom ſhow
The roſe, the lily, diamond, ſnow.
Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains
Stars, rubies, ſuns, and moſſy fountains,
The poet gives them all a ſhare
In the deſcription of his fair,
She *burns*, ſhe *chills*, ſhe pierces hearts
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
And could we truſt th' extravagancy
Of every poet's youthful fancy,
They'd make each nymph they love ſo well,
As *cold* as ſnow, as *hot* as ——.
—O gentle lady, ſpare your fright,
No horrid rhyme ſhall wound your ſight.
I would not for the world be heard,
To utter ſuch *unſeemly* word,
Which the politer parſon fears
To mention to politer ears.
But, could a female form be ſhown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumſtance ſhould meet
To make the poet's nymph complete
Form'd to his fancy's utmoſt pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.
Come then, O muſe, of trim conceit,
Muſe always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unfated ear
Of *French* or *Tuſcan* Sonneteer,
Tak'ſt up the ſame unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's miſtreſs, whore, or ſaint;
Whether thou dwell'd on ev'ry grace,
Which lights the world from Laura's face,
Or amorous praiſe expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph muſt hide;
For wit affected, loves to ſhow
Her every charm from top to toe,

And wanton fancy oft purſues
Minute deſcription from the muſe,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's *mortal* nymph *divine*.
Her *golden* locks of claſſic hair,
Are *nets* to catch the wanton air;
Her forehead *ivory*, and her eyes
Each a bright *ſun* to light the ſkies,
Orb'd in whoſe centre *Cupid* aims
His darts, protect us! tipt with *flames*;
While the fly god's unerring bow
Is the half circle of her *brow*.
Each lip a *ruby*, parting, ſhows
The precious *pearl* in even rows,
And all the loves and graces ſleek
Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
Her *breaſts* pure *ſnow*, or white *as milk*,
Are *ivory* apples, ſmooth as ſilk,
Or elſe, as fancy trips on faſter,
Fine *marble* hills or *a'baſter*.
A figure made of wax would pleaſe
More than an aggregate of theſe,
Which though they are of precious worth,
And held in great eſteem on earth,
What are they, rightly underſtood,
Compar'd to real fleſh and blood?
And I, who hate to act by rules
Of whining, rhyming, loving fools,
Can never twiſt my mind about
To find ſuch ſtrange reſemblance out,
And ſimile that's only fit
To ſhow my plenteous lack of wit.
Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
Wounds, ſighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
Obeying, what I here declare,
Makes half my happineſs, the fair,
The favourite ſubject I purſue,
And write, as who would not, for you.
Perhaps my muſe, a common curſe,
Errs in the manner of her verſe,
Which, flouching in the doggrel lay,
Goes tittup all her eaſy way.
Yes—an acroſtic had been better,
Where each good-natured prattling letter,
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name.
But all acroſtics, it is ſaid
Show wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.
I love a fanciful diſorder,
And ſtraggling out of rule and order;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've ſaid,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's ſo full of you.
Like TRISTRAM SHANDY. I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obſcure, and ſometimes leaning,
A little ſideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myſelf, purſue
The civil mode of teazing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumſtance in ſtory telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Deſcribe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiouſly exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders *undeſired*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired;
So they who take a method worſe,
And *proſe* away, like me, in *verſe*,
Worry their miſtreſs, friends or betters,
With ſatire, ſonnet, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleaſing follows
Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.
—Yet let it be a venial crime
That I addreſs you thus in rhyme.
Nor think that I am *Phœbus*'-bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meaneſt critic knows
All females have a knack at proſe,
And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the moſt delight in;
Bold is the man, whoſe ſaucy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim;
A double death the victim dies,
Wounded by wit as well as eyes.
—With mine diſgrace a lady's proſe,
And put a nettle next a roſe?
Who would, ſo long as taſte prevails,
Compare St. *James's* with *Verſailles*?
The nightingale, as ſtory goes,
Fam'd for the muſic of his woes,
In vain againſt the artiſt try'd,
But ſtrain'd his tuneful throat—and died.
Perhaps I fought the rhyming way,
For reaſons which have pow'rful ſway.
The ſwain, no doubt, with pleaſure ſues
The nymph he's ſure will not refuſe.
And more compaſſion may be found
Amongſt theſe goddeſſes of ſound,
Than always happens to the ſhare
Of the more cruel human fair;
Who love to fix their lover's pains,
Pleas'd with the rattling of their chains,
Rejoicing in their ſervant's grief,
As 'twere a ſin to give relief.
They twiſt each eaſy fool about,
Nor let them in, nor let them out,
But keep them twirling on the fire
Of apprehenſion and deſire,
As cock-chafers, with corking pin
The ſchool-boy ſtabs, to make them ſpin.
For 'tis a maxim in love's ſchool,
To make a man of ſenſe a fool;
I mean the man, who loves indeed,
And hopes and wiſhes to ſucceed;
But from his fear and apprehenſion,
Which always mars his beſt intention,
Can ne'er addreſs with proper eaſe
The very perſon he would pleaſe.
Now poets, when theſe nymphs refuſe,
Straight go a courting to the muſe.
But ſtill ſome difference we find
'Twixt goddeſſes and human kind;
The muſes' favours are ideal,
The ladies' ſcarce, but always real.
The poet can, with little pain,
Create a miſtreſs in his brain,
Heap each attraction, every grace
That ſhould adorn the mind or face,

On *Delia*, *Phyllis*, with a ſcore
Of *Phyllifſes* and *Delias* more.
Or as the whim of paſſion burns,
Can court each frolic muſe by turns;
Nor ſhall one word of blame be ſaid,
Although he take them all to bed.
The muſe deteſts coquettry's guilt,
Nor apes the manners of a jilt.
Jilt! O diſhoneſt hateful name,
Your ſex's pride, your ſex's ſhame,
Which often bait their treacherous hook
With ſmile endearing, winning look,
And wind them in the eaſy heart
Of man, with moſt enſnaring art,
Only to torture and betray
The wretch they mean to caſt away.
No doubt 'tis *charming* pleaſant angling
To ſee the poor fond creatures dangling,
Who ruſh like gudgeons to the bait,
And gorge the miſchief they ſhould hate.
Yet ſure ſuch cruelties deface
Your virtues of their faireſt grace.
And pity, which in woman's breaſt
Should ſwim at top of all the reſt,
Muſt ſuch inſidious ſport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.
So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a trav'ler's word,
(Authority may paſs it down,
So *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
At METZ a dreadful engine ſtands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely dreſt, with primmeſt grace,
Receives the culprit's firſt embrace;
But at the ſecond (diſmal wonder!)
Unfolds, claſps, cuts his heart aſunder.
You'll ſay, perhaps, I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.
A *Robin* once, who lov'd to ſtray,
And hop about from ſpray to ſpray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of miſchief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold preſume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careleſs often take his ſtand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis ſaid, his freedom ſought,
— In ſhort, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *eagle's* place:
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wiſh'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his coſt,
To gain the liberty he loſt.
Till at the laſt, a fop was ſeen,
A *parrot*, dreſs'd in red and green,
Who could not boaſt one genuine note,
But chatter'd, ſwore, and ly'd—by rote.
"Nonſenſe and noiſe will oft prevail,
"When honour and affection fail."
The lady lik'd her foreign gueſt,
For novelty will pleaſe the beſt;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or ſilk, or china, bird, or man,
None ſure can think it wrong or ſtrange,
That ladies ſhould admire a change.
The *parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin* he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's diſdain,
So fled---and ne'er came back again.

THE COBLER OF TISSINGTON'S LETTER,

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

My predeceſſors often uſe
To coble verſe as well as ſhoes;
As PARTRIDGE (*vide* SWIFT's diſputes)
Who turn'd BOOTES into *boots*,
Ah!—PARTRIDGE!—I'll be bold to ſay
Was a rare ſcholar in his day;
He'd tell you when t'would rain, and when
The weather would be fine agen;
Preciſely when your bones *ſhould* ache,
And when grow ſound, by th' almanack.
For he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye ſee,
By, what d'ye call't, aſtrology,
And ſkill'd in all the ſtarry ſyſtem,
Foretold events, and often miſt 'em.
And then it griev'd me ſore to look
Juſt at the *heel-piece* of his book,
Where ſtood a man, Lord bleſs my heart!
(No doubt by *matthew maticks* art)
Naked, expos'd to public view,
And darts ſtuck in him through and through.
I warrant him ſome hardy fool,
Who ſcorn'd to follow wiſdom's rule,
And dar'd blaſphemouſly deſpiſe
Our doctor's knowledge in the ſkies.
Full dearly he abides his laugh,
I'm ſure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.
Excuſe this bit of a digreſſion,
A cobler's is a learn'd profeſſion.
Why may not I too couple rhymes?
My wit will not diſgrace the times;
I too, forſooth, among the reſt,
Claim one advantage, and the beſt,
I ſcarce know writing, have no reading,
Nor any kind of ſcholar *breeding*;
And *wanting* that's the ſole foundation
Of half your poets' reputation.
While genius, perfect at its birth,
Springs up, like muſhrooms from the earth.
You know they ſend me to and fro
To carry meſſages or ſo;
And though I'm ſomewhat old and crazy,
I'm ſtill of ſervice to the lazy,
For our good ſquire has no great notion
Of much alacrity in motion,
And when there's miles betwixt, you know
Would rather *ſend* by half than *go*;
Then I'm diſpatch'd to travel hard,
And bear myſelf by way of card.
I'm a two-legg'd excuſe, to ſhow
Why other people cannot go;
And merit ſure I muſt aſſume,
For once I went in GARRICK's room.
In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard
To come to town, as trav'ling card,
Then let the poſt convey me there,
The clerk's direction tell him where,
For, though I ramble at this rate,
He writes it all, and I *dictate*;

For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour
(Who keeps a school, and goes to *Labour*),
To tell you all things as they past;
Coblers will go beyond their last,
And so I'm told will authors too,
—But that's a point I leave to you;
Cobling extends a thousand ways,
Some coble shoes, some coble plays;
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
It makes a body write for ever.
While with the motion of the pen,
METHOD pops in and out agen.
So, as I said, I thought it better,
To set me down and *think* a letter,
And without any more ado,
Seal up my mind, and send it you.
You'll ask me, master, why I choose
To plague your worship with my muse?
I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
Though cobler, yet I love my friend.
Besides, I like you merry folks,
Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
I love a story, or a song:
But always feel most grievous qualms,
From WESLEY's hymns, or WISDOM's psalms *.
My father often told me one day
Was for religion—that was Sunday,
When I should go to prayers twice,
And hear our parson battle vice;
And dress'd in all my finest clothes,
Twang the *psalmody* through my nose.
But betwixt churches, for relief,
Eat bak'd plump-pudding and roast-beef;
And cheerful, without sin, regale
With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
And *dry* religious singing meetings.
But here comes folks a preaching to us
A *saving* doctrine to undo *us*,
Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
Turn old religion topsy turvy.
I'll give my pleasure up for no man,
And an't I right now, Master SHOW-MAN?
You seem'd to me a person civil,
Our parson gives you to the devil;
And says, as how, that after grace
You laugh'd directly in his face;
Ay, laugh'd outright (as I'm a sinner)
I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
Not for the sake of master's fare,
But to have seen the doctor stare.
Odzooks, I think he's perfect mad,
Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
For wherefoe'er the doctor comes,
He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
And mutters, in a broken rage,
The MINOR, GARRICK, FOOTE, the STAGE;
(For I must blab it out—but hist,
His reverence is a *Methodist*)
And preaches like an errant fury,
'Gainst all your *shows* folks about DRURY,

Say actors all are hellish imps,
And managers the devil's pimps.
He knows not what he sets about;
Puts on his surplice inside out,
Mistakes the lessons in the church,
Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
And th' other day—God help his head,
The gardner's wife being brought to bed,
When sent for to baptize the child
His wig awry, and staring wild,
He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
And read the burial service o'er him.
—The folks must wait without their shoes,
For I must tell you all the news.
For we have had a deal to do,
Our squire's become a show-man too!
And horse and foot arrive in flocks,
To see his worship's famous rocks,
Whilst he, with humorous delight,
Walks all about, and shows the sight,
Points out the place, where trembling you
Had like t' have bid the world adieu;
It bears the sad remembrance still,
And people call it GARRICK's HILL.
The goats their usual distance keep,
We never have recourse to sheep;
And the whole scene wants nothing now,
Except your ferry-boat and cow.
I had a great deal more to say,
But I am sent express away,
To fetch the 'squire's three children down
To TISSINGTON, from DERBY town;
And ALLEN says he'll mend my rhyme,
Whene'er I write a second time.

* *Robert Wisdom was an early translator of the Psalms. Wood says, "he was a good Latin and English "poet of his time." He died* 1568.

THE

COBLER OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER,

TO ROBERT LLOYD, A M.

UNUS'D to verse, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
Of drudging on in heavy prose,
Day after day, year after year,
Which I have sent the GAZETTEER;
Now, for the first time, I essay
To write in your own easy way.
And now, O LLOYD, I wish I had,
To go that road your ambling pad,
While you, with all a poet's pride,
On the *great-horse* of verse might ride.
You leave the road that's rough and stony,
To pace and whistle with your poney;
Sad proof to us you're *lazy* grown,
And fear to gall your huckle bone.
For he who rides a nag so small,
Will soon, we fear, ride none at all.
There are, and nought gives more offence,
Who have some fav'rite excellence,
Which evermore they introduce,
And bring it into constant use
Thus GARRICK still in ev'ry part
Has pause, and attitude, and start:
The pause, I will allow, is good,
And so, perhaps the attitude;
The start too's fine: but if not scarce,
The tragedy becomes a farce.

I have too, pardon me, ſome quarrel
With other branches of your laurel.
I hate the ſtyle, that ſtill defends
Yourſelf, or praiſes all your friends,
As if the club of wits was met
To make eulogiums on *the ſet*;
Say, muſt the town for ever hear,
And no *reviewer* dare to ſneer,
Of THORNTON's humour, GARRICK's nature,
And COLMAN's wit, and CHURCHILL's ſatire?
CHURCHILL, who—let it not offend,
If I make free, though he's your friend,
And ſure we cannot want excuſe,
When CHURCHILL's nam'd, for ſmart abuſe—
CHURCHILL! who ever loves to raiſe
On ſlander's dung his muſhroom-bays:
The prieſt, I grant, has ſomething clever,
A ſomething that will laſt for ever:
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whoſe muſe, now queen, and now a ſlattern,
Trick'd out in ROSCIAD rules the roaſt,
Turns trapes and trollop in the GHOST,
By turns both tickle us, and warms,
And, drunk or ſober, has her charms.
GARRICK, to whom with lath and plaſter
You try to raiſe a fine pilaſter,
And found on LEAR and MACBETH,
His monument e'en after death,
GARRICK's a dealer in grimaces,
A haberdaſher of wry faces,
A hypocrite, in all its ſtages,
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;
As undertakers men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and ſob,
And of their paſſions make a job.
And COLMAN too, that little ſinner,
That eſſay-weaver, drama-ſpinner,
Too much the comic *ſock* will uſe,
For 'tis the law muſt find him *ſhoes*.
And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He ſwims, and has a pretty motion,
Inform him, LLOYD, for all his grin
That HARRY FIELDING holds his chin.
Now higher ſoar, my muſe, and higher,
To BONNEL THORNTON, hight eſquire!
The only man to make us laugh,
A very PETER PARAGRAPH;
The grand conducter and adviſer
In CHRONICLE and ADVERTISER,
Who ſtill delights to run his rig
On *citizen* and *periwig*!
Good ſenſe, I know, though daſh'd with oddity,
In THORNTON is no ſcarce commodity:
Much learning too I can deſcry,
Beneath *his* periwig doth lie.——
—— I beg his pardon, I declare,
His grizzle's gone for greaſy hair,
Which now the wag with eaſe can ſcrew,
With dirty ribband in a queue—
But why neglect (his trade forſaking
For ſcribbling, and for merry-making),
With tie to overſhade that brain,
Which might have ſhone in WARWICK-LANE?
Why not, with ſpectacles on noſe,
A chariot lazily repoſe,
A ſecond, pompous, deep phyſician,
HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION?
But hold, my muſe! you run a-head
And where's the clue that ſhall unthread
The maze, wherein you are entangled?
While out of tune the bells are jangled
Through rhyme's rough road, that ſerve to deck
My jaded Pegaſus his neck.
My muſe with LLOYD alone contends:
Why then fall foul upon his friends?
Unleſs to ſhow, like handy-dandy,
Or CHURCHILL's GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHANDY,
Now here, now there, with quick progreſſion,
How ſmartly you can make digreſſion:
Your rambling ſpirit now confine,
And ſpeak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.
Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean,
By cobling up a MAGAZINE?
A MAGAZINE, a wretched olio,
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From pamphlet, newſpaper, and book;
Which toſt up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine ſhapes, and titles new,
Of fricaſee and rich ragout,
Which dunces dreſs, as well as you.
Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble through this narrow hoop?
The body thrives, and ſo the mind,
When both are free and unconfin'd;
But harneſs'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly ſtage of wit,
The racer ſtumbles in the ſhaft,
And ſhows he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, ſlaves of taſte,
Who bind in leathern-belt their waiſt,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to ſee the ſtrutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumſcription of the belt.
Thus women too we idiots call,
Who lace their ſhapes too cloſe and ſmall.
Tight ſtays, they find, oft end in humps,
And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
The Chineſe ladies cramp their feet,
Which ſeem, indeed, both ſmall and neat,
While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
And can do ev'ry thing—but walk;
Thus you, "who trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,"
And in the *Ring* are ever ſeen,
Or *Rotten-Row* of magazine,
Will cramp your muſe in four-foot verſe,
And find at laſt your eaſe your curſe.
CLIO already humbly begs
You'd give her leave to ſtretch her legs,
For though ſometimes ſhe takes a leap,
Yet quadrupeds can only creep.
While namby-pamby thus you ſcribble,
Your manly genius a mere ſcribble,
Pinn'd down, and ſickly, cannot vapour,
Nor dares to ſpring, or cut a caper
Rouſe then, for ſhame, your ancient ſpirit!
Write a great work! a work of merit!
The conduct of your friend examine,
And give a PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

Or like yourſelf, in days of yore,
Write ACTORS, as you did before:
Write what may pow'rful friends create you,
And make your preſent friends all hate you.
Learn not a ſhuffling, ſhambling, pace,
But go erect with manly grace;
For OVID ſays, and pr'ythee heed it,
Os homini ſublime dedit.
But if you ſtill waſte all your prime
In ſpinning Lilliputian rhyme,
Too long your genius will lie fallow,
And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

ON RHYME.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

BRING paper, ASH, and let me ſend
My hearty ſervice to my friend.
How pure the paper looks and white!
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour ſcrawl
With deſperate ink, and heart of gall!
Yet thus it often fares with thoſe
Who, gay and eaſy in their *proſe*,
Incur ill-nature's ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.
No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous ſocial mind,
Than CHURCHILL, yet though CHURCHILL here,
I will pronounce him too ſevere,
For, whether ſcribbled at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.
Yet let me urge one honeſt plea?
Say, is the muſe in fault or he?
The man, whoſe genius thirſts for praiſe,
Who boldly plucks, not waits the bays;
Who drives his rapid car along,
And feels the energy of ſong;
Writes, from the *impulſe* of the muſe,
What ſober reaſon might refuſe.
My Lord, who lives and writes *at* eaſe,
(Sure to be pleas'd, as ſure to pleaſe)
And draws from ſilver-ſtand his pen,
To ſcribble ſonnets *now* and *then;*
Who writes not what he truly feels,
But rather what he ſlily ſteals,
And patches up in courtly phraſe,
The manly ſenſe of better days;
Whoſe dainty muſe is only kiſt;
But as his dainty Lordſhip liſt,
Who treats her like a *miſtreſs* ſtill,
To turn her off, and keep at will;
Knows not the labour, pains, and ſtrife,
Of him who takes the muſe to *wife*.
For then the poor good-natur'd man
Muſt bear his burden as he can;
And if my lady prove a ſhrew,
What would you have the huſband do?
Say, ſhould he thwart her inclination
To work his own, and her vexation?
Or giving madam all her rein,
Make marriage but a ſilken chain?
Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
The henpeck'd culls of vixen wives,
Receive their orders, and obey,
Like huſbands in the common way

And when we write with too much phlegm,
The fault is not in us, but them:
True ſervants always at command,
We *hold the pen;* they *guide the hand.*
Why need I urge ſo plain a fact
To you who catch me in the act?
And ſee me (ere I've ſaid my grace,
That is, put SIR in proper place,
Or with epiſtolary bow,
Have prefac'd, as I ſcarce know how),
You ſee me, as I ſaid before,
Run up and down a page or more,
Without one word of tribute due
To friendſhip's altar, and to YOU.
Accept, then, in or out of time,
My honeſt thanks, though writ in rhyme,
And theſe once paid (to obligations
Repeated thanks grow ſtale vexations,
And hurt the liberal donor more
Than all his laviſh gifts before),
I ſkip about, as whim prevails,
Like your own friſky goats in WALES,
And follow where the muſe ſhall lead,
O'er hedge and ditch, o'er hill or mead.
Well might the * lordly writer praiſe
The firſt inventor of *eſſays*,
Where wanton fancy gaily rambles,
Walks, paces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
And all things may be ſung or ſaid,
While drowſy METHOD's gone to bed.
And bleſt the poet, or the rhymiſt,
(For ſurely none of the ſublimeſt)
Who prancing in his eaſy mode,
Down this epiſtolary road,
Firſt taught the muſe to play the fool,
A truant from the pedant's ſchool,
And ſkipping, like a *taſteleſs* dunce,
O'er all the UNITIES at once;
(For ſo we keep but clink and rhyme,
A fig for ACTION, PLACE, and TIME).
But critics (who ſtill judge by rules,
Tranſmitted down as guides to fools,
And howſoe'er they prate about 'em,
Drawn from wiſe folks who writ without em)
Will blame this frolic, wild excurſion,
Which fancy takes for her diverſion,
As inconſiſtent with the law,
Which keeps the ſober muſe in awe,
Who dares not for her life diſpenſe,
With ſuch *mechanic* chains for ſenſe.
Yet men are often apt to blame
Thoſe errors they'd be proud to claim,
And if their ſkill, of pigmy ſize,
To glorious darings cannot riſe,
From critic ſpleen and pedant phlegm,
Would make all genius creep with them
Nay, e'en profeſſors of the art,
To prove their wit betray their heart,
And ſpeak againſt themſelves, to ſhow,
What they would hate the world ſhould know.
As when the meaſur'd couplets curſe,
The manacles of Gothic verſe,

* *Shafteſbury.*

While the trim bard in *eaſy* ſtrains,
Talks much of *fetters*, *clogs*, and *chains*;
He only aims that you ſhould think,
How charmingly he makes them clink.
So have I ſeen in tragic ſtride,
The hero of the Mourning Bride,
Sullen and ſulky tread the ſtage,
Till, fixt attention to engage,
He flings his fetter'd arms about,
That all may find ALPHONSO out.
Oft have I heard it ſaid by thoſe,
Who moſt ſhould bluſh to be her foes,
That rhyme's impertinent vexation,
Shackles the brave imagination,
Which longs with eager zeal to try
Her trackleſs path above the ſky,
But that the clog upon her feet,
Reſtrains her flight, and damps her heat.
From BOILEAU down to his tranſlators,
Dull paraphraſts, and imitators,
All rail at metre at the time
They write and owe their ſenſe to rhyme.
Had HE ſo maul'd his gentle foe,
But for that lucky word QUINEAUT?
Or had his ſtrokes been half ſo fine,
Without that cloſing name COTIN?
Yet dares he on this very theme,
His own APOLLO to blaſpheme,
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and ſenſe,
And murders which enſu'd from thence,
As if they both reſolv'd to meet,
Like Theban ſons, in mutual heat,
Forgetful of the ties of brother,
To maim and maſſacre each other.
'Tis true, ſometimes to coſtive brains,
A couplet coſts exceeding pains;
But where the fancy waits the ſkill
Of fluent eaſy dreſs at will,
The thoughts are oft, like colts which ſtray
From fertile meads, and loſe their way,
Clapt up and faſten'd in the pound
Of meaſur'd rhyme, and barren ſound.
—What are theſe jarring notes I hear,
Grating harſh diſcord on my ear!
How ſhrill, how coarſe, th' unſettled tone,
Alternate 'twixt a ſqueak and drone,
Worſe than the ſcrannel pipe of ſtraw,
Or muſic grinding on a ſaw!
Will none that horrid fiddle break?
—O ſpare it for GIARDINI's ſake.
'Tis *his*, and only errs by chance,
Play'd by the hand of ignorance.
From this alluſion I infer,
'Tis not the art, but artiſts err,
And rhyme's a fiddle, ſweet indeed,
When touch'd by thoſe who well can lead,
Whoſe varied notes harmonious flow,
In tones prolong'd from ſweeping bow;
But harſh the ſounds to ear and mind,
From the poor fiddler lame and blind,
Who begs in muſic at your door,
And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.
Some MILTON-mad, (an affectation
Glean'd up from college education),
Approve no verſe, but that which flows
In epithetic meaſur'd proſe,
With trim expreſſions daily dreſt
Stol'n, miſapply'd, and not confeſt,
And call it writing in the ſtyle
Of that great HOMER of our iſle.
Whilom, *what time*, *eſtſoons* and *erſt*,
(So proſe is oftentimes *beverſt*)
Sprinkled with quaint fantaſtic phraſe,
Uncouth to ears of modern days,
Make up the metre, which they call
Blank, CLASSIC BLANK, their all in all.
Can only blank admit ſublime?
Go read and meaſure DRYDEN's rhyme.
Admire the magic of his ſong,
See how his numbers roll along,
With eaſe and ſtrength and varied pauſe,
Nor cramp'd by ſound, nor metre's laws.
Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
Where taſte, not wantonly ſevere,
May find the meaſure, not the ear.
As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
I deem it as the ſubjects lead,
That either meaſure will ſucceed,
That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy, numbers, force and wit;
But though each couplet has its ſtrength,
It palls in works of epic length.
For who can bear to read or hear,
Though not offenſive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely ſing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeleſs, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity ſuch laborious toil,
And loſs of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But ſtill (though peace be to the dead),
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.
So have I ſeen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horſes eight,
Pair'd like great folks who ſtrut in ſtate:
While the gay ſteeds, as proud as ſtrong,
Drag the ſlow tottering weight along,
Each as the ſteep aſcent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.
The muſes dwelt at Ovid's tongue,
For OVID never ſaid, but *ſung*,
And POPE (for POPE affects the ſame)
In *numbers liſp'd*, for *numbers came*.
Thus, in hiſtoric page I've read
Of ſome queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
Who could not either cough or ſpit,
Without ſome precious flow of wit,
While her fair lips were as a ſpout,
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.
Yet, though dame nature may beſtow
This knack of verſe, and jingling flow:
(And thouſands have that impulſe felt,
With whom the muſes never dwelt)
Though it may ſave the lab'ring brain
From many a thought-perplexing pain,
And while the rhyme preſents itſelf,
Leaves BYSSHE untouch'd upon the ſhelf;

Yet more demands the critic ear,
Than the two catch-words in the rear,
Which ſtand like watchmen in the cloſe,
To keep the verſe from being proſe.
But when reflection has refin'd
This boiſt'rous bias of the mind.
When harmony enriches ſenſe,
And borrows ſtronger charms from thence,
When genius ſteers by judgment's laws,
When proper cadence, varied pauſe,
Show nature's ſtrength combin'd with art,
And through the ear poſſeſs the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, ſcab—mere rhymes—no more.
Some boaſt, which none could e'er impart,
A ſecret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to bards in ancient time.
And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
To all who enter PHOEBUS' ſchool,
To make the metre ſtrong and fine,
Poets write firſt your *ſecond* line.
'Tis folly all—No poet flows
In tuneful verſe, who thinks in proſe;
And all the mighty ſecret here
Lies in the niceneſs of the ear.
E'en in this meaſure, when the muſe,
With genuine eaſe, her way purſues,
Though ſhe affect to hide her ſkill,
And walks the town in diſhabille,
Something peculiar will be ſeen
Of air, or grace, in ſhape or mien,
Which will, though careleſsly diſplay'd,
Diſtinguiſh MADAM from her maid.
Here, by the way of critic ſample,
I give the precept and example.
Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
Is PRIOR's meaſure, and is mine;
Yet taſte would ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.
Yet, take it on a poet's word,
There are who fooliſhly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By ſticking cloſe to imitation.
A double rhyme is often ſought
At ſtrange expence of time and thought;
And though ſometimes a lucky hit
May give a zeſt to BUTLER's wit;
Whatever makes the meaſure halt
Is beauty ſeldom, oft a fault.
For when we ſee the wit and pains,
The twiſting of the ſtubborn brains,
To cramp the ſenſe within the bound
Of ſome queer double treble ſound:
Hard is the muſe's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd ſenſe, and EASE in PAIN;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both ſimile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and muſes pleaſe,
I talk ſo much of eaſe and eaſe,
Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,
I ſcarce have thought of yours before.

'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
'Tis a rare ſcience when to end,
As 'tis with wits a common ſin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, Sir (at laſt indeed), adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
APOLLO whiſpers you in rhyme,
Or Lady Fancy ſhould diſpoſe
Your mind to ſally out in proſe,
I ſhall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The muſe's mail from FLEXNEY's *draw.*

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT THE AUTHOR A HAMPER OF WINE.

Decipit Exemplar vitiis imitabile. HOR.

FOND of the looſe familiar vein,
Which neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
The muſe is rather truant grown
To buckram works of higher tone;
And though perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,
Might riſe to fancies more ſublime,
Prefers this eaſy down-hill road,
To dangerous leaps at five-barr'd ODE,
Or ſtarting in the claſſic race
Jack-booted for an EPIC chaſe.
That bard, as other bards, divine,
Who was *a ſacris* to the nine,
DAN PRIOR I mean, with natural eaſe,
(For what's not nature cannot pleaſe)
Would ſometimes make his rhyming bow,
And greet his friend as I do now;
And, howſoe'er the critic train
May hold my judgment rather vain,
Allow me *one* reſemblance true,
I have my friend, a SHEPHERD * too.
You know, dear Sir, the muſes nine,
Though ſober maids are woo'd in wine,
And therefore, as beyond a doubt,
You've found my dangling foible out,
Send me nectareous inſpiration,
Though others read intoxication.
For there are thoſe who vainly uſe
This grand elixir of the muſe,
And fancy in their apiſh fit,
An idle trick of maudlin wit,
Their genius takes a daring flight,
'Bove PINDUS, or PLINLIMMON's height.
Whilſt more of madman than of poet,
They're drunk indeed, and do not know it.
The bard, whoſe charming meaſure flows
With all the native eaſe of proſe,
Who, without flaſhy vain pretence,
Has beſt adorn'd eternal ſenſe,
And, in his cheerful moral page,
Speaks to mankind in every age;
Tells us, from folks whoſe ſituation
Makes them the mark of obſervation,

* *Dr. Richard Shepherd, author of a didactic poem, called The Nuptials.*

Example oft gives folly riſe,
And imitation clings to vice.
ENNIUS could never write, 'tis ſaid,
Without a bottle in his head;
And your own HORACE quaff'd his wine
In plenteous draughts at BACCHUS' ſhrine;
Nay, ADDISON would oft unbend,
T' *indulge* his *genius* with a friend;
(For fancy, which is often dry,
Muſt wet her wings, or cannot fly))
What precedents for fools to follow
Are BEN, the DEVIL and APOLLO!
While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
Parent of ſtupid imitation,
Intrinſic proper worth neglects,
And copies errors and defects.
The man, ſecure in ſtrength of parts,
Has no recourſe to ſhuffling arts,
Seeks not his nature to diſguiſe,
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
His wit, his faults at once diſplays,
Careleſs of envy, or of praiſe;
And foibles, which we often find
Juſt on the ſurface of the mind,
Strike common eyes, which can't diſcern
What to avoid, and what to learn.
Errors in wit conſpicuous grow,
To uſe GAY's words, like ſpecks in ſnow;
Yet it were kind, at leaſt, to make
Allowance for the merit's ſake;
And when ſuch beauties fill the eye,
To let the blemiſhes go by.
Plague on your philoſophic ſots!
I'll view the ſun without its ſpots.
Wits are peculiar in their mode;
They cannot bear the hackney road,
And will contract habitual ways,
Which ſober people cannot praiſe,
And fools admire: Such fools I hate;
—Begone ye ſlaves who imitate.
Poor SPURIUS! eager to deſtroy
And murder hours he can't enjoy,
The laſt of witlings, next to dunce,
Would fain turn genius all at once,
But that the wretch miſtakes his aim,
And thinks a libertine the ſame.
Connected as the hand and glove
Is Madam POETRY and LOVE;
Shall not *he* then poſſeſs his muſe,
And fetch CORINNA from the ſtews,
The burden of his amorous verſe,
And charming melter of his purſe,
While happy REBUS tells the name
Of his and DRURY's common *flame?*
How will the wretch at BACCHUS' ſhrine
Betray the cauſe of wit and wine,
And waſte in bawdy, port, and pun,
In taſte a very GOTH or HUN,
Thoſe *little hours*, of value more
Than all the round of time before;
When fancy brightens with the flaſk,
And the heart ſpeaks without a maſk?
Muſt THOU, whoſe genius, dull and cool,
Is muddy as the ſtagnant pool;
Whoſe torpid ſoul, and ſluggiſh brains,
Dullneſs pervades, and wine diſdains;
Muſt *thou* to nightly taverns run,
APOLLO's gueſt, and JONSON's ſon?
And in thy folly's beaſtly ſit
Attempt the ſallies of a wit?
Art thou the child of PHOEBUS' choir?
Think of the adage—Aſs and Lyre *.
If thou wouldſt really ſucceed,
And be a *mimic* wit indeed,
Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD's blows,
Or like WILL. DAVENANT loſe your noſe.
O LUCIAN, ſire of ancient wit,
Who, wedding HUMOUR, didſt beget
Thoſe doctors in the laughing ſchool,
Thoſe giant ſons of RIDICULE,
SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and † that favourite child,
Who, leſs eccentrically wild,
Inverts the miſanthropic plan,
And, hating vices, hates not man:
How do I love thy gibing vein!
Which glances at the mimic train
Of ſots, who proud as modern beaux
Of birth-day ſuits, and tinſel clothes,
Affecting cynical grimace
With philoſophic ſtupid face,
In dirty hue, with naked feet,
In rags and tatters, ſtroll the ſtreet;
OSTENSIVELY exceeding wiſe;
But knaves, and fools, and walking lies,
External mimicry their plan,
The monkey's copy after man.
Wits too poſſeſs this affectation,
And live a life of imitation,
Are ſlovens, revellers, and brutes,
Laborious, abſent, prattlers, mutes,
From ſome example handed down
Of ſome great genius of renown.
If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
Could bite his fingers to the quick,
Shall not I nibble from deſign,
And be an ADDISON to mine?
If POPE moſt feelingly complains
Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
My head and arm his poſture hit,
And I already *ache* for wit.
If CHURCHILL, following nature's call,
Has *head that never aches at all*,
With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the lie.
If huge tall words of termination,
Which aſk a critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And ſeem to ſtand juſt where they ought;
If language more in grammar dreſt,
With greater emphaſis expreſt,
Unſtudied, unaffected flows,
In ſome great wit's *converſing* proſe;
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into ſtyle, and ſwell to ſound,
'Tis nature which herſelf diſplays,
And JOHNSON ſpeaks a JOHNSON's phraſe.
But can you hear, without a ſmile,
The formal coxcomb ape his ſtyle,

---

* *Aſinus ad Lyram.*
† *The late inimitable Henry Fielding, Eſq.*

Who, moſt dogmatically wiſe,
Attempts to cenſure and deſpiſe,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of ſpeech?
What though his pompous language wear
The grand deciſive ſolemn air,
Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
And ſentences are weigh'd in ſcales,
Can you bow down with reverend awe
Before this puppet king of ſtraw?
Or, huſh'd in mute attention, ſit
To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,
PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
And to complete them all, this—DUNCE?
—All this you'll ſay is mighty fine,
But what has this to do with wine?
Have patience, and the muſe ſhall tell
What you, my friend, know full as well.
Vices in poets, wits, and kings,
Are catching, *imitable* things;
And frailties ſtanding out to view
Become the objects fools purſue.
Thus have I pictures often ſeen
Where features neither ſpeak nor mean,
Yet ſpite of all the face will ſtrike,
And mads us that it ſhould be like,
When all the near reſemblance grows
From ſcratch or pimple on the noſe.
To poets then (I mean not here
The ſcribbling drudge, or ſcribbling peer,
Nor thoſe who have the monthly fit,
The lunatics of modern wit)
To POETS wine is inſpiration,
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.
As different liquors different ways
Affect the body, ſometimes raiſe
The fancy to an eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wond'rous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like LETHE's draught, or opiate drug,
Will ſtrike the ſenſes on a heap,
When folks talk wiſe, who talk aſleep;
A whimſical imagination
Might form a whimſical relation,
How every Author writes and thinks
Analogous to what he drinks,
While quaint conjecture's lucky hit
Finds out his bev'rage in his wit.
Ye goodly dray-nymph muſes, hail!
MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE,
And chiefly thou of boaſted fame,
Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name;
O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry ſteals,
His ſtockings dangling at his heels,
To where ſome pendent head invites
The bard to ſet his own to rights,
Who ſeeks thy influence divine,
And pours libations on thy ſhrine,
In wormwood draughts of inſpiration,
To whet his ſoul for defamation.
Hail too, your domes! whoſe maſter's ſkill
Takes up illuſtrious folks at will,
And careleſs or of place or name,
Beheads and *hangs* to public fame
Fine garter'd knights, blue, red, or green,
Lords, earls, and dukes, nay king or queen,
And ſometimes pairs them both together,
To dangle to the wind and weather;
Or claps ſome mighty general there,
Who has not any head to ſpare.
Or if it more his fancy ſuit,
Pourtrays or fiſh, or bird, or brute.
And lures the gaping thirſty gueſt
To SCOTT's *entire*, or TRUEMAN's *beſt*.
Ye *chequer'd* domes, thrice hail! for hence
The fire of wit, the froth of ſenſe,
Here gentle puns, ambiguous joke,
Burſt forth oracular in ſmoke,
And inſpiration pottle deep
Forgets her ſons, and falls aſleep.
Hence iſſue treatiſes and rhymes,
The wit and wonder of the times,
Hence ſcandal, piracies, and lies,
Defenſive pamphlets on EXCISE,
The murd'rous articles of news,
And pert THEATRICAL REVIEWS.
Hither, as to their urns, repair,
Bard, publiſher, and minor play'r,
And o'er the porter's foaming head
Their venom'd malice nightly ſhed,
And aim their batteries of dirt
At genius, which they cannot hurt.
Smack not *their* works, if verſe or proſe
Offend your eye, or ear, or noſe,
So frothy, vapid, ſtale, hum-drum,
Of STINGO, PORTER, PURL, and MUM?
And when the muſe *politely* jokes,
Cannot you find the lady ſmokes?
And, ſpite of all her inſpiration,
Betrays her alehouſe education?
Alas! how very few are found
Whoſe ſtyle taſtes neat, and full, and ſound!
In WILMOT's looſe ungovern'd vein
There is, I grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAIGN,
And DORSET's lines all palates hit,
The very BURGUNDY of wit.
But when, obedient to the mode
Of panegyric, courtly ode,
The bard beſtrides his annual hack,
In vain I taſte, and ſip, and ſmack,
I find no flavour of the SACK.
But while I ramble and refine
On flavour, ſtyle, and wit, and wine,
Your claret, which I would not waſte,
Recals me to my proper taſte;
So ending, as 'tis more than time,
At once my letter, glaſs, and rhyme,
I take this bumper off to you,
'Tis SHEPHERD's health—dear friend, adieu.

THE CANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A FABLE.

"No author ever ſpar'd a brother:
"Wits are game cocks to one another."
But no antipathy ſo ſtrong,
Which acts ſo fiercely, laſts ſo long
As that which rages in the breaſt
Of *critic*, and of *wit* profeſt,
When, eager for ſome bold emprize,
Wit, Titan-like, affects the ſkies,

When, full of energy divine,
The mighty dupe of all the nine,
Bids his kite soar on paper wing,
The critic comes, and cuts the string;
Hence dire contention often grows
'Twixt man of verse, and man of prose;
While prose-man deems the verse-man fool,
And measures wit by line and rule,
And, as he lops off fancy's limb,
Turns executioner of whim;
While genius, which too oft disdains
To bear e'en honourable chains;
(Such as a sheriff's self might wear
Or grace the wisdom of a mayor)
Turns rebel to dame REASON's throne
And holds no judgment like his own.
Yet while they spatter mutual dirt,
In idle threats that cannot hurt,
Methinks they waste a deal of time,
Both fool in prose, and fool in rhyme:
And when the angry bard exclaims,
And calls a thousand paltry names,
He doth his critic mighty wrong,
And hurts the dignity of song.
The prefatory matter past
The tale, or story, comes at last.
A candle stuck in flaring state
Within the nozzle of French plate,
Tow'ring aloft with smoaky light,
The snuff and flame of wondrous height,
(For, virgin yet of amputation,
No force had check'd its inclination)
Sullen address'd with conscious pride,
The dormant snuffers at its side.
" Mean vulgar tools, whose envious aim
" Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
" Your rude assaults shall hurt no more,
" See how my beams triumphant soar!
" See how I gaily blaze alone
" With strength, with lustre all my own.
" Lustre, good Sir!" the snuffers cried,
" Alas! how ignorant is pride!
" Thy light which wavers round the room,
" Shows as the counterfeit of gloom,
" Thy snuff which idly tow'rs so high
" Will waste thy essence by and by,
" Which, as I prize thy lustre dear
" I fain would lop to make thee clear.
" Boast not, old friend, thy random rays,
" Thy wasting strength, and quiv'ring blaze,
" You shine but as a beggar's link,
" To burn away, and die in stink,
" No merit waits unsteady light,
" You must burn *true* as well as *bright*."
Poets like candles all are puffers,
And *critics* are the candle snuffers.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

TO WILLIAM KENRICK.

THOUGH pilot in the ship no more,
To bring the cargo safe to shore *;

Permit, as time and place afford,
A passenger to come aboard.
The shepherd who survey'd the deep,
When all its tempests were asleep,
Dream'd not of danger; glad was he
To sell his flock, and put to sea:
The consequence has ÆSOP told,
He lost his venture, sheep and gold.
So fares it with us sons of rhyme,
From doggrel wit, to wit sublime;
On ink's calm ocean all seems clear,
No sands affright, no rocks appear;
No lightnings blast, no thunders roar;
No surges lash the peaceful shore;
Till, all too ventrous from the land,
The tempests dash us on the strand:
Then the low pirate boards the deck,
And sons of theft enjoy the wreck.
The harlot muse so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray;
Though for a while, with easy air,
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
With fancy's transitory gleams.
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caress'd,
Defam'd, dependent, and distress'd;
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live:
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never priz'd,
Pitied by few, by more despis'd;
And lost to friends, oppress'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.
O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
The shabby OTWAY, DRYDEN gray,
Those tuneful servants of the nine,
(Not that I blend their name with mine)
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.
At first the poet idly strays
Along the greensward path of praise,
Till on his journeys up and down,
To see, and to be seen, in town,
What with ill-natur'd flings and rubs
From flippant bucks, and *hackney* scrubs,
His toils through dust, through dirt, through gravel,
Take off his appetite for travel.
Transient is fame's immediate breath,
Though it blows stronger after death;
Own then, with MARTIAL, after fate
If glory comes, she comes too late.
For who'd his time and labour give
For praise, by which he cannot live?

* *When this was published in the St. James's Magazine, Mr. Lloyd had relinquished the conduct of that work to Dr. Kenrick.*

But in APOLLO's court of fame
(In this all courts are much the fame),
By FAVOUR folks muſt make their way,
FAVOUR, which laſts, perhaps, a day,
And when you've twirl'd yourſelf about
To wriggle *in* you're wriggled *out*.
'Tis from the funſhine of her eyes
Each courtly inſect lives or dies;
'Tis ſhe diſpenſes all the graces
Of profits, penſions, honours, places;
And in her light capricious fits
Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
Gives vices, folly, dullneſs, birth,
Nay ſtamps the currency on worth;
'Tis ſhe that lends the muſe a ſpur,
And even *kiſſing* goes by her.
Far in the ſea a temple ſtands
Built by dame ERROR's haſty hands,
Where in her dome of lucid ſhells
The viſionary goddeſs dwells,
Here o'er her ſubject ſons of earth
Regardleſs or of place, or worth,
She rules triumphant; and ſupplies
The gaping world with hopes and lies,
Her throne, which weak and tott'ring ſeems,
Is built upon the wings of dreams;
The fickle winds her altars bear
Which quiver to the ſhifting air;
Hither hath REASON ſeldom brought
The child of VIRTUE or of THOUGHT,
And JUSTICE with her equal face,
Finds this, alas! no throne of grace.
CAPRICE, OPINION, FASHION, wait,
The porters at the temple's gate,
And as the fond adorers preſs
Pronounce fantaſtic happineſs;
While FAVOUR with a SYREN's ſmile,
Which might ULYSSES' ſelf beguile,
Preſents the ſparkling bright libation,
The nectar of intoxication;
And ſummoning her ev'ry grace
Of winning charms, and cheerful face,
Smiles away reaſon from his throne,
And makes his votaries her own:
Inſtant reſounds the voice of fame;
Caught with the whiſtlings of their name,
The fools grow frantic, in their pride
Contemning all the world beſide:
Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
The noiſy pageant of an hour,
Struts forth the ſtateſman, haughty, vain,
Amidſt a ſupple ſervile train,
With ſhrug, grimace, nod, wink, and ſtare,
So proud, he almoſt treads in air;
While levee-fools, who ſue for place,
Crouch for employment from his grace,
And ev'n good biſhops, taught to trim,
Forſake their GOD to bow to him.
The poet in that happy hour,
Imagination in his pow'r,
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
Enjoys the liberty of mind:
Dupe to the ſmoke of flimſy praiſe,
He vomits forth ſonorous lays;
And, in his fine poetic rage,
Planning, poor ſoul, a deathleſs page,
Indulges pride's fantaſtic whim,
And all the WORLD muſt wake to HIM.
A while from fear, from envy free,
He ſleeps on a pacific ſea;
Lethargic ERROR for a while
Deceives him with her ſpecious ſmile,
And flatt'ring dreams deluſive ſhed,
Gay gilded viſions round his head.
When, ſwift as thought, the goddeſs lewd
Shifts the light gale; and tempeſts rude,
Such as the northern ſkies deform,
When fell DESTRUCTION guides the ſtorm,
Tranſport him to ſome dreary iſle
Where FAVOUR never deign'd to ſmile.
Where waking, helpleſs, all alone,
'Midſt craggy ſteeps and rocks unknown;
Sad ſcenes of woe his pride confound,
And DESOLATION ſtalks around.
Where the dull months no pleaſures bring,
And years roll round without a ſpring;
Where he all hopeleſs, loſt, undone,
Sees cheerleſs days that know no ſun;
Where jibing SCORN her throne maintains,
'Midſt mildews, blights, and blaſts, and rains.
Let others, with ſubmiſſive knee,
Capricious goddeſs! bow to thee;
Let them with fixt inceſſant aim
Court fickle favour, faithleſs fame;
Let vanity's faſtidious ſlave
Loſe the kind moments nature gave,
In invocations to the ſhrine
Of Phœbus and the fabled nine,
An author, to his lateſt days,
From hunger, or from thirſt of praiſe,
Let him through every ſubject roam
To bring the uſeful morſel home;
Write upon LIBERTY oppreſt,
On happineſs, when moſt diſtreſt,
Turn bookſeller's obſequious tool,
A monkey's cat, a mere fool's fool;
Let him, unhallow'd wretch! profane
The muſe's dignity for gain,
Yield to the dunce his ſenſe contemns,
Cringe to the knave his heart condemns,
And, at a blockhead's bidding, force
Reluctant genius from his courſe;
Write ode, epiſtle, eſſay, libel,
Make notes, or ſteal them for the Bible;
Or let him, more judicial, ſit
The dull *Lord Chief*, on culprit wit,
With rancour read, with paſſion blame,
Talk high, yet fear to put his name,
And from the dark, but uſeful ſhade,
(Fit place for ſneurd'rous ambuſcade),
Weak monthly ſhafts at merit hurl,
The GILDON of ſome modern CURL.
For me, by adverſe fortune plac'd
Far from the colleges of taſte,
I joſtle no poetic name;
I envy none their proper fame;
And if ſometimes an eaſy vein,
With no deſign, and little pain,
Form'd into verſe, hath pleas'd a while,
And caught the reader's tranſient ſmile,
My muſe hath anſwer'd all her ends,
Pleaſing herſelf, while pleas'd her friends

But, fond of liberty, disdains
To bear restraint, or clink her chains;
Nor would, to gain a *Monarch's* FAVOUR,
Let dulness, or her sons enslave her *,

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

THE very silliest things in life
Create the most material strife.
What scarce will suffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate,
It *is*, you say: I say *'tis not*—
Why you grow warm—and you are hot.
Thus alike with passion glows,
And words come first, and after, blows.
Friend JERKIN had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more, a-year,
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater sums *per ann.*
A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about;
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refin'd,
Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.
His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's, very apt to change;
What she most hated was conviction,
What she most lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.
A charming house wife ne'ertheless;
—Tell me a thing she could not dress,
Soups hashes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiss—she was so *wise*.
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen,
A farmer's wife with such a mien;
She could not bear the sound of *Dame*;
—No—*Mistress* JERKIN was her name.
She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps, and lace;
But though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vast contempt for spouse,
As being one who *took no pride*,
And was a *deal* too *countrified*.
Such were our couple, man and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.
Once on a time, the season fair
For exercise and cheerful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
—Here, CICELY, take away my gun—
How shall we have these starlings done?
Done! what my love? Your wits are wild?
Starlings, my dear; they're thrushes child.

Nay now but look, consider, wife,
They're starlings—No—upon my life;
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thrush and starling too.
Who was it shot them, you or I?
They're starling—thrushes—zounds you lie.
Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
I scorn your language as your bird;
It ought to make a husband blush,
To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.
Thrush, Cicely!—Yes—a starling—No,
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.
Peace soon ensued, and all was well:
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Against these arguments of weight.
A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas *as you like*, and *what you please*,
'Till in its course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
No tumults now, no blows, no strife,
What fools we were this day last year!
Lord, how you beat me then my dear!
—Sure it was idle and absurd
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling—no, my love, a thrush,
That I'll maintain—that I'll deny.
—You're wrong, good husband—wife, you lie.
Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lie, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and buss, and friends;
'Tis starling, thrush, and thrush and starling;
You dog, you b---; my dear, my darling.

* *These two last lines were added by Mr. Kenrick; to whom the piece was originally addresse*

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO *****

WHAT, three months gone, and never send
A single letter to a friend?
In that time, sure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown;
Whether your host was short or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all;
Whether the neighb'ring 'squire you found
As mere a brute as fox or hound;
Or if the parson of the place
(With all due rev'rence to his grace)
Took much more pains himself to keep,
Than to instruct and feed his sheep;
At what hour of the day you dine;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine
Whether you hunt, or shoot, or ride;
Or, by some muddy ditch's side,
Which you in visionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling stream,
Sigh for some awkward country lass,
Who must of consequence surpass
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day surpasses night;

Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever talk, or ever think;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts;
If the moon rises and goes down,
And changes as she does in town;
If you've returns of night and day,
And seasons varying roll away;
Whether your mind exalted woos
Th' embraces of a serious muse;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.—
These, and a thousand things like these,
The friendly heart are sure to please.
Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look superlatively wise;
Wonder what all this stuff's about,
And how the plague I found him out!
When he had taken so much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no soul alive knew where!
Besides, 'tis folly to suppose
That any person breathing goes
On such a scheme, with a design
To write or read such stuff as mine,
And idly waste his precious time
In all th' impertinence of rhyme.
My good, wise, venerable sir!
Why about nonsense all this stir!
Is it, that you would stand alone,
And read no nonsense but your own;
Though you're (to tell you, by the bye)
Not half so great a fool as I;
Or is that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have some sense?
And would you really have my muse
Employ herself in writing news,
And most unconscionably teize her
With rhyming to Warsaw and Weser;
Or toss up a poetic olio,
Merely to bring in Marshal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French see all
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
Or should I your attention carry
To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,
Of flying Russian, dastard Swede,
And baffled Austria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what design
The youthful Henry pass'd the Rhine?
Or should I shake my empty head,
And tell you that the king is dead;
Observe what changes will ensue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving these things to my betters,
Before you set the state of letters?
Or should I tell domestic jars,
How author against author wars,
How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr—k—n damns M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—n?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the stage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What GARRICK acts still, and how well,
That SHERIDAN with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the best
Is all but art, and art confest;
That BRIDE *, if reason may presume
To judge by things past, things to come,
In future times will tread the stage,
Equally form'd for love and rage,
Whilst POPE for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when CLIVE no more is nam'd.
Your wisdom I suppose can't bear
About dull pantomime to hear;
Nor would you have a single word
Of Harlequin, and wooden sword,
Of dumb show, fools tricks, and wry faces,
And wit which lies all in grimaces,
Nor should I any thing advance
Of new invented comic dance.
Callous, perhaps, to things like these,
Would it your worship better please,
That I, more loaden than the camels,
Should crawl in philosophic trammels
Should I attack the stars, and stray
In triumph o'er the milky way,
And like the TITANS try to move
From seat of empire royal JOVE,
Then spread my terrors all around,
And his sattellites confound,
Teach the war far and wide to rage,
And ev'ry star by turns engage?
The danger we should share between us,
You fight with MARS and I with VENUS.
Or should I rather, if I could,
Talk of words little understood,
Centric, excentric, epicycle,
Fine words the vulgar ears to tickle!
A vacuum, plenum, gravitation,
And other words of like relation,
Which may agree with studious men,
But hurt my teeth, and gag my pen;
Things of such grave and serious kind
Puzzle my head and plague my mind;
Besides in writing to a friend
A man may any nonsense send,
And the chief merit's to impart,
The honest feelings of his heart.

CHARITY.

A FRAGMENT.

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. Hanbury.

WORTH is excis'd, and virtue pays
A heavy tax for barren praise.
A friend to universal man,
Is universal good your plan?
GOD may perhaps your project bless
But man shall strive to thwart success.
Though the grand scheme thy thoughts pursue,
Bespeak a noble generous view,

* *Miss Bride, an Actress then of Drury-Lane Theatre, who soon after quitted the stage. See her character in the Rosciad.*

Where CHARITY o'er all preſides,
And SENSE approves what VIRTUE guides,
Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For rogues hate virtue, blockheads ſenſe.
Believe me, oppoſition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it ſeldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous ſeeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis war for war, and dare who dare;
But your ſly, ſneaking, worming owls,
Whom FRIENDSHIP ſcorns and FEAR controuls,
Who praiſe, ſupport, and help by halves,
Like heifers, neither bulls, nor calves;
Who, in hypocriſy's diſguiſe,
Are truly *as the ſerpent wiſe*,
But cannot ALL the precept love,
And *be as harmleſs as the dove*.
Who hold each charitable meeting,
To mean no more than good ſound eating,
While each becomes a hearty fellow
According as he waxes mellow,
And kindly helps the main deſign,
By drinking its ſucceſs in wine;
And when his feet and ſenſes reel,
Totters with correſpondent zeal;
Nay, would appear a patron wiſe,
But that his wiſdom's in diſguiſe,
And would harangue, but that his mouth,
Which ever hates the ſin of drowth,
Catching the full perpetual glaſs,
Cannot afford a word to paſs.
Such, who like true churchwardens eat,
Becauſe the pariſh pays the treat,
And of their beſtyful ſecure,
O'erſee, or *over-look* the poor;
Who would no doubt be wond'rous juſt,
And faithful guardians of their truſt,
But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their heirs for ever,
That charity, too apt to roam,
Might end, where ſhe begins, at home;
Who made all public good a trade,
Benevolence a mere parade,
And charity a cloak for ſin,
To keep it ſnug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promiſe much and never pay,
Who wind themſelves about your heart
With hypocritic, knaviſh art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high eſtate,
To ſpeak the honeſt truth, I hate:
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulſome proteſtation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who ſmiles, and ſmirks, and ſtrokes my face,
And all ſo tender, fond and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the ſoftneſs of the dove,
And p—xes me to ſhow her love.
The maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,
Whoſe charms, though ſtrong, are rather ſtale,
Will uſe that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
—What, DELIA handſome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or ſtupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to paſs,
A roſy, ſimple, ruſtic laſs,
—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, ſo void of grace!
And the world, with half an eye,
May ſee her ſhape grows quite awry.
—I ſpeak not from an ill deſign,
For ſhe's a favourite of mine,
—Though I could wiſh that ſhe would wear
A more reſerv'd becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiſcretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confeſſions,
Though the WORLD ſays, that parſon there,
That ſmock-fac'd man with darkiſh hair,
He who wrote verſes on her bird,
The ſimpleſt things I ever heard,
Makes frequent viſits there of late,
And is become exceeding great;
This I myſelf aver is true,
I ſaw him lead her to his pew.
Thus ſcandal, like a falſe quotation,
Miſrepreſents in defamation;
And where ſhe happly cannot ſpy
A loop whereon to hang a lie,
Turns every action wrong ſide out
To bring her paultry tale about.
Thus excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark ſet up on high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by,
A mere Scotch poſt for public itch,
Where hog, or man, may ſcrub his breech.
But thanks to nature, which ordains
A juſt reward for all our pains,
And makes us ſtem, with ſecret pride,
Hoarſe DISAPPOINTMENT's rugged tide,
And like a lordly ſhip, which braves
The roar of winds, and ruſh of waves,
Weather all ſtorms, which jealous hate
Or frantic malice may create.
'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on virtue's throne,
Eyes raging men, or raging ſeas,
Undaunted, firm, with heart at eaſe.
From her dark cave, though ENVY riſe
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
Though HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train;
Shall VIRTUE ſhrink, abaſh'd, afraid,
And tremble at an idle ſhade?
Fear works upon the fool, or knave,
An honeſt man is always brave.
While OPPOSITION's fruitleſs aim
Is as the bellows to the flame,
And, like a Pagan perſecution,
Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.
Though prejudice in narrow minds,
The mental eye of reaſon blinds;
Though WIT, which not e'en friends will ſpare,
Affect the ſneering, laughing air,
Though DULLNESS, in her monkiſh gown,
Diſplay the WISDOM of a frown,
Yet TRUTH will force herſelf, in ſpite
Of all their efforts, into light.

See bigot monks in Spain prevail,
See GALILÆO dragg'd to gaol:
Hear the grave doctors of the ſchools,
The *Golgotha* of learned fools,
As *damnable* and *impious* brand
That art they cannot underſtand,
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a ſtanding libel,
On every good and uſeful plan
That riſes in the brain of man.

O BIGOTRY! whoſe frantic rage
Has blotted half the claſſic page,
And in religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;
Who zealous for that faith's increaſe,
Whoſe *ways are righteouſneſs and peace*,
With rods and whips, and ſword, and axe,
With priſons, tortures, flames and racks,
With perſecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing ſome new-fangl'd mode,
Wouldſt pluck down REASON from her throne
To raiſe ſome fantom of thy own;
Alas! the fury undiſcerning,
Which blaſts, and ſtunts, and hews up learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blaſphemes that wiſdom you defend.

Go, kick the proſtitute whores,
The *nine* ſtale *virgins* out of doors;
For let the abbeſs beat her drum,
Eleven thouſand troops ſhall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever ſaint or poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,
Who to the church like light'ning ſped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modeſt lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of life as well as honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.

No matter of what ſhape or ſize,
Gulp down the legendary lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Chriſt allows, nor ſenſe maintains;
Make ſaint of Pope, or ſaint of Thief,
Believe almoſt in unbelief;
Yet with thy ſolemn prieſtly air,
By book and bell, and candle ſwear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your ſtem and favourite ſect;
That he who made the world, has bleſt
One part alone, to damn the reſt,
As if th' All-merciful and Juſt,
Who form'd us of one common duſt,
Had render'd up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.

Thus his own eyes the bigot blinds,
To ſhut out light from human minds,
And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam tranſmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the ſky,
While ev'ry path by ſcience trod,
Leads us with wonder up to God),
Is doom'd by ignorance to make
Atonement at the martyr's ſtake;
Though, like pure gold, th' illuſtrious dame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame.
No perſecution will avail;
No inquiſition racks, nor gaol;
When learning's more enlight'ned ray
Shall drive theſe ſickly fogs away;
A thankful age ſhall pay her more,
Than all her troubles hurt before.
See ſhame and ſcorn await on thoſe
Who poorly dar'd to be her foes,
But will the grateful voice of fame
Sink truth, and GALILÆO's name?

How wilful, obſtinate, and blind,
Are the main herd of human kind!
Well ſaid the wit, who well had tried
That malice which his parts defied;
When merit's ſun begins to break,
The dunces ſtretch, and ſtrive to wake,
And amity of dunce with dunce,
Fingers out genius all at once.
As you may find the honey out,
By ſeeing all the flies about.
All ugly women hate a toaſt;
The goodlieſt fruit is pick'd the moſt;
The ivy winds about the oak,
And to the faireſt comes the ſmoke.

Eſcap'd the dangers of the deep,
When GULLIVER fell faſt aſleep,
Stretch'd on the Lilliputian ſtrand,
A giant in a pigmy land;
Watchful againſt impending harms,
All Lilliput cried out, To arms;
The trumpets echoed all around,
The captain ſlept exceeding ſound,
Though crowds of undiſtinguiſh'd ſize
Aſſail'd his body, legs, and thighs,
While clouds of arrows flew apace,
And fell like feathers on his face.

THE WHIM.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

THE praiſe of genius will offend
A foe no doubt, ſometimes a friend;
But curſe on genius, wit, and parts;
The thirſt of ſcience, love of arts,
If inconſiſtent with the plan
Of ſocial good from man to man.
For me, who will, may wear the bays,
I value not ſuch idle praiſe:
Let wrangling wits abuſe, defame,
And quarrel for an empty name,
What's in this ſhuffling pace of rhyme,
Or *grand pas* ſtride of ſtiff ſublime,
That vanity her trump ſhould blow,
And look with ſcorn on folks below?
Are wit and folly cloſe ally'd,
And match'd, like poverty, with pride?
When rival bards for fame contend,
The poet often ſpoils the friend;
Genius ſelf-center'd feels alone
That merit he eſteems his own,
And cold, o'er-jealous, and ſevere,
Hates, like a Turk, a brother near;

Malice steps in, good nature flies,
Folly prevails, and friendship dies.
Peace to all such, if peace can dwell
With those who bear about a hell,
Who blast all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings stung to death.
None but a weak and brainless fool,
Undisciplin'd in fortune's school,
Can hope for favours from the wit:
He pleads prescription to forget,
Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
And, as forgetful, be forgot,
Most wags, whose pleasure is to *smoke*,
Would rather lose their friend, than joke;
A man in rags looks something *queer*,
And there's *vast humour* in a sneer;
That jest, alike all withings suits,
Which lies no further than *the boots*.
Give me the man whose open mind
Means social good to all mankind;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from sorrow's face;
Who, not self-taught and proudly wise,
Seeks more to comfort than advise,
Who less intent to shine than please,
Wears his own mirth with native ease,
And is from sense, from nature's plan,
The jovial guest, the honest man;
In short, whose picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point resembles you.
And will my friend for once excuse
This off'ring of a lazy muse?
Most lazy,---lest you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the spot.
A perfect ease the dame enjoys;
Three chairs her indolence employs;
On one she squats her cushion'd bum,
Which would not rise, though kings should come;
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies *couchant* on its brother.
To make her look supremely wise,
At least like wisdom in disguise,
The weed, which first by *Raleigh* brought,
Gives thinking looks instead of thought,
She smokes, and smokes; without all feeling,
Save as the eddies climb the cieling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their passage round the room.
When pipe forsakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drowth,
Which with *potations pottle deep*
Lulls the poor maudlin muse to sleep.
Her books of which sh'as wond'rous need
But neither pow'r nor will to read,
In scatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the lowest shelf---the ground.
Such ease no doubt suits *easy* rhyme;
Folks walk about who write SUBLIME,
While RECITATION's pompous sound
Drawls words sonorous all around,
And ACTION waves her hand and hed,
As those who bread and butter spread.
You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
Who strike the roof, and kick the earth,
Whose muse superlatively high
Takes lodgings always near the sky
And like the lark with daring flight
Still soars and sings beyond our sight;
May trumpet forth your grand sublime,
And scorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
Yet though the lark in ether floats,
And trills no doubt diviner notes,
Careless'ly perch'd on yonder spray,
The linnet sings a pretty lay.
What horrid, what tremendous sight
Shakes all my fabric with affright!
With ARGUS' hundred eyes he marks,
With triple mouth the monster barks;
And while he scatters flaming brands
BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.
Hist! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he
What would your graceless form with me?
Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
Of spinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of stringing various thoughts together
In verse, or prose, or both, or neither?
A vein, which though it must offend
You *lofty* Sirs who can't *descend*,
To fame has often made its way
From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT, and GAY
Is it for this your brow austere
Frowns me to stone for very fear?
Hear my just reason first, and then
Approve me right, or split my pen.
I seek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the slipp'ry tail of praise,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainst genius which I most revere;
When Phœbus bursts with genuine fire,
The little stars at once retire;
Who cares a farthing for those lays
Which you can neither blame, nor praise?
I cannot match a CHURCHILL's skill,
But may be LANGHORNE when I will:
Let the mere mimic, for each season bears
Your mimic bards as well as mimic play'rs.
Creep servilely along, and with dull pains
Lash his slow steed, in whose enfeebled veins
The cold blood lags, let him with fruitless aim
By borrow'd plumes assume a borrow'd fame,
With studied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a CHURCHILL's style.
Slaves may some fame from imitation hope;
Who'd be PAUL WHITEHEAD, though he honours POPE?
If clinking couplets in one endless chime
Be the sole beauty, and the praise of rhyme;
If found alone an easy triumph gains,
While fancy bleeds, and sense is hung in chains,
Ye happy triflers hail the rising mode:
See, all Parnassus is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
For me, who labour with poetic sin,
Who often woo the muse I cannot win,
Whom pleasure first a willing poet made,
And folly spoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I beheld superior genius shine,
Nor ting'd with envy wish that genius mine,

To CHURCHILL's muſe can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to pleaſe;
Be his the STRENGTH of NUMBERS, mine the EASE,
Eaſe that rejects not, but betrays no care:
Leſs of the coxcomb than the ſloven's air.
Your taſte, as mine, all metre muſt offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that ſervile taſk purſue,
And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
But that my ſlippant muſe, too ſaucy grown,
Prefers that manner ſhe can call her own.

ODE TO GENIUS.

THOU child of nature, genius ſtrong,
Thou maſter of the poet's ſong,
Before whoſe light, art's dim and feeble ray
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:
Thou lov'ſt to ſteal along the ſecret ſhade,
Where fancy, bright aërial maid!
Awaits thee with her thouſand charms,
And revels in thy wanton arms;
She to thy bed, in days of yore,
The ſweetly-warbling Shakſpeare bore;
Whom every muſe endow'd with every ſkill,
And dipt him in that ſacred rill,
Whoſe ſilver ſtreams flow muſical along,
Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount reſounds with raptur'd ſong.

Forſake not thou the vocal choir,
Their breaſts reviſit with thy genial fire,
Elſe vain the ſtudied ſounds of mimic art,
Tickle the ear, but come not near the heart.
Vain every phraſe in curious order ſet,
On each ſide leaning on the (ſtop-gap) epithet.
Vain the quick rhyme ſtill tinkling in the cloſe,
While pure deſcription ſhines in meaſur'd proſe,
Thou bear'ſt aloof, and look'ſt with high diſdain,
Upon the dull mechanic train;
Whoſe nerveleſs ſtrains flag on in languid tone,
Lifeleſs and lumpiſh as the bagpipe's drowzy drone.

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays;
Inſpir'd with energy divine,
To worſhip at thy ſacred ſhrine.
Since taſte *, with abſolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy ſhade,
The blooming ſcions of fair fancy's tree;
Which erſt full wantonly have ſtray'd
In many a wreath of richeſt poeſy.
For when the oak denies her ſtay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way;
No more ſhe twiſts her branches round,
But drags her feeble ſtem along the barren ground.

Where then ſhall exil'd genius go?
Since only thoſe the laurel claim,
And boaſt them of the poet's name,
Whoſe ſober rhymes in even tenour flow;
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.
Why ſleep the ſons of genius now?
Why, Wartons, reſts the lyre unſtrung?
* And thou, bleſt bard! around whoſe ſacred brow,
Great Pindar's delegated wreath is hung:
Ariſe, and ſnatch the majeſty of ſong
From dullneſs' ſervile tribe, and art's unhallow'd throng.

PROLOGUE, 1757.

Est ſchola rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra juventus,
Et tumido inflatos ejicit ore ſonos.
Quâ quiſque aſſumit tragicas novus hiſtrio partes,
Nec loquitur, verbum quin ſapit omne, pathos.
Ingenia hic creſcunt, mox ſucceſſura theatris,
Regis, amatoris, prompta ſubire vices.
Multus ibi furiis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,
Eluſâ telum prendit inane manu.
Multus ibi, infuſcat cui vultus ſuber aduſtum
Immodicis ſævit raucus Othello minis.
Omnia queis tragicis opus eſt, hic arma parantur;
Auribus inſidiæ ſunt, oculiſque ſuæ:
Conatus manuumque, pedumque, oriſque rotundi,
Certatim et vultûs vis, laterumque labor.
Quam ſibi, dum geſtu ſtat fixus quiſque ſilenti,
Quam placet a ſpeculo forma reflexa ſui!
Hæc ſtudeant, cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri!
Non tamen eſt NOBIS *inde* petendus honor.
Ingenua ut pubes vultum ſibi ſumat apertum,
Et ſenſim aſſuefcat fortius ore loqui;
Ne dubiis tandem verba eluctantia labris
Occludat timidus præpediatque pudor,
Ingredimur ſcenam; nec clam vos, docta corona,
Commoda ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.
Hinc SAPERE ET FARI diſcit generoſa juventus,
Dum pavida accendit pectora laudis amor.
Freti his, majorem mox ingrediemur arenam;
Hic ſtabilita vigent curia, roſtra, forum.

PROLOGUE, 1758.

Hic nihil ad populum—non pompa hic vana theatri,
Qualem ore attonito plebs inhiare ſolet:
Non ſcena hic ſplendet magicâ variabilis arte,
Et ſumit formas prodigioſa novas:
Non hic, labrato ſubvectus fune per auras,
Mercurius celeres itque reditque vias:
Nec freta cæruleâ turgent undoſa papyro,
Nec reſinato fulgurat igne polus:
Janua nec cæcos aperit furtiva receſſus,
Unde minutatim proferat umbra caput.
Quin valeant levia hæc vulgi crepitacula! jactant
Et proprium, et ſimplex, noſtra theatra decus.

* *By taſte, is here meant the modern affectation of it*

* *Dr. Akenſide.*

—Heus! nemon' audit?—fac fursum aulea trahantur!
—En! qualis qualis sit, NOVA SCENA patet.
En Illæ, quas vos semper coluistis, Athenæ,
Gratia quas voluit, quas sibi musa domum.
Hic sese ostendunt prisci monumenta laboris;
Queis usa est modulis Vitruviana manus;
Hic stat ventorum, Thesei hic venerabile fanum.
Hic arce in summâ, casta Minerva tuum.
Omnia jam votis respondent. Attica jam sunt
Omnia. Personæ, fabula, scena, fales.
Quoque etiam magis hæ nostræ lætentur Athenæ,
Cecropidas jactant vos, recoluntque suos.

PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

Cum patres populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma suum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipsis
Scenis extinctum condecorâsse ducem.
Ecquis adest, scenam nocte hâc qui spectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum sentiet esse parem?
Utcunque arrisit pulchris victoria cæptis,
Quà sol extremas visit uterque plagas,
Successûs etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimusque dolor.
Si famæ generosa sitis, si bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipsoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies, [jure
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel si quid amabile,
Esto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus.
Nec moriere omnis—Quin usque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibe nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc studio visendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidisse heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIAR.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

Quanta intus turba est! quanto molimine sudat,
Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quisque coquus!
Monstrum informe maris---TESTUDO---in prandia fertur,
Quæ, varia, et simplex, omnia sola sapit.
Pullina esca placet?---vitulina?---sullia?---bovina?
Præsto est. Hæc quadrupes singula pisces habet.
De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
Qui secet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.
Qui doctè contundat aromata; misceat aptè
Thus, apium, thyma, sal, cinnama, cepe, piper.
Qui jecur et pulmonem in frusta minutula scindat,
Curetque ut penitus sint saturata mero.
Multo ut ventriculus pulchrè flavescat ab ovo;
Ut tremulus, circum viscera, vernet adeps.
His rité instructis conchæ sint fercula! nam tu,
TESTUDO! et patinis sufficis, atque cibo.
Quàm cuperem in laudes utriusque excurrere conchæ!
Sed vereor *Calipsæ* dicere---vel *Calipsee*.
Vos etiam ad cœnam mecum appellare juvaret,
Vellem et rellicuas participare dapum.
At sunt convivæ tam multi, tamque gulosi,
Restabit, metuo, nil nisi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

Cum nox tellurem suscipit amplectitur alis,
Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras
Inchoat assuetos simulatrix regia ludos.
Huic auriga culex tortum quatit usque flagellum,
Accelerarque fugam tardis; retinacula currûs
Erucæ sunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
Cruscula areneoli; currus, quem dente sciurus
Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetustas
Hunc Mabbæ arteficem memorat: sub nocte silenti
Hoc instructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum prestringit Aman-
Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnera cœllos, [tis;
Malarum labrique rosas, persusaque collo
Lilia: mox medici digitos titillat, avarus
Mercedis dextram qui pandit, et acritur aurum
Ter caprat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
Nunc quoque sopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ;
Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oscula libans
Absens absentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
Væ tibi, si lemurum videat regina colorem
Mentitum fuco, vultusque ex arte nitentes!
Præcipites aget ira manus, lacerabit acuto
Ungue genas, simul amissâ dulcedine somni,
Osculaque, et tenues vanescit amator in auras.
Ampla sacerdotis nonnunquam transvolat ora;
Continuo rostrum conscendens hic thema trimas
Dividet in partes, exponendoque laborat,
Vel vigilem credas, adeo dormitat. Ad aures
Militis hinc migrat; turbatur imagine belli.
Fortis eques, gemitusque audit, strepitusque, tubasque,
Exilit, et paulum trepidans, insomnia diris
Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,---obdormiscit.
Nunc rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
Defensoris agit causam, actorisque peritus,
Innectensque moras ad finem decipit ambos.
Sin casu visat facilis regina poetam,
Hunc sibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
Et riguos fontes, et amænos somniat hortos;
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
Viderit et tristis quam sit sibi curta supellex,
Quam vellet semper dormire!---Volubilis inde
Judices invehitur trans nasum, et naribus illi
Emuncto subolet causa. Interdum Dea festo,
Blanditur servo, qui libertate vagatur,
Exultans redit ad patriam carosque penates,
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
Deinde rotâ strepitante fremit per colla tyranni;
Umbrarum ante oculos surgit chorus, improbus oreo
Quas dedit insontes; furiis agitatur acerbis
Conscia mens, lectoque quies simul exulat. Inde
Si currus flectat, placidissima munera somni
Quà carpit sceleris purus; non territus ille
Spectrorum est cœtu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
Sed molli potitur requie, aut si somniat umbræ

Delectant oculos gratæ; prædulcis imago
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relictâ
Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio felix. O tu! quicunque beatum
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere somnum;
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
Mabba ferox instet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In comitiis posteribus, Apr. 5. 1753.

Carmina ad nobilissimum Thomam Holles ducem de Newcastle inscripta, cum academiam Cantabrigiensem Bibliothecæ restituendæ causa inviseret.

Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

DE REGE.

Augustus, artium usquæ fautor optimus,
Hic mœnia haud inauspicato numine
Condi imperavit consecrata literis;
Eo nitore et partium elegantiâ,
Ut invidenda sint vel illis Ædibus
Quæ seculorum voce comprobantium
Præ cæteris superbiunt, justissima
Romæ recentis et vetustæ gloria.
Nec his supellex digna deerit mœnibus,
Et vaticanæ, Bodleianæque æmula;
Id ille abundè caverat, novissimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britanniæ.
Brunsvichianis scilicet sanctissimum est
Legesque tutari et fovere literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O tu, qui doctas cami feliciter artes
Protegis, aonii duxque decusque chori,
Quod domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.
Munera dant numerosa manus procerumque patrumque,
Exemplo et monitis exstimulata tuis.
Perge, fovere artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchrè musa rependet opus.
Hæc moles quanquam ipsa ruet; monumenta, camenæ
Quæ condent, nullo sunt ruitura die.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

IN CÆMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

(Gray's Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.)

Audistin! quam lenta sonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Lassatusque domum rusticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, et vestigia solus
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia pallescunt jam decedentia visu,
Et terra et cœlum, quâ patet, omne silet.
Cuncta silent, nisi musca suam sub vespere fero
Rauci sonans pigram quà rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta silent, nisi quà faciles campanula somnos
Allicit, et lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quâque hedera antiquas sociâ complectitur umbrâ
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et strepit ad lunam si quis sub nocte vagetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique sub umbrâ
Qua putris multo cespite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens prisca colonûm,
Quisque suâ angustâ conditus ulque domo.

Hoc nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ stridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ sub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata sonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini sub vespere fero
Excoquet agrestes officiosa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oscula proles,
Nec reducem agnoscent æmula turba patrem.

Quam sæpe hi rastris glebam fregere feracem?
Sæpe horum cecidit falce resecta seges.
Quam læti egerunt stridentia plaustra per agros,
Et stimulis tardos increpuere boves!
Horum sylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quàque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen ambitio risu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut lusus, aut rude temnat opus:
Nec fronte excipiat ventosa superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, historiasque breves!

Et generis jactatus honos dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedère boni,
Supremam simul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ insimulare, superbi,
Quod domini ostendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quà canit amissum longo ordine turba patronum,
Claroque ingeminant claustra profunda sonos.

An vanis inscripta notis augustior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a sede fugacem?
Detque iterum vitâ posse priore frui?
Possit adulantum sermo penetrare sepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Forsan in hoc, olim divino semine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis cespite dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forsan jaceat sub cespite, sceptra
Cujus tractârint imperiosa manus.
Vel quales ipso forsan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulsârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priscæ
Nunquam divitias explicuêre suas.
Horum autem ingenium torpescere fecit egestas
Aspera et angustæ fors inimica domi.

Multa sub oceano pellucida gemma latescit,
Et rudis ignotum fert et inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans rosa pandit odores,
Ponit et occiduo pendula sole caput.

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requiescat agrestis,
Quem patriæ indignans extimulavit amor;
Ausus hic exigua est villæ oppugnare tyranno,
Asserere et forti jura paterna manu.
Aut mutus forsan, fatoque inglorius alter
Hæc vel Miltono par, requiescat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulasse suam.

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere senatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Historiam ex populi colligere ore suam.

Illorum vetuit fors improba;—nec tamen arcto
Tantum ad virtutem limite clausit iter,
Verum etiam et vitia ulterius transire vetabat,
Nec dedit his magnum posse patrare scelus.
Hos vetuit temere per stragem invadere regnum,
Excipere et surdâ supplicis aure preces.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborem,
Conscia suffusus quò notat ora pudor.
Luxuriâ hi nunquam sese immersere superbâ,
Nec musæ his laudes prostituere suas.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
Spectabant propriam sobria vota domum;
Quisque sibi vivens, et sponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Hæc tamen a damno qui servet tutius ossa,
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
Et vera agresti eliciunt suspiria corde
Incultæ effigies, indocilesque modi.

Atque locum supplent elegorum nomen et anni
Quæ formâ inscribit rustica musa rudi:
Multa etiam sacri diffundit commata textûs,
Queis meditans discat vulgus agreste mori.

Heu! quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
Jussus, et æternas jam suhiturus aquas,
Descendit nigram ad noctem, cupidusque supremo
Non saltem occiduam respicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui saltem mens fidit amico
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;
Fletum aliquem exposcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inscia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque sui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine sortem,
Et defunctorum rustica fata genis,
Huc olim intentus si quis vestigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis fors tua sorte roget.

Huic aliquis forsan senior respondeat ultro
Cui niveis albent tempora sparsa comis;
" Vidimus hunc quàm sæpe micantes roribus
" herbas
" Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
" Ad roseum solis properabat sæpius ortum,
" Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

" Sæpe sub hâc fago, radices undique circum
" Quæ variè antiquas implicat alta suas,
" Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æstu,
" Lustraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

" Sæpius hanc sylvam propter virideque recessus
" Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
" Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
" Musarumque frequens sollicitaret opem.
" Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
" Aut cujus stimulat corda repulsus amor.

" Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat
" arbos,
" Nec juga, nec saliens fons, tacitumve nemus;
" Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
" Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

" Tertia succesit—lentoque exangue cadaver
" Ecce sepulchrali est pompa secuta gradu.
" Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore
" carmen,
" Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iste lapis."

EPITAPHIUM.

Cui nunquam favit fama aut fortuna secunda,
Congesto hoc juvenem cespite servat humus.
Huic tamen arrisit jucunda scientia vultu,
Selegitque, habitans pectora, cura sibi.

Largus opum fuit, et sincero pectore fretus,
Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
Indoluit miserans inopi, lachrymasque profudit.
—Scilicet id, miseris quod daret, omne fuit,
A cœlo interea fidum acquisivit amicum,
Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
Nec vitia ex sacrâ sede referre petas,
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter spe condita restant,
In gremio Patris scilicet atque Dei.

CARMEN ELEGAN.

(Pope's Song, by a Person of Quality.)

Tuque adeo roseas expande volatilis alas,
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
Imperiis, pulchelle, tuis ego servulus ultro;
Naturam ars victrix scilicet usque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
Uspicite, ut sensim languens juvenilior ætas,
Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea saxa perit!

Ante omnes carum sic levit Adonida Cypris,
Deceptusque Deam tristius ursit amor;
Hunc, tacitè adrepens per densa silentia noctis
Incantum sævo dente momordit aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrè Prudentia ludens,
Harmoniæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!
Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas sopire canendo,
Tuque tuum imperti, Præses Apollo, chorum!

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,
O tu terrorum rex, metuende Deus,
Duc me, quà passim chrystallina flumina currunt,
Elysiique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæsti salices, tristesque cupressi
Aureliæ æternum serta dicata meæ;

Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidiſſime Morpheu,
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Triſtè fluens, ſed lenè fluens, Mæander, amæno
Murmure qui curſum flexilis orbe rotas!
Margine ſæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,
Cui tua ſubmittunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando ſenſim languens Philomela, ſilentem
Mollior aggreditur, nec ſine voce, procum;
Aſpice, de cœlo interea Junonius ales
Deſcendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S

HYMN TO APOLLO.

Tranſlated from the Greek.

GOD of the bow! Apollo, thee I ſing;
Thee, as thou draw'ſt amain the ſounding ſtring,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona: ſhe with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;
Cloſes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high amid th' ethereal dome ſuſpends;
Then ſmiling leads thee, her all-glorious ſon,
To ſhare the mighty thunderer's awful throne.
Goblets of nectar thy glad ſire prepares,
And thee, his faireſt, nobleſt ſon declares;
While ev'ry god ſits rapt, Latona's breaſt
Beats with ſuperior joy, and hails her ſon conſeſt.

Thrice bleſt Latona! from thee, goddeſs, ſprung
Diana chaſte, and Phœbus ever-young:
* Her in Ortygia's iſle, and him you bore
At Cynthius' hill on Delos' ſea girt ſhore,
Where the tall palm uprears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.

O Phœbus, where ſhall I begin thy praiſe?
Well can'ſt thou rule the poet's artleſs lays.
Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
By river ſide, or on the ſea's hoarſe ſhore,
Wandr'ing well-pleaſed, with muſic's magic ſound,
And airs divine, thou charm'ſt the region round.
Say, ſhall I ſing how firſt on Delos' ſhore,
Thee, glorious progeny, Latona bore†?
How firſt, from other iſles, beſet with grief,
In vain thy tortur'd mother ſought relief.
Each to her out-caſt woe denied abode,
Nor durſt one iſle receive the future god.
At length to Delos came the lab'ring fair,
And ſuppliant thus beſought her needful care.

Delos! receive Apollo, and O! raiſe
A glorious temple to record his praiſe!
Then ſhall he govern thee with gentle ſway,
And only Phœbus ſhall thine iſle obey.
What though no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
Nor plants of thouſand natures ſhall be thine,

Swift to the temple of the Bowyer-king*,
Oblations rich ſhall ev'ry nation bring;
For ever from thy altars ſhall ariſe
The fragrant incenſe of burnt-ſacrifice.
No longer then regret thy barren ſoil,
Receive the God, and live by other's toil!

She ſpake: with inward rapture Delos ſmil'd,
And ſooth'd the ſuppliant pow'r with anſwer mild.

Latona! mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
Full willingly would Delos eaſe thy care,
Full willingly behold her barren earth
Witneſs the glories of Apollo's birth:
The mighty god would raiſe my lowly name,
And conſecrate his native iſle to fame.
One fear alone diſtracts my heating heart;
That fear, O goddeſs, liſt while I impart.
Second to none amid th' ethereal ſkies,
Apollo ſoon all terrible ſhall riſe:
All nations ſhall adore the mighty god,
And kings and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
Haply (for ah! dire fears my ſoul inſeſt,
And fill with horror my tumultuous breaſt)
Soon as the glorious godhead ſhall be born,
My deſert region will he view with ſcorn,
Indignant ſpurn me, curſe my barren ſoil,
And plunge into the waves my hated iſle.
Triumphant then to happier climes remove,
There fix his ſhrine, plant there his ſacred grove,
Whelm'd in the briny main ſhall Delos lay,
To all the finny brood a wretched prey.
But, O Latona! if, to quell my fear,
You'll deign a ſolemn ſacred oath to ſwear,
That here the god his glorious ſeat ſhall hold,
And here his ſapient oracles unfold,
Your ſacred burden here, Latona, lay,
Here view the godhead burſting into day.

Thus Delos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
But ſoon with ſolemn vows thus ratified:
Witneſs O heaven and earth! O Stygian lake!
Dire adjuration, that no god my break!
In Delos ſhall Apollo's ſhrine be rear'd,
Delos, his beſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd.

Thus vow'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth
Bleſt in the glories of Apollo's birth.
Nine hapleſs days and nights, with writhing throes,
And all the anguiſh of a mother's woes,
Latona tortur'd lay; in ſorrowing mood,
Around her many a ſiſter-goddeſs ſtood.
Aloft in heaven imperial Juno ſat,
And view'd relentleſs her unhappy fate.
Lucina too, the kind aſſuaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,
And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the goddeſs ſhrouds.
Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
And livid envy ſeiz'd her haughty ſoul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to ſpring
So great a ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,

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* *Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different iſlands in the original.*

† *Here ſeveral verſes containing nothing but a mere liſt of the names of iſlands are omitted.*

* Bowyer-king, *and* Bowyer-god, *are expreſſions frequently uſed by Dryden, in his verſion of the firſt Iliad, to ſignify Apollo.*

Fair Iris ſent, the many colour'd maid.
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid,
But charg'd her heed, leſt Juno ſhould prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent.
Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
Olympus gain'd, apart ſhe call'd the maid,
Then ſought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
And mov'd her ſoul: when ſoon with dove-like pace
Swiftly they meaſur'd back the viewleſs airy ſpace.
Soon as to Delos' iſle Lucina came
The pangs of travail ſeiz'd Latona's frame.
Her twining arms ſhe threw the palm around,
And preſt with deep-indented knee the ground:
Then into day ſprung forth the jolly boy,
Earth ſmil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.
The ſiſter pow'rs that round Latona ſtood
With chaſte ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
And gently drew a golden ſwathe around
He hung not helpleſs at his mother's breaſt,
But Themis fed him with an heavenly feaſt.
Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
The luſty babe, ſtrong with ambroſial food,
In vain their bonds or golden ſwathes withſtood;
Bonds, ſwathes, and liganents with eaſe he broke,
And thus the wond'ring deities beſpoke;
" The lyre, and ſounding bow, and to declare
" The thund'rer's counſels, be Apollo's care!"
He ſpake; and onwards all majeſtic ſtrode;
The queen of heaven awe-ſtruck view'd the god,
Delos beheld him with a tender ſmile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy iſle;
Her happy iſle, Apollo's native ſeat,
His ſacred haunt, his beſt-belov'd retreat.
Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious ſhines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with ſtately pines.
Now ſtony Cynthus would the god aſcend,
And now his courſe to various iſlands bend.
Full many a fane, and rock, and ſhady grove,
River, and mountain did Apollo love;
But chiefly Delos: The Ionians there,
With their chaſte wives and prattling babes, repair.
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name
With many a ſolemn rite and ſacred game;
The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
And with the cæſtus urge the manly war.
If, when their ſacred feaſt the Ionians hold,
Their gallant ſports a ſtranger ſhould behold,
View the ſtrong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
Or eye the ſofter charms of female grace;
Then mark their riches of a thouſand kinds,
And their tall ſhips born ſwift before the winds,
So goodly to the ſight would all appear,
The fair aſſembly gods he would declare.
There too the Delian virgins, beauteous choir,
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre;
To Phœbus firſt they conſecrate the lays,
Latona then and chaſte Diana praiſe,
Then heroes old, and matrons chaſte rehearſe,
And ſooth the raptur'd heart with ſacred verſe.
Each voice, the Delian maids, each human ſound
With apteſt imitation ſweet reſound:
Their tongue ſo juſtly tune with accents new,
That none the falſe diſtinguiſh from the true.
Latona. Phœbus! Dian, lovely fair!
Bleſt Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefeſt care,
All hail! and O with praiſe your poet crown,
Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!
If haply ſome poor pilgrim ſhall inquire,
" O, virgins, who moſt ſkilful ſmites the lyre?
" Whoſe lofty verſe in ſweeteſt deſcant rolls,
" And charms to extaſy the hearers ſouls?"
O anſwer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,
In all the arts of verſe who far excells.
Then o'er the earth ſhall ſpread my glorious fame,
And diſtant nations ſhall record my name.
But Phœbus never will I ceaſe to ſing,
Latona's noble ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.
Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great pow'r,
The bleſt Miletus' habitants adore;
But thy lov'd haunt is ſea-girt Delos' ſhore.
Now Pytho's ſtony ſoil Apollo treads,
And all around ambroſial fragrance ſheds,
Then ſtrikes with matchleſs art the golden ſtrings,
And ev'ry hill with heavenly muſic rings.
Olympus now and the divine abodes
Glorious he ſeeks, and mixes with the gods.
Each heavenly boſom pants with fond deſire
To hear the lofty verſe and golden lyre.
Drawn by the magic ſound, the virgin nine
With warblings ſweet the ſacred minſtrel join:
Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays
Full ſweetly carol bounteous heaven's praiſe;
And now in dirges ſad, and numbers ſlow
Relate the piteous tale of human woe;
Woe, by the gods on wretched mortals caſt,
Who vainly ſhun affliction's win'try blaſt,
And all in vain attempt with fond delay
Death's certain ſhaft toward, or chaſe old age away.
The graces there, and ſmiling hours are ſeen,
And Cytheria, laughter-loving queen,
And harmony, and Hebe, lovely hand,
To ſprightlieſt meaſures dancing hand in hand.
There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
With heavenly radiance, ſhines the huntreſs-queen,
Warbles reſponſive to the golden lyre,
Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.
There Mars and Mercury with awkward play,
And uncouth gambols, waſte the live-long day.
There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
A thouſand glories play around his face.
In ſplendour dreſt he joins the feſtive band,
And ſweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.
Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
Eye the bright godhead with parental love:
And, as the deities around him play, [vey*,
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port ſur-

* *The Tranſlator, when he began this piece, had ſome thoughts of giving a complete Engliſh verſion of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet tranſlated; but (to ſay nothing of his opinion of this ſpecimen of his tranſlation) fearing that this ſpecies of poetry, though it has its beauties and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far leſs a-*

FROM CATULLUS.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,
And sometimes almost strikes me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me, why I fancy thus?
Why, I have call'd her jilt and puss,
And thought myself above her;
And yet I feel it, to my cost,
That when I rail against her most,
I'm very sure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE HENRIADE.

Translated from the French of M. de Voltaire.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illustrious worth,
By right of conquest, king, by right of birth,
I sing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's school,
There learnt the noblest science, how to rule;
Bad faction's furious discord cease to rave,
Valiant to conquer, merciful to save;
Baffled the daring league's rebellious schemes,
MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitious dreams:
With civil prudence blest, with martial fire,
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's sire [height
Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyrean
Descend, and with thy strong and purest light
My verse illume! and O, let mortals hear
Thy sacred word, and awfully revere!
Be thou my guide! thy sage experience brings
Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
'Tis thine, blest maid, and only thine, to show
What most befits the regal pow'r to know.
Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
And show what ills from civil discord rise!
Nor spare with decent boldness to disclose
The prince's errors, and the people's woes:
And O! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
Mix'd her soft accents with thy sterner lore,
If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
And o'er thy front her milder graces spread;
If e'er her shades, which lovingly unite,
Bad thy fair form spring stronger into light,
With me, permit her all thy steps to trace,
Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace!
Still VALOIS reign'd, and sunk in pleasure's bow'r,
O'er a mad state held loose the reins of pow'r:
The trampled law had lost its ancient force,
And right confounded, mist'd her even course.
'Twas thus when VALOIS France's sceptre bore,
Scepter'd indeed, but now a king no more;
Not glory's minion now, the voice of fame,
Swell'd the loud trumpet to the hero's name;

His laurels wither'd, and all blasted now,
Which conquest hung upon his infant brow;
Whose progress Europe mark'd with conscious fear,
Whose loss provok'd his country's common tear,
When, the long train of all his virtues known,
The north admiring call'd him to the throne.
In second rank, the light which strikes the eyes,
Rais'd to the first, grows dim, and feebly dies.
From war's stern soldier, active, firm, and brave,
He sunk a monarch; pleasure's abject slave.
Lull'd with soft ease, forgetful all of state,
His weakness totter'd with a kingdom's weight;
Whilst lost in sloth, and dead to glorious fame,
The sons of riot govern'd in his name.
QUELUS, ST. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
JOYEUSE the gay, and D' ESPERON the fair,
The careless king in pleasure plung'd with these,
In lust intemperate, and lethargic ease.
Meantime the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
Catch'd the fair moment which his weakness gave.
Then rose the fatal league in evil hour,
That dreadful rival of his waning pow'r.
The people blind, their sacred monarch brav'd,
Led by those tyrants, who their rights enslav'd.
His friends forsook him, helpless and alone,
His servants chas'd him from his royal throne;
Revolted Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
Within her gates the crowding stranger saw.
Through all the city burst rebellion's flame;
And all was lost, when virtuous BOURBON came;
Came, full of warlike ardour, to restore
That light his prince, deluded, had no more.
His active presence breath'd an instant flame;
No longer now the sluggish sons of shame,
Onward they press, where glory calls, to arms,
And spring to war from pleasure's silken charms:
To Paris' gates both kings advance amain.
Rome felt th' alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:
While Europe, watching where the tempest falls,
With anxious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.
Within was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
Stirring to war the league, and haughty MAYNE,
The people, and the church: and from on high
Call'd out to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
DISCORD, dread monster, deaf to human woe,
To her own subjects an avengeful foe,
Bloody, impetuous, eager to destroy,
In man's misfortune founds her hateful joy;
To neither party ought of mercy shown,
Well pleas'd she stabs the dagger in her own;
Dwells a fierce tyrant in the breast she fires,
And smiles to punish what herself inspires.
West of the city, near those borders gay,
Where Seine obliquely winds her sloping way,
(Scenes now, where pleasure's soft retreats are found,
Where triumphs art, and nature smiles around,
Then, by the will of fate, the bloody stage
For war's stern combat and relentless rage)
Th' unhappy VALOIS bade his troops advance,
There rush'd at once the generous strength of France.
A thousand heroes, eager for the fight,
By sects divided, from revenge unite.
These virtuous BOURBON leads, their chosen guide,
Their cause confederate, and their hearts allied.

greeable to the mere English reader, be desisted. They, who would form the justest idea of this sort of composition among the ancients, may be better informed, by perusing Dr Akenside's most classical hymn to the Naiads, than from any translation of Homer or Callimachus.

It seem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cause, and chief the same.
The sacred LOUIS, fire of BOURBON's race,
From azure skies, beside the throne of grace,
With holy joy beheld his future heir,
And ey'd the hero with paternal care;
With such as prophets feel, a blest presage,
He saw the virtues of his ripening age:
Saw glory round him all her laurels deal,
Yet wail'd his errors, though he lov'd his zeal;
With eye prophetic he beheld, e'en now,
The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
He knew the wreath was destin'd which they gave,
More will'd the saint, the light which shines to save.
Still HENRY's steps mov'd onward to the throne,
By secret ways, e'en to himself unknown;
His help from Heaven the holy prophet sent,
But hid the arm his wise indulgence lent:
Lest sure of conquest, he had slack'd his flame,
Nor grappled danger for the meed of fame.
Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
And doubtful conquest held her even scale;
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
And slaughter'd heaps in wild confusion lay,
When VALOIS thus his part'ner king address,
The sigh deep-heaving from his anxious breast.
" You see what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
" Nor yet alone—the injury is thine.
" The dauntless league, by hardy chieftains led,
" Which hisses faction with her hydra head,
" Boldly confederate by a desperate oath,
" Aims not at me alone, but strikes at both.
" Though I long since the regal circle wear,
" Though thou by rank succeed my rightful heir,
" Paris disowns us, nor will homage bring
" To me their present, you their future king.
" Thine, well they know the next illustrious claim,
" From law, from birth, and deeds of loudest
" fame;
" Yet from that throne's hereditary right
" Where I but totter, would exclude thee quite.
" Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
" And holy councils join her firm decree:
" ROME, though she raise no soldier's martial band,
" Yet kindles war through every awe-struck
" land;
" Beneath her banners bids each host repair,
" And trusts her thunder to the Spaniard's care,
" Far from my hopes each summer friend is flown,
" No subjects hail me on my sacred throne;
" No kindred now the kind affection shows,
" All fly their king, abandon, or oppose:
" Rich in my spoils, with greedy treacherous haste,
" While the base Spaniard lays my country waste.
" 'Midst foes like these, abandon'd, and betray'd,
" France in her turn shall seek a foreign aid:
" Shall Britain's court by secret methods try,
" And win ELIZA for a firm ally.
" Of old I know between each pow'rful state,
" Subsists a jealous and immortal hate;
" That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,
" And looks on Paris with a rival eye;
" But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
" Have now no subjects, and no country own:
" Vengeance alone my stern resolves avow,
" Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
" The snail-pac'd agents, whose deliberate way
" Creeps on in trammels of prescrib'd delay,
" Such fit not now: 'tis you, great prince, alone
" Must haste a suppliant to ELIZA's throne.
" Your voice alone shall needful succours bring,
" And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.
" To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
" Plead the king's cause, and raise their generous
" flame!
" My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,
" But from thy virtue I must hope for friends."
Thus spoke the king, while HENRY's looks confest
The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breast,
Lest others' arms might urge their glorious claim,
And ravish from him half the meed of fame.
With deep regret the hero number'd o'er
The wreaths of glory he had won before;
When, without succours, without skill's intrigue,
Himself with CONDE shook the trembling league,
When those command, who holds the regal sway.
It is a subject's virtue to obey.
Resolv'd to follow what the king commands,
The blows, suspended, fell not from his hands;
He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
And, parting, left the gather'd wreaths behind.
Th' astonish'd army felt a deep concern,
Fate seem'd depending on the chief's return.
His absence still unknown, the pent-up foe
In dire expectance dread the sudden blow;
While VALOIS' troops still feel their hero's flame,
And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.
Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
Save MORNAY brave, his soul's familiar friend.
MORNAY of steady faith, and manners plain,
And truth, untainted with the flatt'rers strain;
Rich in desert, of valour rarely tried,
A virtuous champion, though on error's side;
With signal prudence blest, with patriot zeal
Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
Censor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,
Rome's fierce assailant, and by Rome approv'd.
Across two rocks, where with tremendous roar
The foaming ocean lashes either shore,
To Dieppe's strong port the hero's steps repair,
The ready sailors ply their busy care.
The tow'ring ships, old ocean's lordly kings,
Aloft in air display their canvas wings;
Not swell'd by Boreas now, the glassy seas
Flow'd calmly on, with zephyr's gentle breeze.
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly
shore,
And land receding greets their eyes no more.
Jocund they sail'd, and Albion's chalky height
At distance rose full fairly to the sight.
When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
Loud roar the winds, and seas tempestuous roll:
The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
And all around reigns horror and despair.
No partial fear the hero's bosom knows,
Which only trembled for his country's woes,
It seem'd his looks tow'rd her in silence bent,
Accus'd the winds, which cross'd his great intent.

So CÆSAR, ſtriving for a conquer'd world,
Near Epire's banks, with adverſe tempeſt hurl'd,
Truſting, undaunted, and ſecurely brave,
Rome's and the world's fate to the ſwelling wave.
Though leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's ſelf engage,
Oppos'd his fortune to dull ocean's rage.
Meantime that GOD, whoſe power the tempeſt binds,
Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
That GOD, whoſe wiſdom, which preſides o'er all,
Can raiſe, protect, or cruſh this earthly ball,
From his bright throne, beyond the ſtarry ſkies,
Beheld the hero with conſidering eyes,
GOD was his guide, and 'mid the tempeſt's roar
The toſſing veſſel reach'd the neighbouring ſhore;
Where Jerſey riſes from the ocean's bed,
There, heaven-conducted, was the hero led.
At a ſmall diſtance from the ſhore there ſtood,
The growth of many years, a ſhadowy wood.
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement ſaves
From the rude blaſts, and hoarſe reſounding waves.
A grotto ſtands behind, whoſe ſtructure knows
The ſimple grace which nature's hand beſtows.
Here, far from court remov'd, a holy ſage
Spent the mild evening of declining age.
While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
His only ſtudy was himſelf to know:
Here mus'd, regretting on his miſpent days,
Or loſt in love, or pleaſure's flow'ry maze.
No guſts of folly ſwell the dangerous tide,
While all his paſſions to a calm ſubſide;
The bubble life he held an empty dream,
His food the ſimple herb, his drink the ſtream;
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
And look'd with patience tow'rd the port of death,
When the pure ſoul to bliſsful realms ſhall ſoar,
And join with GOD himſelf to part no more.
The GOD he worſhipp'd ey'd the zealous ſage,
And bleſs'd with wiſdom's lore his ſilver'd age:
Gave him the ſkill of prophecy to know,
And from fate's volume read events below.
The ſage with conſcious joy the prince addreſs'd,
And ſpread the table for his royal gueſt;
The prompt repaſt, which ſimple nature ſuits,
The ſtream's freſh water, and the foreſt's roots.
Not unaccuſtom'd to the homely fare,
The warrior ſat; for oft from buſy care,
From court retir'd, and pomp's faſtidious pride,
The hero dar'd to throw the king aſide:
And in the ruſtic cot well-pleas'd partook
Of labour's mean repaſt, and cheerful look;
Found in himſelf the joys to kings unknown,
And ſelf-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.
The world's contention to their minds ſupplies
Much converſe, wholeſome to the good and wiſe.
Much did they talk of woes in human life,
Of Chriſtian kingdoms torn with jarring ſtrife.
The zeal of MORNAY, like a ſtubborn fort,
Attach'd to Calvin ſtood his firm ſupport.
HENRY, ſtill doubting, ſought th' indulgent ſkies,
That light's clear ray might burſt upon his eyes,
"Muſt then, ſaid he, the truth be always found,
"To mortals weak with miſts encompaſs'd round?
"Muſt I ſtill err? my way in darkneſs trod,
"Nor know the path which leads me to my GOD?
"If all alike he will'd us to obey,
"The GOD who will'd it had preſcrib'd the way."
"Let us not vainly GOD's deſigns explore!
"(The ſage reply'd) be humble, and adore!
"Arraign not madly Heav'n's unerring laws
"For faults, where mortals are themſelves the cauſe.
"Theſe aged eyes beheld in days of yore,
"When Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic ſhore,
"Then, though with blood it now diſtains the earth,
"Creeping in ſhade, and humble in the birth,
"I ſaw it baniſh'd by religion's laws,
"Without one friend to combat in the cauſe.
"Through ways oblique I ſaw the phantom tread,
"Slow winding, and aſham'd to rear her head,
"Till at the laſt, upheld by pow'rful arms,
"'Midſt cannons thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,
"Burſt forth the monſter in the glare of light,
"With tow'ring front full dreadful to the ſight;
"To ſcowl at mortals from her tyrant ſeat,
"And ſpurn our altars at her impious feet.
"Far then from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
"I wail'd religion's and my country's lot;
"Yet here, to comfort my declining days,
"Some dawn of hope preſents its cheerful rays.
"So new a worſhip cannot long ſurvive,
"Which man's caprice alone has kept alive.
"With that it roſe, with that ſhall die away,
"Man's works and man are bubbles of a day.
"The GOD, who reigns for ever and the ſame,
"At pleaſure blaſts a world's preſumptuous aim.
"Vain is our malice, vain our ſtrength diſplay'd,
"To ſap the city his right hand hath made;
"Himſelf hath fix'd the ſtrong foundations low,
"Which brave the wreck of time, and hell's inveterate blow:
"The Lord of Lords ſhall bleſs thy purged ſight
"With bright effulgence of diviner light;
"On thee, great prince, his mercies he'll beſtow,
"And ſhed that truth thy boſom pants to know.
"THAT GOD hath choſe thee, and his hand alone
"Safe through the war ſhall lead thee to a throne.
"Conqueſt already (for his voice is fate)
"For thee bids glory ope her golden gate.
"If on thy ſight the truth unnotic'd falls,
"Hope not admiſſion in thy Paris' walls,
"Though ſplendid eaſe invite thee to her arms,
"O ſhun, great prince, the ſyren's poiſon'd charms!
"O'er thy ſtrong paſſions hold a glorious reign,
"Fly love's ſoft lap, break pleaſure's ſilken chain!
"And when, with efforts ſtrong, all foes o'erthrown, [your own,
"A league's great conqueror, and, what's more,
"When, with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
"Thy people hail thee with one common choice,
"From a dread ſiege, to fame for ever known,
"To mount with glory thy paternal throne,
"That time, affliction ſhall lay by her rod,
"And thy glad eyes ſhall ſeek thy father's God:
"Then ſhalt thou ſee from whence thy arms prevail. [ver fail."
"Go, prince—WHO TRUSTS IN GOD—can ne-

Each word the ſage's holy lips impart
Falls like a flame on Henry's generous heart.
The hero ſtood tranſported in his mind
To times when God held converſe with mankind,
When ſimple virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
And truth commanding bade e'en kings adore.
His eager arms the reverend ſage embrace,
And the warm tear faſt trickled down his face.
Untouch'd, yet loſt a while in deep ſurpriſe,
Stood Mornay brave; for ſtill on Mornay's eyes
Hung error's miſt, and God's high will conceal'd
The gifts from him to Henry's breaſt reveal'd.
His wiſdom idly would the world preſer,
Whoſe lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.
While the rapt ſage, fulfilling God's beheſt,
Spoke inſpiration to the prince's breaſt.
Huſh'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
Smooth flow'd the ſeas, and nature ſmil'd around.
The ſage his guide, the hero ſought his way
Where the tall veſſels ſafe at anchor lay:
The ready ſailors quit the friendly ſtrand,
Hoiſt the glad ſails, and make for Albion's land.
While o'er her coaſt his eyes admiring range,
He prais'd in ſilence Britain's happier change:
Where laws, abus'd by foul inteſtine foes,
Had erſt entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
On prince and people; on that bloody ſtage,
Where ſlaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
On that bright throne, from whence deſcended ſprings
Th' illuſtrious lineage of a hundred kings,
Like Henry, long in adverſe fortune ſchool'd,
O'er willing Engliſh hearts a Woman rul'd:
And, rich in manly courage, female grace,
Clos'd the long luſtre of her crowded race.
Eliza then, in Britain's happieſt hour,
Held the juſt balance of contending pow'r;
Made Engliſh ſubjects bow the willing knee,
Who will not ſerve, and are not happy free.
Beneath her ſacred reign the nation knows
No ſad remembrance of its former woes:
Their flocks ſecurely graz'd the fertile plain,
Their garners burſting with their golden grain.
The ſtately ſhips, their ſwelling ſails unfurl'd,
Brought wealth and homage from the diſtant world:
All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
Dreaded by land, and monarch of the ſea.
Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
And fortune triumph'd over ocean's God.
Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together ſat,
King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold ſtate.
Though ſeparate each their ſeveral intereſt draw,
Yet all united form the ſtedfaſt law.
All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
Make but one pow'r in ſtrong conjunction knit;
Pow'r to itſelf of danger often found,
But ſpreading terror to its neighbours round.
Bleſt, when the people duty's homage ſhow,
And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
More bleſt when kings, for milder virtues known,
Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
"Ah when, cry'd Bourbon, ſhall our diſcord ceaſe,
"Our glory, Albion, riſe, like thine, in peace?
"Bluſh, bluſh, ye kings, ye lords of jarring ſtates,
"A woman bids, and war hath clos'd its gates:
"Your countries bleed with factious rage oppreſt,
"While She reigns happy o'er a people bleſt."
Mean time the hero reach'd the ſea-girt iſle,
Where freedom bids eternal plenty ſmile;
Not far from William's tow'r at diſtance ſeen,
Stood the fam'd palace of the virgin queen.
Hither, the faithful Mornay at his ſide,
Without the noiſe and pageant pomp of pride,
The toys of grandeur which the vain purſue,
But glare unheeded to the hero's view
The prince arriv'd: with bold and manly ſenſe
He ſpoke; his frankneſs all his eloquence;
Told his ſad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
For France's woes, to act ſubmiſſion's part;
For needful aids the Britiſh queen addreſt,
While, in the ſuppliant ſhone, the king confeſt.
"Com'ſt thou," reply'd the queen, with ſtrange ſurpriſe,
"Com'ſt thou from Valois for the wiſh'd allies?
"Aſk'ſt thou protection for a tyrant foe,
"Whoſe deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's woe?
"Far as the golden ſun begins to riſe,
"To where he drives adown the weſtern ſkies,
"His ſtrife and thine to all the world is known:
"Stand'ſt thou for him a friend at Britain's throne?
"And is that hand, which Valois oft hath fear'd,
"Arm'd in his cauſe, and for his vengeance rear'd?"
When thus the Prince: "A monarch's adverſe fate
"Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.
"Valois was then a ſlave, his paſſion's ſlave,
"But now himſelf a monarch firm and brave;
"He burſts at once the ignominious chain,
"Reſumes the hero, and aſſerts his reign,
"Bleſt, if of nature more aſſur'd and free,
"He'd fought no aid but from himſelf and me!
"But, led by fraud, and arts, all inſincere,
"He was my foe from weakneſs and from fear.
"His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
"I've gain'd the conqueſt—grant me vengeance, You
"For know the work is thine, illuſtrious dame,
"To deck thy Albion's brows with worthieſt fame,
"Let thy protection ſpread her ready wings,
"And fight with me the injur'd cauſe of kings!"
Eliza then, for much ſhe wiſh'd to know
The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
Whence riſing firſt the civil diſcord came,
And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—
"To me, great prince, thy griefs are not unknown,
"Though brought imperfect and by fame alone;
"Whoſe rapid wing too indiſcreetly flies,
"And ſpreads abroad her indigeſted lies.
"Deaf to her tales, from thee, illuſtrious youth,
"From thee alone Eliza ſeeks the truth,

" Tell me, for you have witneſs'd all the woe,
" VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS' conquering
" foe,
" Say, whence this friendſhip, this alliance grew,
" Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you;
" Explain this wond'rous change, 'tis you alone
" Can paint the virtues which yourſelf hath ſhown.
" Teach me thy woes, for know thy ſtory brings
" A moral leſſon to the pride of kings."
" And muſt my memory then, illuſtrious queen,
" Recal the horrors of each dreadful ſcene?
" O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which
" knows,
" How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)
" Oblivion then had ſnatch'd them from the
" light,
" And hid them buried in eternal night.
" Neareſt of blood muſt I aloud proclaim,
" The princes' madneſs, and expoſe their ſhame?
" Reflection ſhakes my mind with wild diſmay---
" But 'tis ELIZA'S will, and I obey.
" Others, in ſpeaking, from their ſmooth addreſs,
" Might make their weakneſs or their crimes
" ſeem leſs,
" The flow'ry art was never made for me,
" I ſpeak a ſoldier's language, plain and free."

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A MONTH hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
Since Delia's preſence bleſs'd her longing ſwain:
How could he brook the ſluggiſh time's delay,
What charm could ſoften ſuch an age of pain.

One fond reflection ſtill his boſom cheer'd,
And ſooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
'Twas that for Delia's ſelf the bow'r he rear'd,
And fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid, and with a gentle ſmile,
Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
Survey the product of thy ſhepherd's toil,
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements ſtrike thy curious ſight,
Thy taſte hath form'd---let me not call it mine,
Since when I muſe on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments deſtin'd for my charmer's uſe,
(For love in trifles is conſpicuous ſhown)
Can ſcarce an object to thy view produce,
But bears the dear reſemblance of thine own.

And truſt me, love, I could almoſt believe,
This little ſpot the manſion of my fair;
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
To find its proper owner is not there.

Oh! I could doat upon the rural ſcene,
Its proſpect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their bloſſoms ſweet,
In nature's flow'ry mantle gaily dreſt,
The cloſe-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All aſk my Delia for their deareſt gueſt.

The lily pale, the purple-bluſhing roſe,
In this fair ſpot their mingled beauties join;
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
In wreaths fantaſtic round the mantling vine.

The branching arbour here for lovers made,
For dalliance met, or ſong, or amorous tale,
Shall oft protect us with its cooling ſhade,
When ſultry Phœbus burns the lovely vale.

'Tis all another Paradiſe around,
And, truſt me, ſo it would appear to me,
Like the firſt man were I not lonely found,
And but half bleſt, my Delia, wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
Here bleſt with thee, t' enjoy thy pleaſing talk,
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The ruſtic path already have I try'd,
Oft at the ſinking of the ſetting day;
And while, my love, I thought thee by my ſide,
With careful ſteps have worn its edge away.

With thee I've held diſcourſe, how paſſing ſweet!
While fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
With thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
And talk'd down ſuns, on love's delicious theme.

Oft as I wander through the ruſtic crowd,
Muſing with downcaſt look, and folded arms,
They ſtare with wonder, when I rave aloud,
And dwell with rapture on thy artleſs charms.

They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
Point at me leering, as I heedleſs paſs;
Yet Colin knows the cauſe, for love is ſhrewd,
And the young ſhepherd courts the farmer's laſs.

Among the fruits that grace this little ſeat,
And all around their cluſt'ring foliage ſpread,
Here may'ſt thou cull the peach, or nect'rine ſweet,
And pluck the ſtrawberry from its native bed.

And all along the river's verdant ſide,
I've planted elms, which riſe in even row;
And fling their lofty branches far and wide,
Which float reflected in the lake below.

Since I've been abſent from my lovely fair,
Imagination forms a thouſand ſchemes,
For O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
And all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flatt'ring promiſe of ſecure delight;
When will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
That I may fly with rapture to thy ſight,
And we ſhall meet again to part no more.

A BALLAD.

YE ſhepherds ſo careleſs and gay,
Who ſport with the nymphs of the plain,
Take heed leſt you frolic away
The peace you can never regain.
Let not folly your boſoms annoy;
And of love, the dear miſchief, beware.
You may think 'tis all funſhine and joy,
---I know 'tis o'erſhadow'd with care.

Love's morning how blithſome it ſhines,
With an aſpect deceitfully fair;
Its day oft in ſorrow declines,
And it ſets in the night of deſpair.
Hope paints the gay ſcene to the ſight,
While fancy her viſions beſtows,
And gilds ev'ry dream with delight,
But to wake us to ſenſible woes.

How hard is my lot to complain
Of a nymph whom I yet muſt adore,
Though ſhe love not her ſhepherd again,
Her DAMON muſt love her the more.
For it was not the pride of her ſex,
That treated his vows with diſdain,
For it was not the pleaſure to vex,
That made her delude her fond ſwain.

'Twas his, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he raſhly believ'd.
'Twas her's to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—and was fondly deceiv'd;
For ſuch is of lovers the doom,
While paſſions their reaſon beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to preſume,
If they catch but a look or a ſmile.

Yet ſurely my PHYLLIS would ſeem
To prize me moſt ſhepherds above;
But that might be only eſteem,
While I fooliſhly conſtru'd it love.
Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her ſwain,
And others, like him, were deceiv'd,
Like him, though they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my ſong,
For ſhe was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Would call us the conjugal pair.
They mark'd how I walk'd at her ſide,
How her hand to my boſom I preſt,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever ſo bleſt.

But now the deluſion is o'er,
Theſe day-dreams of pleaſure are fled,
Now her DAMON is pleaſing no more,
And the hopes of her ſhepherd are dead.
May he that my fair ſhall obtain,
May he, as thy DAMON, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that ſwain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

TO CHLOE.

If CHLOE ſeek one verſe of mine
I call not on the tuneful nine
With uſeleſs invocation;
Enough for me that *ſhe* ſhould aſk;
I fly with pleaſure to the taſk,
And her's the inſpiration.

Which poets ſung in ancient days,
The muſes that inſpir'd their lays,
Of whom there ſuch paradeis
Their deities let pride confeſs,
Were nothing more and nothing leſs,
Than earth-born mortal ladies.

Did any nymph her ſubject chooſe?
She ſtrait commenc'd inſpiring MUSE;
And every maid, of lovely face,
That ſtruck the heart of wounded ſwain,
Exalted to yon ſtarry plain,
Was regiſter'd a GRACE.

Theſe were the compliments of old,
While nymphs, among the gods enroll'd,
Claim'd love's obſequious duty;
Thus, while each bard had favourite views,
Each nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
A VENUS every beauty.

Say, in theſe latter days of ours,
When love exerts his uſual powers,
What difference lies between us?
In CHLOE's ſelf at once I boaſt,
What bards of every age might toaſt,
A MUSE, a GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thouſand charms,
Though envy call her ſex to arms,
And giggling girls may flout her
The MUSE inhabits in her mind,
A VENUS in her form we find,
The GRACES all about her.

TO THE MOON.

All hail majeſtic queen of night,
Bright Cynthia! ſweeteſt nymph, whoſe preſence [brings
The penſive pleaſures, calm delight,
While contemplation ſmooths her ruffled wings,
Which folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or buſineſs, care, and buzz of luſty day
Have all too ruffled.—Hence, away
Stale jeſt, and flippant mirth, and ſtrife-engend'ring noiſe.
When evening dons her mantle gray,
I'll wind my ſolitary way,
And hie me to ſome lonely grove
(The haunt of fancy and of love)
Whoſe ſocial branches, far outſpread,
Poſſeſs the mind with pleaſing dread.
While Cynthia quivers through the trees
That wanton with the ſummer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled ſtream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy ſilver light,
Here lovers' tongues beguil'd the night?
When forth the happy pair have ſtray'd,
The amorous ſwain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the ſtill eve with various ſong.
While every artful ſtrain confeſt
The mutual paſſion in their breaſt.
The lovers' hours fly ſwift away,
And night reluctant yields to day.
Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy youth,
When beauty is the meed of truth!
Yet not the happy loves alone,
Has thy celeſtial preſence known.
To thee complains the nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and vows forſworn;
And the dull ſwain, with folded arms,
Still muſing on his falſe one's charms,

Frames many a ſonnet to her name,
(As lovers uſe to expreſs their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcaſt ſilence feeds deſpair;
Or when the air dead ſtillneſs keeps,
And Cynthia on the water ſleeps;
Charms the dull ear of ſober night,
With love-born muſic's ſweet delight.
Oft as thy orb performs its round,
Thou liſt'neſt to the various ſound
Of ſhepherds' hopes and maidens' fears
(Thoſe conſcious Cynthia ſilent hears
While echo which ſtill loves to mock,
Bears them about from rock to rock.)
But ſhift we now the penſive ſcene,
Where Cynthia ſilvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder ſpot, whoſe equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
Hither the fairies blithe advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance;
Beating the panſie-paven ground
In frolic meaſures round and round;
Theſe Cynthia's revels gaily keep,
While lazy mortals ſnore aſleep;
Whom oft they viſit in the night,
Not viſible to human ſight;
And as old prattling wives relate,
Though now the faſhion's out of date,
Drop ſixpence in the houſewife's ſhoe,
And pinch the flattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy ſchemes,
And bring the ladies pleaſant dreams.
Who knows not Mab, whoſe chariot glides,
And athwart men's noſes rides?
While OBERON, blithe fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the ladies lips;
And when he ſteals ambroſial bliſs,
And ſoft imprints the charming kiſs,
In dreams the nymph her ſwain purſues,
Nor thinks 'ts OBERON that woos.
Yet ſportive youth, and lovely fair,
From hence, my leſſon read, beware,
While innocence and mirth preſide,
We are not where the fairies glide;
And OBERON will never miſs
To greet his fav'rites with a kiſs;
Nor ever more ambroſia ſips,
Than when he viſits ——'s lips,
When all things elſe in ſilence ſleep,
The blithſome elfs their vigils keep;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out,
Receive with joy theſe elfin ſparks,
Their kiſſes leave no tell-tale marks,
But breathe freſh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is virtue, all is grace.
Not only elfin ſays delight
To hail the ſober queen of night,
But that ſweet bird, whoſe gurgling throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as evening ſhades prevail,
Renews her ſoothing love-lorn tale.
And as the lover penſive goes,
Chaunts out her ſymphony of woes,
Which in boon nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all ſounds which arts has known.

But hiſt —— the melancholy bird
Among the groves no more is heard;
And Cynthia pales her ſilver ray
Before th' approach of golden day,
Which on yon mountain's miſty height,
Stands tiptoe with his gladſome light.
Now the ſhrill lark in ether floats,
And carols wild her liquid notes;
While Phœbus, in his luſty pride,
His flaring beams flings far and wide.
Cynthia farewell——the penſive muſe,
No more her feeble flight purſues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buzz of day.

SONG.

THE beauty which the gods beſtow,
Did they but give it for a ſhow?
No ——'twas lent thee from above,
To ſhed its luſtre o'er thy face,
And with its pure and native grace
To charm the ſoul to love.

The flaunting ſun, whoſe weſtern beams,
This evening drink of ocean's ſtreams,
To-morrow ſprings to light.
But when thy beauty ſets, my fair,
No morrow ſhall its beam repair,
'Tis all eternal night.

See too, my love, the virgin roſe,
How ſweet, how baſhfully it blows
Beneath the vernal ſkies!
How ſoon it blooms in full diſplay,
Its boſom opening to the day,
Then withers, ſhrinks, and dies.

Of mortal life's declining hour,
Such is the leaf, the bud, the flow'r;
Then crop the roſe in time.
Be bleſt and bleſs, and kind impart
The juſt return of heart for heart,
Ere love becomes a crime.

To pleaſure then, my charmer, haſte,
And ere thy youth begins to waſte,
Ere beauty dims its ray,
The proffer'd gift of love employ,
Improve each moment into joy,
Be happy whilſt you may.

TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY,

Of Church-Langton, Leiceſterſhire,

ON HIS PLANTATIONS.

WHILE vain purſuits a trifling race engage,
And virtue ſlumbers in a thriftleſs age,
Thy glorious plan *, on deep foundations laid,
Which aiding nature, nature's bound to aid,
The wiſe man's ſtudy, though the blockhead's ſcorn
Shall ſpeak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for cenſure's ſtill at hand
To damn the work ſhe cannot underſtand,

* *See Mr. Hanbury's Eſſay on Planting.*

Purſue thy project with an ardour fit;
Fools are but whetſtones to a man of wit.
Like puling infants ſeem'd thy riſing plan,
Now knit in ſtrength, it ſpeaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from *thy* grand deſign
Shall ſpread aloft, and tell the world 'twas thine,
A ſtrip'ling firſt, juſt peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, ſhall fling its ſhade around.

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

Th' impreſſion which this ſeal ſhall make,
The rougher hand of force may break;
Or jealous time, with ſlow decay,
May all its traces wear away;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind;
Nor ſhall the ſweet *impreſſion* fade
While Chloe's thouſand charms have made;
For ſpite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis *ſeal'd* for ever on my heart.

A BALLAD.

Hark, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, Lucy, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy Colin has room
To reſt thee beſide his cold clay.
I come, my dear ſhepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions, adieu:
I haſte to my Colin's dark home,
To die on his boſom ſo true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, ſad Lucy, aroſe;
And forth to the green turf ſhe ſprung,
Where Colin's pale aſhes repoſe.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her boſom embrac'd the cold ground,
While ſtormy winds over her blew,
And night ravens croak'd all around.

" How long, my lov'd Colin," ſhe cry'd,
" How long muſt thy Lucy complain?
" How long ſhall the grave my love hide?
" How long ere it join us again?
" For thee thy fond ſhepherdeſs liv'd,
" With thee o'er the world would ſhe fly;
" For thee has ſhe ſorrow'd and griev'd;
" For thee would ſhe lie down and die.

" Alas! what avails it how dear
" Thy Lucy was once to her ſwain!
" Her face like the lilly ſo fair,
" And eyes that gave light to the plain.
" The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone;
" That face and thoſe eyes charm no more;
" And Lucy forgot, and alone,
" To death ſhall her Colin deplore."

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground.
" I hear the kind call, and obey,
" Oh, Colin receive me," ſhe cried,
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone, and died.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

" Do, ſtudy more—diſcard that ſiren, eaſe,
" Whoſe fatal charms are murd'rous while they
" pleaſe.
" Wit's ſcanty ſtreams will fret their channel dry,
" If learning's ſpring withhold the freſh ſupply.
" Turn leaf by leaf gigantic volumes o'er,
" Nor bluſh to know what ancients wrote before.
" Why not, ſometimes, regale admiring friends
" With Greek and Latin ſprinklings, odds and
" ends?
" Exert your talents; read, and read to write!
" As Horace ſays, mix profit with delight."
'Tis rare advice: but I am ſlow to mend,
Though ever thankful to my partial friend:
Full of ſtrange fears—for hopes are baniſh'd all—
I liſt' no more to Phœbus' ſacred call,
Smit with the muſe, 'tis true, I ſought her charms;
But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
And ſwear no lady Clio like my own.
All unambitious of ſuperior praiſe,
My fond amuſement aſk'd a ſprig of bays,
Some little fame for ſtringing harmleſs verſe,
And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curſe;
Hitch'd into rhyme, and dragg'd through muddy
proſe,
By butcher critics, worth's confed'rate foes.
If then the muſe no more ſhall ſtrive to pleaſe,
Lull'd in the happy lethargy of eaſe;
If, unadvent'rous, ſhe forbear to ſing,
Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing;
'Tis that ſhe hates, howe'er by nature vain,
The ſcurril nonſenſe of a venal train.
When deſp'rate robbers, iſſuing from the waſte,
Make ſuch rude inroads on the land of taſte,
Genius grows ſick beneath the Gothic rage,
Or ſeeks her laurels from ſome worthier age.
As for myſelf, I own the preſent charge;
Lazy and lounging, I confeſs at large:
Yet eaſe, perhaps, may looſe her ſilken chains,
And the next hour become an hour of pains.
We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
And follow all things as the humour hits;
For of all pleaſures, which the world can bring,
Variety---O! dear variety's the thing!
Our learned Coke, from whom we ſcribblers draw
All the wiſe dictums of poetic law, [follows,
Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim
(See Horace, Ode *Dec. Sext.*---the caſe Apollo's)
" The god of verſe diſclaims a plodding wretch,
" Nor keeps his bow for ever on the ſtretch."
However great my thirſt of honeſt fame,
I bow with rev'rence to each letter'd name;
To worth, where'er it be, with joy ſubmit,
But own no curſt monopolies of wit.
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading ſhines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned ſhelf,
Becauſe I dare form judgments for myſelf.
---Oh! were it mine with happy ſkill to look
Up to the one, the universal book!
Open to all---to him, to me, to you,
---For Nature's open to the general view—

Then would I ſcorn the ancients' vaunted ſtore,
And boaſt my theſts, where they but robb'd before.
Meanwhile with them, while Grecian ſounds impart
Th' eternal paſſions of the human heart,
Burſting the bonds of eaſe and lazy reſt,
I feel the flame mount active in my breaſt;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in th' AUGUSTAN age!
Till ſome dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the MUSE to everlaſting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our own fools at home.

SONGS IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

AIR I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whiſpers fragrance through the trees,
Nature walking o'er the ſcene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the ſweetneſs of the place
Labour wears a cheerful face.

Sure I taſte of joys ſincere,
Faithful COLIN ever near;
When with ceaſeleſs toil oppreſs'd,
Wearied nature ſinks to reſt.
All my labours to beguile,
Love ſhall wake me with a ſmile.

AIR II.

THOUGH my features I'm told
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wiſdom I hate and deteſt,
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care,
And my heart is as light as the beſt.

When I look on my boys
They renew all joys,
Myſelf in my children I ſee;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.

In the days I was young,
O! I caper'd and ſung;
The laſſes came flocking apace.
But now turn'd of threeſcore
I can do ſo no more,
——Why then let my boy take my place.

Of our pleaſures we crack,
For we ſtill love the ſmack
And chuckle o'er what we have been;
Yet why ſhould we repine,
You've had yours, I've had mine,
And now let your children begin.

AIR III.

'TIS thus in thoſe toys
Invented for boys
To ſhow how the weather will prove.
The woman and man
On a different plan
Are always directed to move.

One goes out to roam
While t'other keeps home,
Inſipid, and dull as a drone,
Though near to each other
As ſiſter and brother,
They both take their airing alone.

AIR IV.

WHEN the head of poor TUMMAS was broke
By ROGER, who play'd at the wake,
And KATE was alarm'd at the ſtroke,
And wept for poor TUMMAS's ſake;
When his worſhip gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and ſtout,
O thoſe were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.

Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were happy as kings,
Each lad in his holiday clothes,
And the laſſes in all their beſt things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feaſt of our COLIN prove ſuch.
Odzooks, but I'll join in the ſong,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.

AIR V.

WHEN vapours o'er the meadow die,
And morning ſtreaks the purple ſky,
I wake to love with jocund glee
To think on him who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove
And PHILOMEL laments her love,
Each ſigh I breathe, my love reveals
And tells the pangs my boſom feels.

With ſecret pleaſure I ſurvey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondeſt cares my heart employ
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

AIR VI.

YES that's * a magazine of arms
To triumph over time;
Whence beauty borrows half her charms
And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and ſaint,
Induſtrious ſets her face,
While powder, patch, and waſh, and paint,
Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the bruſh,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spaniſh wool to give the bluſh,
The pearl to dye them fair.

Hence riſe the wrinkled, old, and gray,
In freſheſt beauty ſtrong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.

* *The toilette.*

AIR VII.

Go! ſeek ſome nymph of humbler lot,
To ſhare thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the ſimple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breaſt for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleaſure flown,
Nor ſhall my faith reward a ſwain,
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

AIR VIII.

Thus laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I ſtamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy ſlave.

I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My ſoul ſhall take the juſter part,
And love ſhall yield to rage.

AIR IX.

Thank you, ladies, for your care,
But I pray you both forbear,
Sure I am all over ſcratches!
That your curious hands muſt place,
Such odd ſpots upon my face
With your pencils, paint, and patches.

How I totter in my gait,
From a dreſs of ſo much weight,
With my robe too dangling after;
Could my Colin now but ſee
What a thing they've made of me,
Oh he'd ſplit his ſides with laughter.

AIR X.

The flowers which grace their native beds,
Awhile put forth their bluſhing heads,
But ere the cloſe of parting day
They wither, ſhrink, and die away.

But theſe which mimic ſkill hath made,
Nor ſcorch'd by ſuns, nor kill'd by ſhade,
Shall bluſh with leſs inconſtant hue,
Which art at pleaſure can renew.

AIR XI.

When late a ſimple ruſtic laſs,
I rov'd without reſtraint,
A ſtream was all my looking-glaſs,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boaſt, (alas! how few!)
I gave to nature's care,
As vice ne'er ſpoilt their native hue,
They could not want repair.

AIR XII.

How ſtrange the mode which truth neglects,
And reſts all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Though rude in ſpeech are plain in thought.

AIR XIII.

For various purpoſe ſerves the fan,
As thus —— a decent blind,
Between the ſticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Reſentment's in the ſnap,
A flirt expreſſes ſtrong diſdain,
Conſent a gentle tap.

All paſſions will the fair diſcloſe,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage ſweetly ſhows
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's ſceptre firſt deſign'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

AIR XIV.

If tyrant love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of eaſy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.

Till, left her helpleſs ſtate to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her boſom ſtings,
As well as darts the god has wings.

AIR XV.

Along your verdant lowly vale
Calm zypher breathes a gentle gale,
But ruſtling through the lofty trees
It ſwells beyond the peaceful breeze.

Thus free from envy's poiſon'd dart,
You boaſt a pure unruffled heart.
While jarring thoughts our peace deform,
And ſwell our paſſions to a ſtorm.

AIR XVI.

Though my dreſs, as my manners, is ſimple and plain,
A raſcal I hate, and a knave I diſdain;
My dealings are juſt, and my conſcience is clear,
And I'm richer than thoſe who have thouſands a-year.

Though bent down with age, and for ſporting uncouth,
I feel no remorſe from the follies of youth;
I ſtill tell my tale, and rejoice in my ſong,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, thoſe dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honeſt I prize, and that title's my own.

AIR XVI.

From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips ſweets from each, and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects ſway,
By various charms delighted,
While ſhe who pleaſes moſt to-day
To-morrow ſhall be ſlighted.

AIR XVII.

When far from faſhion's gilded ſcene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind ſerene,
No doubtings harbour'd there.

But now no more myſelf I find.
Diſtraction rends my breaſt;
Whilſt hopes and fears diſturb my mind,
And murder all my reſt.

AIR XVIII.

Flattering hopes the mind deceiving
Eaſy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.

Noiſy ſhow of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's ſnare.

AIR XIX.

What's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights and jingling toys,
While pleaſure crowns your rural ſports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.

AIR XX.

Return, ſweet laſs, to flocks and ſwains,
Where ſimple nature mildly reigns;
Where love is every ſhepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.

The court has only tinſel toys,
Inſipid mirth and idle noiſe;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and ſhepherds true.

AIR XXI.

Again in ruſtic weeds array'd,
A ſimple ſwain, a ſimple maid,
O'er rural ſcenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.

The birds ſhall ſtrain their little throats,
And warble wild their merry notes;
Whilſt we converſe beneath the ſhade,
A happy ſwain, and happy maid.

Thy hands ſhall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luſcious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilſt joys ſhall bleſs, for ever new,
Thy Phoebe kind, my Colin true.

AIR XXII.

Why ſhould I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy cheerful ſwain,
Since labour oft a ſweet beſtows
Which lazy ſplendour never knows?

Hence ſprings the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wiſh, the poor man's wealth,
And ſpreads thoſe bluſhes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dreſs, the pomp of ſhow,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whoſe wiſhes never roam,
Shall taſte of real joys at home.

AIR XXIII.

No doubt but your fool's-cap has known
His highneſs obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er ſuch a cuckoldy hind?

To be ſure, like a good-natur'd ſpouſe,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I ſee them ſprout out of your head.

To keep your wife virtuous and chaſte
The court is a wonderful ſchool,
---My lord you've an excellent taſte,
---And, ſon, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady ſhould bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care---
---You dog, I could knock out your brains.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Containing

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS,	ODES,
THE CONTEMPLATIST,	SONGS,
DAY,	EPIGRAMS,
FORTUNE,	PROLOGUES,
PASTORALS,	EPILOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

To him every paſſion was known
That throbb'd in the breaſt with deſire;
Each gentle affection was ſhown
In the ſoft ſighing ſongs of his lyre.
Like the carolling thruſh on the ſpray,
In muſic ſoft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.
To many a fanciful ſpring
His lyre was melodiouſly ſtrung;
While Fairies and Fawns in a ring
Have applauded the ſwain as he ſung.

Fergusſon's Poem to the Memory of Cunningham.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF CUNNINGHAM.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM was born at Dublin in 1729. His father was a wine-cooper in moderate circumſtances, who having obtained a prize in the lottery, commenced wine-merchant, and in a ſhort time became a bankrupt. Both his parents were of Scottiſh extraction.

He received his education at the grammar ſchool of Drogheda, under Mr. Clark, and early began to exhibit ſpecimens of his poetical powers.

On the failure of his father, he was recalled to Dublin, where, having no certain employment, he became attached to the theatre.

In 1747, before he was ſeventeen years old, he produced a drama, intituled *Love in a Miſt*, which was performed ſeveral nights at the theatre in Smock Alley.

By means of this performance, he had free acceſs to the theatre, which had a very pernicious effect upon him. It created a diſguſt at the life of a tradeſman, and excited a deſire to appear on the ſtage as a performer, though he ſcarce poſſeſſed a ſingle requiſite for ſuch a profeſſion.

His paſſion for the ſtage had obtained ſo ſtrong a power over him, that, againſt the wiſhes of his friends, and without any communication of his intentions to them, he was ſecretly prevailed on to engage with an itinerant manager, with whom he came to England; and in this profeſſion he continued, with little variation, until his death.

As an actor he obtained little reputation. His figure was totally againſt him, either for tragedy, or genteel comedy. His diffidence was too great ever to be overcome, and his voice was diſſonant and offenſive to the ear. He is ſaid, however, to have ſhewn in general, a good conception of his author; and as the repreſentative of a mock French character, was not wholly undeſerving of praiſe.

He ſoon became ſenſible of his imprudence, but pride prevented his return to his parents: and before he had time to work himſelf into a reſolution of obeying the calls of duty, he received intelligence of his father's death.

An aſylum, however, was ſtill open to him in the houſe of an affectionate brother, Mr. P. Cunningham, one of the beſt ſtatuaries in Ireland, who repeatedly urged him to return; but the idea of a ſtate of dependence was of all others the moſt repugnant to him.

The profeſſion which he had originally adopted from choice, he now found himſelf obliged to perſiſt in from neceſſity. After having experienced various viciſſitudes, at York, Newcaſtle, Sunderland, Alnwick, and other places in the north of England, he engaged as a performer under Mr. Love, manager of the theatre in the Canongate, Edinburgh, in 1761. Here he began to emerge from obſcurity as a poet, and wrote ſome of his beſt pieces.

In 1762, he publiſhed *An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins*, 4to; which was read with pleaſure after Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," of which it is an obvious imitation. The ſubject is *Roſlin Abbey*, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh.

The following year he publiſhed *The Contemplatiſt, A Night Piece*, 4to; which, notwithſtanding ſome inſtances of quaintneſs and affectation, evinced conſiderable powers of deſcription, and increaſed his reputation as a moral and deſcriptive poet.

It was followed, in 1764, by *Fortune, an Apologue*, 4to; in which, though the philoſophy may be exceptionable, he avoided in a great meaſure the affected prettineſs obſervable in his former pieces.

By theſe performances he acquired reputation enough to receive an invitation from a bookſeller in London, who propoſed to employ him in ſome works of literature, by which he might obtain a livelihood in a manner more eaſy and honourable, than that in which he had been hitherto engaged.

Convinced of the propriety of acceding to this propoſal, he repaired from Edinburgh to London;

but had hardly ſet foot in the capital, before he was ſatisfied of the impracticability of the ſcheme. The bookſeller by whom he was to have been employed ſtopped payment, and the attention of the public was ſo entirely engroſſed by ſcandal and political altercation, that he left the town with precipitation, after a ſhort and diſagreeable ſtay in it, and once more rejoined his friends in Edinburgh.

This was the only effort he ever made to emerge from the abject ſituation in which youthful imprudence had originally placed him: But with this ſtate he appeared by no means diſatisfied. Competence and obſcurity were all he deſired. He had no views of ambition; and indolence had poſſeſſed him ſo entirely, that he never made a ſecond attempt. In a letter to a friend, he deſcribes himſelf in theſe terms: "You may remember my laſt expedition to London. I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the buſineſs you mention. Though I ſcribble (but a little neither) to amuſe myſelf, the moment I conſidered it as my duty, it would ceaſe to be an amuſement, and I ſhould of conſequence grow weary of it. I am not enterpriſing, and tolerably happy in my preſent ſituation."

At this time Mr. Digges was manager of the Edinburgh play-houſe, and treated Cunningham with uncommon reſpect and kindneſs, which he returned by writing occaſional *Prologues* and *Epilogues* ſpoken by him and his favourite Mrs. Bellamy; whoſe beauty he celebrated in a *Fragment* written at Dublin, and in a paſtoral ballad, called *Phillis*.

He continued under Mr. Digges's management, till he quitted Scotland. He then returned to Newcaſtle, a place which, as it had been his reſidence for many years, he had originally quitted with regret, and which to his laſt breath he uſed emphatically to call his home.

At Newcaſtle, and in the neighbouring towns, he earned a ſcanty, but to him a ſufficient ſubſiſtence, by his theatrical exertions.

Though the profeſſion of an itinerant player was precarious, and rather diſreputable, it became much leſs ſo, from the eſtimation he was held in by the moſt reſpectable characters in the country, who afforded him their ſupport and protection.

His amiable worth and poetical talents particularly endeared him to the inhabitants of Alnwick; where the preſent writer has often heard him mentioned with fondneſs and regret, by his worthy relations, the late John Grey, Eſq. and Dr. Henry Richardſon, and his reſpectable friends and neighbours, Captain George Farquhar, Thomas Foſter, Eſq. Miſs Grey, and Miſs Taylor.

In 1766, he collected his pieces that had appeared in detached pamphlets, which, with a variety of little pieces never before printed, he publiſhed by ſubſcription in one volume 8vo, under the title of *Poems, chiefly Paſtoral*, with a dedication to Garrick. The ſubſcription was numerous and reſpectable. From a ſubſcription copy now lying before the preſent writer, which belonged to his brother-in-law, James Grey, Eſq. it appears that Mrs. Bellamy took 20 copies.

The remainder of his life paſſed in one uniform train. Being paſſionately fond of retirement, and happy in the ſociety of a little circle of rural friends, he rejected every ſolicitation to try his fortune once more in London, declaring it to be his wiſh, that as he had lived, ſo he might die among his friends in Northumberland; nor was that wiſh denied.

A few months before his death, being incapable of any theatrical exertion, he was removed to the houſe of his friend Mr. Thomas Slack, printer of the "Newcaſtle Chronicle," who, with great kindneſs, received him under his roof, and paid every attention to him which his ſtate required. His grateful ſenſe of the benevolence which ſerved to leſſen the wants, and to ſoothe the ſeverity of his laſt illneſs, is expreſſed in his *Verſes to a Friend*, written about three weeks before his death, which are more valuable for the light they reflect on his calamitous circumſtances, than the intrinſic merit of the poetry.

The drama and I have ſhook hands,
We've parted no more to engage;
Submiſſive I met her commands,
For nothing can cure me of age.
My ſunſhine of youth is no more,
My mornings of pleaſure are fled;

'Tis painful my fate to endure
A penſion ſupplies me with bread;
Dependent at length on the man
Whoſe fortunes I ſtruggled to raiſe,
I conquer my pride as I can,
His charity merits my praiſe.
His bounty proceeds from his heart,
'Tis principle prompts the ſupply,
His friendſhip exceeds my deſert,
And often ſuppreſſes a ſigh.

After lingering ſome time under a nervous diſorder, during which he burnt all his papers, he died the 18th of September 1773, in the 44th year of his age, and was buried in St. John's church-yard, Newcaſtle, where, on a tombſtone erected to his memory, is the following inſcription:

Here lie the Remains of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
Of his Excellence
As a Paſtoral Poet
His Works will remain a Monument
For Ages,
After this Temporary Tribute of Eſteem
Is in Duſt forgotten.
He died in Newcaſtle, Sept. 18. 1773.
Aged 44.

His *Poems* have been frequently reprinted; and, with ſeveral additions, were received into the edition of the "Engliſh Poets 1790." *A Poem to his Memory*, written by Ferguſſon, the laſt of his productions, and printed at Edinburgh, in 4to, 1773, for the benefit of the unfortunate author, then verging towards that ſtate of deplorable inſanity, in which he died in the mad-houſe, about ſix weeks after its publication, is inſerted in the preſent edition.

Cunningham was an amiable and worthy man, and an ingenious and elegant, though not a firſt rate poet. His principal merit ſeems to lie in the eaſy and humble, yet pleaſing walks of the paſtoral muſe. When he attempts ethics or philoſophy, he ſinks under the weight of his themes, and his efforts are delicate and quaint, or feeble and uncouth. His compoſitions exhibit ample proofs of elegance, tenderneſs, and ſimplicity; but they are deficient in ſtrength, animation, and enthuſiaſm. He had a lively imagination and a feeling heart; but his judgment was not equal to his fancy, and his moſt finiſhed productions diſcover an incorrectneſs of taſte. They are the native efforts of true genius; but the ſentiments and images they exhibit, are not always attended with an elegant ſimplicity of expreſſion. He ſometimes affects the formality of exhibiting trite and inſipid trifles in the garb of an inſignificant delicacy, and miſtakes quaintneſs for elegance, prettineſs for beauty, and childiſhneſs for ſimplicity.

His *Elegy on a Pile of Ruins*, is an imitation of Gray; but written with more ſpirit and real poetry than are commonly to be found in imitations. There is in general an elegant ſimplicity of thought and expreſſion in this performance; but his admiration of the "Church-yard Elegy," has led him in ſome places to an affectation of deſcriptive and alliterative epithets, which wear the uneaſy garb of labour and imitation. The epithets *vernal-coated*, *time-corroded*, *ſaint-encypher'd*, *brown-brow'd*, *time-unlettered*, and *ſilver-working*, have a harſhneſs unſuitable to the language of elegy, which, provided it is not mean, can never be too ſimple. In the opening of the poem he has given a very lively picture of the romantic ruins of *the Abbey* and *Caſtle of Roſlin*; but perhaps the two laſt lines in the ſecond ſtanza have a kind of anti-climax; *And many a cherub*, &c. It does not ſeem at all ſtrange that the little ornamental parts of a roof or portico ſhould deſcend into duſt, when the urn and the obeliſk are overthrown by time. The five ſtanzas following,

Where the mild ſun, through *ſaint-encyphyr'd* glaſs,
Illum'd with mellow light that *brown-brow'd* aiſle,

are beautifully deſcriptive; but perhaps theſe two lines, as well as ſome others, are too elaborate. By endeavouring to crowd too many ideas upon the reader, he does not give him time to obſerve

that beautiful one of the aiſle illum'd with the mellow light of the mild ſun through the painted glaſs.

The *Contemplatiſt* has ſome good deſcription; the ſentiments are moral and pathetic; the language ſimple, ſolemn, and chaſte, excepting a few quaint, unauthoriſed words, admitted, perhaps, for the ſake of the metre. His *Fortune, an Apologue*, is more chaſte and correct; but the moral he deduces from it, that

> Wiſdom's of happineſs the certain ſource,
> And folly the original of ill,

does not appear to be generally true. With regard to moral evil, indeed, the different agency of wiſdom and folly may have conſiderable influence; but natural and accidental evils, which we undergo independent of our own powers, are perhaps the heavieſt objects of complaint. Were theſe altogether out of the world, wiſdom might with greater truth be deemed the ſource of happineſs; but not even then the certain ſource. That enlargement of the intellectual faculties, which is always connected with the idea of wiſdom, lays open many avenues to mortification, diſguſt and diſcontent, and the more clearly we behold the imbecility of our nature, the more powerfully we feel its effects. The conduct of the *Apologue* is not leſs exceptionable than the concluſion. An *Aſs* complains to *Jupiter* of the comparative hardſhips of his condition. Moved by the complaint, *Jupiter* ſummons *Fortune* to anſwer the charge brought againſt her. After a long ſearch ſhe is found, and urges in her defence, that the plaintiff's hardſhips were no greater than, for his ſtupidity, he deſerved, and that he had no merit to entitle him to a better fate. This reply of *Fortune* is pronounced to be ſage. Upon this the doctrine of the *Apologue* is founded. The ſentence is equally unjuſt and cruel; but the ſentiments aſcribed to *Jupiter* and *Fortune*, are neither unnatural nor extraordinary. The conduct of his *Jupiter* is founded upon the general practice of mankind. The god acquieſces in that contempt which is thrown upon the *Aſs*, for not having attained thoſe dignities which he had neither the power nor the capacity of attaining; and there is no inſtance of human weakneſs ſo univerſally prevalent as that of deſpiſing others for the want of what they were never able to acquire. He has certainly a claim to much indulgence on the ſame account. The beſt part of his *Apologue* is the deſcription of the domeſtic attendants of *Avarice*. The picture of *Care* is finiſhed with equal happineſs and ſkill.

His *Day*, a paſtoral, is a ſeries of unconnected deſcriptions, referring to *Morning*, *Noon*, and *Evening*. It has ſome particular and pictureſque images; but they are ſeldom original; and the form of his ſtanza is but little calculated to exhibit them to advantage. The *Landſcape* contains ſome pretty rural deſcription. Nothing can be more pleaſing and natural than the paſtoral intituled *Content*. It has a peculiar ſweetneſs and elegance. The *Violet*, *Coryden*, *Phillis*, *On the Approach of May*, *Stanzas on the forwardneſs of Spring*, *Melody*, *Damon and Phœbe*, *Pomona*, *The Miller*, *Delia*, *May Eve*, *The Sycamore Shade*, *Kitty Fell*, *A Man to my Mind*, *Thyrſis*, *Holyday Gown*, *The Warning*, and *The Hawthorn Bower*, will ever be peruſed with delight, from the numberleſs ſtrokes of nature and paſſion with which they abound, and the agreeable familiarity of the language. His *Odes* diſcover few marks of lyric ſpirit and enthuſiaſm. His *Prologues*, &c. are fuller of delicate ſentiment than of wit and humour. His *Epigrams*, *Anacreontics*, &c. are ſometimes elegant and ſprightly, and ſometimes puerile and trifling.

"Cunningham," ſays Mr. Ritſon in his "Hiſtorical View of the Progreſs of Engliſh Song," "though not equal to his countryman Goldſmith in native genius, and ſtill leſs ſo in learned application, poſſeſſes a pleaſing ſimplicity which cannot fail to recommend him to a reader of unadulterated taſte. This ſimplicity may, perhaps, in ſome of his compoſitions, be thought too great; but when it is known that they were neceſſarily adapted to the intellects of a country theatre, little cenſure can be juſtly incurred by the poet."

THE WORKS OF CUNNINGHAM.

" Fælix ille, quem, ſemotum longe e ſtrepitu et popularibus undis, interdum molli rus accipit umbra."
RAPIN.

" Silveſtrem tenui muſam meditabor avena."

A CARD FROM THE AUTHOR, TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

REMOTENESS of ſituation, and ſome other circumſtances, have hitherto deprived the author of that happineſs he might receive from ſeeing Mr. Garrick.

It is the univerſal regard his character commands, occaſions this addreſs.

It may be thought by many (at a viſit ſo abrupt as this is), that ſomething highly complimentary ſhould be ſaid on the part of the intruder; but according to the ideas the author has conceived of Mr. Garrick's delicacy and good ſenſe, a ſingle period in the garb of flattery would certainly offend him.

He therefore takes his leave;---and after having ſtept (perhaps a little too forward) to offer his tribute of eſteem, reſpectfully retires.

Newcaſtle, Aug. 1771.

DAY:

A PASTORAL.

" ——— Carpe diem." HOR.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant cock,
Cloſe to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briſkly crows, the ſhepherd's clock)!
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping ſun beam, now,
Paints with gold the village ſpire.

Philomel forſakes the thorn,
Plaintive where ſhe prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the ſhegherd's ſight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring ſwallow ſpring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick ſhe dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-trees waving top
Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daiſies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy ſweets, uncloy'd,
(Reſtleſs till her taſk be done)
Now the buſy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the ſun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid ſtream diſtills,
Sweet refreſhment waits the flock
When 'tis ſun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harveſt hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntſman's horn,
Boldly ſounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O ſweet, the warbling throng,
On the white embloſſom'd ſpray!
Nature's univerſal ſong
Echoes to the riſing day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the roſe.

By the brook the ſhepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his graſſy ſeat.

Now the flock forſakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the ſun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleaſing ſhade
By the ivy'd abby wall.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a ſingle ſound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the ſtreamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid ſilence ſtand
Midway in the marſhy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or ſtream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr ſprings:
Fearful leſt the noon-tide beam
Scorch its ſoft, its ſilken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to ſtir,
Nature's lull'd—ſerene—and ſtill!
Quiet e'en the ſhepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landſcape round,
Till the freſh deſcending ſhower,
Grateful to the thirſty ground,
Raiſes ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers throats in tune!
Blithſome is the verdant ſcene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer ſtrays
Free;—(the furrow'd taſk is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burniſh'd by the ſetting ſun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden ſky:
Can the pencil's mimic ſkill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
(To the ſmoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their ſhadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the riſing foreſt ſpreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild reſplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn, or twiſted brake:
And the blue miſt ſlowly creeps,
Curling on the ſilver lake.

As the trout in ſpeckled pride,
Playful from its boſom ſprings;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in ſucceſſive rings.

Tripping through the ſilken graſs,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the roſe complexion'd laſs,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning ſweet their mellow throats,
Bid the ſetting ſun adieu.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHT PIECE.

"Nox erat———
"Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictaque ve-
"lucres."

THE queen of Contemplation, night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her ſilver-veſted train.

'Tis ſtrange, the many marſhall'd ſtars,
That ride yon ſacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A ſilence ſo profound!

A kind, a philoſophic calm,
The cool creation wears!
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how ſtill!
How quiet now the gameſome kid,
That gamboi'd round the hill!

The ſweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From ſultry day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And ſcent the weſtern wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears amongſt the tufted trees,
A Phœnix neſt on fire.

But ſoft—the golden glow ſubſides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in ſilver'd pomp, ſhe rides
Pale regent of the ſky!

Where time, upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I ſit, from buſy paſſions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the ſky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthleſs time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanſe:
It glows ſerenely gay!
Come, ſcience, by my ſide advance,
We'll ſearch the milky way.

Let us deſcend—The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And ſcience, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are thoſe wild, thoſe wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.—How like the vague deſires
That cheat the heart of man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That lambient o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its tractless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky,
Save where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old error thus with shades impure
Throws sacred truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister silence reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
Whom pleasure once misguides;
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where innocence presides——

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivied bower!)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour thus of rushing fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!——The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to peace!
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight
The temporary dead.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace——(The little chaos past!)
The gracious moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

The nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes—When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies like these
Give vigour to the mind.

THE THRUSH AND PIE.

A TALE.

Conceal'd within an hawthorn bush,
We're told that an experienc'd thrush
Instructed, in the prime of spring,
Many a neighbouring bird to sing.
She carroll'd; and her various song
Gave lessons to the list'ning throng:
But (the entangling boughs between)
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.
At length, the little wond'ring race
Would see their fav'rite face to face;
They thought it hard to be deny'd,
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide.
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another shade the tut'ress sought;

And loth to be too much admir'd,
In ſecret from the buſh retir'd.
An impudent, preſuming pie,
Malicious, ignorant, and ſly,
Stole to the matron's vacant ſeat,
And, in her arrogance elate,
Ruſh'd forward—with—"My friends, you ſee
"The miſtreſs of the choir in me:
"Here be your due devotion paid,
"I am the ſongſtreſs of the ſhade."
A linnet, that ſat liſt'ning nigh,
Made the impoſtor this reply:
"I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats
"Were never form'd for warbling notes:
"But if theſe leſſons came from you,
"Repeat them in the public view;
"That your aſſertions may be clear,
"Let us behold as well as hear."
The length'ning ſong, the ſoft'ning ſtrain,
Our chatt'ring pie attempts in vain;
For, to the fool's eternal ſhame,
All ſhe could compaſs was a ſcream.
The birds enrag'd, around her fly,
Nor ſhelter nor defence is nigh.
The caitiff wretch, diſtreſs'd—forlorn!
On every ſide is peck'd and torn!
Till, for her vile atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks ſhe dies.
Such be his fate, whoſe ſcoundrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.
Friend E——n *, the tale apply,
You are—yourſelf—the chatt'ring pie:
Repent, and, with a conſcious bluſh,
Go make atonement to the thruſh †.

PALEMON.

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, ſeated by his fav'rite maid,
The ſylvan ſcenes with ecſtacy ſurvey'd;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been abſent half the day:
Dar'd by Palemon for a paſtoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn, Alexis tries.

Palemon.

This breeze by the river how charming and ſoft!
How ſmooth the graſs carpet! how green!
Sweet, ſweet ſings the lark! as he carols aloft,
His muſic enlivens the ſcene!
A thouſand freſh flow'rets unuſually gay
The fields and the foreſts adorn;
I pluck'd me ſome roſes, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn.

Alexis.

The ſkies are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
Dull vapours deſcend on the plain;
The verdure's all blaſted that cover'd yon trees,
The birds cannot compaſs a ſtrain:
In ſearch for a chaplet my temples to bind,
All day as I ſilently rove,
I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

Palemon.

I ne'er ſaw the hedge in ſuch excellent bloom,
The lambkins ſo wantonly gay;
My cows ſeem to breathe a more pleaſing perfume,
And brighter than common the day:
If any dull ſhepherd ſhould fooliſhly aſk,
So rich why the landſcapes appear?
To give a right anſwer, how eaſy my taſk!
Becauſe my ſweet Phillida's here.

Alexis.

The ſtream that ſo muddy moves ſlowly along,
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
It ſeem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a ſong,
But Daphne ſat then by my ſide.
See, ſee the lov'd maid, o'er the meadows ſhe hies,
Quite alter'd already the ſcene!
How limpid the ſtream is! how gay the blue ſkies!
The hills and the hedges how green!

THE HAWTHORN BOWER.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower,
With fond impatience lay;
He counted every anxious hour
That ſtretch'd the tedious day.
The roſy dawn Paſtora nam'd,
And vow'd that ſhe'd be kind;
But ah! the ſetting ſun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle ſex the boy defy'd;
And ſwore, in terms profane,
That beauty in her greateſt pride
Might ſue to him in vain.
When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made
Was loſt in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd
Before Paſtora came:
Inconſtancy, ſhe cry'd, I find
In every heart's the ſame;
For young Alexis figh'd and preſt,
With ſuch bewitching power,
I quite forgot the wiſhing gueſt
That waited in the bower.

THE ANT AND CATERPILLAR:

A FABLE.

As an ant, of his talents ſuperiorly vain,
Was trotting, with conſequence, over the plain,
A worm, in his progreſs remarkably ſlow,
Cry'd——"Bleſs your good worſhip wherever
"you go;
"I hope your great mightineſs won't take it ill,
"I pay my reſpects with an hearty good will."
With a look of contempt, and impertinent pride,
"Begone, you vile reptile," (his antſhip replied);
"Go—go and lament your contemptible ſtate,
"But firſt——look at me——ſee my limbs how
"complete;

* *A T—ſhire bookſeller, who pirated an edition of the Plowing Inſtructor.*

† *The compiler and reputed author of the original eſſays in that book.*

" I guide all my motions with freedom and eaſe,
" Run backward and forward, and turn when I
" pleaſe:
" Of nature (grown weary) you ſhocking eſſay!
" I ſpurn you thus from me——crawl out of my
" way."

The reptile inſulted, and vext to the ſoul,
Crept onwards, and hid himſelf cloſe in his hole;
But nature, determin'd to end his diſtreſs,
Soon ſent him abroad in a butterfly's dreſs.

Ere long the proud ant, as repaſſing the road
(Fatigu'd from the harveſt, and tugging his load)
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whoſe veſture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The ant quite amaz'd at a figure ſo gay,
Bow'd low with reſpect, and was trudging away.
" Stop, friend," ſays the butterfly——" don't be
" ſurpriz'd,
" I once was the reptile you ſpurn'd and deſpis'd;
" But now I can mount in the ſun-beams I play,
" While you muſt, for ever, drudge on in your
" way."

MORAL.

A wretch, though to-day he's o'erloaded with ſor-
row, [row.
May ſoar above thoſe that oppreſs'd him—to mor-

PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

I SAID—on the banks by the ſtream,
I've pip'd for the ſhepherds too long:
Oh grant me, ye muſes, a theme,
Where glory may brighten my ſong!
But Pan * bade me ſtick to my ſtrain,
Nor leſſons too lofty rehearſe;
Ambition befits not a ſwain,
And Phillis loves paſtoral verſe.

The roſe, though a beautiful red,
Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
To her breath's but a feeble perfume:
The dew-drop ſo limpid and gay,
That looſe on the violet lies,
Though brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
Wants luſtre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lily I pluck'd in full pride,
In freſhneſs with her's to compare;
And fooliſhly thought (till I try'd)
The flow'ret was equally fair.
How, Corydon, could you miſtake?
Your fault be with ſorrow confeſt,
You ſaid the white ſwans on the lake
For ſoftneſs might rival her breaſt.

While thus I went on in her praiſe,
My Phillis paſs'd ſportive along:
Ye poets, I covet no bays,
She ſmil'd—a reward for my ſong!

I find the god Pan's in the right,
No fame's like the fair one's applauſe!
And Cupid muſt crown with delight
The ſhepherd that ſings in his cauſe.

* *The author intends the character of Pan for the late Mr. Shenſtone, who favoured him with a letter or two, adviſing him to proceed in the paſtoral manner.*

POMONA:

A PASTORAL.

On the Cyder Bill being paſſed.

FROM orchards of ample extent,
Pomona's compell'd to depart;
And thus, as in anguiſh ſhe went,
The goddeſs unburden'd her heart:

" To flouriſh where liberty reigns,
" Was all my fond wiſhes requir'd;
" And here I agreed with the ſwains
" To live till their freedom expir'd.

" Of late you have number'd my trees,
" And threaten'd to limit my ſtore:
" Alas!—from ſuch maxims as theſe,
" I fear that your freedom's no more.

" My flight will be fatal to May:
" For how can her gardens be fine:
" The bloſſoms are doom'd to decay,
" (The bloſſoms, I mean, that were mine).

" Rich autumn remembers me well:
" My fruitage was fair to behold!
" My pears—how I ripen'd their ſwell!
" My pippins!—were pippins of gold!

" Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs!
" She droops as ſhe furrows the ſoil;
" A nectar I ſhake from my boughs,
" A nectar that ſoftens my toil.

" When Bacchus began to repine,
" With patience I bore his abuſe;
" He ſaid that I plunder'd the vine,
" He ſaid that I pilfer'd his juice.

" I know the proud drunkard denies
" That trees of my culture ſhould grow:
" But let not the traitor adviſe;
" He comes from the climes of your foe.

" Alas! in your ſilence I read
" The ſentence I'm doom'd to deplore:
" 'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed,
" My orchard ſhall flouriſh no more."

The goddeſs flew off in deſpair;
As all her ſweet honours declin'd;
And plenty and pleaſure declare,
They'll loiter no longer behind.

MAY-EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE ſilver moon's enamour'd beam,
Steals ſoftly through the night,
To wanton with the winding ſtream,
And kiſs reflected light
To beds of ſtate go balmy ſleep,
('Tis where you've ſeldom been)
May's vigil while the ſhepherd's keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

KITTY FELL.

The courtly bard, in verse sublime,
May praise the toasted belle;
A country maid in careless rhyme)
I sing—my Kitty Fell!

When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
And love's sweet numbers swell,
My pipe shall join the morning strain,
In praise of Kitty Fell.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
And noontide beams repel,
I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
And sing of Kitty Fell.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
That lodge sweet Philomel,
I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

The pale-faced pedant burns his books;
The sage forsakes his cell:
The soldier smooths his martial looks,
And sighs for Kitty Fell.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,
In gilded courts to dwell;
I'd leave them for a lonely cot
With love and Kitty Fell.

THYRSIS.

The pendent forest seem'd to nod,
In drowsy fetters bound;
And fairy elves in circles trod
The daisy-painted ground:
When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,
Of slighted vows to tell,
And thus (to sooth neglected love)
Invok'd sad Philomel:

"The stars their silver radiance shed,
"And silence charms the plain;
"But where's my Philomela fled,
"To sing her love-lorn strain?
"Hither, ah, gentle bird, in haste
"Direct thy hov'ring wing:
"The vernal green's a dreary waste,
"Till you vouchsafe to sing.

"So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
"(Thy warbling song distrest!)
"The tear that tells the lover's woe
"Falls cold upon my breast.
"To hear sad Philomel complain,
"Will soften my despair;
"Then quickly swell the melting strain,
"And sooth a lover's care."

Give up all hopes, unhappy swain,
A-lift'ning sage reply'd,
For what can constancy obtain,
From unrelenting pride?
The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant death,
Had seiz'd his trembling frame;
He bow'd, and with departing breath
Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

CLARINDA.

Clarinda's lips I fondly press'd,
While rapture fill'd each vein;
And as I touch'd her downy breast,
Its tenant slept serene.

So soft a calm, in such a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilst my uneasy, flutt'ring heart,
Would scarcely be confin'd.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees,
Unmov'd, when storms descend;
But, ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze,
The myrtle bough must bend.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

Let the declining damask rose
With envious grief look pale;
The summer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the Dale

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale;
Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the Dale?

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale:
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the Dale!

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
Her fond advances fail:
For Damon pays his warmest vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed,
And artless love prevail;
Thrice happy cou'd he tune his reed,
With Fanny of the Dale

A SONG.

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

Tune—Laſs of Patie's Mill.

YES, every flower that blows,
I paſs'd unheeded by,
Till this enchanting roſe
Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.
It ſcented every breeze,
That wanton'd o'er the ſtream,
Or trembled through the trees,
To meet the morning beam.

To deck that beauteous maid,
Its fragrance can't excel,
From ſome celeſtial ſhade
The damaſk charmer fell:
And as her balmy ſweets,
On Chloe's breaſt ſhe pours,
The queen of beauty greets
The gentle queen of flowers.

STANZAS ON THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING.

" ——tibi, flores, plenis
" Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis." VIRG.

O'ER nature's freſh boſom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak winter blooms lovely as ſpring:
Rich flow'rets (how fragrant!) riſe wantonly round,
And ſummer's wing'd choriſters ſing!

To greet the young monarch of Britain's bleſt iſle,
The groves with gay bloſſoms are grac'd!
The primroſe peeps forth with an innocent ſmile,
And cowſlips crowd forward in haſte!

Diſpatch, gentle Flora, the nymphs of your train
Through woodlands, to gather each ſweet:
Go——rob, of young roſes, the dew-ſpangled plain,
And ſtrew the gay ſpoils at his feet.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the ſame,
For George, oh ye virgins, entwine! [came,
From conqueſt's own temples theſe ever-greens
And thoſe from the brows of the nine!

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
What glory to George ſhall belong!
What Miltons (the other), what Addiſons riſe,
To make him immortal in ſong!

To a wreath of freſh oak, England's emblem of power!
Whoſe honours with time ſhall increaſe!
Add a fair olive ſprig, juſt unfolding its flow'r,
Rich token of concord and peace!

Next give him young myrtles, by beauty's bright queen
Collected—the pride of the grove!
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promiſe of conjugal love!

Let Gaul's captive lilies, cropt cloſe to the ground,
As trophies of conqueſt be ty'd:
The virgins all cry, " There's not one to be found?
" Out-bloom'd by his roſes—they dy'd."

Ye foes of old England, ſuch fate ſhall ye ſhare,
With George, as our glories advance—
Through envy you'll ſicken,—you'll droop,—you'll deſpair,
And die—like the lilies of France.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

THE virgin, when ſoften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds ſweetly bill on the ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs:
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above!
We ſhepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

From the weſt as it wantonly blows,
Fond zephyr careſſes the vine;
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbines entwine
The pinks by the rivulet ſide,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiſs the ſoft tide:
For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array!
And if the wing'd forreſters ſing,
Their muſic is taught them by May.
The ſtock-dove, recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove,
And murmuring ſeems to repeat
That May is the mother of love.

The goddeſs will viſit you ſoon,
Ye virgins be ſportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye ſhepherds in tune.
For muſic muſt welcome the May.
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind
And all his keen anguiſh remove,
Let him tell her ſoft tales, and he'll find
The May is the mother of love.

THE VIOLET.

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,
Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)
No variety impreſt;
Suited to an humble ſtation,
Mine's an unembroider'd veſt.

Modeſt though the maids declare me,
May in her fantaſtic train,
When Paſtora deigns to wear me,
Ha'n't a flow'ret half ſo vain.

THE NARCISSUS.

As pendent o'er the limpid ſtream
I bow'd my ſnowy pride,

And languiſh'd in a fruitleſs flame,
For what the fates deny'd;
The fair Paſtora chanc'd to paſs,
With ſuch an angel air,
I ſaw her in the wat'ry glaſs,
And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,
A ſelf-admiring ſweet,
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiſs the fair-one's feet:
That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance ſhould admire,
I may,——upon her boſom laid,
In ſiſter ſweets expire.

THE MILLER.

A BALLED.

In a plain pleaſant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and ſome meadows—a freehold eſtate,
A well-meaning miller, by labour ſupplies,
Thoſe blaſſings that grandeur to great ones denies:
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are health and content;
Their lordſhips in lace may remark, if they will,
He's honeſt, though daub'd with the duſt of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols ſalute the new day,
He ſprings from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of ſtate,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his boſom e'er fill,
Contented he works, if there's griſt for his mill.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homeſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt to chaunt or to pray;
He ſits to a dinner of plain Engliſh food,
Though ſimple the pudding, his appetite's good.
At night, when the prieſt and exciſemen are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more bleſt than the man of the mill.

A LANDSCAPE.

"Rura mihi & irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes."
VIRG.

Now that ſummer's ripen'd bloom
Frolics where the winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon theſe banks of broom,
We command the landſcape round.

Nature in the proſpect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning ſteep,
Fearleſs, with their kidlings brouſe!
Here a flock of ſnowy ſheep.
There an herd of motely cows!

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the ſober ſhade
Softens to an evening gray.

Where the rill, by ſlow degrees,
Swells into a cryſtal pool,
Shaggy rocks and ſhelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunder-ſtroke,
From the mountain's miſty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-houſe, forms a bridge.

On her breaſt the ſunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin ſtream
Haſtens to the reſtleſs tide:——

Where the ſhips by wanton gales
Waſted, o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to ſee their ſwelling ſails
Whiten'd by the laughing ſun!

High upon the daiſied hill,
Riſing from the ſlope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the buſy breeze!——

Cheerful as a ſummer's morn,
(Bouncing from her loaded pad)
Where the maid preſents her corn,
Smirking, to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a feſtal throng
Gambols, in fantaſtic trim!
As the full cart moves along,
Hearken——'tis their harveſt hymn!

Linnets on the crowded ſprays
Chorus,—and the wood-larks riſe,
Soaring with a ſong of praiſe,
'Till the ſweet notes reach the ſkies.

Torrents in extended ſheets
Down the cliffs, dividing, break:
'Twixt the hills the water meets,
Settling in a ſilver lake!

From his languid flocks, the ſwain,
By the ſunbeams ſore oppreſt,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breaſt.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's ſlopy ſide,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide!

On the iſles, with oſiers dreſt,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds!
Many a wild bird hides her neſt,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

Fork-tail'd pratlers as they paſs
To their neſtlings in the rock,
Daring on the liquid glaſs,
Seem to kiſs the mimic'd flock.

Where the ſtone croſs lifts its head,
Many a ſaint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Guardian of a facred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend fhades,
Whilome, in that fhatter'd cell,
Many an hermit told his beads.

Sultry mifts furround the heath
Where the Gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tott'ring with a load of years.

Turn to the contraſted ſcene,
Where, beyond theſe hoary piles,
Gay, upon the riſing green,
Many an attic building ſmiles!

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling ſhade and light!
Lengthen'd viſtas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

Hamlets—villages, and ſpires,
Scatter'd on the landſcape lie,
'Till the diſtant view retires,
Cloſing in an azure ſky.

MELODY.

Lightsome as convey'd by ſparrows,
Love and beauty croſs'd the plains,
Flights of little pointed arrows
Love diſpatch'd among the ſwains:

But ſo much our ſhepherds dread him,
(Spoiler of their peace profound)
Swift as ſcudding fawns they fled him,
Frighted, though they felt no wound.

Now the wanton god grown ſlier,
And for each fond miſchief ripe,
Comes diſguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning ſweet an oaten pipe:

Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his deluſive ſtrains;
While the boy conceals his quiver,
From the flow returning ſwains.

As Palemon, unſuſpecting,
Prais'd the fly muſician's art,
Love, his light diſguiſe rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart:

Cupid will enforce your duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught,
Thoſe who timid fly from beauty,
May by melody be caught.

DELIA:

A PASTORAL.

The gentle ſwan with graceful pride
Her gloſſy plumage laves,
And ſailing down the ſilver tide,
Divides the whiſp'ring waves:
The ſilver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird muſt be
But not ſo ſweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree ſung,
And ſtill the pendent neſt ſhe view'd,
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
The genial brood muſt be;
But not ſo dear (the thouſandth part)!
As Delia is to me.

The roſes that my brow ſurround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their ſweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckleſs torn from thee
For what the root is to the roſe,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n ſnow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to Delia I'll beſtow,
They're like her boſom fair!
When, in their chaſte connubial love,
My ſecret wiſh ſhe'll ſee;
Such mutual bliſs as turtles prove,
May Delia ſhare with me.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE:

A BALLAD.

T'other day as I ſat in the ſycamore ſhade,
Young Damon came whiſtling along,
I trembled—I bluſh'd—a poor innocent maid!
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:
Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
Young Damon deſigns you no ill;
The ſhepherd's ſo civil, you've nothing to fear,
Then prythee, fond urchin, lie ſtill.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kiſs he demanded—No more!
But urg'd the ſoft preſſure with ardour ſo ſweet,
I could not begrudge him a ſcore:
My lambkins I've kiſs'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
Nor would the fond urchin lie ſtill.

When the ſun blazes fierce, to the ſycamore ſhade
For ſhelter, I'm ſure to repair;
And, virgins, in faith, I'm no longer afraid,
Although the dear ſhepherd be there:
At ev'ry fond kiſs that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will;
There's ſomething ſo ſweet in the buſtle it makes,
I'll die ere I bid it lie ſtill.

DAMON AND PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

"Donec gratus eram," &c. Hor.

Damon.

When Phillis was faithful, and fond as ſhe's fair,
I twiſted young roſes in wreaths for my hair;
But ah! the ſad willow's a ſhade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!

To the groves with young Colin the ſhepherdeſs flies, [ſighs.
While Damon diſturbs the ſtill plains with his

Phillis.

Bethink you, falſe Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yeſterday ſtray'd,
Through the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A ſwain ſo deceitful no damſel can prize;
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your ſighs.

Damon.

Like ſummer's full ſeaſon young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The ſweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the roſe-bud, and freſh as the morn!
She ſmiles like Pomona—Theſe ſmiles I'd reſign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

Phillis.

On the tabor young Colin ſo prettily plays,
He ſings me ſweet ſonnets, and writes in my praiſe!
He choſe me his true-love laſt Valentine-day,
When birds ſat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the ſpray; [mind,
Yet I'd drive the gay ſhepherd far, far from my
If Damon, the rover, were conſtant and kind.

Damon.

Fine folks, my ſweet Phillis, may revel and range, [change!
But fleeting's the pleaſure that's founded on
In the villager's cottage ſuch conſtancy ſprings,
That peaſants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's haſten, our tranſports to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

Phillis.

To the church then let's haſten, our tranſports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

THE WARNING.

Young Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude,
If he ſigh'd or look'd tender, ſhe cry'd he was rude;
Though he begg'd with devotion, ſome eaſe for his pain,
The ſhepherd got nothing but frowns and diſdain,
Fatigu'd with her folly, his ſuit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female ſhould fetter him more.

He ſtrove with all caution to 'ſcape from the net,
But Chloe ſoon caught him,—a finiſh'd coquette!
She glanc'd to his glances, ſhe ſigh'd to his ſighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas for poor Colin! when put to the teſt,
Himſelf and his paſſion prov'd both but her jeſt.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the ſnare;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
When ſhe found he had merit, and love took his part,
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they ſubmitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

As the roſebud of beauty ſoon ſickens and fades,
The prude and coquette are two ſlighted old maids;
Now their ſweets are all waſted,—too late they repent,
For tranſports untaſted, for moments miſſpent!
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

HOLIDAY GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new fangled hat,
Laſt Monday I tript to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Briſk Roger I gueſs'd wou'd be there:
He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There's honey ſure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me ſo cloſe, and he kiſſes ſo ſweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll aſſure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen wou'd fain be his bride)
Some token ſhe claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And ſwore that ſhe'd not be deny'd:
A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Suſan was cruelly ſtung;
I hate her ſo much, that, to kill her with ſpleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whiſper'd ſuch ſoft pretty things in mine ear!
He flatter'd, he promis'd, and ſwore!
Such trinkets he gave me, ſuch laces and geer,
That truſt me,—my pockets ran o'er:
Some ballads he bought me, the beſt he cou'd find,
And ſweetly their burthen he ſung;
Good faith he's ſo handſome, ſo witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The ſun was juſt ſetting, 'twas time to retire,
(Our cottage was diſtant a mile)
I roſe to be gone—Roger bow'd like a ſquire,
And handed me over the ſtile: [eye,
His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his
He led me the meadows among,
There preſt me ſo cloſe, I agreed, with a ſigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

DAPHNE:

A SONG.

No longer, Daphne, I admire
The graces in thine eyes;
Continu'd coyneſs kills deſire,
And famiſh'd paſſion dies.
Three tedious years I've ſigh'd in vain,
Nor could my vows prevail;
With all the rigours of diſdain,
You ſcorn'd my amorous tale.

When Celia cry'd, how ſenſeleſs ſhe,
That has ſuch vows refus'd;
Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
It had been kinder us'd.
The man's a fool that pines and dies;
Becauſe a woman's coy;
The gentle bliſs that one denies,
A thouſand will enjoy.

Such charming words, ſo void of art,
Surpriſing rapture gave;

And though the maid ſubdu'd my heart,
It ceas'd to be a ſlave:
A wretch condemn'd, ſhall Daphne prove;
While bleſt without reſtraint,
In the ſweet calendar of love
My Celia ſtands—a ſaint.

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL.

To the Memory of William Shenſtone, Eſq.

Come, ſhepherds, we'll follow the hearſe,
We'll ſee our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though ſorrow may bleniſh the verſe,
Yet let a ſad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In ſooth he was gentle and kind!
He mark'd on his elegant ſtrain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpoſe he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd riſle their cell.
Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your maſter bemoan;
His muſic was artleſs and ſweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure ſhall cover the vale,
No bloom on the bloſſoms appear;
The ſweets of the foreſt ſhall fail,
And winter diſcolour the year.
No birds in our hedges ſhall ſing,
(Our hedges ſo vocal before)
Since he that ſhould welcome the ſpring,
Salutes the gay ſeaſon no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praiſe,
And poets came round in a throng;
They liſten'd——they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his ſong?
Ye ſhepherds, henceforward be mute,
For loſt is the paſtoral ſtrain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus——let me break it in twain.

DAMON AND PHOEBE.

When the ſweet roſy morning firſt peep'd from the ſkies,
A loud ſinging lark bade the villagers riſe;
The cowſlips were lively---the primroſes gay,
And ſhed their beſt perfumes to welcome the May: [green,
The ſwains and their ſweethearts all rang'd on the
Did homage to Phœbe---and hail'd her their queen.

Young Damon ſtep'd forward: he ſung in her praiſe,
And Phœbe beſtow'd him a garland of bays:
May this wreathe, ſaid the fair one, dear lord of my vows,
A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows:
The ſwains and their ſweethearts that danc'd on the green,
Approv'd the fond preſent of Phœbe their queen.

'Mongſt lords and fine ladies, we ſhepherds are told,
The deareſt affections are barter'd for gold;
That diſcord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen ſhake hands in a cot:
At the church with fair Phœbe ſince Damon has been,
He's rich as a monarch---ſhe's bleſt as a queen.

A PASTORAL HYMN TO JANUS.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE QUEEN.

" Te primum pia thura rogent---te vota ſalutent,
" ——— te colat omnis honos."
Mart. ad Janum.

To Janus, gentle ſhepherds! raiſe a ſhrine:
His honours be divine!
And as to mighty Pan with homage bow:
To him, the virgin troop ſhall tribute bring;
Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried ſpring,
Spite of the wint'ry ſtorms that ſtain his brow.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
Glides wantonly away:
But January, in his rough-ſpun veſt,
Boaſts the full bleſſings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illuſtrious maid,
Whoſe beauties make the Britiſh monarch bleſt!

Could the ſoft ſpring with all her ſunny ſhowers,
The frolic nurſe of flowers!
Or flaunting ſummer, fluſh'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finiſh'd ſweet ſo rare:
Or from his golden ſtores, a gift ſo fair,
Say, has the fertile autumn e'er ſupply'd?

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddeſs of the ſpring diſown'd,
Her roſy wreath ſhall on his brows appear,
Old Janus as he leads, ſhall fill the year,
And the leſs fruitful autumn be dtehron'd.

Above the other months ſupremely bleſt,
Glad Janus ſtands confeſt!
He can behold with retroſpective face
The mighty bleſſings of the year gone by:
Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
Aſſembled ev'ry glory, ev'ry grace!

When he looks forward on the ſtatt'ring year,
The golden hours appear:
As in the ſacred reign of Saturn, fair:
Britain ſhall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories complete,
And boaſt the brighteſt hopes, a Britiſh heir *.

AN INSCRIPTION

On the Houſe at Mavis-Bank, near Edinburgh, ſituated in a Grove.

Parva domus! nemeroſa quies!
Sis tu, quoque noſtris
Hoſpitium, laribus, ſubſidiumque diu!

---

* *The above little poem was written on ſuppoſition that her Majeſty's birth-day was really in the month of January.*

Flora tuas ornet pœſtes, Pomona que menſas!
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!
Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
Retia ſola canent quæ ſibi tendit amor!
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi ſæpe receſſus
Dent, atque hoſpitibus gaudia plena meis!
Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel ſero ſeneſcas,
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra reddantur quæ plurima ſæculà rodant
Detur, et ut ſenio pulchrior eniteas.

THE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

Peace has explor'd this ſylvan ſcene,
She courts your calm retreat,
Ye groves of variegated green,
That grace my genial ſeat!

Here, in the lap of lenient eaſe,
(Remote from mad'ning noiſe)
Let me delude a length of days,
In dear domeſtic joys!

Long may the parent queen of flow'rs
Her fragrance here diſplay!
Long may ſhe paint my mantling bow'rs,
And make my portals gay!

Nor you—my yellow gardens, fail
To ſwell Pomona's hoard!
So ſhall the plenteous, rich regale—
Repleniſh, long, my board!

Pour through the groves your carols clear,
Ye birds, nor bondage dread:
If any toils entangle here,
'Tis thoſe which love hath ſpread.

Where the green hill ſo gradual ſlants,
Or flowery glade extends,
Long may theſe fair, theſe fav'rite haunts
Prove ſocial to my friends!

May you preſerve perpetual bloom,
My happy halcyon ſeat!
Or if fell time denounce thy doom,
Far diſtant be its date!

And when he makes, with iron rage,
Thy youthful pride his prey,
Long may the honours of thy age
Be reverenc'd in decay!

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

Hanc in gremio reſonantis ſylvæ
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
Cæteriſque ruris honoribus,
Undique renidentem villam,
Non magnificam——non ſuperbam;
At qualem vides,
Commodam, mundam, genialem
Naturæ parem, ſocians artem,
Sibi, ſuiſque
Ad vitam placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Deſignavit, inſtruxitque.
D. I. C.

IMITATED.

In the deep boſom of my grove
A ſweet receſs ſurvey!
Where birds, with elegies of love,
Make vocal every ſpray.
A ſylvan ſpot, with woods—with waters crown'd,
With all the rural honours blooming round!

This little, but commodious ſeat
(Where nature weds with art)
A'nt to the eye ſuperbly great,
Its beauties charm the heart.
Here, may the happy founder and his race
Paſs their full days in harmony and peace!

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young ſhepherdeſs ſees my deſpair,
And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:
Yellow ſheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green ruſhes were ſtrew'd on her floor,
Her caſement, ſweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the ſod ſeats at her door.

We ſate ourſelves down to a cooling repaſt,
Freſh fruits! and ſhe cull'd me the beſt; [caſt,
While thrown from my guard by ſome glances ſhe
Love ſlily ſtole into my breaſt!
I told my ſoft wiſhes; ſhe ſweetly reply'd,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine)!
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me, fond ſhepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was ſo modeſt, her aſpect ſo meek!
So ſimple, yet ſweet, were her charms!
I kiſs'd the ripe roſes that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few ſheep,
And if, by yon prattle, the ſtream,
Reclin'd on her boſom, I ſink into ſleep,
Her image ſtill ſoftens my dream.

Together we range o'er the flow riſing hills,
Delighted with paſtoral views,
Or reſt on the rock whence the ſtreamlet diſtils,
And point out new themes for my muſe.
To pomp or proud titles ſhe ne'er did aſpire,
The damſel's of humble deſcent;
The cottager, peace, is well known for her ſire,
And ſhepherds have nam'd her content.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL.

Her ſheep had in cluſters crept cloſe by the grove,
To hide from the rig urs of day:
And Phillis herſelf, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the freſh violets lay:

A youngling, it ſeems, had been ſtole from its dam
('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot),
That Corydon might, as he ſearch'd for his lamb,
Arrive at this critical ſpot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He ſaw the ſweet maid with ſurpriſe;
" Ye gods, if ſo killing," he cry'd, " when ſhe
" ſleeps,
" I'm loſt when ſhe opens her eyes!
" To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
" I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace:"
In vain honeſt Corydon ſtrove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

" Haſh, huſh'd be theſe birds, what a bawling
" they keep!"
He cry'd, " you're too loud on the ſpray,
" Don't you ſee, fooliſh lark, that the charmer's
" aſleep;
" You'll wake her as ſure as 'tis day: [maid!
" How dare that fond butterfly touch the ſweet
" Her cheek he miſtakes for the roſe;
" I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
" My boldneſs would break her repoſe."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languiſhing ſmile,
" Kind, ſhepherd," ſhe ſaid, " you miſtake;
" I laid myſelf down juſt to reſt me a while,
" But truſt me, have ſtill been awake:"
The ſhepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himſelf cloſe by her ſide,
And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yeſterday made her his bride.

AN ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

" Aſpice murorum moles, præruptaque ſaxa!"
JANUS VITALIS.

" Omnia, tempus edax depaſcitur, omnia car-
" pit." SENECA.

In the full proſpect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths, and cultivated plains;
The veſtige of an ancient abbey ſtands,
Cloſe by a ruin'd caſtle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken buſt,
And obeliſk, and urn, o'erthrown by time;
And many a cherub, there, deſcends in duſt
From the rent roof, and portico ſublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the ſound [high,
Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on
Plunge to their ſource in ſecret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend ſhrines in Gothic grandeur ſtood,
The nettle, or the noxious nightſhade ſpreads;
And aſhlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aſpect ſweet!
Sits muſing on a monumental ſtone,
And points to the *memento* at her feet.

Soon as ſage ev'ning check'd day's ſunny pride,
I left the mantling ſhade in moral mood;
And ſeated by the maid's ſequeſter'd ſide,
Sigh'd, as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with ſilent pace
Here time has paſs'd—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd baſe,
Turn'd not his ſtep, nor could his courſe delay.

Religion rais'd her ſupplicating eyes
In vain; and melody her ſong ſublime:
In vain philoſophy, with maxims wiſe,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to ſpare,
Relented when he ſtruck its finiſh'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twiſted ivy ty'd.

How ſolemn is the cell o'ergrown with moſs,
That terminates the view, yon cloiſter'd way!
In the cruſh'd wall, a time-corroded croſs,
Religion like, ſtands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild ſun, through faint-encypher'd glaſs,
Illum'd with mellow light yon duſky iſle,
Many rapt hours might meditation paſs,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And piety, with myſtic meaning beads,
Bowing to ſaints on every ſide inurn'd,
Trod oft the ſolitary path that leads
Where now the ſacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Through the gray grove, between thoſe with'ring trees,
'Mongſt a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half waſted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the duſt her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety diſſuade,
Or ſoften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred ſaint may reſt,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his ſtatue ſtands;
Now nameleſs as the crowd that kiſs'd his veſt,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illuſtrious chieftan lie;
As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vaſſal plain,
His rights and rich demeſnes extended wide!
That honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And chivalry ſtood marſhall'd by his ſide!

Though to the clouds his caſtle ſeem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the deſperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror time
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a ſoft'ning ſound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of diſcord, dwell;
And where ſociety ſat ſweetly crown'd,
Eternal ſolitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the sage matron, and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide: [dry!
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them

Though his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter loving crew;
And the sweet brow of beauty still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by mask or midnight roar!
Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more!

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine
Sooth, with his melody, insatiate death!

No—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom,
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich rob'd king?
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

"Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole: [just;
"Though thou art merciful, and brave, and
"Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
"Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd:

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest dress;
Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While thus the herald cry'd—"This son of pow'r,
"This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
"May, in the space of one revolving hour,
"Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!"

Search where ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
Where slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, while memory weeps the blood-stain'd field, [man?
Where lies the chief, and where the common

Vain then are pyramids, and motto'd stones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
For time confounds them with the crumbling bones.
That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay-bed,
Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
Here flutter pride, on purple-painted wings:
And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
The wish, that sighs for sublunary things!

A SONG.

He that love hath never try'd,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the passage right
To the palace of delight.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and rosy health?
Without love his tribute brings,
Impotent, unmeaning things:

Gentle shepherds, persevere,
Still be tender, still sincere;
Love and time, united, do
Wonders, if the heart be true.

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS.

IMITATED.

Hail! (with eternal beauty blest!
O'er heav'n and earth ador'd!)
Hail, Venus! 'Tis thy slave's request,
Her peace may be restor'd;
Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,
And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul depart.

Once you descended, queen of love,
At Sappho's bold desire,
From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
Thy ever glorious fire!
I saw thy dusky pinion'd sparrows bear
Thy chariot, rolling, light, through the rejoicing air.

No transient visit you design'd,
Your wanton birds depart;
And with a look, divinely kind,
That sooth'd my flutt'ring heart: [rest?
"Sappho," say you, "What sorrow breaks thy
"How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast?

"Is there a youth severely coy,
"My fav'rite would subdue?
"Or has the lost some wand'ring boy,
"To plighted vows untrue?
"Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,
"And with new lighted flames, more fond, more
"fiercely burn.

"Thy proffer'd gifts though he deride,
"And scorn thy glowing charms,
"Soon shall his every art be try'd
"To win thee to his arms:

" Though he be now as cold as virgin ſnow,
" The victim, in his turn, ſhall like rous'd Ætna
" glow."

Thee, goddeſs, I again invoke,
Theſe mad deſires remove!
Again I've felt the furious ſtroke
Of irreſiſtleſs love:
Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breaſt return,
Or make the youth ſhe loves with mutual ardour burn.

ANACREON.

ODE LVIII. IMITATED.

As I wove with wanton care,
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond deſign,
What the fields had freſh and fine:
Cupid,—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowſlip bell;
While he plumb'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart.
Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I ſecur'd the boy;
And, regardleſs of his cries,
Bore the little frighted prize
Where the mighty goblet ſtood,
Teeming with a roſy flood
Urchin, in my rage I cry'd,
What avails thy fancy pride?
From thy buſy vengeance free,
Triumph now belongs to me!
Thus—I drown thee in my cup;
Thus—in wine I drink thee up.
Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder love I quaff'd,
O'er my boſom's fond domains,
Now the cruel tyrant reigns:
On my heart's moſt tender ſtrings,
Striking with his wanton wings
I'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the inſolence of love.

ANACREON.

ODE IX. IMITATED.

The Dove.

Tell me, ſaid I, my beauteous dove,
(If an ambaſſadreſs from love)
Tell me, on what ſoft errand ſent,
Thy gentle flight is this way bent?
Ambroſial ſweets thy pinions ſhed
As in the quivering breeze they ſpread!
A meſſage, ſays the bird, I bear
From ſond Anacreon to the fair;
A virgin of celeſtial grace!
The Venus of the human race!
Me, for an hymn, or amorous ode,
The Paphian Venus once beſtow'd
To the ſweet bard; for whom I'd fly
Unwearied to the fartheſt ſky.
Through the ſoft air he bade me glide,
(See, to my wing his billet's ty'd),
And told me, 'twas his kind decree,
When I return'd, to ſet me free.
'Twould prove me but a ſimple bird
To take Anacreon at his word:
Why ſhould I hide me in the wood,
Or ſearch for my precarious food,
When I've my maſter's leave to ſtand
Cooing upon his friendly hand;
When I can be profuſely fed
With crumbs of his ambroſial bread,
And welcom'd to his nectar bowl,
Sip the rich drops that fire the ſoul;
'Till in fantaſtic rounds I ſpread
My fluttering pinions o'er his head:
Or if he ſtrike the trembling wire,
I perch upon my fav'rite lyre;
'Till lull'd into luxuriant reſt,
Sleep ſteals upon my raptur'd breaſt.
Go, ſtranger—to your buſineſs—go,
I've told you all you wiſh'd to know:
Go, ſtranger,—and I think you'll ſay,
This prattling dove's an arrant jay.

THE DANCE.

ANACREONTIC.

Hark! the ſpeaking ſtrings invite,
Muſic calls us to delight:
See the maids in meaſures move,
Winding like the maze of love.
As they mingle, madly gay,
Sporting Hebe leads the way.
On each glowing cheek is ſpread,
Roſy Cupid's native red;
And from ev'ry ſparkling eye,
Pointed darts at random fly.
Love, and active youth, advance
Foremoſt in the ſprightly dance.
As the magic numbers riſe,
Through my veins the poiſon flies;
Raptures, not to be expreſt,
Revel in my throbbing breaſt.
Jocund as we beat the ground,
Love and harmony go round.
Every maid (to crown his bliſs)
Gives her youth a roſy kiſs;
Such a kiſs as might inſpire
Thrilling raptures—faſt deſire:
Such Adonis might receive,
Such the queen of beauty gave,
When the conquer'd goddeſs ſtrove
(In the conſcious myrtle grove)
To inflame the boy with love.
Let not pride our ſports reſtrain,
Baniſh hence the prude, diſdain!
Think—ye virgins, if you're coy,
Think—ye rob yourſelves of joy;
Every moment you refuſe,
So much ecſtaſy you loſe:
Think—how faſt theſe moments fly:
If you ſhould too long deny,
Love and beauty both will die.

ANACREON.

ODE XIV. IMITATED.

Why did I with love engage!
Why provoke his mighty rage!

True it is the wand'ring child,
Met me with an aſpect mild,
And beſought me like a friend.
At his gentle ſhrine to bend.
True, from my miſtaken pride,
Due devotion was deny'd,
'Till (becauſe I would not yield)
Cupid dar'd me to the field.
Now I'm in my armour claſp'd,
Now the mighty lance is graſp'd,
But an Achileian ſpear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poiſon'd arrows fly
Hot as lightning from the ſky.
Wounded, through the woods I run,
Follow'd ſtill by beauty's ſon,
Arrows in malignant ſhowers,
Still the angry urchin pours;
'Till exhauſting all his ſtore,
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the god—a living dart,
Shoots himſelf into my heart.
Freedom I muſt now reſign,
Victory, oh love, is thine!
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within!

IMITATION FROM ANACREON.

Fill me that capacious cup,
Fill it to the margin up;
From my veins the thirſty day
Quaffs the vital ſtrength away.

Let a wreath my temples ſhield,
Freſh from the enamell'd field;
Theſe declining roſes bow,
Blaſted by my ſultry bow.

Flowrets, by their friendly aid,
From the ſunbeams form a ſhade:
Let me from my heart require,
(Glowing with intenſe deſire).

Is there, in the deepeſt grove,
Shelter from the beams of love?

ANACREON.

ODE XXXIII. IMITATED.

To the Swallow

Soon as ſummer glads the ſky,
Hither, gentle bird, you fly;
And with golden ſunſhine bleſt,
Build your pretty plaſter'd neſt.
When the ſeaſons ceaſe to ſmile,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming bird, you diſappear
'Till the kind ſucceeding year.
Like the ſwallow, love, depart!
Reſpite for a while my heart.
No, he'll never leave his neſt,
Tyrant tenant of my breaſt!
There a thouſand wiſhes try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thouſand tell,
Pertly peeping through a ſhell:
In a ſtate unfiniſh'd, riſe
Thouſands of a ſmaller ſize.
'Till their noiſy chirpings ceaſe,
Never ſhall my heart have peace.
Feather'd ones the younglings feed,
'Till mature they're fit to breed;
Then, to ſwell the crowded ſtore,
They produce their thouſands more
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breaſt their vaſt amount.

THE PICTURE:

A TALE.

A portrait, at my lord's command,
Completed by a curious hand:
For dabblers in the nice Vertû
His lordſhip ſet the piece to view,
Bidding their connoiſſeurſhips tell,
Whether the work was finiſh'd well,
Why—ſays the loudeſt, on my word,
'Tis not a likeneſs, good my lord;
Nor, to be plain, for ſpeak I muſt,
Can I pronounce one feature juſt,
Another effort ſtrait was made,
Another portraiture eſſay'd;
The judges were again beſought,
Each to deliver what he thought.
Worſe than the firſt—the critics bawl;
O what a mouth! how monſtrous ſmall!
Look at the cheeks---how lank and thin!
See, what a moſt prepoſt'rous chin!
After remonſtrance made in vain,
I'll, ſays the painter, once again,
(If my good lord vouchſafes to ſit)
Try for a more ſucceſsful hit:
If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
We'll have a piece to pleaſe you all.
To-morrow comes---a picture's plac'd
Before thoſe ſpurious ſons of taſte——
In their opinions all agree,
This is the vileſt of the three.
" Know---to confute your envious pride,
(His lordſhip from the canvas cry'd)
" Know---that it is my real face,
" Where you could no reſemblance trace:
" I've try'd you by a lucky trick,
" And prov'd your genius to the quick.
" Void of all judgment---juſtice---ſenſe,
" Out---ye pretending varlets---hence."
The connoiſſeurs depart in haſte,
Deſpis'd---detected---and diſgrac'd.

THE WITCH.

A TALE.

A witch, that from her ebon chair,
Could hurl deſtruction through the air,
Or, at her all commanding will,
Make the tumultuous ocean ſtill:
Once, by an incantation fell,
(As the recording druids tell)
Pluck'd the round moon, whoſe radiant light
Silver'd the ſober noon of night,
From the domain ſhe held above,
Down to a dark, infernal grove.

Give me, the goddeſs cry'd, a cauſe,
Why you diſturb my ſacred laws?
Look at my train,---yon wand'ring hoſt!
See how the trembling ſtars are loſt!
Through the celeſtial regions wide,
Why do they range without a guide!
Chaos, from our confuſion, may
Hope for his old deteſted ſway.
I'm, ſays the witch, ſeverely croſt,
Know that my fav'rite ſquirrel's loſt,
Search——for I'll have creation torn,
If he's not found before the morn.
Soon as the impious charge was giv'n---
From the tremendous ſtores of heav'n,
Jove with a bolt——revengeful!——red!
Struck the deteſted monſter dead.
If there are ſlaves to pity blind,
With power enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends,
Tread upon freedom and her friends,
Let 'em beware the witch's fate!
When their preſumption's at the height,
Jove will his angry powers aſſume,
And the curs'd miſcreants meet their doom.

REPUTATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deſerv'd their care,
Virtue ſet forth, with two ſelected friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on in their intended round,
Talent ſpoke firſt, " My gentle comrades, ſay
" Where each of you may probably be found,
" Should accident divide us on the way.

" If torn (ſhe added) from my lov'd allies,
" A friendly patronage I hope to find,
" Where the fine arts from cultivation riſe,
" And the ſweet muſe hath harmonized man-
" kind."

Says Virtue, " Did ſincerity appear,
" Or meek-ey'd charity among the great;
" Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
" 'Tis among theſe I'd ſeek for my retreat.

" Could I find patriots, for the public weal
" Aſſiduous, and without their ſelfiſh views;
" Could I find prieſts of undiſſembled zeal,
" 'Tis among thoſe my reſidence I'd chooſe.

" In glitt'ring domes let luxury reſide;
" I muſt be found in ſome ſequeſter'd cell,
" Far from the paths of avarice or pride,
" Where home-bred happineſs delights to dwell."

" Ye may be trac'd, my gentle friends, 'tis true,
" But who (ſays Reputation) can explore
" My ſlipp'ry ſteps?——Keep, keep *me* in your
" view,
" *If I'm once loſt, you'll never find me more.*"

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

At day's early dawn a gay butterfly ſpied
A budding young roſe, and he wiſh'd her his bride:
She bluſh'd when ſhe heard him his paſſion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not deſpair.
Their faith was ſoon plighted, as lovers will do,
He ſwore to be conſtant, ſhe vow'd to be true.
It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a roſe paſſes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.
When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he reviſit his bride, 'till the ſun
Had leſs than one fourth of his journey to run.
The roſe thus reproach'd him—' Already ſo cold!
' How feign'd, O you falſe one, the paſſion you told!
' 'Tis an age ſince you left me:' ſhe meant a few hours;
But ſuch we'll ſuppoſe the fond language of flowers:
' I ſaw when you gave the baſe violet a kiſs:
' How—how could you ſtoop to a meanneſs like this?
' Shall a low, little wretch, whom we roſes deſpiſe,
' Find favour, O love! in my butterfly's eyes?
' On a tulip, quite tawdry, I ſaw your fond rape,
' Nor yet could the pitiful primroſe eſcape:
' Dull daffodils too, were with ardour addreſs'd,
' And poppies ill-ſcented, you kindly careſs'd.'
The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a ſneer,
' That you're firſt to complain, I commend you, my dear!
' But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
' And if I'm inconſtant, I copy from you.
' I ſaw the boy zephyrus riffle your charms,
' I ſaw how you ſimper'd and ſmil'd in his arms;
' The honey-bee kiſs'd you, you cannot diſown,
' You favour'd beſides---O diſhonour!---a drone;
' Yet worſe---'tis a crime that you muſt not deny,
' Your ſweets were made common, falſe roſe, to a fly.'

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did love's providence make,
That ev'ry coquette ſhould be curs'd with a rake.

THE SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH.

A FABLE.

A THICK-TWISTED brake, in the time of a ſtorm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a ſheep:
So ſnug, for a while, he lay ſhelter'd and warm,
It quietly ſooth'd him aſleep.

The clouds are now ſcatter'd---the winds are at peace;
The ſheep to his paſture inclin'd:
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Conſider before you get in;
Though judgment and ſentence are paſs'd on your ſide,
By Jove you'll be fleec'd to the ſkin.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

A FABLE.

THE fox and the cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral diſcourſes cut ſhorter the way:

' 'Tis great (fays the fex) to make juſtice our
' guide!'
' How godlike is mercy!' Grimalkin reply'd.
Whilſt thus they proceeded,---a wolf from the
wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirſting for blood,
Ruſh'd forth---as he ſaw the dull ſhepherd aſleep,
And ſeiz'd for his ſupper an innocent ſheep.
' In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
' When mutt'n's at hand (ſays the wolf), I muſt
' eat.'
Grimalkin's aſtoniſh'd,---the fox ſtood aghaſt,
To ſee the fell beaſt at his bloody repaſt.
' What a wretch (ſays the cat)---'tis the vileſt of
' brutes:
Does he feed upon fleſh, when there's herbage,
' ——and roots?' [good,
Cries the fox---' While our oaks give us acorns ſo
' What a tyrant is this, to ſpill innocent blood?'
Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd
ſtill, [a mill;
Till they came where ſome poultry pick'd chaff by
Sly Reynard ſurvey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (ſpite of morals) a pullet his prize.
A mouſe too, that chanc'd from her covert to
The greedy Grimalkin ſecur'd as her prey. [ſtray,
A ſpider that ſat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;
She cry'd---' Of ſuch murders how guiltleſs am I!'
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we
blame,
But tax not ourſelves, though we practiſe the ſame.

HYMEN.

When Chloe, with a bluſh comply'd,
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the tides of fancy ſwell,
Expreſſion muſt deſpair to tell.
A painter call'd,——Nicander cries,
" Deſcending from the radiant ſkies,
" Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
" The herald of connubial joy!
" Draw him with all peculiar care,
" Make him beyond Adonis fair;
" Give to his cheeks a roſeate hue,
" Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,
" Lips ſoft'ning in nectarious dew;
" A luſtre o'er his charms diſplay,
" More glorious than the beams of day.
" Expect, Sir, if you can ſucceed,
" A premium for a prince indeed."
His talents ſtreight the painter try'd,
And ere the nuptial knot was ty'd,
A picture in the nobleſt taſte
Before the fond Nicander plac'd.
' The lover thus arraign'd his ſkill,
" Your execution's monſtrous ill!
" A different form my fancy made:
" You're quite a bungler at the trade.
" Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?
" Where is the cheek's celeſtial glow?
" Where are the looks ſo fond and free?
" 'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."
The painter bow'd—with this reply,
" My colours an't, your honour, dry;
" When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint,
" 'Twill pleaſe you—or the deuce is in't:
" I'll watch the happy change, and then
" Attend you with my piece again."
In a few months the painter came
With a performance—(ſtill the ſame):
" Take it away,"—the huſband cry'd,
" I have repeated cauſe to chide:
" Sir, you ſhould all exceſſes ſhun;
" This is a picture overdone!
" There's too much ardour in that eye,
" The tincture on the cheeks too high!
' The robes have a laſcivious play,
" The attitude's too looſely gay.
" Friend, on the whole, this piece, for me,
" Is too luxuriant—far too free."
The painter thus—" The faults you find
" Are form'd in your capricious mind;
" To paſſion a devoted ſlave,
" The firſt directions, Sir, you gave;
" Poſſeſſion has repell'd the flame,
" Nor left a ſentiment the ſame.
" My picture is deſign'd to prove
" The changes of precarious love.
" On the next ſtair-caſe rais'd on high,
" Regard it with a curious eye;
" As to the firſt ſteps you proceed,
" 'Tis an accompliſh'd piece indeed!
" But as you mount ſome paces higher,
" Is there a grace that don't expire?"
So various is the human mind,
Such are the frailties of mankind,
What at a diſtance charm'd our eyes,
After attainment—droops—and dies.

FORTUNE.

AN APOLOGUE.

Fabula Narratur.

Jove and his ſenators, in ſage debate
For man's felicity, were ſettling laws,
When a rude roar that ſhook the ſacred gate,
Turn'd their attention to inquire the cauſe.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudeſt of his race,
In the rough garniture of grief array'd,
Came brawling to the high imperial place,
" Let me have juſtice, Jupiter!"---he bray'd.

" I am an aſs, of innocence allow'd
" The type, yet fortune perſecutes me ſtill:
" While foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring
" crowd,
" Beneath her patronage can rob and kill,

" The pamper'd horſe (he never toil'd ſo hard!)
" Favour and friendſhip from his owner finds;
" For endleſs diligence—(a rough reward!)
" I'm cudgel'd by a race of paltry hinds.

" On wretched provender compell'd to feed!
" The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed!
" For me, dame for une never yet decreed
" The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd ſhed.

" Rough and unſeemly's my irreverent hide!
" Where can I viſit, thus uncouthly dreſt?
" That outſide elegance the dame deny'd,
" For which her fav'rites are too oft careſs'd.

" To ſuff'ring virtue, ſacred Jove, be kind!
" From fortune's tyranny pronounce me free!
" She's a deceiver if ſhe ſays ſhe's blind,
" She ſees, propitiouſly ſees all—but me."

The plaintiff could articulate no more:
His boſom heav'd a moſt tremendous groan!
The race of long ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
'Till Jove ſeem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

The monarch, with an all-commanding ſound,
(Deepen'd like thunder through the rounds of ſpace)
Gave order,—That dame fortune ſhould be found,
To anſwer, as ſhe might, the plaintiff's caſe.

Soldiers and citizens, a ſeemly train!
And lawyers and phyſicians, ſought her cell:
With many a ſchoolman—But their ſearch was vain:
Few can the reſidence of fortune tell.

Where the wretch avarice was wont to hide
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare;
'Twas rumur'd that dame fortune did reſide,
And Jove's ambaſſadors were poſted there.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments dreſt,
A feeble porter at the gate they found:
Doubled with wretchedneſs—with age diſtreſt,
And on his wrinkled forehead famine frown'd.

" Mortals avaunt (the trembling ſpectre cries),
" Ere you invade thoſe ſacred haunts, beware!
" To guard lord avarice from rude ſurpriſe,
" I am the centinel---my name is care.

" Doubts, diſappointments, anarchy of mind,
" Theſe are the ſoldiers that ſurround his hall:
" And ev'ry fury that can laſh mankind,
" Rage, rancour, and revenge attend his call.

" Fortune's gone forth, you ſeek a wand'ring dame,
" A ſettled reſidence the harlot ſcorns:
" Curſe on ſuch viſitants, ſhe never came,
" But with a cruel hand ſhe ſcatter'd thorns!

" To the green vale, yon ſhelt'ring hills ſur-
" round,
" Go forward, you'll arrive at wiſdom's cell:
" Would you be taught where fortune may be
" found,
" None can direct your anxious ſearch ſo well."

Forward they went, o'er many a dreary ſpot:
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
'Till from the caſement of a low-roof'd cot
Wiſdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door.

Wiſdom, (ſhe knew of fortune but the name)
Gave to their queſtions a ſerene reply.
" Hither (ſhe ſaid), if e'er that goddeſs came,
" I ſaw her not---ſhe paſs'd unnoticed by.

" Abroad with contemplation oft I roam,
" And leave to poverty my humble cell:
" She's my domeſtic, never ſtirs from home,
" If fortune has been here, 'tis ſhe can tell.

" The matron eyes us from yon mantling ſhade,
" And ſee her ſober footſteps this way bent!
" Mark by her ſide a little roſe-lipp'd maid,
" 'Tis my young daughter, and her name's
" content."

As poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,
" Fortune (ſhe cry'd) hath never yet been here;
" But hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
" Tells me, her highneſs may, in time, appear.

" Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot,
" On whom her golden bounty beams divine!
" Yet though ſhe never reach our ruſtic cot,
" Patience will viſit us---we ſha'n't repine."

After a vaſt (but unavailing) round,
The meſſengers returning in deſpair,
On an high hill a fairy manſion found,
And hop'd the goddeſs, fortune, might be there.

The dome, ſo glitt'ring, it amaz'd the ſight,
('Twas adamant, with gems encruſted o'er)
Had not a caſement to admit the light,
Nor could Jove's deputies deſcry the door.

But eager to conclude a tedious chaſe,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice they invok'd the genius of the place,
Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's ſacred name.

As echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
Illuſion and her fairy dome withdrew:
(Like the light miſts by early ſunbeams drove)
And fortune ſtood reveal'd to public view.

Oft for that happineſs high courts deny'd,
To this receptacle dame fortune ran:
When haraſs'd, it was here ſhe us'd to hide,
From the wild ſuits of diſcontented man.

Proſtrate, the delegates their charge declare,
(Happy the courtier that ſalutes her feet)!
Fortune receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
And join'd them 'till they reach'd Jove's judgment ſeat.

Men of all ranks at that illuſtrious place
Were gather'd, though diff'rent motives keen;
Many---to ſee dame fortune's radiant face,
Many---by radiant fortune to be ſeen.

Jove ſmil'd, as on a fav'rite he eſteems,
He gave her, near his own, a golden ſeat:
Fair fortune's an adventurer, it ſeems,
The deities themſelves are glad to greet.

" Daughter (ſays Jupiter), you're ſore accus'd!
" Clamour inceſſantly reviles your name!
" If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
" Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

" Though peſter'd daily with complaints from man,
" Through this conviction I record them not—
" Let my kind Providence do all it can,
" None of that ſpecies ever lik'd his lot.

" But the poor quadruped that now appeals!
" Can wanton cruelty the weak purſue!

" Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
" And all his wretchedneſs he lays to you."

" Aſk him, high Jupiter---(reply'd the dame)
" In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd claſs?
" Is fortune (a divinity) to blame
" That ſhe deſcends not to regard——an aſs?"

Fame enter'd in her rolls the ſage reply;
The dame, defendant, was diſcharg'd with grace!
" Go---(to the plaintiff, ſaid the ſire) and try
" By merit to ſurmount your low-born race.

" Learn from the lion to be juſt and brave,
" Take from the elephant inſtruction wiſe;
" With gracious breeding like the horſe behave,
" Nor the ſagacity of hounds deſpiſe.

" Theſe uſeful qualities with care imbibe,
" For which ſome quadrupeds are juſtly priz'd:
" Attain thoſe talents that adorn each tribe,
" And you'll no longer be a wretch deſpis'd."

A MAN TO MY MIND.

(WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.)

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and ſtale virgins deſpis'd,
To all bachelors greeting, theſe lines are pre- [mis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry, but where ſhall I find
(I wiſh not for fortune) a man to my mind?

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of faſhion and lace;
Not the 'ſquire, that can wake to no joys but the chaſe; [bind:
Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can
Neither this---that---nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd ſot, that topes world without end; [friend;
Not the drone, who can't reliſh his bottle and
Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's unkind: [mind.
Neither this---that---nor t'other's the man to my

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Not the flaſh, that's all fury without any ſpirit;
Not the fine maſter fribble, the ſcorn of mankind:
Neither this---that---nor t'other's the man to my mind.

But the youth in whom merit and ſenſe may conſpire, [admire:
Whom the brave muſt eſteem, and the fair ſhould
In whoſe heart love and truth are with honour combin'd:
This---this---and no other's the man to my mind.

WITH A PRESENT.

LET not the hand of Amity be nice!
Nor the poor tribute from the heart diſclaim;
A trifle ſhall become a pledge of price,
If friendſhip ſtamps it with her ſacred name.

The little roſe that laughs upon its ſtem,
One of the ſweets with which the gardens teem,
In value ſoars above an eaſtern gem,
If tender'd as the token of eſteem.

Had I vaſt hoards of maſſy wealth to ſend,
Such as your merits might demand---their due!
Then ſhould the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treaſures of the rich Peru.

FANCY.

A Song in a Pantomime Entertainment.

FANCY leads the fetter'd ſenſes
Captives to her fond controul;
Merit may have rich pretences,
But 'tis fancy fires the ſoul.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
Fancy flies, a fairy queen?
Fancy, wit and worth diſdaining,
Gives the prize to harlequin.

If the virgin's falſe, forgive her,
Fancy was your only foe:
Cupid claims the dart and quiver,
But 'tis fancy twangs the bow.

LOVE AND CHASTITY:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FROM the high mount *, whence ſacred groves depend,
Diana and her virgin troop deſcend;
And while the buſkin'd maids with active care,
The buſineſs of the daily chaſe prepare,
A favourite nymph ſteps forward from the throng,
And thus, exulting, ſwells the jovial ſong.

AIR.

Jolly health ſprings aloft at the loud ſounding horn,
Unlock'd from ſoft ſlumber's embrace;
And joy ſings an hymn to ſalute the ſweet morn,
That ſmiles on the nymphs of the chaſe:
The rage of fell Cupid no boſom profanes,
No rancour diſturbs our delight,
All the day with freſh vigour we ſweep o'er the plains,
And ſleep with contentment all night.

RECITATIVE.

Their clamour rous'd the ſlighted god of love:
He flies, indignant, to the ſacred grove:
Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair,
His roſy wings perfume the wanton air;
Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell deſigns declare.
A crimſon bluſh o'erſpread Diana's face,
A frown ſucceeds—She ſtops the ſpringing chaſe,
And thus, forbids the boy the conſecrated place.

AIR.

Fond diſturber of the heart,
From theſe ſacred ſhades depart:
Here's a blooming troop diſdains
Love, and his fantaſtic chains.

* *Mount Latmus.*

Sisters of the silver bow,
Pure and chaste as virgin snow,
Melt not at thy feeble fires,
Wanton god of wild desires!

RECITATIVE.

Rage and revenge divide love's little breast,
Whilst thus the angry goddess he addrest:

AIR.

Virgin snow does oft remain
Long unmelted on the plain,
Till the glorious god of day
Smiles, and wastes its pride away.
What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of strong desire!
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.

RECITATIVE.

Now, through the forest's brown embower'd ways,
With careless steps the young Endymion strays:
His form erect!—loose flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair!
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move,
His eyes—his ev'ry feature form'd for love:
Around the list'ning woods attentive hung,
Whilst thus, invoking sleep, the shepherd sung:

AIR.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides
Near the wood nymph's rustic grot,
If the god of sleep resides,
Or in Pan's sequester'd cot:
Hither if he'll lightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle dream,
We'll enjoy this grassy bed,
On the bank beside the stream.

RECITATIVE.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;
And now a sporting breeze his bosom shows,
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows:
The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound;
Her silver bow falls useless to the ground!
Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart
Unerring, to her undefended heart.
She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,
And thus persuades her virgins to retire:

AIR.

Ye tender maids be timely wise!
Love's wanton fury shun!
In flight alone your safety lies,
The daring are undone!

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
With vultures, fell, engage!
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
Or tempt the tyger's rage!

No, no, like fawns, ye virgins fly,
To secret cells remove;
Nor dare the doubtful combat try
'Twixt chastity and love.

AMPHITRION.

RECITATIVE.

Amphitrion and his bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair;
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast:
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
Enraptur'd, thus, the happy hero sung:

AIR.

Was mighty Jove descending,
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine:
His shafts of bolted thunder
With boldness I'd deride;
Not heav'n itself can sunder
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE.

The thunderer heard,—he look'd with vengeance down
Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.
The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes
Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies;
He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

AIR.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not, when won:
Beauty's like the miser's treasure;
Boast it—and the fool's undone!

Learn by this, unguarded lover,
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that you should conceal.

ANACREON.

ODE XIX. IMITATED.

Old earth, when in a tipling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat oppress,
Drink from her kind maternal breast:

Lest angry ocean should be dry,
The river gods their stores supply:
The monarch of the glowing day
Drinks large potations from the sea:

And the pale empress of the night
Drinks from his orb propitious light:
All- -all things drink---abstemious sage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage?

NEWCASTLE BEER.

When fame brought the news of Great-Britain's success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the deities all to a treat:
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer;
Yet vow'd to his thinking,
For exquisite drinking,
Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,

Sent a meſſage that moment to Moor's * for a tun
Of ſtingo, the ſtouteſt, the brighteſt, and beſt:
No gods---they all ſwore,
Regal'd ſo before,
With liquor ſo lively, ſo potent, and clear:
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcaſtle beer.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water ſo long:
He bow'd, being aſk'd by the muſical nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore ſong:
But ere he began,
He toſs'd off his can:
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear:
Then ſang with great merit,
The flavour and ſpirit
His godſhip had found in our Newcaſtle beer.

'Twas ſtingo like this made Alcides ſo bold,
It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs;
And his myſtical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but ſuch liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules ſlew,
Were poverty, calumny, trouble, and fear:
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away ſorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcaſtle beer.

Ye youngſters, ſo diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the cholic, ſo rudely infeſts,
Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breaſts:
Dull whining deſpiſe,
Grow roſy and wiſe,
Nor longer the jeſt of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk, and be jolly,
And ſmoke o'er a tankard of Newcaſtle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom phyſic preſcribes,
Who bolus and potion have haraſs'd to death!
Ye wretches, whom law and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath!
Here's ſhelter and eaſe,
No craving for fees,
No danger, no doctor, no bailiff is near!
Your ſpirits this raiſes,
It cures your diſeaſes,
There's freedom and health in our Newcaſtle beer.

THE TOAST.

A CATCH.

Give the toaſt—my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
And let the briſk moments paſs jocund away!
Here's the king—take your bumpers, my brave Britiſh ſouls,
Who guards your fair freedom ſhould crown your full bowls,
Let him live—long and happy, ſee Lewis brought down,
And taſte all the comforts, no cares of a crown.

* *Moor's, at the ſign of the Sun, Newcaſtle.*

A THREE-PART CATCH.

'Tis in view—(the rich bleſſing kind nature beſtow'd,
To conquer our ſorrows, or lighten the load)
A full flaſk!—the rich nectar this bottle contains
In a flood of freſh rapture ſhall roll through our veins.
Let it bleed—and carouſing this liquor divine,
Sing an hymn to the god that firſt cultur'd the vine.

ON SIR W—— B——T'S BIRTH-DAY.

Does true felicity on grandeur wait?
Delights ſhe in the pageantry of ſhow?
Say, can the glitt'ring gewgaws of the great
An hour of inborn happineſs beſtow?

He that is juſt, benevolent, humane,
In conſcious rectitude ſupremely bleſt,
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes ſhall reign,
Though the gay ſtar ne'er blaz'd upon his breaſt.

Ye happy children of the hoary north,
Hail the glad day that ſaw your patron born;
Whoſe private virtues, and whoſe public worth,
Might the rich ſeats of royalty adorn.

STANZAS

Spoken at a Play at the Theatre in Sunderland, for the benefit of the Corſicans.

Who can behold with an unpitying eye
The glorious few (with patriotic fire)
Diſtreſt, invaded, and reſolv'd to die,
Or keep their independant rights entire?
Shackled themſelves, the ſervile Gauls would bind,
In their ignoble fetters, half mankind.

The gentle homage that, to-night, you've paid
To freedom, and her ever ſacred laws,
The humble off'ring at her altar made,
Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cauſe.
All-gracious freedom, O vouchſafe to ſmile,
Through future ages, on this favourite iſle!

Far may the boughs of liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the brave and free!
For ever blaſted be that impious hand,
That lops one branch from this illuſtrious tree!
Britons!—'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of liberty alive.

O may her rich, her ripening fruits of gold,
Britannia, bloom perpetually for thee!
May you ne'er want a dragon, as we're told
Defended once the fam'd Heſperian tree!
A dragon fix'd, for your imperial ſake,
With anxious eyes, eternally awake.

THE RESPITE:

A PASTORAL.

Ah, what is't to me that the graſhopper ſings!
Or what, that the meadows are fair!
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)
The butterflies flaunt it in air!

Ye birds, I'll no longer attend to a lay;
Your haunts in the foreſt reſign!
Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
Whilſt I am divided from mine?

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite,
We twiſted a blooming alcove;
And oft has my Damon, with ſmiles of delight,
Declar'd it the mantle of love.
The roſes that crept to our mutual receſs,
And reſted among the ſweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do leſs,
For Damon is falſe to his vows.

This oak has for ages the tempeſt defy'd,
We call it—the king of the grove;
He ſwore, a light breeze ſhould its centre divide,
When he was not true to his love:
Come, come, gentle zephyr, in juſtice deſcend,
His falſehood you're bound to diſplay;
This oak and its honours you'll eaſily rend,
For Damon has left me—a day.

The ſhepherd ruſh'd forth from behind the thick tree,
Prepar'd to make Phillida bleſt,
And claſping the maid, from an heart full of glee,
The cauſe of his abſence confeſt:
High raptures, 'twas told him by maſters in love,
Too often repeated, would cloy;
And reſpites——he found were the means to improve,
And lengthen the moments of joy.

AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

Cease, gentle ſounds, nor kill me quite
With ſuch exceſs of ſweet delight!
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills through ev'ry vital part;
A ſoft, a pleaſing pain
Purſues my heated blood through ev'ry vein;
What, what does the enchantment mean?
Ah, give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more!

Now wild with fierce deſire,
My breaſt is all on fire!
In ſoften'd raptures now I die!
Can empty ſound ſuch joys impart!
Can muſic thus tranſport the heart,
With melting ecſtaſy!
O art divine! exalted bleſſing!
Each celeſtial charm expreſſing!
Kindeſt gift the gods beſtow!
Sweeteſt good that mortals know!

When ſeated in a verdant ſhade
(Like tuneful Thyrſis) Orpheus play'd;
The diſtant trees forſake the wood,
The liſt'ning beaſts neglect their food,
To hear the heav'nly ſound;
The dryads leave the mountains,
The naiades quit the fountains,
And in a ſprightly chorus dance around.

To raiſe the ſtately walls of ancient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ;
See what ſoft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the ſound purſue,
Till in a large collected maſs they grew:
Had Thyrſis liv'd in theſe remoter days,
His were the chaplet of immortal bays!
Apollo's harp unknown!
The ſhepherd had remain'd of ſong
The deity alone.

FROM A TRUANT TO HIS FRIENDS.

'Tis not in cells, or a ſequeſter'd cot,
The mind and morals properly expand;
Let youth ſtep forward to a buſier ſpot,
Led by diſcretion's cool, conducting hand.

To learn ſome leſſons from the ſchools of man,
(Forgive me)! I forſook my darling home;
Not from a light, an undigeſted plan,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.

In your affections—(let reſentment fly)!
Reſtore me to my long-accuſtom'd place;
Receive me with a kind, forgiving eye,
And preſs me in the parent's fond embrace.

TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS,

WRITTEN BY NOBODY *.

Advance to fame—advance reveal'd!
Let conſcious worth be bold:
Why have you lain ſo long conceal'd,
And hid Peruvian gold?

Dan Phœbus did with joy diſcern
Your genius brought to light:
And many a Somebody ſhould learn,
From Nobody to write.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE:

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

Hark! how the ſoul of muſic reigns,
As when the firſt great birth of nature ſprung,
When chaos burſt his maſſy chains,
'Twas thus the cherubs ſung:

AIR.

Hail, hail, from this auſpicious morn
Shall Britiſh glories riſe!
Now are the mighty treaſures born,
That ſhall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the ſkies.

RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners ſpread,
His lofty clarions roar;
Till warlike echo fills with dread
The hoſtile Gallic ſhore.

AIR.

Mark, how his name with terror fills!
The magic ſound rebellion kills,
And brighters all the northern hills,
Where pallid treaſons dwell;
The monſter ſhall no more ariſe,
Upon the ground ſhe panting lies!
Beneath his William's foot ſhe dies,
And now ſhe ſinks to hell.

---

* *J. Robertſon, an actor belonging to the York Company.*

RECITATIVE.

Haſte—let Ierne's harp be newly ſtrung,
And after mighty George be William ſung.

AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William ſtands the firſt in ſtory:
He, with Britiſh ardour glows!
See, the pride of Gallia fading!
See, the youthful warrior leading
Britons, vengeful, to their foes!

RECITATIVE.

Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boaſts,
Nor ſhall the din of war diſturb her coaſts;
While Stanhope ſmiles, her ſons are bleſt,
In native loyalty confeſt!

AIR.

See—O ſee, thrice happy iſle!
See what gracious George beſtow'd;
Twice * have you ſeen a Stanhope ſmile,
Theſe are gifts become a God!

How the grateful iſland glows!
Stanhope's name ſhall be rever'd:
Whilſt by ſubjects, and by foes,
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

CHORUS.

Like Perſians to the riſing ſun,
Reſpectful homage pay;
At George's birth our joys begun;
Salute the glorious day!

THE BROKEN CHINA.

Soon as the ſun began to peep,
And gild the morning ſkies,
Young Chloe from diſorder'd ſleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian ſylph, the wanton ſprite
That waited on her ſtill,
Had teaz'd her all the tedious night
With viſionary ill.

Some ſhock of fate is ſurely nigh,
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:
What do theſe horrid dreams imply!
My Cupid can't be dead!

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of ſome miſhap;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the beſt of brittle ware,
Her ſumptuous table grac'd!
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd!

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick, the country beau appear'd,
And bowing, took his ſeat.

Well—chatting on, of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup;
And tempted by the forfeit kiſs,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With tranſport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won!
With many a frown the fair denies:
Fond baits to draw him on!

A man muſt prove himſelf polite,
In ſuch a caſe as this;
So Richard ſtrives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiſs.

But as he ſtrove—O dire to tell!
(And yet with grief I muſt)
The table turn'd—the china fell,
A heap of painted duſt!

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted, cry'd,
Occaſion'd (I confeſs my ſhame)
By childiſhneſs and pride!

For in a kiſs, or two, or three,
No miſchief could be found!
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been ſound.

* *Earl of Cheſterfield, and Earl of Harrington, both ſucceſſively Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.*

TO MR. ———.

Yes, Colin, 'tis granted, you flutter in lace,
You whiſper and dance with the fair;
But merit advances, 'tis yours to give place;
Stand off, and at diſtance revere:
Nor teaze the ſweet maid with your jargon of chat,
By her ſide as you ſaunter along;
Your taſte—your complexion—your this—and your that,
Nor liſp out the end of your ſong.

For folly and faſhion you barter good ſenſe,
(If ſenſe ever fell to your ſhare)
'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* commence,
Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air.
No end you can anſwer, affections you've none,
Made only for prattle and play;
Like a butterfly, baſk'd for a while in the ſun,
You'll die undiſtinguiſh'd away.

ON THE LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

Written in the Year 1771.

The rooks in the neighbouring grove
For ſhelter cry all the long day;
Their huts in the branches above
Are cover'd no longer by May:
The birds, that ſo cheerfully ſung,
Are ſilent, or plaintive each tone!
And, as they chirp, low, to their young,
The want of their goddeſs bemoan.

No daiſies, on carpets of green,
O'er nature's cold boſom are ſpread!
Not a ſweet-briar ſprig can be ſeen,
To finiſh this wreath for my head:
Some flow'rets, indeed may be found,
But theſe neither blooming nor gay;
The faireſt ſtill ſleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich, though fantaſtical geer;
With envy the months may have join'd,
And joſtled her out of the year:

Some ſhepherds, 'tis true, may repine,
To ſee their lov'd gardens undreſt,
But I—whilſt my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breaſt.

AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKE BY MR. DIGGS, AT EDINBRUGH.

SAY, can the garter, or the ſtar of ſtate,
That on the vain, or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems, with ſuch emphaſis impart,
As an inſignium near the Maſon's heart?
Hail ſacred Maſonry, of ſource divine,
Unerring miſtreſs of the faultleſs line,
Whoſe plumb of truth, with never-failing ſway,
Makes the join'd parts of ſymmetry obey!
Hail to the craft, at whoſe ſerene command
The gentle arts in glad obedience ſtand;
Whoſe magic ſtroke bids fell confuſion ceaſe,
And to the finiſh'd orders yield its place;
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.
To works of art her merit's not confin'd,
She regulates the morals, ſquares the mind;
Corrects with care the tempeſt-working ſoul,
And points the tide of paſſions where to roll;
On virtue's tablets marks each ſacred rule,
And forms her lodge an univerſal ſchool;
Where nature's myſtic laws unfolded ſtand,
And ſenſe and ſcience, join'd, go hand in hand.
O! may her ſocial rules inſtructive ſpread,
Till truth erect her long-neglected head;
Till, through deceitful night ſhe dart her ray,
And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of day!
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move;
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in brother's love.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening of the Theatre at York, after it was elegantly enlarged.

ONCE on a time his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of ſtrolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempeſt, came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter ſkelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for ſhelter.
Philemon plac'd his godſhip cloſe beſide him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him;
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He ſpread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And, fond to give his gueſt a meal of pleaſure,
Sung a rough ſong, in his rude country meaſure.
Jove was ſo pleas'd with theſe good-natur'd fallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.
Taſte, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her ſpy us)
Whether ſhe lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether ſhe found that we deſerv'd her favours,
I know not: But 'tis certain ſhe commanded
Our humble theatre ſhould be expanded.
The orders ſhe pronounc'd were ſcarcely ended,
But, like Philemon's houſe, the ſtage extended:
And thus the friendly goddeſs bids me greet ye;
'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] ſhe deſigns to meet ye:
Pedants would fix her reſidence with heathens,
But ſhe prefers old York to Rome or Athens.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke at the opening an elegant Little Theatre at Whitby.

FROM Shakſpeare---Johnſon---Congreve---Rowe
---and others---
The laurel'd liſt, the true Parnaſſian brothers!
Hither we're ſent, by their ſupreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.
Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's compliance;
Beauty and wit were always in alliance!
Their mutual ſway reforms the rude creation,
And taſte's determin'd by their approbation.
The tragic muſe preſents a ſtately mirror,
Where vice ſurveys her ugly form with terror:
And as the fiend departs---abaſh'd---diſcarded---
Imperial virtue's with the palm rewarded.
The comic glaſs, from modern groupes collected,
Shows fops and fools of every claſs---diſſected:
It marks the fair coquette's unfaithful dealings,
And proves that haughty prudes may have their failings.
For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
We'll blend, with honeſt mirth, ſome wholeſome ſatire.
Now for our bark---the veſſel's tight and able!
New built!---new rigg'd!---[*Pointing to the ſcenes*] with canvas---maſt---and cable!
Let her not ſink,---or be unkindly ſtranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed!
For though with heart and hand we heave together, [ther:
'Tis your kind plaudit muſt command the wea-
Nor halcyon ſeas,---nor gentle gales attend us,
'Till this fair circle with their ſmiles befriend us.

A PROLOGUE,

On opening the Theatre at Whitby the enſuing Seaſon.

O'ER the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home;
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries
'Twixt the blue boſoms---'Twixt the ſeas and ſkies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing eceſtaſies, by fancy dreſt,
What filial ſentiments expand his breaſt!
In the full happineſs he forms on ſhore,
Doubts---dangers---and fatigues are felt no more.
Such are the joys that in our boſoms burn!
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
With ſuch warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay, once more, our labours at your feet.
(Not without hopes your patronage will laſt)
We bend with gratitude for favours paſt.

That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
Rode ev'ry gale---nor ſtarted ev'n a ſplinter;
We bow to beauty---('twas thoſe ſmiles ſecur'd her)
And thank our patrons who ſo kindly moor'd her.
Still---ſtill---extend your gentle cares to ſave her,
That ſhe may anchor long in Whitby's---favour.

A PROLOGUE,

Spoke in the character of a Sailor, on opening the New Theatre at Northfields.

[*Without.*

Hollo! my maſters, where d'ye mean to ſtow us?
We're come to ſee what paſtime ye can ſhow us;
Sal, ſtep aloft---you ſhan't be long without me,
I'll walk their quarter deck and look about me.
[*Enters.*

Tom and Dick Topſail are above---I hear 'em,
Tell 'em to keep a birth, and Sal---ſit near 'em:
Sal's a ſmart laſs---I'd hold a but of ſtingo
In three weeks' time ſhe'd learn the playhouſe lingo:
She loves your plays, ſhe underſtands their meaning,
She calls 'em---moral rules made entertaining:
Your Shakſpeare books, ſhe knows 'em to a tittle;
And I, myſelf (at ſea) have read---a little.

At London, Sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouſe ſporting:
Maſs! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fidlers and their damn'd ſonatas;
Give me the merry ſons of guts and roſin,
That play——God ſave the King, and Nancy Dawſon.
[*Looking about.*

Well——though the frigate's not ſo much bedoyzen'd,
'Tis ſnug enough!---'Tis clever for the ſize on't:
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-Lane or Common-Garden.
[*Bell rings.*

Avaſt!---A ſignal for the launch, I fancy:
* What ſay you Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy,
Since they have trimm'd the pleaſure-barge ſo tightly,
Shan't you, and I, and Sal, come ſee them nightly!
The jolly crew will do their beſt endeavours,
They'll grudge no labour to deſerve your favours.
A luckier fate they ſwear can ne'er befall 'em,
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you---clap 'em.

AN EPILOGUE,

Spoke at Norwich, in the character of Mrs. Deborah Woodcock, in Love in a Village.

After the dangers of a long probation,
When Sybil like, ſhe's ſkill'd in penetration;
When ſhe has conquer'd each unruly paſſion,
And rides above the rocks that others daſh on;
When deeply mellow'd with reſerve and rigour;
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid, I wiſh the wiſe would tell us,
Should be the ſtanding jeſt of flirts and fellows!
In maxims ſage! in eloquence how clever!
Without a ſubject ſhe can talk---for ever!
Rich in old ſaws can bring a ſentence pat in,
And quote upon occaſion, lawyer's Latin.
Set up that toaſt, that culprit, *nobus corum*,
'Tis done---and ſhe's demoliſh'd in *turrorum*.
If an old maid's a dragoneſs on duty,
To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty;
'Tis right, for fear the giddy ſex ſhould wander,
To keep them in reſtraint by decent ſlander.
When ſlips are made, 'tis eaſy ſure to find 'em;
We can detect before the fair deſign'd them.
As for the men, whoſe ſatire oft hath ſtung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
Law, with long ſuits and buſy miſchiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undeny'd, and the aſſertion's common,
That modern phyſic is a mere old woman.
The puny ſop that ſimpers o'er his tea diſh,
And cries---indeed---Miſs Deb'rah's---quite old maidiſh!
Of doubtful ſex, of undetermin'd nature,
In all reſpects is but a virgin *cretur*.
Jeſting apart, and moral truths adjuſting!
There's nothing in the ſtate itſelf diſguſting;
Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
Are valu'd from propriety of carriage:
If gentle ſenſe, if ſweet diſcretion guide 'em,
If matters not though coxcombs may deride 'em;
And virtue's virtue, be ſhe maid or wedded,
A certain truth! ſay---Deb'rah Woodcock ſaid it.

* *To the gallery.*

A PROLOGUE,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

A little piece adapted to the Stage, by D. E. Baker, from the celebrated Poem of Oſſian, the Son of Fingal.

To form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the ſleepy ſtage a nobler ſpirit;
To touch a ſacred muſe, and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.
Though caution told him---the preſumption's glaring!
Dauntleſs, he cry'd, "It is but nobly daring!
Can we peruſe a pathos more than Attic,
Nor wiſh the golden meaſure ſtamp'd dramatic!
Here are no lines---in meaſur'd pace that trip it,
No modern ſcenes---ſo liſeleſs! ſo inſipid!
Wrought by a muſe---(no ſacred fire debarr'd her)
'Tis nervous! noble! 'tis true northern ardour!
"Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)
In ſong, the northern tribes ſo far ſurpaſs us,
One of their Highland hills they'll call Parnaſſus;
And from the ſacred mount decrees ſhould follow,
That Oſſian was himſelf---the true Apollo."
Spite of this flaſh---this high poetic fury,
He trembles for the verdict of his jury:
As from his text he ne'er preſum'd to wander,
But gives the native Oſſian to your candour,
To an impartial judgment we ſubmit him,
Condemn---or rather (if you can) acquit him.

AN EPILOGUE.

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

In fond romance let fancy reign creative!
Valour among the northern hills is native;
The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Offian's ſtory,
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
Nor could the ſtormy clime, with all its rigour
Repel, in love or war, the hero's vigour.
When honour call'd, the youth diſdain'd to ponder,
And as he fought, the fav'rite maid grew fonder.
The brave, by beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.
If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard, at home, had ev'ry power deſcriptive;
He ſwell'd the ſacred ſong, enhanc'd the ſtory,
And rais'd the warrior to the ſkies of glory.
That northern lads are ſtill unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their coſt can tell us;
The ſway of northern beauty, if diſputed,
Look round, ye infidels, and ſtand confuted:
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known 'em.
They're ſuch---The ſacred Offian can't diſown 'em.
To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your uſual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And ſtamp it with the ſanction of your favour.

AN EPILOGUE.

Spoke in the Character of Lady Townley, in the Provoked Huſband.

At lady---let me recollect---whoſe night is't?
No matter---at a circle the politeſt;
Taſte ſummons all the ſatire ſhe is able,
And canvaſſes my conduct to the table.
"A wife reclaim'd, and by an huſband's rigour!
A wife with all her appetites in vigour!
Lard! ſhe muſt make a lamentable figure!
"Where was her pride! of ev'ry ſpark diveſted!
To mend, becauſe a prudiſh huſband preſs'd it!
What! to prefer his dull domeſtic quiet,
To the dear ſcenes of hurricane and riot!
Parties diſclaim'd, the happy rout rejected!
Becauſe at ten ſhe's by her ſpouſe expected!
Oh hideous! how immenſely out of nature!
Don't you, my dears, deſpiſe the ſervile creature?
"Prudence, although the company be good,
Is often heard, and ſometimes underſtood.
Suppoſe, to juſtify my reformation,
She'd give the circle this conciſe oration.
"Ye giddy groupe of faſhionable wives,
That in continued riot waſte your lives;
Did ye but ſee the demons that deſcend,
The cares convulſive that on cards attend;
The midnight ſpectres that ſurround your chairs,
(Rage reddens here---there avarice deſpairs)
You'd ruſh for ſhelter where contentment lies,
To the domeſtic bleſſings you deſpiſe!
"Or if you've no regard to moral duty,
('Tis trite but true)---Quadrille will murder beauty."
Taſte is abaſh'd, (the culprit) I'm acquitted,
They praiſe the character they lately pity'd;
They promiſe to reform---relinquiſh play,
So break the tables up at---break of day.

AN EPILOGUE.

Spoke at Edinburgh, in the Character of Lady Fanciful.

Fancy, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And folly, whoſe original is Gallic,
Set up to ſale their vaſt miſhapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large ſubſcription, bought her.
The fertile ſoil grew fond of this exotic,
And nurs'd her, till her pow'r became deſpotic;
Till ev'ry would-be beauty in the nation
Did homage at the ſhrine of affectation.
But common ſenſe will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair ones of this place) diſown her.
If ſhe attempts the dimpled ſmile delightful!
The dimpled ſmile of affectation's frightful:
Mark but her bagatelles,---her whine---her whimper---
Her loll---her liſp---her ſaunter, ſtare---her ſimper;
All outres, all---no native charm about her,
And ridicule would ſoon expire without her.
Look for a grace, and affectation hides it;
If beauty aims an arrow, ſhe miſguides it:
So awkwardly ſhe mends unmeaning faces,
To inſipidity ſhe gives——grimaces.
Without her dear coquettiſh arts to aid 'em,
Fine ladies would be juſt as nature made 'em,
Such ſenſible---ſincere---domeſtic creatures,
The jeſt of modern belles, and *petit maitres*.
Safe with good ſenſe, this circle's not in danger
But as the foreign phantom's---here a ſtranger,
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
For truſt me, ladies, ſhe'd deform your faces,
And with a ſingle glance deſtroy the graces.

AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

Spoke at Alnwick, in Northumberland, at a Charitable Benefit Play, 1765.

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune ceaſe,
To tell anxiety---I give thee peace,
To quell adverſity---or turn her darts,
To ſtamp fraternity on gen'rous hearts:
For theſe high motives---theſe illuſtrious ends,
Celeſtial charity to-night deſcends.
Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops to the ſun-burnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpolluted ſtream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
Pity and peace precede her as ſhe flies,
And mercy beams benignant in her eyes!
From her high reſidence, from realms above,
She comes, ſweet harbinger of heavenly love!

* Her ſiſter's charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cauſe that call'd her here to-night.
An artleſs grace the conſcious heart beſtows
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows,
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal roſe.
The lofty pyramid ſhall ceaſe to live!
Fleeting the praiſe ſuch monuments can give!
But charity, by tyrant time rever'd,
Sweet charity, amidſt his ruins ſpar'd,
Secures her votaries unblaſted fame,
And in celeſtial annals ſaves their name.

AN EPILOGUE,

Deſigned to be ſpoke at Alnwick, on reſigning the Playhouſe to a party detached from the Edinburgh Theatre.

To Alnwick's lofty ſeat, a ſylvan ſcene!
To riſing hills from diſtance doubly green,
Go—ſays the god of wit, my ſtandard bear,
Theſe are the manſions of the great † and fair,
'Tis my Olympus now, go ſpread my banners there.
Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flowery place;
Here—we behold a gentle waving wood!
There—we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood!
The lanſcape ſmiles!---the fields gay fragrance wear!
Soft ſcenes are all around---refreſhful air!
Slender repaſt indeed, and but cameleon fare!
A troop, at certain times compell'd to ſhift,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift;
By tyrant managers a while conſign'd,
To fatten on what forage they can find;
With lawleſs force our liberty invades,
And fain would thruſt us from theſe fav'rite ſhades;
But we (ſince prejudice erects her ſcale,
And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
To ſtronger holds with cool diſcretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be---undone.
With gratitude, ſtill we'll acknowledge the favours
So kindly indulg'd to our ſimple endeavours;
To the great and the fair we reſt thankfully debtors,
And wiſh we could ſay, we gave place to our betters.

A PROLOGUE,

TO LOVE AND FAME.

Spoke at Scarborough.

Entering.

WHERE is this author?---Bid the wretch appear,
Let him come in, and wait for judgment---here.
This awful jury, all impatient, wait;
Let him come in, I ſay, and meet his fate!
Strange, very ſtrange, if ſuch a piece ſucceeds!
(Puniſh the culprit for his vile miſdeeds)
Know ye to-night, that his preſumptuous works,
Have turn'd good Chriſtians into---Heathen Turks?
And if the genius an't corrected ſoon,
In his next trip, he'll mount us to the moon.
Methinks I hear him ſay---" For mercy's ſake
Hold your raſh tongue---my love and fame's at ſtake;
When you behold me---diffident—diſtreſt!
'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jeſt:
Well---if you will---but why ſhould I diſtruſt?
My judges are as merciful as juſt;
I know them well, have oft their friendſhip try'd,
And their protection is my boaſt---my pride."
Hoping to pleaſe, he form'd this buſtling plan;
Hoping to pleaſe! 'tis all the moderns can:
Faith! let him 'ſcape, let love and fame ſurvive,
With your kind ſanction keep his ſcenes alive;
Try to approve (applaud we will exempt)
Nor cruſh the bardling in this hard attempt.
Could he write up to an illuſtrious theme,
There's mark'd upon the regiſter of fame
A ſubject---but beyond the warmeſt lays!
Wonder muſt paint, when 'tis a G---nby's praiſe.

* *The Counteſs of Northumberland, who honoured the charity with her preſence.*

† *The Earl and Counteſs of Northumberland, Lord and Lady Warkworth, &c.*

A PROLOGUE TO RULE A WIFE.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

'Tis an odd portrait that the poet drew!
A ſtrange irregular he ſets in view!
'Mongſt us---thank heaven---the character's unknown,
(Bards have creative faculties we own)
And this appears a picture from his brain,
'Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.
Should we the portrait with the ſex compare,
'Twould add new honours to the modern fair;
Their merit, by the ſoil, conſpicuous made,
And they ſeem'd brighter from contraſting ſhade.
Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
Nor ſhould ſuch antiquated maxims hold;
Shall ſubject man aſſert ſuperior ſway,
And dare to bid the angel ſex obey!
Or if permitted to partake the throne,
Deſpotic, call the reins of power his own!
Forbid it, all that's gracious---that's polite!
(The fair to liberty have equal right)
Nor urge the tenet, though from Fletcher's ſchool,
That every huſband has a right to rule.
A matrimonial medium may be hit,
Where neither governs, but where both ſubmit.
The nuptial torch with decent brightneſs burns,
Where male and female condeſcend by turns;
Change then the phraſe, the horrid text amend,
And let the word obey,---be condeſcend.

A PROLOGUE,

On reviving the Merchant of Venice, at the time the Bill had paſſed for naturalizing the Jews.

'TWIXT the ſons of the ſtage, without penſions or places,
And the vagabond Jews, are ſome ſimilar caſes;

Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much by ſlander,
Both lawleſs, alike, have been ſentenc'd to wander;
Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;
Lard, that word's ſo uncouth!---'tis ſo irkſome to ſpeak it! [take it.
But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taſte, as I
Well---now to the point---I'm ſent here with commiſſion,
To preſent this fair circle our humble petition:
But conſcious what hopes we ſhould have of ſucceeding,
Without (as they phraſe it) ſufficiently bleeding:
And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we can rake up,
Like our good fathers---Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob;
We muſt frankly confeſs we have nought to preſent ye, [ye
But Shakſpeare's old ſterling---pray let it content
This Shylock, the Jew, whom we mean to reſtore ye,
Was naturaliz'd oft by your fathers before ye;
Then take him to-night to your kindeſt compaſſion,
For to countenance Jews is the pink of the faſhion.

A PROLOGUE,

For ſome Country Lads, performing the Devil of a Wife, in the Chriſtmas Holidays.

In days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmleſs mirth, and ſocial plenty ſtor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols ſung, or told their Chriſtmas tale;
In ſtruts St. George, old England's champion knight,
With haſty ſteps, impatient to recite
"How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight."
From ev'ry ſide---from Troy---from ancient Greece,
Princes pour in to ſwell the motley piece;
And while their deeds of proweſs they rehearſe,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verſe.
Intent to raiſe this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs, our ſimple ſtage play comes to birth.
Our want of art we candidly confeſs.
But give you nature in her homeſpun dreſs;
No heroes here---no martial men of might!
A cobler is the champion of to-night;
His ſtrap, more fam'd than George's lance of old,
For it can tame that dragoneſs, a ſcold:
Indulgent, then, ſupport the cobler's cauſe,
And though he may'nt deſerve it, ſmile applauſe.

A PROLOGUE,

ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE IN NEWCASTLE, 1760.

If to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals---to enlarge the mind,
To ſtrip the ſelf-deceiving paſſions bare,
With honeſt mirth to kill an evening's care;
If theſe kind motives can command applauſe,
For theſe the motley ſtage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exiſts by praiſe,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?
Is not the wretch (ſtill trembling for his ſtore)
Pleas'd when he graſps a glitt'ring thouſand more?
Cheers not the mariner propitious ſeas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliſs?
To ev'ry queſtion we'll reply with---yes.
Suppoſe them gratified---their full delight
Falls ſhort of ours on this auſpicious night;
When rich in happineſs---in hopes elate,
Taſte has receiv'd us to our fav'rite ſeat.
O that the ſoul of action were but ours,
And the vaſt energy of vocal powers!
That we might make a grateful off'ring fit
For theſe kind judges that in candour ſit.
Before ſuch judges, we confeſs, with dread,
Theſe new dominions we preſume to tread;
Yet if you ſmile, we'll boldly do our beſt,
And leave your favours to ſupply the reſt.

AN INTRODUCTION,

Spoke at the Theatre in Sunderland, to a Play performed there for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans of that place.

On widows---orphans---left, alas! forlorn,
(From the rack'd heart its every comfort torn)
Humanity, to-night, conſers relief,
And ſoftens, though ſhe can't remove their grief:
Blaſted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
The ſons of ſympathy (with ſorrow chill'd)
Behold the wretched matron---madly weep,
And hear her cry---"My joys are in the deep!"
To the tremendous Power that rules mankind,
Lord of the ſeas---the calm and boiſt'rous wind,
We bow, obedient, and with awe reſign'd.
His ways, inſcrutable, we can't explore,
No---we may wonder, but we muſt adore.
Happy, for ever, be the generous breaſt,
That feels compaſſion for the poor diſtreſt;
Happy the hand that ſtops the ſufferer's tear!
Such hands there are, and ſuch we find, are here.

AN ELEGIAC ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

"Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas,
"Regumque turres." HOR.

England! thy genius veſted like deſpair,
With loud diſtreſs alarms the chalky ſhore:
Britons! he cries, and rends his hoary hair,
Britons! your much-lov'd monarch is no more!

The ſea-gods from their pearl-embroider'd beds,
Who to great George the green dominion gave,
No longer liſt their coral-crowned heads,
But dive diſtreſs'd beneath the trembling wave.

Hark, how the winds, erſt bounteous to his will,
That bore his thund'ring fleets to Gallia's ſhore,
Pauſe,---for a while, pathetically ſtill,
Then let their ſorrows burſt in pealy roar.

The nymphs that in the ſacred groves preſide,
Where Britain's conqu'ring oaks eternal ſpring,
In their embrown'd retreats their ſorrows hide,
And ſilent mourn the venerable king.

Tenants of liberty, on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd, a vaſt unnumber'd ſtore!
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign;
Your Pan, your great protector is no more!

The Britiſh ſwains, e'er whiles a blitheſome throng,
No more in laughter's band, to revel ſeen!
No more the ſhepherd tunes his cheerful ſong,
Or dances ſportful on the dew-dreſs'd green.

Beauty, no more the toy of faſhion wears,
(So late by love's deſignful labour dreſt);
But from her brow the luſter'd diamond tears,
And with the ſable cypreſs veils her breaſt.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading ſtate of crowns below;
While melancholy fills the vaulted iſle,
With the ſlow muſic of heart-wounding woe.

See the deteſtful owl, ill-omen'd, riſe!
Dragg'd, by deſpair, from her ſequeſter'd cell;
And, by the diſcord of ſhrill ſhrieking cries,
Doubling the horrors of the deep-ton'd bell.

The choral muſes droop! their harps unſtrung,
The lutes and laurel wreaths neglected fall!
Commerce---beſtill'd her many nation'd tongue,
Whilom ſo buſy in her buſtling hall *!

Behold the virtues rang'd, a ſorrowing band!
They mourn their king with grief dejected eyes,
See art and ſiſter ſcience, weeping ſtand!
For ah! their patron, their defender dies;

On conqueſt's cheek, ſee how the roſes fail!
Grief makes, alas! the faireſt bloſſoms bow!
And honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
The erſt beam'd glorious on our George's brow.

The dreary paths of unrelenting fate, [try!
Muſt monarchs, mix'd with common mortals,
Is there no refuge for the good and great?
And muſt the gracious and the godlike die?

Muſt gilded courts be chang'd for horror's cave!
And ſcepter'd kings, who keep the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the unpitying grave,
Scarce ſav'd their laurels from its rig'rous law!

Search where fell carnage rag'd with rigour ſteel'd,
Where ſlaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And ſay, when you've bewept the blood ſtain'd field, [man?
Which is the monarch! which the common

The Macedonian monarch†, wiſe and good,
Bade (when the morning's roſy reign began)
Courtiers ſhould call, as round his couch they ſtood,
" Philip, remember thour't no more than man.

" Though glory ſpread thy name from pole to pole,
" Though thou art merciful, and brave, and juſt,
" Philip, reflect thour't poſting to the goal,
" Where mortals mix in undiſtinguiſh'd duſt."

What then avails ambition's wide-ſtretch'd wing!
The ſchoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Mingle promiſcuous in the levelling tomb.

So Saladin *, for arts and arms renown'd,
The Syrians and Egyptians both ſubdu'd;
Returning, with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the periſhable pomp he view'd.

And as he rode, high on his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conqueſt dreſt,
Conſpicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd on a pendant ſpear his burial veſt.

While thus the herald cry'd, " This ſon of pow'r,
" This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
" May, in the ſpace of a revolving hour,
" Boaſt of no other ſpoil but yonder ſhroud."

Can the deep ſtateſmen, ſkill'd in great deſign,
Save, for the ſmalleſt ſpace, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the ſacred nine,
Sooth, with his melody, the tyrant death?

No! though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thouſand guards around,
Unerring, and unſeen, the ſhaft of fate,
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,
Britannia's ſighs ſhall reach great Fred'ric's† ear;
He'll drop the ſword, or ſhut the ſophic page,
And penſive pay the tributary tear.

Then ſhall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
(As he laments the parent, friend, ally),
The ſolemn truth, by ſage reflection taught,
That ſpite of glory, Fred'ric's ſelf muſt die.

Crowns, like the glow-worm's ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd light,
For a ſhort moment glance their twinkling fires,
But there's a deathleſs wreath, divinely bright,
Whoſe more than diamond luſtre, ne'er expires.

Such is the ſtarry meed that virtue ty'd
With her own hands on George's gracious brow;
Eternal ſhall its golden beams abide,
Though the bright ſun ſhould from its orbit bow.

Nor is the ſacred gift to kings confin'd,
The wretch, to fortune, friends, and fame unknown,
Shall, if ſweet piety adorn his mind,
Mount to the higheſt ſtep of glory's throne.

---

* *The hall of Commerce, the Royal Exchange.*

† *Philip, king of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, appointed the pages of his chamber, to remind him every morning, that notwithſtanding his glory and power, he was no more than a mere mortal man.*

* *Saladin, a famous eaſtern Emperor, in his triumphant return from the moſt remarkable conqueſts, had a ſhroud carried before him, while proclamation was made, that the victor, after all his glory, could lay real claim to nothing but that wretched linen to wrap his body in for the tomb.*

† *Frederic, King of Pruſſia.*

The parent's face Apelles * prudent hides,
While death devours the darling of his age:
Nature the pencil'd ſtroke of art derides,
When grief diſtracts with agonizing rage.

Then let the muſe her fableſt curtain ſpread,
By ſorrow taught her nerveleſs pow'r to know:
When nations cry, their king, their parent's dead,
The reſt is dumb, unutterable woe.

Mercy, copartner of great George's throne,
Through the embrighted air aſcendant flies,
Duteous, the peace beſtowing maid is flown
To ſmooth his halcyon progreſs to the ſkies.

But ſee a ſacred radiance beams around!
That with returning hope a people cheers!
Behold yon youth, with grace imperial crown'd,
How awful! yet how lovely in his tears!

Mark how his boſom heaves the filial ſigh!
He droops diſtreſs'd like a fair froſt-chill'd flower,
Till glory from her radiant ſphere on high,
Hails him to hold the reins of regal power.

The ſainted ſire to realms of bliſs remov'd,
Like the fam'd phœnix from his pyre ſhall ſpring,
Another George as gracious, as belov'd,
As good, and glorious, as the parent king.

HORACE,

ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

Chloe, my moſt tender care,
Always coy, and always fair,
Should unwiſh'd-for languor ſpread
O'er that beauteous white and red;
Should theſe locks that ſweetly play
Down theſe ſhoulders, fall away,
And that lovely bloom that glows,
Fairer than the faireſt roſe;
Should it fade, and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace;
Should your glaſs the charge betray,
Thus, my fair, you'd weeping ſay,
'Cruel gods! does beauty fade?
'Now warm deſires my breaſt invade;
'And why, while blooming youth did glow,
'Was this heart as cold as ſnow?'

SENT TO MISS BELL H——,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

Happy trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondneſs to the fair;
If your pointed tongues can tell,
How I love my charming Bell:
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguiſh of my heart.
Go---ye trifles---gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)
Fly---your envy'd bliſs to meet;
Fly, and kiſs the charmer's feet.
Happy there, with waggiſh play,
Though you revel day by day,
Like the donor, ev'ry night,
(Robb'd of his ſupreme delight)
To ſubdue your wanton pride,
Uſeleſs, you'll be thrown aſide.

* *Apelles finding it impoſſible to expreſs with his pencil, the diſtreſs of Agamemnon, while his daughter Iphigenia was offered as a ſacrifice, painted him with a veil ſpread over his face.*

TO CHLOE,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Chloe think it ſtrange,
Time ſhould make a lover change?
Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See, the proud aſpiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal ſtroke:
If on beauty's cheek he preys,
Streight the roſy bloom decays:
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at time's approach---expires.
How can Chloe think it ſtrange,
Time ſhould make a lover change?

INCANTATION.

Performed at the Theatre in Sunderland, in a New Pantomime.

RCITATIVE.

Hecate.

From the dark, tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the ſun hath left the ſkies,
Daughters of inchantment, riſe.

AIR.

[*The Witches appear.*

Welcome from the ſhades beneath!
Welcome to the blaſted heath!
Where the ſpectre and the ſprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams!---with attention keen,
Wait the wiſh of Harlequin:
Many a wonder muſt be done
For my firſt, my fav'rite ſon.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder ſhall be done,
Hecate, for your fav'rite ſon.

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

From my favour, ſenſe rejected,
Fools by fortune are protected:
Fortune, Harlequin, hath found you,
Happineſs will hence ſurround you.

Should a thouſand ills encloſe you,
Quick contrivance this * beſtows you!
Valour makes the fair adore you;
This † ſhall drive your foes before you.

* *A hat.* † *A ſword.*

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure!
Take this purse of magic treasure;
Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and jollity attend you.

ACROSTIC.

P-RAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the graces,
(O-n a visit they came, and had just ta'en their places) [faces:
L-et me know why of late I can ne'er see your
L-adies, nothing, I hope, happen'd here to affright ye: [ye.
Y-ou've had compliment cards ev'ry day to invite
S-ays Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious proceeding, [breeding:
U-nderhand, dear mamma, there's some mischief a-
T-here's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
T-hat your loves and your graces all swerve from their duty [on.
O-n my life, says dame Venus, I'll not thus be put
N-ow I think on't, last night, some one call'd me Miss Sutton.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SLEIGH,

OF STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honour'd, much lamented Sleigh!
The kindred virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the earth, could die;
Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

ACROSTIC.

W-HERE no ripen'd summer glows,
I-n the lap of northern snows;
D-eserts gloomy, cold, and drear,
(O-nly let the nymph be there)
W-reaths of budding sweets would wear.
M-ay would every fragrance bring,
A-ll the vernal bloom of spring:
D-ryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
D-ancing, would attend their queen:
E-very flower that nature spreads,
R-ising where the charmer treads!

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,
And give a short (perhaps), a quick relief;
While the full heart, o ercharg'd with public woe,
Must labour through a long, protracted grief.

This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's blast)
The sons of Albion can't enough deplore;
Think, Britons, think on all his triumphs past,
And weep——your warrior is——alas! no more.

Blight, we are told, respects the conqu'ror's tree,
And, through the laurel grove with caution flies;
Vague---and how vain must that assertion be,
Cover'd with laurels when a Granby dies!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ———,

OF SUNDERLAND.

Go, breath of sorrow,---go attending sighs,
Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
And charity's first steward --is no more.

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?
Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?
Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,
So gracious---good---so tenderly humane?

Yes---there survives his darling offspring---young,
Yet in the paths of virtue, steady---sure!
'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,
'Think (O remember), think upon my poor.'

A PETITION

To the Worshipful Free-masons, delivered from the Stage by a Lady, at a Comedy countenanced by that Fraternity.

BROTHERS!---'tis bold to interrupt your meeting.
But from the female world I wait you---greeting.
[*Curtsies.*
The ladies can advance a thousand reasons,
That make them hope to be received as masons:
To keep a secret,---not one hint expressing, [sing!
To rein the tongue,-----O husbands, there's a blessAs virtue seems the mason's sole foundation,
Why should the fair be barr'd from---Installation?
If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong us;
Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us;
Think---brothers---think, and graciously admit us;
Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us:
How to be wiser, and more cautious, teach us,
Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us:
The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage,
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
Were caus'd (if I've a grain of penetration)
From each great lady's not being made a mason.
Accept us then, to brotherhood receive us,
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us.

AN ODE

FOR THE BIRTH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

"Arma, Virumque, cano." VIRG.

RECITATIVE.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
That through the starry region strays:
From Zembla to the torrid zone,
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

AIR.

Be banish'd from the books of fame,
Ye deeds in distant ages done;
Lost and inglorious is the name
Of Hannibal, or Philip's son:
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's king!

Where reſtleſs envy can't explore,
Or flatter'd hope preſume to fly;
Fate bade victorious Fred'rick ſoar,
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

His rapid boles tremendous break,
Through nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blaſts that ſhake
The boſom of the frighted ſea.
Could Greece, &c.

In vain, to ſhake the throne of Jove,
With impious rage, the giants try'd;
'Gainſt Fred'rick's force the nations ſtrove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

While prudence guides his chariot wheels,
Through virtue's ſacred paths they roll;
Immortal truth his boſom ſteels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields,
In conſort with her brave ally,
Saves her fair roſes in the fields,
Where Gaul's deteſted lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendſhip ſpring,
'Twixt mighty George and Pruſſia's king.

The jocund bowl let Britons raiſe,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;
Fill—to great Frederick's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage ſing
A chieftan fam'd like Pruſſia's king!

AN ODE,

Compoſed for the Birth day of the late General Lord Blakeney.

The muſes harps, by concord ſtrung!
Loud let them ſtrike the feſtal lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.
Ariſe, paternal glory riſe,
And lift your Blakeney to the ſkies!

Behold his warlike banners wave!
Like Britain's oak the hero ſtands:
The ſhield—the ſhelter of the brave!
The guardian o'er the Britiſh bands!
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

He wreſts the wreath from Richlieu's * brows,
Which fraud or faction planted there;
France to the gallant hero bows,
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

With partial conqueſt on their ſide!
The ſons of Gaul---a pageant crew!
Rank, but inglorious in their pride,
To Blakeney, and his vanquiſh'd few.
Ariſe, paternal, &c.

Hibernia †, with maternal care,
His labour'd ſtatue lifts on high:
Be partial, time!—the trophy ſpare,
That Blakeney's name may never die!
Ariſe, paternal glory, riſe!
And lift your Blakeney to the ſkies.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

See how the buds and bloſſoms ſhoot:
How ſweet will be the ſummer fruit!
Let us behold the infant roſe;
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning ſmiles, ſerenely gay;
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid,
In early innocence array'd!
If, in the morning of her years,
A luſtre ſo intenſe appears,
When time ſhall point her noon-tide rays,
When her meridian charms ſhall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd muſt gaze.

A SONNET:

ADDRESSED TO MISS S———.

When Flora decks the mantling bowers,
In elegant array,
And ſcatters all her opening flowers,
A compliment to May!

With glowing joy my boſom beats;
I gaze delighted round,
And wiſh to ſee the various ſweets
In one rich noſegay bound.

'Tis granted—and their bloom diſplay'd,
To bleſs my wond'ring view;
I ſee them all—my beauteous maid,
I ſee them all in—you.

ANACREON.

ODE V. IMITATED.

THE ROSE.

Shed roſes in the ſprightly juice,
Prepar'd for ev'ry ſocial uſe!
So ſhall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.
Ourſelves, with roſy chaplets bound,
Shall ſing, and ſet the goblet round.
Thee, ever gentle roſe, we greet,
We worſhip thee, delicious ſweet!
For though by mighty gods careſs'd,
You deign to make us mortals bleſt.
The Cupids, and the graces fair,
With myrtle ſprigs adorn their hair;
And nimbly ſtrike celeſtial ground,
Eternal roſes blooming round.
Bring us more ſweets, ere theſe expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre:
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial ſon,
Shall lead us to his fav'rite ton:

* *Richlieu, commander of the expedition againſt Port-Mahon.*

† *A ſtatue was erected in Dublin to the memory of General Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.*

Among the ſporting youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auſpicious ſhades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We'll dance the jovial hours away.

MOSCHUS,

IDYLLIUM VII*.

(*As tranſlated by Dr. Broome:*)

TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL, golden ſtar, of ray ſerene!
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen!
O Heſper! glory of the night,
Diffuſing through the gloom, delight!
Whoſe beams all other ſtars outſhine,
As much as ſilver Cynthia thine:
O guide me, ſpeeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my ſhepherd ſwain!
He keeps the mirthful feaſt, and ſoon
Dark ſhades will cloud the ſplendid moon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold:
Love is my crime: O lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way!
May the bright ſtar of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of love!

A PASTORAL.

WHERE the fond zephyr through the woodbine plays,
And wakes ſweet fragrance in the mantling [bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegoom ſtays
Impatient—for 'tis paſt—the promis'd hour!

Lend me thy light, O ever-ſparkling ſtar!
Bright Heſper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.

'Tis to eſcape the penetrating ſpy,
And paſs, unnotic'd, from malignant ſight,
This dreary waſte, full reſolute, I try,
And truſt my footſteps to the ſhades of night.

The moon has ſlipp'd behind an envious cloud,
Her ſmiles, ſo gracious, I no longer view;
Let her remain behind that envious ſhroud,
My hopes, bright Heſperus, depend on you.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmleſs breaſt;
I hurt no birds, nor rob the buſtling bee:
Hear, then, what love and innocence requeſt,
And ſhed your kindeſt influence on me.

Thee---Venus loves---firſt twinkler of the ſky,
Thou art her ſtar---in golden radiance gay!
On my diſtreſſes caſt a pitying eye,
Aſſiſt me---for, alas! I've loſt my way.

I ſee the darling of my ſoul---my love!
Expreſſions can't the mighty rapture tell:
He leads me to the boſom of the grove:
Thanks, gentle ſtar—kind Heſperus, farewell!

TO CHLOE, IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

CONSIDER, ſweet maid, and endeavour
To conquer that pride in thy breaſt;
It is not a haughty behaviour
Will ſet off thy charms to the beſt.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you,
But ſhould a bold tempeſt ariſe,
The billows enrag'd would affright you:
Loud objects of awful ſurpriſe!
'Tis thus, when good humour diffuſes
Its beams o'er the face of a fair;
With rapture his heart a man loſes,
While frowns turn love to deſpair.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

AN EPIGRAM.

A MEMBER of the modern great
Paſs'd Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of ſtate,
The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney ſhall receive the praiſe
His lordſhip would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's ſhoes are paid for.

ANOTHER.

To Waſteall, whoſe eyes were juſt cloſing in death,
Doll counted the chalks on the door; [breath,
In peace, cry'd the wretch, let me give up my
And fate will ſoon rub out my ſcore.

Come, bailiffs, cries Doll, (how I'll hamper this cheat)!
Let the law be no longer delay'd,
I never once heard of that fellow call'd fate,
And by G—d he ſhan't die till I'm paid.

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead;
Says Richard, Tom, you lie,
Old Rancour the report hath ſpread,
But genius cannot die.

A POSTSCRIPT.

WOULD honeſt Tom G——d * get rid of a ſcold,
The torture, the plague of his life!
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

EPIGRAPH FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

Executed by Mr. P. Cunningham, Statuary in Dublin.

SAY, to the Drapier's vaſt unbounded fame,
What added honours can the ſculptor give?
None---'tis the ſanction from the Drapier's name
Muſt bid the ſculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM.

COULD Kate for Dick compoſe the Gordian ſtring,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!

---

* *To this Idyllium (tranſlated by Dr. Broome) the author owns himſelf indebted for a hint, from which the following paſtoral proceeds.*

* *Landlord of the Golden Lion, an inn in Yorkſhire.*

A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her ſpouſe.

APOLLO TO MR. C—— F——,

On his being ſatirized by an ignorant Perſon.

WHETHER he's worth your ſpleen or not,
You've aſk'd me to determine:
I wiſh my friend a nobler lot
Than that of trampling vermin.
A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unleſs that we'd befriend him:
As you've ſome common ſenſe to ſpare,
I'll pay what you may lend him.

ON SEEING J. C——FT, ESQ. ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice,
Would a man of worth defame;
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only ſhows his want of ſhame.

Buſy, pert, unmeaning parrot!
Vileſt of the venal crews!
Go---and in your Grub-ſtreet garret,
Hang yourſelf and paltry muſe.

Pity too the meddling ſinner
Should for hunger hang or drown:
F——x, (he muſt not want a dinner)
Send the ſcribbler half a crown.

VERSES BY THE AUTHOR,

Written about three Weeks before his Death.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And ſee my long name at the end,
You'll cry---"And has Cunningham time
"To give ſo much verſe to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof (though ſevere)
Is juſt from the letters I owe;
But blameleſs I ſtill may appear,
For nonſenſe is all I beſtow.

However, for better for worſe,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearſe—
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The drama and I have ſhook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage;
Submiſſive I met her commands---
For nothing can cure me of age.

My ſunſhine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleaſure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure---
A penſion ſupplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whoſe fortunes I ſtruggled to raiſe!
I conquer my pride as I can---
His charity merits my praiſe!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the ſupply---
His kindneſs exceeds my deſert,
And often ſuppreſſes a ſigh.

But like the old horſe in the ſong,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze—
To fortune theſe changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; through the day
Her ſmiles were the ſmiles of deceit—
At noon ſhe'd her favours diſplay,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her preſence I court,
No longer I ſhrink at her frowns!
Her whimſies ſupply me with ſport—
And her ſmiles I reſign to the clowns!

Thus loſt to each worldly deſire,
And ſcorning all riches---all fame,
I quietly hope to retire
When time ſhall the ſummons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worſt!
Their numbers, I grant, are confin'd;
But you are, ſtill, one of the firſt.

A POEM

To the Memory of

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

BY ROBERT FERGUSSON.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the muſe and her ſong;
Ye grottos and dripping alcoves,
No ſtrangers to CORYDON's tongue.

Let each ſylvan and dryad declare
His themes and his muſic how dear,
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on CORYDON's bier.

The echo that join'd in the lay,
So amorous, ſprightly, and free,
Shall ſend forth the ſounds of diſmay,
And ſigh with ſad pity for thee.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze;
His reed can no longer controul;
His numbers no longer can pleaſe,
Or ſend kind relief to the ſoul.

But long may they wander and bleat,
To hills tell the tale of their woe;
The woodlands the tale ſhall repeat,
And the waters ſhall mournfully flow.

For theſe were the haunts of his love,
The ſacred retreats of his eaſe,
Where favourite fancy would rove,
As wanton, as light as the breeze.

Her zone will diſcolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound,
A face pale and languid ſhe'll wear,
A heart fraught with ſorrow profound.

The reed of each ſhepherd will mourn;
The ſhades of Parnaſſus decay:
The muſes will dry their ſad urn,
Since 'reſt of young CORYDON's lay.

To him every paſſion was known
That throbb'd in the breaſt with deſire;
Each gentle affection was ſhown
In the ſoft ſighing ſongs of his lyre.

Like the carolling thruſh on the ſpray
In muſic ſoft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,
And the ſongs of the ſhepherd approve,
Who felt, who lamented the ſnare,
When repining at pityleſs love.

The ſummer but languidly gleams,
Pomona no comfort can bring,
Nor vallies, nor grottos, nor ſtreams,
Nor the May-born flowrets of ſpring.

They have fled all with CORYDON's muſe,
For his brows to form chaplets of woe,
Whoſe reed oft awaken'd their boughs
As the whiſpering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful ſpring
His lyre was melodiouſly ſtrung;
While fairies and fawns in a ring
Have applauded the ſwain as he ſung.

To the cheerful he uſher'd his ſmiles,
To the woeful his ſigh and his tear;
A condoler with want and her toils,
When the voice of oppreſſion was near.

Though titles and wealth were his due,
Though fortune denied the reward;
Yet truth and ſincerity knew
What the goddeſs would never regard.

Avails ought the generous heart,
Which nature to goodneſs deſign'd,
If fortune denies to impart
Her kindly relief to the mind?

'Twas but faint the relief to diſmay,
The cells of the wretched among;
Though ſympathy ſung in the lay,
Though melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favour'd of fortune attend
To the ails of the wretched and poor:
Though CORYDON's lays could befriend,
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to compaſſion are dumb,
To pity their voices unknown;
Near ſorrow they never can come,
'Till misfortune has mark'd them her own.

Now the ſhades of the evening depend;
Each warbler is lull'd on the ſpray;
The cypreſs doth ruefully bend
Where the corpſe of cold CORYDON ſtay.

Adieu then the ſongs of the ſwain,
Let peace ſtill attend on his ſhade;
And his pipe that is dumb to his ſtrain,
In the grave be with CORYDON laid.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

MATTHEW GREEN.

Containing

THE SPLEEN,	ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY,
THE GROTTO,	SPARROW AND DOVE,
THE SEEKER,	JOVE AND SEMELE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

The want of method pray excuſe,
Allowing for a vapour'd muſe.
The child is genuine; you may trace
Throughout the ſire's tranſmitted face
Nothing is ſtol'n: My muſe, though mean,
Draws from the ſpring ſhe finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon ſells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

THE SPLEEN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF GREEN.

Of the perſonal hiſtory of GREEN, very few particulars are known; and for thoſe few, the world is chiefly obliged to the editor of "Dodſley's Collection, 1783, and an anonymous writer in the "European Magazine," 1785.

Mathew Green was born in 1696. He was of a family of good repute among the Diſſenters, and had his education in that ſect. He was a man of approved probity, and ſweetneſs of temper and manners. His wit abounded in converſation, and was never known to give the leaſt offence. He had a poſt in the Cuſtom-houſe, and diſcharged the duty there with the utmoſt diligence and ability. He died in 1737, at the age of forty-one years, at lodgings in Nag's-head Court, Grace-church Street.

To the above account, in "Dodſley's Collection," which was furniſhed by his friend Glover, the celebrated author of "Leonidas," it may be added, that he was nephew to Mr. Tanner, clerk of Fiſhmonger's-hall. He had not much learning; but knew a little Latin.

He was very ſubject to the hyp; had ſome free notions in religious ſubjects; and though bred among the Quakers, grew diſguſted at the preciſeneſs and formality of the ſect.

The following anecdotes are related in the "European Magazine," 1785, upon the authority of Glover.

Mr. Sylvanus Bevan, a Quaker, and a friend of Green, was mentioning at Button's Coffee-houſe, that while he was bathing in the river, a waterman ſaluted him with the uſual compliment of the lower claſs of people, by calling "a Quaker, a Quaker, quirl." He at the ſame time expreſſed his wonder, how his profeſſion could be known while he was without his clothes. Green immediately replied, that the waterman might diſcover him by his ſwimming againſt the ſtream.

The department in the Cuſtom-houſe to which Green belonged, was under the controul of the Duke of Mancheſter, who uſed to treat thoſe immediately under him once a-year. After one of thoſe entertainments, Green ſeeing a range of ſervants in the hall, ſaid to the firſt of them, "Pray, Sir, do you give tickets at your turnpike?"

In a reform which took place in the Cuſtom-houſe, among other articles, a few pence paid weekly, for providing the cats with milk, were ordered to be ſtruck off. On this occaſion, Green wrote a humorous petition, as from the cats, which prevented the regulation, in that particular form, from taking place.

Green's converſation was as novel as his writings; which occaſioned one of the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms, a very dull man, to obſerve, that he did not know how it was, but Green always expreſſed himſelf in a different manner from other people.

This very original poet publiſhed nothing in his lifetime. In 1732, he printed, and gave away, a few copies of *The Grotto*, written in the character of a *Fiſherman*, ſince inſerted in "Dodſley's Collection;" but for reaſons which cannot readily be gueſſed at, the following introductory lines are omitted.

We had a water-poet once,
Nor was he regiſter'd a dunce:
I'll lay awhile my writing by,
And hang abroad my nets to dry,

And ſtow my apoſtolic boat,
And try to raiſe a ſwan-like note;
For fiſhing oft in Twick'nam reach,
I've heard fine ſtrains along the beach,
That tempt to ſing a cave's renown,
And fetch from thence an ivy crown.

Again, after the line,

That tells, unaſk'd, th' injurious tale,

Of treaty of intriguing kind,
With ſecret article here ſign'd;
And beds conceal'd with buſhy trees,
Planted with Juno's lettuces.

After the line

We beſt what is true nature find,

theſe two lines ſhould follow:

Chemiſts and laws their proceſs ſuit,
They metals, theſe the mind tranſmute.

His poem, intituled *The Spleen, An Epiſtle to Mr. C. Jackſon*, was written piecemeal, and would never have been completed, had he not been preſſed to it by his friend Glover; who committed it to the preſs ſoon after his death, in 1737. It was afterwards reprinted with the *Grotto*, in "Dodſley's Collection;" and received, with *The Seeker*, verſes *on Barclay's Apology for the Quakers*, and three lighter pieces, into the edition of the "Engliſh Poets," 1790

Many of his unpubliſhed manuſcripts were in the poſſeſſion of Glover at the time of his death, in 1785; which, it is hoped, have been preſerved by his family, and will be publiſhed, with the dramatic pieces he left behind him.

Conſidered as a poet, Green ranks with Butler and Prior; neither of whom, however, he profeſſedly imitates. He has originality in many parts.

His thoughts are unborrowed and unexpected, and the ſtrain of his diction original and peculiar. He has Butler's exuberance of matter, and variety of illuſtration; and Prior's poliſhed wit, and eaſy verſification.

The *Grotto* is written with great elegance and great ſprightlineſs; the language is neat and eaſy, and the numbers ſmooth, without the appearance of care.

Gray has not diſdained to borrow hints from this performance; as every reader of his beautiful "Ode to Spring," and the following exquiſite lines, will readily perceive.

Four chiefs adorn the modeſt ſtone,
For virtue, as for learning known:
The thinking ſculpture helps to raiſe
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place;
To the mind's ear, and inward ſight,
Their ſilence ſpeaks, and ſhade gives light;
While inſects from the threſhold preach,
And minds, diſpos'd to muſing, teach;
Proud of ſtrong limbs, and painted hues,
They periſh by the ſlighteſt bruiſe;
Or maladies begun within,
Deſtroy more ſlow life's frail machine;
From maggot youth, through change of ſtate,
They feel like us the turns of fate;
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And change earth's cells for dwellings high;
And ſome that did their ſix wings keep,
Before they died, been forc'd to creep;
They politics like ours profeſs,
The greater prey upon the leſs;
Some ſtrain on foot, huge loads to bring,
Some tire inceſſant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore,
With ſenſe of want, by future ſtore;
Nor from their vig'rous ſchemes deſiſt,
Till death, and then are never miſs'd;

Some frolic, toil, marry, increaſe,
Are ſick and well, have war and peace;
And, broke with age, in half a day
Yield to ſucceſſors, and away.

The lines, beginning, *O Delia! when I touch this ſtring*, are written with equal vigour and elegance.

The Spleen, his greateſt work, has many admirers. It is written in that beautiful energetic ſtyle, which characteriſes this poet; and pleaſes by the juſtneſs of the ſentiments, and the novelty and variety of the illuſtrations. The diction is conciſe, nervous, and ſimple, and pleaſes by its perſpicuity and freedom from ambitious ornament. The original idea ſeems to have been taken from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy;" a book to which a mind of the greateſt powers may be indebted without diſgrace. His deſign, as he tells his friend Mr. Jackſon, is not

To write a treatiſe on the ſpleen;
Nor to preſcribe when nerves convulſe;
Nor mend th' alarum watch your pulſe.
If I am right, your queſtion lay,
What courſe I take to drive away
The day-mare ſpleen, by whoſe falſe pleas
Men prove mere ſuicides in eaſe;
And how I do myſelf demean,
In ſtormy world to live ſerene.

In deſcribing his peculiar habits, opinions, and amuſements, he appears to have propoſed to himſelf no particular method; but to have written the caſual dictates of the preſent moment. The deſcriptions are unconnected, and the reflections independent on one another, but whatever topic employs his mind, he ſhows himſelf qualified to expand and illuſtrate it with all the acceſſaries that wit, learning, and obſervation, can furniſh. His verſes are not tiſſues of common thoughts, or light images, that may be traced in books. He diſplays, on every ſubject, a wonderful compaſs of comprehenſion, and activity of fancy.

No poet, except Butler, has ever brought ſo many remote images ſo happily together. It is ſcarcely poſſible to peruſe a ſingle couplet, without finding ſome aſſociation of images that was never found before.

His verſes *On Barclay's Apology*, are characteriſed by the ſame originality of thought, ſimplicity of language, and facility of expreſſion. The *Sparrow and the Dove*, diſplays conſiderable invention, and no ſmall portion of eaſe, vivacity, and humour. The mythological ſtory of *Jove and Semele*, though not over decent, is written with great familiarity, and great ſprightlineſs.

"Of Mr. Matthew Green, of the Cuſtom-houſe," ſays Mr. Duncombe, "Gentleman's Magazine," vol. L. p. 122, "I know no more than that Pope, on reading this excellent poem *The Spleen*, ſaid, "there was a great deal of originality in it."

"In this poem," ſays Mr. Melmoth, "Fitzoſborne's Letters," p. 114, "there are more original thoughts thrown together, than I have ever read in the ſame compaſs of lines."

THE WORKS OF GREEN.

THE SPLEEN.

An Epiſtle to Mr. Cuthbert Jackſon.

THIS motley piece to you I ſend,
Who alwàys were a faithful friend;
Who, if diſputes ſhould happen hence,
Can beſt explain the author's ſenſe;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I ſing, ſo often feel.
The want of method pray excuſe,
Allowing for a vapour'd muſe;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.
The child is genuine; you may trace
Throughout the ſire's tranſmitted face,
Nothing is ſtol'n: my muſe, though mean,
Draws from the ſpring ſhe finds within;
Nor vainly buys what * Gildon ſells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells
School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treaſures lie,
And there unſeen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I ſteal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won †:
They ſafely ſing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And juſtly laurell'd with renown,
Whoſe ſtamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects of theft beware;
From More ‡ ſo laſh'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.
Firſt know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatiſe on the ſpleen;
Nor to preſcribe when nerves convulſe;
Nor mend the alarum watch, your pulſe.
If I am right, your queſtion lay,
What courſe I take to drive away
The day-mare ſpleen, by whoſe falſe pleas
Men prove mere ſuicides in eaſe;
And how I do myſelf demean
In ſtormy world to live ſerene.
When by its magic lantern ſpleen
With frightful figures ſpreads life's ſcene,
And threat'ning proſpects urg'd my fears,
A ſtranger to the luck of heirs;
Reaſon, ſome quiet to reſtore,
Show'd part was ſubſtance, ſhadow more;
With ſpleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I ſunk not down,
But ſwam, till fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.
I always chooſe the plaineſt food
To mend viſcidity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of eaſy acceſs to the poor;
Thy help love's confeſſors implore,
And doctors ſecretly adore;
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute---
Through veins my blood doth quicker ſhoot,
And by ſwift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of ſpleen.
I never ſick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myſelf a cup too low,
And ſeldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of ſpirits, which I want.
Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and ſtir the blood:
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While ſpleen lies ſoft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's ſons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn.
Theſe ſee her from the duſky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With roral waſh redeem her face,
And prove herſelf of Titan's race,
And, mounting in looſe robes the ſkies,
Shed light and fragrance as ſhe flies.
Then horſe and hound fierce joy diſplay,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in purſuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robuſt field-notes reſound.
Then, as St. George the dragon ſlew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their ſpirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.
To cure the mind's wrong bias, ſpleen;
Some recommend the bowling green;

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* *Gildon's Art of Poetry.*

† "A painted veſt Prince Vortiger had on,
"Which from a naked Pict his grandſire
"won."
Howard's Britiſh Princes.

‡ *James More Smith, Eſq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumſtances of the tranſaction here alluded to are very fully explained.*

Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.
Since mirth is good in this behalf;
At some partic'lers let us laugh.
Witlings brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythoniss's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacks compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquette's April weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military show,
Are sov reign for the case in view.
If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.
Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the passion's dance;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shown,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.
In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;

Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffeehouse I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be serene;
Pain, hell, and purgatory, spleen.
Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borr'wing Spanish red,
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.
Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams.

But when blue eyes, more ſoftly bright,
Diffuſe benignly humid light,
We gaze, and ſee the ſmiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in ſuch a face,
Love's mercy-ſeat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its ſnow;
Again fires long-extinguiſh'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.
But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at leaſt!
Hence I with care ſuch lott'ries ſhun,
Where, a prize miſs'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greateſt riſk in life.
Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out ſo much coſt and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;
Of every folly-foſt'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of cuſtom bred.
Rather than by your culture ſpoil'd,
Deſiſt, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden ſoul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquettes, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to ſhun your ſnares have ſkill,
You ſhow ſo plain, you ſtrive to kill.
In love the artleſs catch the game,
And they ſcarce miſs who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The ſex to fit the nuptial ſtate,
And meant a bleſſing in a wife
To ſolace the fatigues of life;
And old inſpired times diſplay,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And houſe-wife arts adorn'd the ſoul;
And charms, the gift of nature, ſhone;
And jealouſy, a thing unknown:
Veils were the only maſks they wore;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puiſſance felt at loo
Wiſe men did not to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away:
But left, by frail deſires miſled,
The girls forbidden paths ſhould tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the ſafe high wall:
We ſink haw-haws, that ſhow them all.
Thus we at once ſolicit ſenſe,
And charge them not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, conſider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.
I never am at meeting ſeen,
Meeting, that region of the ſpleen;
The broken heart, the buſy fiend,
The inward call on ſpleen depend.
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is diſeaſe;

A gipſy diction ſcarce known well
By all magi, who law fortunes tell,
I ſhun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the ſpleen;
Law, grown a foreſt, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex;
Where its twelve verd'rers every day
Are changing ſtill the public way:
Yet if we miſs our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;
And wand'rers tire, and tear their ſkin,
And then get out where they went in.
I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing paſs the gate,
And there mine eyes on ſpendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wiſdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding viſits there,
And forces folly through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profuſely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience join'd with common ſenſe,
To mortals is a providence,
Paſſion, as frequently is ſeen,
Subſiding ſettles into ſpleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party ſtrife.
A prince's cauſe, a church's claim,
I've known to raiſe a mighty flame,
And prieſt, as ſtoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe, whoſe practicals decree
Small beer the deadlieſt hereſy;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the moſt noted whore alive;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whoſe gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace:
Nor they ſo pure, and ſo preciſe,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the ſpirit hug the ſpleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-taſted home-brew'd pray'r
To the ſtate's mellow forms prefer;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not ſteep'd in vinegar,
And ſamples of heart-cheſted grace
Expoſe in ſhow-glaſs of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.
I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, becauſe they are in place;
Nor, hir'd to praiſe with ſtallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expoſitors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and ſtate.

I go, purſuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan.
And think it right in common ſenſe
Both for diverſion and defence.
Reforming ſchemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vaſt deſign:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ſhip afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and ſtream contend:
Succeſs herein is ſeldom ſeen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to ſpleen.
Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His ſkiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd againſt the tide.
He, paddling by the ſcuffling crowd,
Sees uncencern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
By theſe reflections I repeal
Each haſty promiſe made in zeal.
When goſpel propagators ſay,
We're bound our great light to diſplay,
And Indian darkneſs drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen ſend,
And ſcoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every Chriſtian ſhould be for,
Yet ſuch as owe the law their ears,
We find employed as engineers:
This view my forward zeal ſo ſhocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At ſuch a conduct, which intends
By vicious means ſuch virtuous ends,
I laugh off ſpleen, and keep my pence
From ſpoiling Indian innocence.
Yet philoſophic love of eaſe
I ſuffer not to prove diſeaſe,
But riſe up in the virtuous cauſe
Of a free preſs, and equal laws.
The preſs reſtrain'd! nefandous thought!
In vain our fires have nobly fought:
While free from force the preſs remains,
Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,
And learning largeſſes beſtows,
And keeps uncenſur'd open houſe.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and ſchemes of art,
And philoſophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge ſo affords,
Inquiſitors with flaming ſwords
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Leſt their own paradiſe ſhould end.
The preſs from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, ſkill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monſter ſuperſtition fled,
And hid in ſhades its Gorgon head;
And lawleſs pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reaſon quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurſe of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treaſon againſt ſenſe;
And, liberty, thy thouſand tongues
None ſilence, who deſign no wrongs;
For thoſe, who uſe the gag's reſtraint,
Firſt rob, before they ſtop complaint.
Since diſappointment gauls within,
And ſubjugates the ſoul to ſpleen,
Moſt ſchemes, as money-ſnares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet freſh fools are caſt away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted veſſel runs aground;
Or in deep ſeas it overſets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight firſt embezzled, ſink the ſhip.
Such was of late a corporation *,
The brazen ſerpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents diſtreſs'd,
The poor muſt look at to be bleſt,
And thence expect, with paper ſeal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.
I in no ſoul-conſumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the ſpare diet of a ſmile.
There you may ſee the idol ſtand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the ſunny glare.
Crowds pant, and preſs to ſeize the prize,
The gay deluſion of their eyes.
When fancy tries her limning ſkill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raiſe and round the figure well,
And ſhow her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, leſt it ſhould woo
Unreal beauties fancy drew,
And diſappointed, feel deſpair
At loſs of things, that never were.
When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the park;
Whoe'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expreſſes, votes,
Juſt in the manner ſwallows uſe,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whoſe latrant ſtomachs oft moleſt
The deep-laid plans their dreams ſuggeſt;
Or ſee ſome poet penſive ſit,
Fondly miſtaking ſpleen for wit:
Who, though ſhort-winded, ſtill will aim
To ſound the epic trump of fame;
Who ſtill on Phœbus' ſmiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;

* *The Charitable Corporation, inſtituted for the relief of the induſtrious poor, by aſſiſting them with ſmall ſums upon pledges at legal intereſt. By the villany of thoſe who had the management of this ſcheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very conſiderable ſums of money. In 1732, the conduct of the directors of this body, became the ſubject of a parliamentary inquiry, and ſome of them who were members of the Houſe of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous tranſaction.*

I bleſs my ſtars, I never knew
Whimſies, which cloſe purſu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of ſpleen.
Theſe ſubjects of Apollo's ſtate,
Who from falſe fire derive their fate,
With airy purchaſes undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor loſt one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies firſt delirious grew,
And ſcenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the ſight Parnaſſus lies,
And with falſe proſpects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets ſing,
A ſeaſon of perpetual ſpring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording ſweets and ſimilies,
Gay dreams inſpir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The ſacred muſic of the nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Raviſh their ſouls, and plainly ſhow
What fancy's ſketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain ſteep,
Where on the top, like dreams in ſleep,
The muſe's revelations ſhow,
That find men crack'd, or make them ſo.
  You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waſte of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To paſs for Phœbus' crazy ſon.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the moſt uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wiſe
With blanks ſo many to a prize.
I only tranſient viſits pay,
Meeting the muſes in my way.
Scarce known to the faſtidious dames,
Nor ſkill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their paſſports in theſe days,
Your profit warrant, or your praiſe.
On poems by their dictates writ
Critics, as ſworn appraiſers, ſit,
And mere upholſt'rers in a trice
On gems and paintings ſet a price.
Theſe tail'ring artiſts for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with ſtrait ſtays
Striving free nature's ſhape to hit,
Emaciate ſenſe, before they fit.
  A common place, and many friends,
Can ſerve the plagiary's ends,
Whoſe eaſy vamping talent lies,
Firſt wit to pilfer, then diſguiſe.
Thus ſome devoid of art and ſkill
To ſearch the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aſpire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to ſtay below,
For their own digging ſhow the town
Wit's treaſure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artiſt's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baſer metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious maſs a play.
All theſe engage to ſerve their ends,
A band ſelect of truſty friends,
Who, leſſon'd right, extol the thing,
As Pſapho * taught his birds to ſing;
Then to the ladies they ſubmit,
Returning officers on wit:
A crowded houſe their preſence draws,
And on the beaux impoſes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:
Their natures merciful and mild
Have from mere pity ſav'd the child;
In bulruſh ark the bantling found
Helpleſs, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preſerv'd by kind ſupport,
And brought the baby-muſe to court.
But there's a youth† that you can name,
Who needs no leading-ſtrings to fame,
Whoſe quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain;
Dreaming of whoſe depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inſpir'd by me with ſacred art,
He ſings, and rules the varied heart;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearſe,
We hear the thunder in his verſe;
If he deſcribes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
The keener paſſions then engage
Aright, and ſanctify their rage;
If he attempt diſaſtrous love,
We hear thoſe plaints that wound the grove.
Within the kinder paſſions glow,
And tears diſtill'd from pity flow.
  From the bright viſion I deſcend,
And my deſerted theme attend.
  Me never did ambition ſeize,
Strange fever moſt inflam'd by eaſe!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt fortune for a bride,
This par'diſe-tree, ſo fair and high,
I view with no aſpiring eye:
Like aſpen ſhake the reſtleſs leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no ſurpriſe,
But fits of ſpleen, call'd growing wiſe.
Greatneſs in glitt'ring forms diſplay'd
Affects weak eyes much us'd to ſhade,
And by its falſely-envy'd ſcene
Gives ſelf-debaſing fits of ſpleen.

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* *Pſapho was a Libyan, who deſiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this means: He took young birds and taught them to ſing. Pſapho is a great god. When they were perfect in their leſſon, he let them fly; and other birds learning the ſame ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered ſacrifice to him, and conſidered him as a deity.*

† *Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas, Boadicea, Medea, &c.*

We ſhould be pleas'd that things are ſo,
Who do for nothing ſee the ſhow,
And, middle ſiz'd, can paſs between
Life' hubbub ſafe, becauſe unſeen,
And 'midſt the glare of greatneſs trace
A wat'ry ſun ſhine in the face,
And pleaſures fled to, to redreſs
The ſad fatigue of idleneſs
Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auſpices impart
And for thy temple chooſe my heart.
They, whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find;
They both diſdain in outward mien
The grave and ſolemn garb of ſpleen,
And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy, and hide diſtreſs:
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows,
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts, that round them fly;
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſs'd.
Forc'd by ſoft violence of pray'r,
The blithſome goddeſs ſooths my care,
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made,
A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving-man, not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe, and keep the keys;
And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of niece;
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe.
May Heav'n (it's all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlope with buſhes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds,
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtillneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the ſpreading beech
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach,
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind,
Here Dryads, ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair.
And ſilver ſtreams through meadows ſtray,
Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea,
And laugh at miſerable elves
Not kind, ſo much as to themſelves,
Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy,
As can poſſeſs, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By av'rice, ſphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing virtue's liv'ry ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh off the clown,
And quicken taſte at coming down,
Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing in age,
When fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to bloſſom ſoon again.
But now more ſerious ſee me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.
Th' enthuſiaſt's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reaſon foil'd.
His ſpringy ſoul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, huſh'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when aſleep;
Then, fond of new diſcoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own.

Diſdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endleſs ſpace,
Borne up on metaphyſic wings,
Chaſes light forms and ſhadowy things,
And in the vague excurſion caught,
Brings home ſome rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man ſuch dreams,
As brighteſt evidence, eſteems;
Fain would he ſee ſome diſtant ſcene
Suggeſted by his reſtleſs ſpleen,
And fancy's teleſcope ſupplies
With tinctur'd glaſs to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I cloſe examine by the light;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare ſun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common ſenſe
On faith's mere hereſay evidence?
That ſuperſtition mayn't create,
And clubs its ills with thoſe of fate,
I many a notion take to taſk,
Made dreadful by its viſor maſk.
Thus ſcruple, ſpaſm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find,
Since optic reaſon ſhews me plain,
I dreaded ſpectres of the brain,
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood ſown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper ſenſe,
And neither ſuit nor ſervice do,
Nor homage to pretenders ſhow,
Who boaſt themſelves by ſpurious roll
Lords of the manor of the ſoul;
Preferring ſenſe, from chin that's bare,
To nonſenſe thron'd in whiſker'd hair.
To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens!* divinely great!——
Hold, muſe, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor ſtraining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown nor madly ſtray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint,
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline fit?
My ſoul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyſelf, the fitter ſubject, know.
He wiſely ſhuns the bold extreme,
Who ſoon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wiſdom's ſyrens caught,
On quickſands ſwall'wing ſhipwreck'd thought;
But, conſcious of his diſtance gives
Mute praiſe, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our ſight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjuſt,
Calm and reſign'd, I fix my truſt;
To him my paſt and preſent ſtate
I owe, and muſt my future fate.
A ſtranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Tranſported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior ſtate.
Hence I no anxious thoughts beſtow
On matters I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant paſs'd,
He'll grant a ſettlement at laſt,
And with ſweet eaſe the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no ſooner loſt but found,
And diſſolution ſoon to come,
Like ſponge, wipes out life's preſent ſum,
But can't our ſtate of pow'r bereave
An endleſs ſeries to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another ſtate,
And conſciouſneſs muſt go along,
And ſign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures muſt decree
More happineſs than miſery,
Or be ſuppoſed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate;
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cauſe lameneſs halts, or blindneſs errs.
Thus, thus I ſteer my bark, and ſail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reaſon ſit,
My crew of paſſions all ſubmit.
If dark and bluſt'ring prove ſome nights,
Philoſophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glaſs,
To ſhun the breakers, as I paſs.
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To ſee what dangers may be hid;
And once in ſeven years I'm ſeen
At Bath or Tunbridge to careen.
Though pleas'd to ſee the dolphins play,
I mind my compaſs and my way,
With ſtore ſufficient for relief,
And wiſely ſtill prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the diſperſive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the ſoul,
I make (may Heav'n propitious ſend
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

AN EPIGRAM,

On the Reverend Mr. Laurence Echard's and Biſhop Gilbert Burnet's Hiſtories.

Gil's hiſtory appears to me
Political anatomy,
A caſe of ſkeletons well done,
And malefactors every one.
His ſharp and ſtrong inciſion pen
Hiſtorically cuts up men,
And does with lucid ſkill impart
Their inward ails of head and heart.
Laurence proceeds another way,
And well-dreſs'd figures doth diſplay;
His characters are all in fleſh,
Their hands are fair, their faces freſh;
And from his ſweet'ning art derive
A better ſcent than when alive.
He wax-work made to pleaſe the ſons,
Whoſe fathers were Gil's ſkeleton's.

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A SONG.

I LATELY ſaw, what now I ſing,
Fair Lucia's hand diſplay'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a ſparrow play'd.

The feather'd plaything ſhe careſs'd,
She ſtroak'd its head and wings;
And while it neſtled on her breaſt,
She liſp'd the deareſt things.

With chizzled bill a ſpark ill-ſet
He looſen'd from the reſt,
And ſwallow'd down to grind his meat,
The eaſier to digeſt.

She ſeiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to deſcry:
'Twas gone! ſhe ſicken'd at the ſight,
Moaning her bird would die.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might uſe,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their ſhoes,
The ſtreet was laid with ſtraw.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of ſtrong emetic kind,
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

When phyſic ceas'd to ſpend its ſtore,
To bring away the ſtone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

His eyes diſpell'd their ſickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia, recovering at the news,
Relapſes for the ring.

Meanwhile within her beauteous breaſt
Two different paſſions ſtrove;
When av'rice ended the conteſt,
And triumph'd over love.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the ſex diſplay,
Who, only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away.

Drive av'rice from your breaſts, ye fair,
Monſter of foulcſt mien:
Ye would not let it harbour there,
Could but its form be ſeen.

It made a virgin put on guile,
Truth's image break her word,
A Lucia's face forbear to ſmile,
A Venus kill her bird.

JOVE AND SEMELE.

Occaſioned by a Lady's ſaying, That none of the ancient poetical ſtories reflected ſo much on the vanity of women, as that of Phaëton does on the ambition of men.

JOVE for amuſement quitted oft his ſkies,
To viſit earth, contracted to our ſize;
And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)
Exceedingly a game of romps below.
Miſs Semele he pick'd up, as he went,
And thought he pleas'd her to her heart's content.
But minds aſpiring ne'er can be at eaſe;
Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to pleaſe.
In tendereſt time, which women know, 'tis ſaid,
Thus ſhe beſpake the loving god in bed.
Thou, who gav'ſt Dædalus his mazy art,
And knoweſt all things but a woman's heart,
Hear my requeſt for ſomething yet untry'd,
And ſwear by Styx, I ſhall not be deny'd.
Fond Jove, like men, the better to ſucceed,
T'ook any oath; then bade the girl proceed.
In human guiſe, great Jove, leave off to rove,
Deceiving womankind, and pilf'ring love:
What are thoſe joys, which as a man you give,
To what a god of thunder can atchieve?
Such weight of love and might of limbs employ,
As give immortal madams heav'nly joy.
Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,
And Semele enjoy'd the god in ſtate:
When flaming ſplendours round his beamy head
Divinely ſhone, and ſtruck the mortal dead.
Faint from the courſe though we a while retreat,
To cool and breathe before another heat;
The gods can't know, freſh with eternal prime,
Love's ſtinted pauſe, nor want recruits from time;
But muſt with unabating ardours kiſs,
And bear down nature with exceſs of bliſs.
Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties grace,
Poſſeſs'd of lawleſs empire by your face,
Not to do what you liſt, becauſe you may,
Let cool diſcretion warm deſires allay;
And itching curioſity believe,
A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.
Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,
Your ſex, like ours, has had its Phaëton.

THE SEEKER.

WHEN I firſt came to London, I rambled about
From ſermon to ſermon, took a ſlice and went out.
Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
Many prieſts to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed ſyſtems, which they recommended.
Said a lech'rous old fri'r, ſkulking near Lincoln's-Inn, ſin;
(Whoſe trade's to abſolve, but whoſe paſtime's to
Who, ſpider-like ſeizes weak Proteſtant flies,
Which hung in his ſophiſtry cobweb he ſpies);
Ah, pity your ſoul! for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
The Bible, you boaſt, is a wild revelation;
Hear a church that can't err, if you hope for ſalvation.
Said a formal non-con (whoſe rich ſtock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in ſhop window of face),
Ah, pity your ſoul: come, be of our ſect;
For then you are ſafe, and may plead you're elect.

As it ſtands in the Acts, we can prove ourſelves
saints, [againſt.
Being Chriſt's little flock every where ſpoke
Said a jolly church parſon (devoted to eaſe,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece),
If you pity your ſoul, I pray liſten to neither;
The firſt is in error, the laſt a deceiver:
That ours' is the true church, the ſenſe of our
tribe is,
And ſurely *in medio tutiſſimus ibis*. [band
Said a yea and a nay friend, with a ſtiff hat and
(Who, while he talk'd gravely, would hold forth
his hand),
Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all diſ-
agree;
Then pr'ythee be wiſe, go the Quaker's by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, ſo nothing to pay.

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS *.

These ſheets primeval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd;
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Syſtems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to goſpel-chyle within.
Truth ſublimate may here be ſeen,
Extracted from the parts terrene.
In theſe is ſhown, how men obtain
What of Prometheus poets feign:
To Scripture plainneſs dreſs is brought,
And ſpeech, apparel to the thought.
They hiſs, from inſtinct, at red coats,
And war, whoſe work is cutting throats,
Forbid, and preſs the law of love:
Breathing the ſpirit of the dove.
Lucrative doctrines they deteſt,
As manufactur'd by the prieſt;
And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
For ſtuff, which never mends the way;
And tythes, a Jewiſh tax, reduce,
And frank the goſpel for our uſe.
They ſable ſtanding armies break;
But the militia uſeful make:
Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
Taught by theſe rules as well as they;
Rules which, when truths themſelves reveal,
Bid us to follow what we feel.
The world can't hear the ſmall ſtill voice,
Such is its buſtle and its noiſe;
Reaſon the proclamation reads,
But not one riot paſſion heeds.
Wealth, honour, power, the graces are,
Which here below our homage ſhare:
They, if one votary they find
To miſtreſs more divine inclin'd,
In truth's purſuit, to cauſe delay,
Throw golden apples in his way.
Place me, O Heav'n! in ſome retreat;
There let the ſerious death-watch beat,
There let me ſelf in ſilence ſhun,
To feel thy will, which ſhould be done.
Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
When faſt the ſenſes' doors are ſhut;
For ſo divine and pure a gueſt
The emptieſt rooms are furniſh'd beſt.
O contemplation! air ſerene!
From damps of ſenſe, and fogs of ſpleen!
Pure mount of thought! thrice holy ground,
Where grace, when waited for, is found.
Here 'tis the ſoul feels ſudden youth,
And meets, exulting, virgin truth;
Here, like a breeze of gentleſt kind,
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind;
Here ſhines that light with glowing face,
The fuſe divine, that kindles grace;
Which, if we trim our lamps, will laſt,
Till darkneſs be by dying paſt.
And then goes out at end of night,
Extinguiſh'd by ſuperior light.
Ah me! the heats and colds of life,
Pleaſure's and pain's eternal ſtrife,
Breed ſtormy paſſions, which confin'd,
Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,
And raiſe deſpair; my lamp can laſt,
Plac'd where they drive the furious blaſt.
Falſe eloquence! big empty ſound!
Like ſhowers that ruſh upon the ground!
Little beneath the ſurface goes,
All ſtreams along, and muddy flows.
This ſinks, and ſwells the buried grain,
And fructifies like ſouthern rain.
His art, well hid in mild diſcourſe,
Exerts perſuaſion's winning force,
And nervates ſo the good deſign,
That King Agrippa's caſe is mine.
Well-natur'd, happy ſhade, forgive
Like you I think, but cannot live.
Thy ſcheme requires the world's contempt,
That from dependence life exempt;
And conſtitution fram'd ſo ſtrong,
This world's worſt climate cannot wrong.
Not ſuch my lot, not fortune's brat,
I live by pulling off the hat;
Compell'd by ſtation every hour
To bow to images of power;
And in life's buſy ſcenes immers'd,
See better things, and do the worſt.
Eloquent want, whoſe reaſons ſway,
And make ten thouſand truths give way,
While I your ſcheme with pleaſure trace,
Draws near, and ſtares me in the face.
Conſider well your ſtate, ſhe cries,
Like others kneel, that you may riſe;
Hold doctrines, by no ſcruples vex'd,
To which preferment is annex'd;

* *This celebrated book was written by its author, both in Latin and Engliſh, and was afterwards tranſlated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spaniſh, and probably into other languages. It has always been eſteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakeriſm, even by thoſe who deny the doctrines which it endeavours to eſtabliſh. The author was born at Edinburgh, in* 1648, *and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was principal. His father became one of the earlieſt converts to the new ſect; and, from his example, the ſon ſeems to have been induced to tread in his ſteps. He died on the* 3*d of October,* 1690, *in the* 42*d year of his age.*

Nor madly prove, where all depends,
Idolatry upon your friends.
See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you muſt wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain to turn recluſe,
Without one farthing out at uſe.
They, who have lands, and ſafe bank ſtock,
With faith ſo founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention eaſe,
And conſtrue Scripture how they pleaſe.
The honour'd prophet that of old
Us'd Heav'n's high counſels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels, greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

THE GROTTO *.

Written under the Name of Peter Drake, a Fiſherman of Brentford.

Printed in the Year 1732, *but not publiſhed.*

" Scilicit hic poſſis curvo dignoſcere rectum,
" Atque inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum."
HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg:
Finding this chalk-ſtone in my neſt,
I ſtrain, and lay among the reſt.

ADIEU a while, forſaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the god my well-meant ſong
May not my ſubject's merit wrong.
Say, father Thames, whoſe gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have ſeen
The much-ſung grotto of the queen.
Contemplative, forget a while
Oxonian towers, and Windſor's pile,
And Wolſey's † pride (his greateſt guilt)
And what great William ſince has built;
And flowing faſt by Richmond ſcenes,
‡ (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)
From || Sion-Houſe, whoſe proud ſurvey
Browbeats your flood, look croſs the way,
And view, from higheſt ſwell of tide,
The milder ſcenes of Surry-ſide.
Though yet no palace grace the ſhore,
To lodge that pair you ſhould adore;
Nor abbies, great in ruin, riſe,
Royal equivalents for vice;
Behold a grott, in Delphic grove,
The graces' and the muſes' love.
(O, might our laureat ſtudy here,
How would he hail his new-born year)!

A temple from vain glories free,
Whoſe goddeſs is philoſophy,
Whoſe ſides ſuch licens'd idols crown
As ſuperſtition would pull down;
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of ſenſe would chooſe to go:
Which ſweet abode, her wiſeſt choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the virtues gather round,
To ſee her conſecrate the ground.
If thou the god with winged feet,
In council talk of this retreat,
And jealous gods reſentment ſhow
At altars rais'd to men below;
Tell thoſe proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
Their houſe our heroes ſhould admit;
While each exiſts, as poets ſing,
A lazy lewd immortal thing,
They muſt (or grow in diſrepute)
With earth's firſt commoners recruit.
Needleſs it is in terms unſkill'd
To praiſe whatever Boyle * ſhall build;
Needleſs it is the buſts to name
Of men, monopoliſts of fame;
Four chiefs adorn the modeſt ſtone †,
For virtue as for learning known;
The thinking ſculpture helps to raiſe
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward ſight,
Their ſilence ſpeaks, and ſhade gives light:
While inſects from the threſhold preach,
And minds diſpos'd to muſing teach:
Proud of ſtrong limbs and painted hues,
They periſh by the ſlighteſt bruiſe;
Or maladies, begun within,
Deſtroy more ſlow life's frail machine:
From maggot-youth through change of ſtate,
They feel like us the turns of fate;
Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
And change earth-cells for dwellings high;
And ſome that did their ſix wings keep,
Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep,
They politics like ours profeſs,
The greater prey upon the leſs:
Some ſtrain on foot huge loads to bring;
Some toil inceſſant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore
Wiſe ſenſe of want by future ſtore;
Nor from their vigorous ſchemes deſiſt
Till death, and then are never miſs'd.
Some frolic, toil, marry, increaſe,
Are ſick and well, have war and peace,
And, broke with age, in half a day
Yield to ſucceſſors, and away,
Let not profane this ſacred place,
Hypocriſy with Janus' face;

---

* *A building in Richmond-Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the cuſtody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written, many other verſes appeared on the ſame ſubject.*

† *Hampton Court begun by Cardinal Wolſey, and improv'd by King William III.*

‡ *Queen Anne, conſort of King Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.*

|| *Sion-Houſe is now a ſeat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.*

* *Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taſte in architecture.* " *Never* " *was protection and great wealth more generouſly and* " *judiciouſly diffuſed than by this great perſon, who had* " *every quality of a genius and artiſt, except envy.*" *He died December* 4. 1753.

† *The author ſhould have ſaid five, there being the buſts of Newton, Locke, Wollaſton, Clarke, and Boyle.*

Or pomp, mixt ſtate of pride and care:
Court kindneſs, falſehood's poliſh'd ware;
Scandal diſguis'd in friendſhip's veil,
That tells, unaſk'd, th' injurious tale;
Or art politic, which allows
The Jeſuit-remedy for vows:
Or prieſt, perfuming crowned head,
'Till in a ſwoon truth lies for dead;
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the ſhrine;
Or that ſelf-haunting ſpectre ſpleen,
In thickeſt fog the cleareſt ſeen;
Or prophecy, which dreams a lie,
That fools believe and knaves apply;
Or frolic mirth, profanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd;
Or melancholy's penſive gloom,
Proxy in contemplation's room.
O Delia! when I touch this ſtring,
To thee my muſe directs her wing.
Unſpotted fair! with downcaſt look
Mind not ſo much the murm'ring brook;
Nor fixt in thought, with footſteps ſlow
Through cypreſs alleys cheriſh woe:
I ſee the ſoul in penſive fit,
And moping like ſick linnet ſit.
With dewy eye, and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averſe to fly or ſing;
I ſee the favourite curls begin
(Diſus'd to toilet diſcipline)
To quit their poſt, loſe their ſmart air,
And grow again like common hair;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raiſe a red circle round the eye;
And by this bur about the moon,
Conjecture more ill weather ſoon.
Love not ſo much the doleful knell:
And news the boding night-birds tell;
Nor watch the wainſcot's hollow blow;
And hens portentous when they crow;
Nor ſleepleſs mind the death-watch beat;
In taper find no winding-ſheet:
Nor in burnt coal a coffin ſee,
Though thrown at others, meant for thee:
Or when the corruſcation gleams,
Find out not firſt the bloody ſtreams;
Nor in impreſt remembrance keep
Grim tap'ſtry figures wrought in ſleep;
Nor riſe to ſee in antique hall
The moon-light monſters on the wall,
And ſhadowy ſpectres darkly paſs
Trailing their ſables o'er the graſs.
Let vice and guilt act how they pleaſe
In ſouls their conquer'd provinces;
By Heaven's juſt charter it appears,
Virtue's exempt from quattering fears,
Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely dreſt,
Live at diſcretion in your breaſt?
Be wiſe, and panic fright diſdain,
As notions, meteors of the brain;
And ſights perform'd, illuſive ſcene!
By magic lanthorn of the ſpleen.
Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
With virtue's ticket, to a feaſt,
Where decent mirth and wiſdom join'd
In ſtewardſhip, regale the mind.
Calls back the Cupids to your eyes,
I ſee the godlings with ſurpriſe.
Not knowing home in ſuch a plight,
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.---
Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go compell'd by feather'd ſteeds,
That ſcorn the rein when Delia leads.
No daub of elegiac ſtrain
Theſe holy wars ſhall ever ſtain;
As ſpiders Iriſh wainſcot flee,
Falſehood with them ſhall diſagree:
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worſhip only what they dread:
Nor bigots who but one way ſee
Through blinkers of authority;
Nor they who its four ſaints defame
By making virtue but a name;
Nor abſtract wit (painful regale
To hunt the pig with ſlippery tail)!
Artiſts, who richly chaſe their thought,
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought;
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
To bear the proof and ſtandard touch:
Nor fops to guard this ſylvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark:
Nor cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The maſtiffs of the moral law.
Come, nymph, with rural honours dreſt,
Virtue's exterior form confeſt,
With charms untarniſh'd, innocence
Diſplay, and Eden ſhall commence;
When thus you come in ſober fit,
And wiſdom is preferr'd to wit;
And looks diviner graces tell,
Which don't with giggling muſcles dwell;
And beauty like the ray-clipt ſun,
With bolder eye we look upon;
Learning ſhall with obſequious mien
Tell all the wonders ſhe has ſeen;
Reaſon her logic armour quit,
And proof to mild perſuaſion ſit;
Religion with free thought diſpenſe,
And ceaſe cruſading againſt ſenſe;
Philoſophy and ſhe embrace,
And their firſt league again take place;
And morals pure, in duty bound,
Nymph-like the ſiſters chief ſurround;
Nature ſhall ſmile, and round this cell
The turf to your light preſſure ſwell,
And knowing beauty by her ſhoe,
Well air its carpet from the dew.
The oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lets fall his acorns in your neck;
Zephyr his civil kiſſes gives,
And plays with curls inſtead of leaves:
Birds, ſeeing you, believe it ſpring,
And during their vacation ſing,
And flow'rs lean forward from their ſeats
To traffic in exchange of ſweets;
And angels bearing wreaths deſcend,
Preferr'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whoſe deity entreats
The fair to grace its upper ſeats.

O kindly view our letter'd ſtriſe,
And guard us through polemic life;
From poiſon vehicled in praiſe,
For ſatire's ſhots but ſlightly graze;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philoſophy and you are kin.

What virtue is we judge by you;
For actions right are beauteous too;
By tracing the ſole female mind,
We beſt what is true nature find:
Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
How ſteams create tempeſtuous air,
'Till guſhing tears and haſty rain
Make heaven and you ſerene again:
Our travels through the ſtarry ſkies
Were firſt ſuggeſted by your eyes;
We, by the interpoſing ſan,
Learn how eclipſes firſt began;
The vaſt ellipſe from Scarbro's home,
Deſcribes how blazing comets roam:
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus ſpeak;
Our watch how Luna ſtrays above
Feels like the care of jealous Jove;
And all things we in ſcience know
From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I ſtray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the foundreſs well
Who on theſe banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace ſee her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly ſpeak your mind,
In wedlock ſince with Iſis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did ſee,
At leaſt in ſuch a high degree,
Greatneſs delighted to undreſs;
Science a ſcepter'd hand careſs;
A queen the friends of freedom prize;
A woman wiſe men canonize.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, ESQ.

Containing

EPISTLES TO THE GREAT,
POWER OF HARMONY,
VISION OF SHAKSPEARE,
VER-VERT,
FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON,
SONGS,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I ſpend alternately my hours,
'Twixt *Epicurus*' myrtle bowers,
And *Academus*' palmy grove;
Happy from Seine's meand'ring ſhores,
Where poliſh'd pleaſures ever rove,
The *firſt* to bring the Theſpian maids,
To play to ſcience and to love
On Cyprian pipes in Britiſh ſhades.

THE RETREAT OF ARISTIPPUS, EP. I.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.
Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF COOPER.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, "the Engliſh Anacreon," was the ſon of ——— Gilbert Cooper, Eſq. of Thurgarton Priory in Nottinghamſhire, and was born in 1723. The family eſtate which he inherited was granted at the diſſolution of the religious houſes by King Henry VIII. to William Cooper, one of his anceſtors. His father ſerved the office of High Sheriff of the county, in 1739.

He received his education at Weſtminſter School, under Dr. Nicholls; and had for his ſchoolfellows Lord Albemarle, Lord Buckinghamſhire, Major Johnſon, Mr. George Aſhby, and other eminent and ingenious men.

In 1743, he became a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and reſided there two or three years; but quitted the Univerſity on his marriage with Suſanna, the daughter of William Wright, Eſq. ſon to Lord Keeper Wright, and Recorder of Leiceſter, 1729-1763, and ſettled at his family ſeat

In 1745, he publiſhed, without his name, *The Power of Harmony*, a poem in two books, 4to; and in 1746 and 1747, he produced ſeveral eſſays and poems under the ſignature of *Philalethes*, in a periodical work, called "The Muſeum," publiſhed by Dodſley. On his eldeſt ſon, who was born July 25. 1749, and died the next day, he wrote a Latin *Epitaph*, which is placed in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church, Leiceſter, and of which a burleſque poetical tranſlation is printed in "Gentleman's Magazine," Vol. XLVIII. p. 487.

The ſame year, he publiſhed the work by which he is chiefly known, intituled, *The Life of Socrates, collected from the Memorabilia of Xenophon and the Dialogues of Plato, and illuſtrated farther by Ariſtotle, Diodorus Siculus, Cicero, Proclus, Apuleius, Maximus Tyrius, Boethius, Diogenes Laertius, Aulus Gellius, and others*, 8vo. with a head of Socrates and emblematical vignettes, by Boitard.

In this work, which received much aſſiſtance from his friend, the Rev John Jackſon of Leiceſter, who communicated ſeveral learned notes, he gave evident marks of ſuperior genius, warm, impetuous, and impatient of reſtraint. In the text, but particularly in the notes, he ſometimes diſplayed the inordinate vanity and ſelf-ſufficiency of a young author, in ſpeaking without due deference of preceding writers; whom, not content with confuting, he treats like a mercileſs exulting conqueror, thoughtleſs of the viciſſitudes of war, and regardleſs how ſoon it might be his fortune to fall under the laſh of critics as ſevere as himſelf.

Speaking of his own ſtyle, he ſays, "It is ſuch in every place as the ſubject ſeems to require; conciſe, though circumſtantial in the hiſtorical parts, diffuſed and declamatory in the recapitulation, and cloſe and unaffected in the occaſional reflections."

As to his freedom with other authors, "ſome expreſſions," ſays he, "may appear too harſh, and others too luſory; but all weapons are not to be uſed alike; for, as the ancient warlike Scythians found, in the ſervile war, that whips more intimidated the army of ſlaves that marched amongſt them than the ſword, which had ſo often corrected the pride of nations; ſo, contumely and ridicule will avail againſt thoſe who are loſt to good manners, candour, and good ſenſe, when the nobler methods of humanity, reaſon, and learning, would prove ineffectual. The ſentiments of others who write like men, are examined in the ſame ſpirit; and, where the author is obliged to oppoſe their opinions, he does it with a proper reſpect due to their character, always diſtinguiſhing between the deſigning deceits of the heart, and the involuntary errors of a miſled underſtanding."

"He entered on the work," he adds, "with no ſmall application, for his own inſtruction and amuſement; and, after being carefully reviſed, it is now communicated with the honeſt deſign of

making others partake in the ſame ſatisfaction this inquiry has afforded him. If this deſirable end cannot be obtained, he thinks it is paying a greater reſpect to mankind to confeſs that the failure proceeds from deficiency of abilities, and not from the want of laudable endeavours. Whatever failings the learned may obſerve, the author has reaſon to expect, ſince all he advances is intended for the promotion of good manners, morality, and true religion, that they would, with the good-nature becoming ſuch, candidly impute them to error, inſiſting ſtrongly on the merit of his deſign, however little he may have in the execution of it."

The moſt formidable antagoniſt which he provoked was Warburton, who then figured high in the firſt ranks of learning; "a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, ſupplied by inceſſant and unlimited inquiry, with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which had not oppreſſed his imagination, nor clouded his perſpicacity."

In a note on Pope's "Eſſay on Criticiſm," he thus takes occaſion to introduce Cooper. "As *ignorance*, when joined with *humility*, produces ſtupid admiration, on which account it is ſo commonly obſerved to be the *mother of devotion* and blind homage; ſo, when joined with *vanity* (as it always is in bad critics), it gives birth to every iniquity of impudent abuſe and ſlander. See an example (for want of a better) in a late worthleſs and now forgotten thing, called *The Life of Socrates*; where the head of the author (as a man of wit obſerved on reading the book) has juſt made a ſhift to do the office of a *camera obſcura*, and repreſent things in an inverted order, himſelf *above*, and Sprat, Rollin, Voltaire, and every other author of reputation, *below*."

This ſevere attack produced *Curſory Remarks on Mr. Warburton's new edition of Mr. Pope's Works, in a Letter to a Friend*, 1751; in which he appeals to the impartial reader, "whether there is the leaſt reflection through the whole *Life of Socrates*, or the notes upon Mr. W's *morals*, and whether he has not confined his criticiſm to Mr. W's *practice* as an author," and declares the epithet beſtowed upon him by Mr. W. to be "a downright ſlander."

"I have undergone," ſays he, "young as I am, too many diſappointments in life to wonder much at many things which the mob of mankind call extraordinary, otherwiſe I might be ſurpriſed that almoſt a total retirement from the world would not ſhelter me from the injuries of it, eſpecially too at an age when few have had any concerns with it. I thought I might have enjoyed an unenvied obſcurity in the moſt undiſturbed peace and tranquillity, and that *calumny* was too buſy about the names of thoſe who were candidates for fame, to find time to viſit the receſs of one whoſe contempt of every advantage of life but what conduced to quiet, ſhould, it was hoped, protect him from the poiſonous breath of that daughter of *envy*. But I was greatly miſtaken, it ſeems, in my humble expectations; for I had ſcarcely begun to feel the calm comforts which the abſence of contention yields to a thinking creature, before I was informed, by letters from ſome of my friends in town, that Mr. Warburton had, with his uſual humanity and good-nature, very compendiouſly anſwered the *Life of Socrates* in the tail of one note, by the free uſe of thoſe appellations he has indiſcriminately thrown out upon not only all thoſe who have ever had any controverſy with him, but upon all others too whom he ever ſuſpected to have the raſhneſs to contradict any of his opinions. Howſoever this would have alarmed me heretofore as an author, from the pen of any other perſon, it had no effect upon me from the writer it came from; and I ſat down contemptuouſly contented, without ſo much as being ſolicitous to know what abuſe he had conferred upon my writings. I ſay abuſe, for he never ſpoke of an opponent without it. But as indifferent as I was about my character as a writer, I can't ſay I was quite ſo eaſy when I was afterwards told that he had attacked it as a man. Upon this, I wrote to him that I thought he had uſed me very ill, and ſhould take proper notice of him for it in public. In anſwer to which, he tells a friend of mine "that he was ſurpriſed I ſhould think myſelf ill uſed, for that he had never mentioned my name or writings in public or in converſation but with honour, till I had wrote a book wherein I had treated him through the whole with a ſcurrility worſe than *Billingſgate*, and that he had now taken no other revenge than the caſual mention of the *Life of Socrates* (without the mention of my name) with a ſlight joke." I will aſk any impartial reader if there is the leaſt reflection through the whole *Life of Socrates*, or the notes upon Mr. W's morals? whether I have not confined my criticiſm to his practice as an author? and whether every thing therein advanced cannot be proved

over and over again by citations from the "Divine Legation" and his other tracts? At the same time, I desire one part of the dispute betwixt us may be finished by an answer to these questions: Is not calling a guiltless man an impudent slanderer, calumny, and quite a different revenge than a slight joke? and has not Mr. W. done that in the note in question."

According to this account of the quarrel, it appears that Cooper was the aggressor, in consequence, it would seem, of Warburton's attack on the first *Academics*, and many of the more humane *Stoics*, among the ancients; Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Geddes, Hutcheson, and Akenside, among the moderns, of whom he was a most zealous admirer and imitator.

"I have great reason," says he, "to believe, from his treatment of others, that, considering the favourable though undeserved reception the *Life of Socrates* met with from the public, I should not have escaped his good-natured notice, even if I had never in the course of my argument called his opinions *professedly* in question; for how could a living advocate for benevolence, and the dignity of human nature, hope to escape the rage of one who had so far declared a *Quixotic* war with both, as impiously to rush into the tombs of the dead, and to deliver up the ashes of those to defamation who had been most glorious ornaments of our species."

In 1754, he published his *Letters on Taste*, 8vo, an elegant little volume, on which no small share of his reputation is founded; and in 1755, *The Tomb of Shakspeare, a Vision*, 4to, a performance in which there is more of wit and application than of nature or genius.

In 1756, he assisted Moore, by writing some numbers of *The World*; and attempted to rouse the indignation of his countrymen against the *Hessians*, at that time brought over to defend the nation, in an iambic ode, intituled, *The Genius of Great Britain*, with a poetical dedication to Mr. Pitt.

In 1758, he published *Epistles to the Great, from Aristippus in Retirement*, 4to; and *The Call of Aristippus, Epistle IV. to Mark Akenside, M. D.* 4to, written in imitation of some fashionable French writers, Chapelle, Chaulieu, la Fare, Madame Deshoulieres, and particularly of Gresset.

The same year, he published *A Father's Advice to his Son*, 4to; and in the "Annual Register" for that year is his translation of *An Epistle from the King of Prussia to M. Voltaire.*

In 1759, he published *Ver-Vert, or the Nunnery Parrot, an Heroic Poem, in two Cantos, inscribed to the Abbess of D***, translated from the French of M. Gresset*, reprinted in the first volume of Dilly's "Repository," 1777, and in 1783.

In 1763, he served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Nottingham, was in the Commission of the Peace, and about this time a constant attendant and a frequent speaker at the society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and was for a little while one of the chairmen of the Committee of Polite Arts. It was an object of ambition with him to be chosen a Vice-President of that most respectable and useful society; but not being elected, his dissatisfaction was so great, that he discontinued his attendance.

In 1764, he published an ingenious *Project for raising an Hospital for Decayed Authors*, 8vo, reprinted in the second volume of Dodsley's "Fugitive Pieces."

The same year, he published *Poems on Several Subjects*, by the *Author of the Life of Socrates*, 12mo, including all the pieces he had published separately except *Ver-Vert*, with a prefatory advertisement by Dodsley; in which his declaration to him that "he was very little solicitous what would be the fate of them," was probably the result of affectation or disgust.

"The following poems having been very favourably received by the public when they first appeared in detached pieces, the author has been prevailed upon to permit me to collect them into this small volume. When I requested him to give me a preface, he replied, "That to those to whom such trifles afforded pleasure, a formal introduction would be unnecessary; that he wrote most of them when he was very young, for his own amusement, and published them afterwards for my profit; and as they had once answered both these ends, he was very little solicitous what would be the fate of them for the future."

He died at his father's house in May-Fair, after a long and excruciating illness, arising from the stone, April 14. 1769, in the 46th year of his age.

Cooper was a man of an agreeable appearance, of polite address, and accomplished manners. He was an active and useful magistrate; and his abilities were considerable enough to entitle him to

the diſtinction of a polite and ingenious, though not a firſt rate writer. He belonged to a particular ſchool of literature, that of his nameſake Anthony Aſhley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftſbury, as is apparent from his works in general, and is acknowledged in ſeveral particular paſſages. He was likewiſe devoted to other writers who embraced the ſentimental philoſophy, and eſpecially to Hutcheſon and Akenſide.

The *Life of Socrates*, his firſt production, by which he acquired a temporary celebrity, is not now held in much eſtimation. His *Letters on Taſte*, the moſt popular of his proſe works, have gone through four editions. In the firſt edition, he carried his applauſe of Akenſide to a ridiculous height of extravagance. To the two laſt editions are added nine *Eſſays* on various ſubjects. Perhaps he is not very accurate in his definition of *Taſte*; and the juſtneſs of his criticiſms may ſometimes be diſputed; but the work is an agreeable one upon the whole, and will be read with pleaſure by the lovers of polite literature.

On the firſt appearance of the *Letters on Taſte*, it was acutely obſerved by Dr. Johnſon, "Literary Magazine" 1757, "that Cooper's genius ſeemed to ſhine more in deſcription than in definition; that he had more of imagery than of ſpeculation; that his imagination was the ſtrongeſt talent of his mind; and that if he had not attempted to offer any thing new on the ſubject of *Taſte*, he was always ſo entertaining, ſpirited, and ſplendid, in his diction, that the reader who is not inſtructed by him cannot fail of being pleaſed and diverted."

No edition of his *Poems on Several Subjects* has been called for ſince his death; but moſt of his pieces publiſhed ſeparately have been reprinted in the Miſcellanies. They are now, with *Ver-Vert* and the *Song to Winifreda*, received, for the firſt time, into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

As a poet, the compoſitions of Cooper are characteriſed by eaſe, elegance, and ſpritelineſs. He is not deſtitute of enthuſiaſm and of fancy; but his fancy is not always under proper regulation; and he ſometimes fails in the preciſion of his ideas. His ſentiments, though ſeldom new, are generally liberal and juſt; his diction, with ſome exceptions, proper and eaſy; and his verſification ſweetly modulated and harmonious. His chief defect is a ſuperabundance of proſopopeias, which is one of the tricks of modern poetry.

His *Epiſtles to his Friends in Town, from Ariſtippus in Retirement*, are the moſt pleaſing of his poetical compoſitions. To the original edition is prefixed a frontiſpiece, which may be conſidered as the argument and ſcope of the *Epiſtles*. *Ariſtippus*, that taſteful ancient, who, according to Horace, became every ſituation, and adapted himſelf properly to all circumſtances, makes the principal figure in the piece. He is ſeated conſpicuouſly, crowned with roſes by the groves of Epicurus or Academus, with the Loves hovering above him, and appears diſmiſſing his attendant ſatyr among the high-born and high-ſtationed group of mortals in different profeſſions, who are figuring it much beneath him in attitudes ſufficiently poignant and ludicrous. The *Epiſtles* exhibit the firſt example in our language of a ſucceſsful imitation of Greſſet, and other French writers, in the arbitrary diſpoſition of the rhyme, and the eaſy lightneſs and variety of the numbers. In the firſt epiſtle, intituled, *The Retreat of Ariſtippus*, he expatiates on the exquiſite taſte and mental elegance in which he lives and converſes, ſurrounded with wit and ſcience, the pleaſures, graces, &c. His particular purpoſe is to convince the nameleſs Peer, to whom it is addreſſed, of his philoſophical ſuperiority to courts and courtiers, and even the ribboned and gartered peerage; to whom, with their levees, at the concluſion, he contraſts himſelf and his own. His ſecond epiſtle, intituled, *The Temper of Ariſtippus*, addreſſed to a lady, by the poetical name of *Meliſſa*, has many beauties. In the following paſſage, in which he deſcribes his own temper of mind, the principal image of *Philomela*, and thoſe which accompany it, are agreeably expreſſed, and in numbers very pleaſingly modulated.

When, in the ſilent midnight grove,
Sweet *Philomela* ſwells her throat
With tremulous and plaintive note,
Expreſſive of diſaſt'rous love,
I with the *penſive pleaſures* dwell,
And, in their calm ſequeſter'd cell,
Liſten with rapturous delight
To the ſoft ſongſter of the night.

Here *Echo*, in her moſſy cave,
Symphonious to the love lorn ſong,
Warbles the vocal rocks among,
Whilſt gently-trickling waters lave
The oak-fring'd mountain's hoary brow,
Whoſe ſtreams, united in the vale,
O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,
Tun'd to the ſad melodious tale
In numbers querulouſly flow.

His third epiſtle, intituled, *The Apology of Ariſtippus*, is addreſſed to a friend, to whom he apologiſes for his writing verſes, when the ſupercilious cenſors may object ſuch an employment to him at the decline of his youth. He characteriſes his own poetry in the following beautiful lines.

But ſhould you aſk me why I chooſe
Of all the laurel'd fitherhood
Th' inhabitants of *Pindus'* wood,
The leaſt conſiderable muſe.
The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whoſe humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the ſhepherd's ſmell more ſweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud *Epic* ſound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes ſprung
From ſome immortal anceſtry,
Clad in impenetrable arms
By *Vulcan* forg'd, my lyre is ſtrung
With ſofter chords, my muſe more free
Wanders through *Pindus'* humbler ways
In amiable ſimplicity:
Unſtudy'd are her artleſs lays;
She aſks no laurel for her brows;
Careleſs of cenſure or of praiſe,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happineſs than fame,
To the proud bay prefers the roſe,
Nor barters pleaſure for a name.
On nature's lap reclin'd at eaſe,
I liſten to her heav'nly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to pleaſe,
From her receive th' harmonious time,
And what the goddeſs makes my ſong
In unpremeditated rhyme
Mellifluous flows, whilſt young *Deſire*,
Cull'd from th' Elyſian bloom of ſpring,
Strews flow'rs immortal round my lyre,
And fancy's ſportive children bring,
From bloſſom'd grove and lilied mead,
Freſh fragrant chaplets for my head.
The moſt, though ſofteſt of the nine,
Euterpe, muſe of gaiety,
Queen of heart-ſoft'ning melody,
Allures my ear with notes divine.
In my retreat *Euterpe* plays,
Where ſcience, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd liſtens to her lays
Beneath the ſhade of myrtle bow'rs.

His fourth epiſtle, intituled, *The Call of Ariſtippus*, is addreſſed to Akenſide, in a ſtrain of exalted panegyric; and contains ſome beautiful paſſages pregnant with the genuine ſpirit of poetical enthuſiaſm. In deſcribing his poetical inauguration, in imitation of Horace, the lyric muſe warbles with all her native wildneſs and freedom. The doves covered Horace, as he tells us, with freſh leaves, when he was a child, and had ſported himſelf aſleep near a wood. The *Call* of *Ariſtippus* is not ſo ſimple. The elves and fairies danced about him as he ſlumbered under a blooming hawthorn; the nightingale neglected her ſinging to make him a flowery couch; the red-breaſt roſe at day-break

to furniſh him with a pillow of wild roſes; while the bees, without diſturbing him, filled his little lips with May honey.

In theſe *Epiſtles*, Cooper is continually varying his numbers, and combining them in the manner that is moſt agreeable to the ear. But this airy melody is only calculated for light ſubjects, and would be ridiculous if employed to expreſs the grave or the ſublime.

The *Power of Harmony*, his next principal poetical work, is evidently compoſed in imitation of "Akenſide's Pleaſures of Imagination," without riſing to the ſame degree of merit. It abounds with the ſentiments of Shaftſbury, not very perſpicuouſly expreſſed. His *Viſion of Shakſpeare* is a performance of conſiderable excellence. The ſcene of the viſion is ſuppoſed on the banks of the *Avon*, where Shakſpeare is interred. *Fancy*, who is employed in decking his grave with flowers, while ſhe laments his death, raiſes up the imaginary beings introduced by Shakſpeare in his dramas; as *Ariel*, *Proſpero*, *Caliban*, the *fairies*, *witches*, and *ghoſts*; after which, the ſun baniſhing *Morpheus* and his dreams, he concludes the poem with an addreſs apparently improper, to the "dear enchantreſs of the brain," to give wealth, honour, and renown, to others, but to give him content with ſuch innocence as is attainable by man, and to teach him ſelf knowledge. It is written in alternate rhyme, like the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," which probably excited his emulation, and tinged his fancy a little, though the particular quality of the ſubject has prevented any remarkable imitation of it. The introductory ſtanzas, among many others, are beautifully deſcriptive; the expreſſion is apt and elegant, and the verſification throughout flows with an agreeable lulling melody.

The admirers of ſimple and elegant poetry are obliged to Cooper for bringing them acquainted with the *Song to Winifreda*, inſerted in his *Letters on Taſte*. The *Father's Advice to his Son* is a fine imitation of it, and is perhaps the moſt popular of his performances. His *Genius of Great Britain* breathes the genuine ſpirit of liberty and poetry. His *Songs* are ſprightly and elegant.

His verſion of the *Ver-Vert* of his favourite Greſſet has the elegance, delicate raillery, playfulneſs, and grace, of the original in a high degree. This poem has been long admired amongſt the moſt elegant of the mock heroics. It has not the dignity and ſtrong ſatire of the "Lutrin," nor the rich invention of the "Rape of the Lock," but is diſtinguiſhed by its lightneſs, gaiety, and eaſe. Greſſet was bred a Jeſuit; but his wit procured his diſmiſſion from the ſociety. His *Ver-Vert* could expect no pardon from the convent, being a ſatire againſt nunneries. The ſtory of the poem is briefly this: *Ver-Vert* was a parrot belonging to the nuns of the viſitation at Nevers, and a great favourite with the whole ſiſterhood. The young novices treated him with ſugar plumbs and bonbons, the mothers taught him Ave Marias and Pater Noſters; from which he profited ſo well, that his fame ſpread to a ſiſterhood at Nantes, the nuns of which ſent an earneſt requeſt that this edifying bird might be permitted to pay them a viſit. He is accordingly ſent to them by the Loire; but during the voyage, having for his fellow paſſengers two or three dragoons and other company of that ſtamp, he unfortunately forgets all the pious aſpirations of the convent, and learns the reprobate language of his new companions; in which, to their infinite ſurpriſe and diſappointment, he accoſts the nuns of Nantes, who are ſtruck with horror at his graceleſs converſation, ſo different from what they were taught to expect, and ſend him back in diſgrace to Nevers, where the change in his manners excites equal aſtoniſhment. Poor *Ver-Vert* is condemned to a penetentiary cell and bread and water, till his fault is ſuppoſed to be expiated; but, on the day appointed for his reſtoration to favour, the joy and affection of the younger nuns lead them to feaſt him ſo profuſely with ſweetmeats and other good things, that he is literally killed with kindneſs.

Such is the outline of the tale, to which Greſſet has given infinite ſpirit, by having thrown ſo much of character into the portrait of his hero, who appears in the firſt part a novice, innocent, and demure, and, after his transformation, a lively rake, and petite maitre. Perhaps he would have told his ſtory more neatly, had he concluded it with the arrival of his hero at Nantes.

Another verſion of *Ver-Vert*, in heroic verſe, was printed in 1793, 4to, the production of the learned and ingenious Dr. Geddes, who knew not that it had been previouſly tranſlated by Cooper, in the agreeable and eaſy manner of the original. The features of the poem are faithfully

rendered by Dr. Geddes; but the verſe is not finiſhed with ſufficient care, and we miſs in it the charm which engaged us in reading Greſſet and Cooper.

"I am glad," ſays Gray, "in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton, "you have had any pleaſure in Greſſet; he ſeems to me a truly elegant and charming writer. The "Mechant" is the beſt comedy I ever read; his "Edward" I could ſcarce get through, it is puerile, though there are good lines. However, you are to conſider this is a collection made up by the Dutch bookſellers; many things unfiniſhed or written in his youth, or deſigned not for the world, but to make his friends laugh, as the "Lutrin Vivant," &c; but then there are the *Ver Vert*, the "Epiſtle to P. Bougeant, the Chartreuſe," that to his ſiſter, an "Ode on his Country," another on "Mediocrity," and the "Sidnei," another comedy, all which have great beauties."

In eſtimating the peculiar merit of Cooper as an imitator of Greſſet, &c it may be reaſonably doubted whether it be eligible to imitate the French in an arbitrary diſpoſition of rhyme, to which the unfitneſs of their language for better poetry ſeems to have reduced them, when that is not the caſe in ours. Imitation ſeems ſcarcely to merit attention for its own ſake, but for the contingency of ſome improvement that may reſult from it. And if thoſe modes of rhyme adapted to ſportive and familiar ſubjects, and long eſtabliſhed by the uſe of good writers in our own language, ſhall be at leaſt full as applicable to every purpoſe for which this freedom of rhyme and diction is deſigned, the introduction of it will be uſeleſs at the beſt, though it ſhould not ſtrictly ſubject the introducer to Quintilian's imputation of the *frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ*. Butler, Prior, and Green, have abundantly demonſtrated our ſhort meaſures of eight ſyllables in ſingle, and of nine in double rhymes, (beſides the Engliſh Anacreontic of Seven) to be well adapted to ſubjects of humour and pleaſantry, and to be capable of compriſing much wit, and many beauties, in diction of equal caſe and vivacity. Indeed, as Cooper has infuſed an equal proportion of wit and of original conceptions, in equally happy expreſſion, into his *Epiſtles*, &c. it may ſerve in ſome meaſure to reconcile us to the arbitrary return and frequent ſameneſs of many of his rhymes, which read too proſaically, and rather like parentheſes. But where ſuch ſpecies of novelty is predicated, as the principal recommendation of a work, its applauſe will probably be limited to the admirers of that eaſy French poetry, which has been thought by ſome of our beſt critics too frothy and ſpiritleſs.

THE WORKS OF COOPER.

EPISTLES TO HIS FRIENDS IN TOWN,

FROM ARISTIPPUS IN RETIREMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ſpecies of poetry, in which the following epiſtles are written, has been uſed with great ſucceſs among the French, by Chapelle, Chaulieu, La Fare, Greſſet, Madame Deſhouliéres, and others; but I do not remember to have ſeen it before in the Engliſh language. The unconfined return of the rhymes, and eaſineſs of the diction, ſeem peculiarly adapted to epiſtolary compoſitions. The author profeſſedly imitates the general manner of the abovementioned writers, but he is more particularly obliged to Greſſet, for two or three hints in his performance, which he has acknowledged in the marginal notes. The reader will not forget, that theſe four epiſtles were written originally under a fictitious character.

EPISTLE I.

THE RETREAT OF ARISTIPPUS.

To his Grace the Duke of ********.

Je vous livre mes réveries
Que quelques veritès hardies,
Viennet librement mélanger. GRESSET.

SEIZ'D with the rage of being great
In courts, my lord, let others lead
(Exchanging happineſs for ſtate),
The crowd of tinſel'd ſlaves, who tread
The miry miniſterial road
To modern honour's dark abode,
Where dwell th' high vulgar of the town,
Which England's common courteſy,
To make bad fellowſhip go down,
Politely calls good company.
Remote from politics and ſtrife,
From the dull ſons of bus'neſs free,
Unfetter'd by domeſtic life,
To letter'd eaſe a votary,
I ſpend alternately my hours
'Twixt Epicurus' myrtle bow'rs
And Academus' palmy grove,
Happy, from Seine's meandring ſhores,
Where poliſh'd pleaſures ever rove,
The firſt to bring the Theſpian maids,
To play to ſcience and to love
On Cyprian pipes in Britiſh ſhades.
No levees here attend his grace,
My lording ev'ry morn an aſs,
Nor office-clerks with buſy face,
To make fools wonder as they paſs,
Whiſper dull nothings in his ear,
'Bout ſome rogue borough-monger there.
The well-bred inſipidity
Of town aſſemblies ne'er is heard,
And candidates for prelacy,
That ſable, ſupple, bowing herd,
This ſilent territory fly;
For biſhoprics are ſeldom found
In realms of ſcientific ground.
No doctor's medicinal wig,
No titled beggar's ſuppliant knee,
No alderman with knighthood big
And newly purchas'd pedigree,
No vultures of the human race
From Temple or from Lincoln's-Inn,
No pſeudo-patriot out of place,
Nor venal ſenator that's in,
Diſturb this amiable retreat;
Only a muſe, a love, or grace,
In this calm ſenate have a ſeat.
Such repreſentatives are free.
No muſe has lately been at court,
Nor are the graces better for't;
Nor have the love's ſeptennially,
A borough-int'reſt to ſupport,
Mortgag'd their healths or property.
Led by unerring nature's voice,
I haunt retirement's ſilent ſhade,
Contentment's humble lot and choice,
Where on the moſſy ſopha laid,

I see, through contemplation's eye,
The white-wing'd cherub innocence,
Each blessing of her native sky
To sympathetic hearts dispense.
Here, undebauch'd by spurious art,
Great nature reigns in ev'ry part,
Both when refulgent Titan's beam
In high meridian splendour glows,
And when pale Cynthia's maiden gleam
O'er night a silver mantle throws.
The natives of the neighb'ring grove
Their nuptials chaunt on vernal sprays;
Untaught by Ovid how to love,
True passion modulates their lays.
From no Propertius' polish'd strain,
The linnet forms her temp'rate note;
From no Tibullus learns to plain
The widow'd turtle's faithful throat.
Each feather'd libertine of air,
Gay as Catullus, loves and sings;
Free as the Teian sage from care,
The goldfinch claps his gilded wings,
And woos his female to repair
To shady groves and crystal springs.
Here blest'd with freedom and content,
Untaught by devious thought to stray
Through fancy's visionary way,
These sylvan bards of sentiment
Warble the dictates of the heart
Uninterrupted as they flow,
Unmeasur'd by the rules of art,
Now strongly high now sweetly low.
Such scenes the good have ever lov'd,
The great have sought, the wise approv'd.
Here legislators plann'd of old
The pandects of immortal laws:
And mighty chiefs and heroes bold,
Withdrawn from popular applause,
First having left their countries free
From savage and from human pests,
Gain'd a more glorious victory
O'er the fiercer tyrants of their breasts.
Methinks, I hear some courtier say,
"Such charms ideal ill agree
"With modern'z'd gentility;
"For now the witty, great, and gay,
"Think what so charms your rural sense,
"Only a clown's fit residence.
"In former days a country life,
"For so time-honour'd poets sing,
"Free from anxiety and strife,
"Was blandish'd by perpetual spring.
"There the sweet graces kept their court,
"The nymphs, the fauns and dryads play'd,
"Thither the muses would resort,
"Apollo lov'd the sylvan shade.
"The gods and heroes own'd a passion
"For wives and daughters of the swains,
"And heroines, whilst 'twas the fashion,
"Ridotto'd on the rural plains.
"The squires were then of heav'nly race,
"The parsons fashionable too,
"Young Hectors had at court a place,
"Venus and Mars were folks one knew.
"But long long since those times are o'er,
"No goddess trips it o'er the lea,
"The gods and heroes are no more,
"Who danc'd to rural minstrelsy,
"Detested are these sad abodes
"By modern dames of mortal make,
"And peers, who rank not with such gods,
"Their solitary seats forsake.
"For now 'tis quite another case,
"The country wears a diff'rent face.
"When sometimes, (oh! the cruel Lent)!
"Thither her ladyship is sent,
"As Sol through Taurus mounts the sky;
"Or George prorogues his parliament,
"Her beauteous bosom heaves a sigh,
"Five months in rustic banishment.
"Thither, alas! no Viscounts rove,
"Nor heart-bewitching col'nels come,
"Dull is the music of the grove,
"Unheeded fades the meadow's bloom.
"The verdant copse may take the birds,
"The breath of morn and evening's dew
"To bleating flocks and lowing herds
"Be pleasant and be wholesome too;
"But how can these ('tis out of nature)
"Have charms for any human creature!"
Such are the sentiments, I own,
Of all that lazy loitering race;
From daily ushers to his grace,
Who never leave the guilty town;
But in the purlieus of the court,
By knaves are spaniel'd up and down,
To fetch and carry each report.
Far other images arise
To those who inward turn their eyes
To view th' inhabitants of mind;
Where solitude's calm votaries find
Of knowledge th' inexhausted prize;
And truth, immortal truth bestows,
Clad in etherial robes of light,
Pure as the flakes of falling snows,
Unenvied unreprov'd delight.
On me, my lord, on humble me
The intellectual train attends;
Science oft seeks my company,
And fancy's children are my friends.
Here blest'd with independent ease,
I look with pity on the great,
For who, that with enjoyment sees
The laughs and graces at his gate,
And little loves attending nigh,
Or fondly hov'ring o'er his head,
To wing his orders through the sky,
Whilst warbling muses round him shed
Sweet flow'rs, which on Parnassus blow,
Would wish these thorny paths to tread,
Which slaves and courtiers only know.
Thanks to my ancestors and Heav'n,
To me the happier lot is giv'n,
In calm retreat my time to spend
With far far better company,
Than those who on the court attend
In honourable drudgery.
Warriors and statesmen of old Rome
Duly observe my levee day,
And wits from polish'd Athens come,
Occasional devoirs to pay.

With me great Plato often holds
Diſcourſe upon immortal pow'rs,
And Attic Xenophon unfolds
Rich honey from Lycéum's flow'rs;
Cæſar and Tully often dine,
Anacreon rambles in my grove,
Sweet Horace drinks Falernian wine,
Catullus makes on haycocks love.
With theſe, and ſome akin to theſe,
The living few who grace our days,
I live in literary eaſe,
My chief delight their taſte to pleaſe
With ſoft and unaffected lays.
Thus, to each vot'ry's wiſh, kind fate
Divides the world with equal line,
She bids ambition, care, and ſtate,
Be the high portion of the great,
Peace, friendſhip, love, and bliſs be mine.

EPISTLE II.

THE TEMPER OF ARISTIPPUS.

TO LADY *******.

Quo me cunque rapit Tempeſtas deferor hoſpes.
HORAT.

I've oft, Meliſſa, heard you ſay,
"The world obſerves I never wear
"An aſpect gloomy or ſevere,
"That, conſtitutionally gay,
"Whether dark clouds obſcure the ſky,
"Or Phœbus gilds the face of day,
"In pleaſure's true philoſophy
"I paſs the winged years away."
In moſt, 'tis true, the human ſenſe
Is ſubjected to ſmiles, or tears,
To ſwelling pride, or trembling fears,
"By ev'ry ſkyey influence."
Cameleon-like their ſouls agree
With all they hear and all they ſee,
Or, as one inſtrument reſounds,
Another's uniſon of ſounds,
Their mutable complexions carry
The looks of anger, hope, and joy;
Juſt as the ſcenes around 'em vary,
Pleaſures delight, or pains annoy.
But I, by philoſophic mood,
Let the wiſe call it happy folly,
Educe from ev'ry evil good,
And rapture e'en from melancholy.
When in the ſilent midnight grove,
Sweet Philomela ſwells her throat
With tremulous and plaintive note,
Expreſſive of diſaſt'rous love,
I with the penſive pleaſures dwell,
And in their calm ſequeſter'd cell,
Liſten with rapturous delight
To the ſoft ſongſter of the night.
Here Echo, in her moſſy cave,
Symphonious to the love-lorn ſong,
Warbles the vocal rocks among,
Whilſt gently-trickling waters lave
The oak fring'd mountain's hoary brow,
Whoſe ſtreams, united in the vale,
O'er pebbled beds loquacious flow,
Tun'd to the ſad melodious tale
In murmurs querulouſly flow.
And, whilſt immers'd in thought I lie,
From ages paſt and realms unſeen,
There moves before the mental eye
The pleaſing melancholy ſcene
Of nymphs and youths unfortunate,
Whoſe fame ſhall ſpread from ſhore to ſhore,
Preſerv'd by bards from death and fate,
Till time itſelf ſhall be no more.
Thus, not by black miſanthropy
Impell'd, to caves or rocks I fly;
But when, by chance or humour led,
My wand'ring feet thoſe regions tread,
Taught by philoſophy ſo ſweet
To ſhun the fellowſhip of care,
Far from the world I go to meet
Such pleaſures as inhabit there.
With rebel-will I ne'er oppoſe
The current of my deſtiny,
But, pliant as the torrent flows,
Receive my courſe implicitly.
As, from ſome ſhaded river's ſide
If chance a tender * oſier's blown,
Subject to the controuling tide,
Th' obedient ſhrub is carried down.
Awhile it floats upon the ſtreams,
By whirlpools now is forc'd below,
Then mounts again where Titan's beams
Upon the ſhining waters glow.
Sweet flow'ry vales it paſſes by,
Cities, and ſolitudes by turns.
Or where a dreary deſart burns
In ſorrowful obſcurity.
For many a league the wand'rer's borne,
By foreſt, wood, mead, mountain, plain,
'Till, carried never to return,
'Tis buried in the boundleſs main.
Thus Ariſtippus forms his plan;
To ev'ry change of times and fates
His temper he accommodates;
Not where he will, but where he can,
A daily bliſs he celebrates.
An oſier on the ſtream of time,
This philoſophic wanderer
Floating through ev'ry place and clime,
Finds ſome peculiar bleſſing there.
Where e'er the winding current ſtrays
By proſp'rous mount or adverſe plain,
He'll ſport, till all his jocund days
Are loſt in life's eternal main.
Let worldlings hunt for happineſs
With pain, anxiety and ſtrife,
Through ev'ry thorny path of life,
And ne'er th' ideal fair poſſeſs!
For who, alas! their paſſions ſend
The fleeting image to purſue,
Themſelves their own deſigns undo,
And in the means deſtroy the end!

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* *See the Chartreuſe of Greſſet from whence this paſſage is imitated, but the ſubſequent particular application to Ariſtippus is this author's.*

But I a ſurer clue have found,
To guide me o'er the mazy ground;
For knowing that this deity
Muſt ever rove at liberty
Through fancy's viſionary road,
I never wiſdom's ſchemes employ
To find her in one fix'd abode,
But where I meet her I enjoy;
And being free from ſtriſe and care,
Am ſure to meet her ev'ry where.

EPISTLE III.

THE APOLOGY OF ARISTIPPUS.

To * * * * * * * * * *Eſq.*

D'autres font des vers par etude
J'en fais pour me deſennuyer. GRESSET.

SHOULD ſupercilious cenſors ſay
" His youth is waining, 'tis not time
" For Ariſtippus now with rhyme
" To while the uſeleſs hours away,"
I might reply, I do no more
Than what my betters did before;
That what at firſt my fancy led
This idle buſineſs to purſue,
Still makes me proſecute the trade,
Becauſe I've nothing elſe to do;
But to the candid, Tom, and you,
A better reaſon I could give,
To whom a better reaſon's due,
That in theſe meaſures I convey
My gentle precepts, how to live,
Clearer than any other way.
For in the pow'rs of poetry,
Wit, truth, and pleaſure blended lie.
As, in Italia's fertile vales,
On the ſame tree, whilſt bloſſoms blow,
The ripen'd fruits nectareous grow,
Fed by warm ſuns and freſh'ning gales.
Divineſt art to mortals giv'n!
By thee, the brave, the good, the wiſe,
The fair, the learn'd, and witty, riſe
From earth's dull ſod, and people heav'n.
Nor be't to thee imputed blame,
That ever-barking calumny,
And filthy-mouth'd obſcenity,
Have oft uſurp'd thy injur'd name!
Alas! the drops which morning ſheds
With dewy fingers on the meads,
The pink's and vi'let's tubes to fill,
Alike the noxious juices feed
Of deadly hemlock's pois'nous weed,
And give 'em fatal pow'r to kill!
Imagination loves to trace
Reaſon's immortal lineaments
In fiction's necromantic face,
When probability aſſents.
The faireſt features fiction wears,
When moſt like truth th' inchantreſs looks,
As ſweet Narciſſa's ſhade appears,
In ſilent lakes and cryſtal brooks,
So like the life, we ſcarcely know
Where laſt to fix our wav'ring love,
Whether upon the form below,
Or on the real nymph above.
In each we ſee an angel's face,
Though for the ſubſtance breathe our ſighs,
Whilſt we the ſhadowy image trace
In the clear wave with longing eyes.
But ſhould you aſk me, why I chooſe,
Of all the laurel'd ſiſterhood
Th' inhabitants of Pindus' wood,
The leaſt conſiderable muſe.
The vi'lets round the mountain's feet,
Whoſe humble gems unheeded blow,
Are to the ſhepherd's ſmell more ſweet
Than lofty cedars on its brow.
Let the loud epic ſound th' alarms
Of dreadful war, and heroes ſprung
From ſome immortal anceſtry,
Clad in impenetrable arms
By Vulcan forg'd, my lyre is ſtrung
With ſofter chords, my muſe more free
Wanders through Pindus' humbler ways
In amiable ſimplicity:
Unſtudy'd are her artleſs lays,
She aſks no laurel for her brows;
Careleſs of cenſure or of praiſe,
She haunts where tender myrtle grows;
Fonder of happineſs than fame
To the proud bay prefers the roſe,
Nor barters pleaſure for a name.
On nature's lap reclin'd at eaſe,
I liſten to her heav'nly tongue,
From her derive the pow'r to pleaſe,
From her receive th' harmonious time,
And what the goddeſs makes my ſong
In unpremeditated rhyme
Mellifluous flows, whilſt young deſire,
Cull'd from th' Elyſian bloom of ſpring,
Strews flow'rs immortal round my lyre,
And fancy's ſportive children bring,
From bloſſom'd grove and lilied mead,
Freſh fragrant chaplets for my head.
The moſt, though ſofteſt of the nine,
Euterpe, muſe of gaiety,
Queen of heart-ſoft'ning melody,
Allures my ear with notes divine.
In my retreat Euterpe plays,
Where ſcience, garlanded with flow'rs,
Enraptur'd liſtens to her lays
Beneath the ſhade of myrtle bow'rs.
This pleaſing territory lies
Unviſited by common eyes,
Far from the prude's affected ſpleen,
Or bigot's ſurly godlineſs,
Where no coquettes, no jilts are ſeen,
Nor folly-fetter'd fops of dreſs;
Far from the vulgar, high, and low,
The penſion'd great man's littleneſs;
Or thoſe who, prone to ſlav'ry, grow
Fit tools of others tyranny,
And, with a blind devotion, bow
To wooden blocks of quality;
Far from the land of argument,
Where, deep within their murky cells,
* Figures and blotted tropes are pent,
Aud three-legg'd ſylogiſm dwells;

* *See Les Ombres of Greſſet.*

Far from the bubble-blowing race,
The ſchoolmen ſubtle and refin'd,
Who fill the thick ſkull's brainleſs ſpace
With puffs of theologic wind;
And all the grave pedantic train,
Which fairy genius longs to bind
Hard with a comment's iron chain.
But, whilſt ſuch drones are driv'n away,
In my belov'd retreat remain
The fair, the witty, and the gay.
Here the ſoft patriarch of the loves,
Honey'd Anacreon, with the doves
Of Venus flutt'ring o'er his head
(Whilſt ivy-crowned hours around
The laughter-loving graces lead
In ſportive ringlets to the ſound
Of Paphian flutes), the muſe invites
To feſtive days and am'rous nights.
Here tender Moſchus loves to rove
Along the meadow's daiſy'd ſide,
Under a cool and ſilent grove,
Where brooks of dimpling waters glide.
Rapt in celeſtial ecſtaſy
Sappho, whom all the nine inſpire,
Varies her am'rous melody,
The chords of whoſe Idalian lyre,
As changeful paſſions ebb or flow,
Struck with bold hand, now vibrate high,
Now, modulated to a ſigh,
Tremble moſt languiſhingly low.
Horace, mild ſage, refin'd with eaſe,
Whoſe precepts, whilſt they counſel, pleaſe,
Without the jargon of the ſchools,
And fur-gown'd pedant's bookiſh rules,
Here keeps his lov'd academy;
His art ſo nicely he conceals,
That wiſdom on the boſom ſteals,
And men grow good inſenſibly.
From cool Valcluſa's lilied meads
Soft Petrarch, and his Laura come,
And e'en great Taſſo ſometimes treads
Theſe flow'ry walks, and culls the bloom
Of rural groves, where heretofore
Each muſe, each grace, beneath the ſhade
Of myrtle bow'rs, in ſecret play'd
With an Idalian paramour.
From ſilver Seine's tranſparent ſtreams,
With roſes and with lilies crown'd,
Breathing the ſame heart-eaſing themes,
And tun'd in amicable ſound,
Sweet bards, of kindred ſpirit, blow
Soft Lydian notes on Gallic reeds,
Whoſe ſongs inſtruct us how to know
Truth's flow'rs from affectation's weeds.
Chapelle leads up the feſtive band;
La Farre and Chaulieu, hand in hand,
Cloſe follow their poetic fire,
Hot with the Teian grape and fire.
But hark! as ſweet as weſtern wind
Breathes from the vi'let's fragrant beds,
When balmy dews Aurora ſheds,
Greſſet's clear pipe, diſtinct behind,
Symphonioufly combines in one,
Each former bard's mellifluent tone.
Greſſet! in whoſe harmonious verſe
The Indian bird ſhall never die,
Though death may perch on Ver-Vert's hearſe,
Fame's tongue immortal ſhall rehearſe
His variable loquacity.
Nor wanting are there bards of Thames,
On rural reed young Surry plays,
And Waller woos the courtly dames
With gay and unaffected lays,
His careleſs limbs ſupinely laid
Beneath the plantain's leafy ſhade.
Prior his eaſy pipe applies
To ſooth his jealous Cloe's breaſt,
And even Sacchariſſa's eyes
To brighter Cloe's yield the prize
Of Venus' ſoul-bewitching ceſt.
Than theſe much greater bards, I ween,
Whenever they will condeſcend
Th' inferior muſes to attend,
Immortalize this humble ſcene:
Shakſpeare's and Drayton's fairy crews
In midnight revels gambol round,
And Pope's light ſylphids ſprinkle dews
Refreſhing on the magic ground.
Nor 'ſdains the dryad train of yore,
And green-hair'd naiads of the flood,
To join with fancy's younger brood,
Which brood the ſweet enchantreſs bore
To Britiſh bards in after times,
Whoſe fame ſhall bloom in deathleſs rhymes,
When Greece and Britain are no more.
Whilſt ſuch the feaſts of fancy give,
Careleſs of what dull ſages know,
Amidſt their banquets I will live,
And, pitying, look on pow'r below.
If ſtill the Cynic cenſor ſays,
That Ariſtippus' uſeleſs days
Paſs in melodious foolery,
This is my laſt apology:
" Whatever has the pow'r to bleſs,
" By living having learnt to prize,
" Since wiſdom will afford me leſs
" Than what from harmleſs follies riſe,
" I cannot ſpare from happineſs
" A ſingle moment to be wiſe."

EPISTLE IV.

THE CALL OF ARISTIPPUS.

To Mark Akenſide, M. D.

ΑΧΑΡΙΣ ΔΕ ΤΙΣ ΠΕΦΥΚΩΣ
ΜΕΘΕΤΩ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ ———.
Ode Henr. Stepheni.

O THOU, for whom the Britiſh bays
Bloom in theſe unpoetic days,
Whoſe early genius glow'd to follow
The arts through nature's ancient ways,
Twofold diſciple of Apollo!
Shall Ariſtippus' eaſy lays,
Trifles of philoſophic pleaſure
Compos'd in literary leiſure,
Aſpire to gain thy deathleſs praiſe?
If thy nice ear attends the ſtrains,
This careleſs bard of nature breathes
On Cyprian flute in Albion's plains;

By future poets myrtle wreaths
Shall long be ſcatter'd o'er his urn
In annual ſolemnity,
And marble Cupids, as they mourn,
Point where his kindred aſhes lie.
Whilſt through the track of endleſs day
Thy muſe ſhall, like the bird of Jove,
Wing to the ſource of light her way,
And bring from cloudleſs realms above,
Where truth's ſeraphic daughters glow,
Another Promothean ray
To this benighted globe below,
Mine, like ſoft Cytherea's dove,
Contented with her native grove,
Shall fondly ſooth th' attentive ears
Of life's way-wearied travellers,
And, from the paths of fancied woes,
Lead 'em to the ſerene abode,
Where real bliſs and real good
In ſweet ſecurity repoſe;
Or, as the lark with matin notes,
To youth's new voyagers, in ſpring,
As over head in air ſhe floats,
Attendant on unruffled wing,
Warbles inartificial joy,
My muſe in tender ſtrains ſhall ſing
The feats of Venus' winged boy,
Or how the nimble-footed hours,
With the three graces knit in dance,
Follow the goddeſs Elegance
To Hebe's court in Paphian bow'rs.
Nor let the ſupercilious wiſe,
And gloomy ſons of melancholy,
Theſe unaffected lays deſpiſe,
As day-dreams of melodious folly.
Reaſon a lovelier aſpect wears
The ſmiles and muſes when between,
Than in the Stoic's rigid mien
With beard philoſophiz'd by years;
And virtue moaps not in the cell
Where cloiſter'd pride and penance dwell,
But, in the chariot of the loves,
She triumphs innocently gay,
Drawn by the yok'd Idalian doves,
Whilſt young affections lead the way
To the warm regions of the heart,
Whence ſelfiſh fiends of vice depart,
Like ſpectres at th' approach of day.
Should any infidel demand,
Who ſneers at our poetic heav'n,
Whether from ordination given
By prelates of the Theſpian land,
Or inſpiration from above
(As modern Methodiſts derive
Their light from no divine alive),
I hold the great prerogative
T' interpret ſage Anacreon's writ,
Or gloſs upon Catullus' wit,
Prophets that heretofore were ſent,
And finally require to ſee
Credentials of my embaſſy,
Before his faith could yield conſent,
Convincing reaſons I would give
From a ſhort tale ſcarce credible,
But yet as true and plauſible
As ſome which Catholics believe,
That I was call'd by Jove's beheſt
A Paphian and a Delphian prieſt.
Once, when by Trent's pellucid ſtreams,
In days of prattling infancy,
Led by young wond'ring eccſtaſy,
To view the ſun's refulgent beams,
As on the ſportive waves they play'd,
Too far I negligently ſtray'd,
The god of day his lamp withdrew,
Evening her duſky mantle ſpread,
And from her moiſt'ned treſſes ſhed
Refreſhing drops of pearly dew.
Cloſe by the borders of a wood,
Where an old ruin'd abbey ſtood,
Far from a fondling mother's ſight,
With toil of childiſh ſport oppreſs'd,
My tender limbs ſunk down to reſt
'Midſt the dark horrors of the night.
As Horace erſt by fabled doves
With ſpring's firſt leaves was mantled o'er
A wand'rer from his native groves,
A like regard the Britiſh loves
To me their future poet bore,
Nor left me guardianleſs alone,
For though no nymph or faun appear'd,
Nor piping ſatyr was there heard,
And here the dryads are unknown;
Yet, natives true of Engliſh ground,
Sweet elves and fays in mantles green,
By ſhepherds oft in moonlight ſeen,
And dapper fairies danc'd around.
The nightingale, her love-lorn lay
Neglecting on the neighb'ring ſpray,
Strew'd with freſh flow'rs my turfy bed,
And, at the firſt approach of morn,
The red-breaſt ſtript the fragrant thorn
On roſes wild to lay my head.
Thus, as the wond'ring ruſtics ſtay,
In ſmiling ſleep they found me laid
Beneath a bloſſom'd hawthorn's ſhade,
Whilſt ſportive bees, in myſtic play,
With honey fill'd my little lips
Blent with each ſweet that zephyr ſips
From flow'ry cups in balmy May.
From that bleſs'd hour my boſom glow'd
Ere vanity or fame inſpir'd,
With unaffected tranſports fir'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd flow'd,
In childhood's inattentive days,
The liſping notes of artleſs lays.
Nor have theſe dear enchantments ceas'd,
For what in innocence began
Still with increaſing years increas'd,
And youth's warm joys now charm the man.
Perhaps this fondly-foſter'd flame,
E'en when in duſt my body's laid,
Will o'er the tomb preſerve its fame,
And glow within my future ſhade,
If thus, as poets have agreed,
The ſoul, when from the body freed,
In t' other world confines her bliſs
To the ſame joys ſhe lov'd in this,
Thine, when ſhe's paſs'd the ſtygian flood,
Shall, 'midſt the patriot chiefs of old,

The wiſe, the valiant, and the good,
(Great names in deathleſs archives roll'd)!
Strike with a maſter's mighty hand
Thy golden lyre's profoundeſt chords,
And faſcinate the kindred band
With magic of poetic words.
Raviſh'd with thy melliſluent lay
Plato and Virgil ſhall entwine
Of olive and the Mantuan bay
A never-fading crown for thee,
And learn'd Lucretius ſhall reſign,
Among the follwers of the nine,
His philoſophic dignity.
For though his faithful pencil drew
Nature's external ſymmetry,
Yet to the mind's capacious view,
That unconfin'd expatiates
O'er mighty Nature's wond'rous whole,
Thy nicer ſtroke delineates
The finer features of the ſoul.
And, whilſt the Theban bard to thee
Shall yield the heart-elating lyre,
Horace ſhall hear attentively
Thy finger touch his ſofter wire
To more familiar harmony.
Mean while thy Ariſtippus' ſhade
Shall ſeek where ſweet Anacreon plays,
Where Chapelle ſpends his feſtive days,
Where lies the vine-impurpled glade
By tuneful Chalieu vocal made,
Or where our Shenſtone's moſſy cell,
Or where the fair Deſhouliéres ſtrays,
Or Hammond and Pavillon dwell,
And Greſſet's gentle ſpirit roves
Surrounded by a group of loves
With roſes crown'd and aſphodel.
Let the furr'd pedants of the ſchools,
In learning's formidable ſhow,
Full of wiſe ſaws and bookiſh rules,
The meagre dupes of miſery grow,
A lovelier doctrine I profeſs
Than their dull ſcience can avow;
All that belongs to happineſs
Their heads are welcome ſtill to know,
My heart's contented to poſſeſs.
For in ſoft elegance and eaſe,
Secure of living whilſt I live,
Each momentary bliſs I ſeize,
Ere theſe warm faculties decay,
The fleeting moments to deceive
Of human life's allotted day.
And when th' invidious hand of time
By ſtealth ſhall ſilver o'er my head,
Still pleaſure's roſy walks I'll tread,
Still with the jocund muſes rhyme,
And haunt the green Idalian bow'rs,
Whilſt wanton boys of Paphos' court
In myrtles hide my ſtaff for ſport,
And coif me, where I'm bald, with flow'rs.
Thus to each happy habit true,
Preferring happineſs to pow'r,
Will Ariſtippus e'en purſue
Life's comforts to the lateſt hour,
Till age (the only malady
Which thou and med'cine cannot cure,
Yet what all covet to endure)
This innocent voluptu'ry
Shall, from the laughs and graces here,
With late and lenient change remove,
To regions of Elyſian air,
Where ſhades of mortal pleaſures rove,
Deſtin'd, without alloy, to ſhare
Eternal joys of mutual love,
Which tranſitory were above.

A SONG.

Dear Chloe what means this diſdain,
Which blaſts each endeavour to pleaſe?
Though forty, I'm free from all pain,
Save love, I'm free from diſeaſe.

No graces my manſion have fled,
No muſes have broken my lyre;
The loves frolic ſtill round my bed,
And laughter is cheer'd at my fire.

To none have I ever been cold,
All beauties in vogue I'm among;
I've appetite e'en for the old,
And ſpirit enough for the young.

Believe me, ſweet girl, I ſpeak true,
Or elſe put my love to the teſt;
Some others have doubted like you,
Like them do you bleſs and be bleſt.

AN EPISTLE

FROM THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO MONSIEUR VOLTAIRE. 1757.

Tranſlated from the French.

Voltaire, believe me, were I now
In private life's calm ſtation plac'd,
Let heav'n for nature's wants allow,
With cold indiff'rence would I view
Departing fortune's winged haſte,
And laugh at her caprice like you.
Th' inſipid farce of tedious ſtate,
Imperial duty's real weight,
The faithleſs courtier's ſupple bow,
The fickle multitude's careſs,
And the great vulgar's littleneſs,
By long experience well I know;
And, though a prince and poet born,
Vain blandiſhments of glory ſcorn.
For when the ruthleſs ſhears of fate
Have cut my life's precarious thread,
And rank'd me with th' unconſcious dead,
What wil't avail that I was great,
Or that th' uncertain tongue of fame
In mem'ry's temple chaunts my name?
One bliſsful moment whilſt we live
Weighs more than ages of renown;
What then do potentates receive
Of good, peculiar to their own?
Sweet eaſe and unaffected joy,
Domeſtic peace, and ſportive pleaſure,
The regal throne and palace fly,
And, born for liberty, prefer
Soft ſilent ſcenes of lovely leiſure,
To what we monarchs buy ſo dear,
The thorny pomp of ſcepter'd care.

My pain or bliſs ſhall ne'er depend
On fickle fortune's caſual flight,
For, whether ſhe's my foe or friend,
In calm repoſe I'll paſs the night;
And ne'er by watchful homage own
I court her ſmile, or fear her frown.
But from our ſtations we derive
Unerring precepts how to live,
And certain deeds each rank calls forth,
By which is meaſur'd human worth.
Voltaire, within his private cell,
In realms where ancient honeſty
Is patrimonial property,
And ſacred freedom loves to dwell,
May give up all his peaceful mind,
Guided by Plato's deathleſs page,
In ſilent ſolitude reſign'd
To the mild virtues of a ſage;
But I, 'gainſt whom wild whirlwinds wage
Fierce war with wreck-denouncing wing,
Muſt be, to face the tempeſt's rage,
In thought, in life, in death, a king.

A HYMN TO HEALTH.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Sweet as the fragrant breath of genial May,
Come, fair Hygeia, goddeſs heav'nly born,
More lovely than the ſun's returning ray,
To northern regions, at the half year's morn.

Where ſhall I ſeek thee? in the wholeſome grot,
Where temperance her ſcanty meal enjoys?
Or peace contented with her humble lot,
Beneath her thatch th' inclement blaſt defies?

Swept from each flow'r that ſips the morning dew,
Thy wing beſprinkles all the ſcenes around;
Where'er thou fly'ſt the bloſſoms bluſh anew,
And purple vi'lets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy preſence renovated nature ſhows,
By thee each ſhrub with varied hue is dy'd,
Each tulip with redoubled luſtre glows,
And all creation ſmiles with flow'ry pride.

But in thy abſence joy is felt no more,
The landſcape wither'd e'en in ſpring appears,
The morn low'rs om'nous o'er the duſky ſhore,
And evening ſuns ſet half extinct in tears.

Ruthleſs diſeaſe aſcends, when thou art gone
From the dark regions of th' abyſs below,
With peſtilence, the guardian of her throne,
Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boaſts,
Or Po the balſam of his weeping trees;
In vain Arabia's aromatic coaſts
Tincture the opinions of the paſſing breeze.

No wholeſome ſcents impregn the weſtern gale,
But noxious ſtench exhal'd by ſcorching heat,
Where gaſping ſwains the pois'nous air inhale
That once diffus'd a medicinal ſweet.

Me, abject me, with pale diſeaſe oppreſs'd,
Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath,
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breaſt,
And ſhield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite ſhrine,
Reſtor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine,
Each herb that grows round Æſculapius' tomb.

A SONG.

The nymph that I lov'd was as cheerful as day,
And as ſweet as the bloſſoming hawthorn in May,
Her temper was ſmooth as the down on the dove,
And her face was as fair as the mother's of love.

Though mild as the pleaſanteſt zephyr that ſheds,
And receives gentle odours from violet beds,
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaſte as the ſilver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unſullied as new fallen-ſnow,
Yet as lively as tints of young Iris's bow,
As firm as the rock, and as calm as the flood,
Where the peace-loving halcyon depoſits her brood.

The ſweets that each virtue or grace had in ſtore,
She cull'd as the bee would the bloom of each flow'r;
Which treaſur'd for me, O! how happy was I,
For though her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy.

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

AN IAMBIC ODE.

Written in the Year 1756.

Ατοπον γὰρ ἦν τὴν μὲν τῶν ἀπάντων σωτηρίαν τε τοῖς ἐπιτρέπειν, ὑπὲρ ἧ δὲ ἀγωνιᾶσθαι μηδὲν αὐτοὺς ὑπάρχειν κατὰ τὴν χώραν σπουδῆς ἄξιον

Diodor. Sicul. Hiſtor. Lib. I.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE.

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

O thou ordain'd at length by pitying fate
To ſave from ruin a declining ſtate;
Adorn'd with all the ſcientific ſtore
Which bloom'd on Roman or Athenian ſhore;
At whoſe command our paſſions fall or riſe,
Breathe anger's menaces, or pity's ſighs,
Whoſe breaſt (O never let the flame expire)!
Glows ardent with the patriot's ſacred fire;
Attend the bard, who ſcorns the venal lays,
Which ſervile flatt'ry ſpurious greatneſs pays:
Whoſe Britiſh ſpirit emulating thine,
Could ne'er burn incenſe at corruption's ſhrine;
Who far from courts maintains ſuperior ſtate,
And thinks that to be free is to be great;
Careleſs of pride's imperial ſmile or frown,
A friend to all mankind, but ſlave to none;

Above temptation, and unaw'd by pow'r,
Pleas'd with his preſent lot, nor wiſhes more,
Save that kind heaven would one bleſs'd boon beſtow, [know,
Which monarchs cannot grant, or courtiers
From each low view of ſelfiſh factions free,
To think, to ſpeak, to live, O Pitt, like thee.

As late o'er Britain's chalky coaſts
The genius of the iſland flew,
The venal ſwarm of foreign hoſts *
Inglorious baſking in his view,
Deep in his breaſt he felt the new diſgrace,
And honeſt blûſhes warm'd his godlike face.

Quick flaſh'd the light'ning of his ſpear
Which blaſted France on Creſſy' field,
He wheel'd the blazing ſword in air,
And on his ſhoulders ſpread the ſhield,
As when o'er Agincourt's blood-purpled lands,
Pale terror ſtalk'd through all the Gallic bands.

Soon as he caſt his eyes below,
Deep heav'd the ſympathetic ſigh,
Sudden the tears of anguiſh flow,
For ſore he felt th' indignity;
Diſcordant paſſions ſhook his heav'nly frame,
Now horror's damp, now indignation's flame.

Ah! what avails, he cry'd, the blood
Shed by each patriot band of yore,
When freedom's unpaid legions ſtood
Protectors of this ſea-girt ſhore,
When ancient wiſdom deem'd each Britiſh ſword
From hoſtile pow'r could guard its valiant lord.

What though the Daniſh raven ſpread
Awhile his wings o'er Engliſh ground,
The bird of prey funereal fled
When Alfred call'd his peers around,
Whoſe fleets triumphant riding on the flood,
Deep ſtain'd each chalky cliff with Denmark's blood.

Alfred on natives could depend,
And ſcorn'd a foreign force t' employ,
He thought, who dar'd not to defend
Were never worthy to enjoy; [one.
The realm's and monarch's int'reſt deem'd but
And arm'd his ſubjects to maintain their own.

What though weak John's divided reign
The Gallic legions tempted o'er,
When Henry's barons join'd again,
Thoſe feather'd warriors left the ſhore;
Learn, Britons, hence, you want no foreign friends,
The lion's ſafety on himſelf depends.

Reflect on Edward's glorious name;
On my fifth Henry's martial deeds;
Think on thoſe peers of deathleſs fame
Who met their king on Thames's meads,
When ſov'reign might acknowledg'd reaſon's plea,
That Heav'n created man for liberty.

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* *Six thouſand Heſſians imported to protect this iſland!!!!*

Though Rome's fell ſtar malignant ſhone,
When great Eliza rul'd this ſtate,
On Engliſh hearts ſhe plac'd her throne,
And in their happineſs her fate,
While blacker than the tempeſts of the north,
The Papal tyrant ſent his curſes forth.

Lo! where my Thames's waters glide
At great Auguſta's regal feet,
Bearing on each returning tide
From diſtant realms a golden fleet,
Which homeward wafts the fruits of ev'ry zone,
And makes the wealth of all the world your own.

Shall on his ſilver waves be borne
Of armed ſlaves a venal crew?
Lo! the old god denotes his ſcorn,
And ſhudders at th' unuſual view,
Down to his deepeſt cave retires to mourn,
And tears indignant bathe his cryſtal urn.

O! how can vaſſals born to bear
The galling weight of ſlav'ry's chain,
A patriot's noble ardour ſhare,
Or freedom's ſacred cauſe maintain?
Britons exert your own unconquer'd might,
A freeman beſt defends a freeman's right.

Look back on every deathleſs deed
For which your ſires recorded ſtand;
To battle let your nobles lead
The ſons of toil, a hardy band;
The ſword on each rough peaſant's thigh be worn,
And war's green wreaths the ſhepherd's front adorn.

But ſee, upon his utmoſt ſhores
America's ſad genius lies,
Each waſted province he deplores,
And caſts on me his languid eyes,
Bleſs'd with Heav'n's fav'rite ordinance I fly,
To raiſe th' oppreſs'd, and humble tyranny.

This ſaid, the viſion weſtward fled,
His wrinkled brow denouncing war;
The way fire-mantled vengeance led,
And juſtice drove his airy car;
Behind firm-footed peace her olive bore,
And plenty's horn pour'd bleſſings on the ſhore.

THEAGENES TO SYLVIA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theagenes, ſon of Hieron, the prieſt of Pan, having fallen in love, at an annual feſtival in the temple of that god, with Sylvia, a votreſs to Diana, finds means to ſeduce her. After ſome time, the nymph being ſtruck with horror at her guilt, in the utmoſt deſpair and contrition, makes a vow that ſhe would endeavour to expiate her offence by a life of religious ſolitude: Upon which occaſion Theagenes writes the following epiſtle.

N. B. Several hints in the following epiſtle were taken from the celebrated Lord Gray's Love Letters.

SAY, deareſt object of my broken heart,
Muſt we, for e'er, like ſoul and body part?

Muſt I be doom'd whole ages to deplore,
And think of tranſports I muſt taſte no more?
O dreadful thought! whoſe endleſs view contains
Grief foll'wing grief, and pains ſucceeding pains!
Each joy is blaſted, and each comfort fled!
Ye dreary ſiſters, cut the fatal thread!
Ah! whither fly'ſt thou? to ſome dreary plain,
Where frozen chaſtity and horror reign;
And melancholy, daughter of deſpair,
With pale contrition, and with gloomy care;
To ſpend thy youth in ſuperſtitious fears,
In needleſs penance, penitence, and tears!
Let thoſe dwell there whoſe boſoms guilt reprove,
But thou haſt none, if 'tis no ſin to love.
For what is deem'd a half extorted vow,
Too dull for lovers, and forgotten now?
Religious cheat! impos'd by fear or man,
And prieſts continue what the fool began.
O ſtay, for abſence never can deſtroy,
No diſtance quell my viſionary joy;
In vain you ſtill endeavour to remove
The beauteous cauſe of my unhappy love:
Imagination foll'wing cloſe behind,
Preſents afreſh paſt pleaſures to my mind;
The rebel mind forbidden paſſion knows,
With welcome flames the guilty boſom glows,
Again th' eceſtatic ſoul diſſolves away,
In brighteſt viſions of eternal day;
There ſees thy fatal form, or ſeems to ſee,
For Heav'n it loſes when it loſes thee.
Worn by my ſorrows, ſee this wretched frame,
Innocent object of thy fatal flame!
See! round my lips a deadly paleneſs ſpread;
Where roſes bloom'd, the canker grief has fed;
From my cold cheeks the with'ring lily flies,
And light extinguiſh'd leaves my weeping eyes.
O count again the pleaſures we have prov'd,
Promoting mutual what the other lov'd;
Recall in thought each am'rous moment gone,
Think each ſoft circumſtance, and ſtill think on;
But chief that day deſtructive to my reſt,
For ever fatal, yet for ever bleſt,
When I, aſſiſted at the ſacred ſhrine,
My aged father in the rites divine,
Beheld thee firſt, celeſtial as thou art,
And felt thy image ſink into my heart;
Ere I could think I found myſelf undone,
For but to ſee thee and to love are one.
No more the pomp and ſolemn ſplendour pleas'd,
Devotion's flames within my boſom ceas'd;
Thy fairer form expell'd the deity,
And all the mighty ſpace was fill'd with thee.
I fear'd 'twas error, and to wiſdom fled
To call her rigid doctrine to my aid:
But ſuch the paſſion, wiſdom muſt approve,
She ſaw the object, and ſhe bade me love.
The pleaſing paths of Venus I retrod,
No more a mortal, but an am'rous god.
O pow'rful weakneſs of th' eceſtatic mind!
Celeſtial gleams to human failings join'd!
Love wafts our thoughts when fancy ſpreads her
fails,
To lands of paradiſe with gentle gales,
Love makes the ſiſter ſoul for ever even;
Love can do all, for love itſelf is heav'n.

The tedious bus'neſs of the day was done;
Our off'rings ended with the parting ſun;
The night advanc'd, the ſhepherds homeward ſped
To the ſweet comforts of the nuptial bed;
But me, alas! far other cares employ,
To reap the harveſt of unlawful joy;
Penſive I wander'd on the lonely ſhore,
Where breaking billows at a diſtance roar;
The ſighs that iſſued from my lab'ring breaſt,
Woke Echo from her inmoſt cave of reſt.
On thee I thought, on thee I call'd alone,
The ſoften'd rocks re-echo'd to my moan,
The ſympathiſing ſtreams ran mournful by,
And turn'd their plaintive bubblings to my cry.
Thrice had the moon her ſilver mantle ſpread,
As oft I wander'd from my ſleepleſs bed;
As oft I travers'd o'er the neighb'ring plain,
As oft I ſought thee, but I ſought in vain;
At laſt arriv'd the long-expected hour,
I found thee muſing in a lonely bow'r;
The time and place invited to impart
The faithful language of my love-ſick heart.
With agonizing ſighs I gain'd belief,
And each pathetic circumſtance of grief;
A war unequal in thy breaſt enſu'd,
Stern duty fail'd, and gentle pity woo'd,
Pity admitted all diſdain remov'd,
And ſoon what mercy ſpar'd the woman lov'd.
A crimſon bluſh o'er all thy face was ſpread,
Then lilies pale, and all the roſes fled;
Each look more faithful, to thy heart reveal'd
The fatal ſecret that thy tongue conceal'd.
The happy omen of ſucceſs I view'd,
Embrac'd th' advantage, and th' attack purſu'd.
Honour's firſt guard of wakeful ſcruples o'er,
Love found a breach, and fears contend no more;
Each others arms each others body preſt,
We ſpoke much pleaſure, and we felt the reſt;
The reſt, which only can the faithful feel,
The reſt, which none had ever pow'r to tell;
The reſt, which feels unutterably ſweet,
In the firſt intercourſe when lovers meet.
The modeſt diffidence, and bold deſires,
Soft thrilling cold, and quick-returning fires,
The glowing bluſhes and the joyful tears,
The flatt'ring wiſhes, and th' alarming fears,
The gentle breathings and the mutual ſighs,
And all the ſilent eloquence of eyes.
Pleas'd with the firſt delight, my raptures
rove
To ſeize at once the laſt receſs of love;
Till flying ſwiftly on from joy to joy,
I ſunk at laſt in heav'nly eceſtaſy.
The ſecret progreſs thus we firſt began,
Then ſoon round pleaſure's flow'ry circle ran;
How oft we met, dull reaſon frown'd in vain,
How oft we parted but to meet again!
O bleſſed moments, and divineſt dreams!
Enchanting tranſports, and celeſtial gleams!
Fly quick my fancy, bring 'em back to view,
In retroſpection let me love anew:
And once in thought enjoy the bliſs again,
Even cheaply purchas'd by an age of pain.
O ſacred queen of ſilent night, advance,
And caſt thy ſable mantle o'er th' expanſe.

Come, gentle ſleep, and cloſe my wearied eyes,
Give to my arms what hateful day denies,
For vain, alas! thoſe dulcet wiſhes roll,
When ſov'reign reaſon awes the wakeful ſoul;
Sleep ſets it free to all its native fires,
And gives a grateful looſe to ſoft deſires.
At that calm hour, when peace her requiem ſings,
And pleaſing ſlumbers ſpread their airy wings;
Thy beauteous image comes before my ſight:
(My theme by day, my conſtant dream by night);
Fancy not fairer paints thoſe Heav'n-born maids,
In fair Elyſium under myrtle ſhades,
Who ever blooming, ever young appear,
To drive from happy ſhades intruding fear.
My raviſh'd thoughts on plumes angelic ſoar,
And feel within a heav'n, or ſomewhat more.
Straight on thy oft-repeated name I call,
Then wake, and ſigh, and find it vaniſh all.
Thus erſt when Orpheus from the Stygian ſhore
Had won his youthful bride by muſic's pow'r,
Impatient to behold her, ere he paſt
The pool of Cocytus, and th' infernal waſte,
Heedleſs he caſt forbidden looks behind;
The fleeting ſhadow vaniſh'd like the wind,
And all his joys wing'd their eternal flight
With her, like frighted doves, to realms of night.
Again I cloſe my ſleep-deluded eyes,
Around my ſoul black ſwarms of demons riſe,
Pale ſpectres grin, and angry furies howl,
Quick lightnings flaſh, and horrid thunders roll;
Again the frighted wand'rer haſtes away
Back to the living horrors of the day,
There counts the viſionary miſery o'er,
And realizes what was dreamt before.
Ye dreary pow'rs that hover o'er the plains
Where ſorrows reign, and everlaſting pains,
Bear me to places ſuited to my woe,
Where noxious herbs and deadly poiſons grow,
Whilſt wint'ry winds howl fiercely round my head,
The flint my pillow, ſharpen'd rocks my bed;
And ghoſts of wretches once who dy'd for love,
Round their unburied bodies nightly rove,
Which hang half moulder'd on ſome blaſted tree,
And by their ſad example counſel me.
What now avail the joyous moments paſt,
Or what will all the wretched few that laſt?
In them I dying will our loves proclaim,
With fault'ring accents call upon thy name,
And whilſt I bleſs thee with my parting breath,
Enjoy the raptures of my life in death.
Then ſpare thy curſes, and forget th' offence
Of him who robb'd thee of thy innocence;
Or if not quite forget, forgive at leaſt,
And ſoothe the dying penitent to reſt.
Oh! may to thee the pitying gods beſtow
Eternal peace and happineſs below;
Yet when thy mortal frame, as once it muſt,
Returns and mingles with its native duſt;
May the ſame urn our mingled aſhes have,
And find a laſting union in the grave!
If you ere long my bleeding corſe ſhould ſee
Beneath the covert of yon conſcious tree,
This laſt requeſt I make for all my fears,
For all my ſleepleſs minutes ſpent in tears,
For all thoſe ſtruggles of my parting breath,
And all the agonies in one, my death;
Think on the raptures which we raviſh'd there,
Then breathe a ſigh, and drop th' indebted tear.
This empty tribute's to the mem'ry due,
Of one who liv'd and dy'd in love of you.
My ghoſt, thus ſooth'd, ſhall ſeek the Stygian ſhore,
Mix with the happy crowd, and grieve no more,
But eager wait till thou at laſt art giv'n,
To raiſe each bleſſing of th' Elyſian heav'n,
Where uncontroul'd in amorous ſports we'll play,
And love a whole eternity away.

THE POWER OF HARMONY.

IN TWO BOOKS.

THE DESIGN.

It is obſerveable, that whatever is true, juſt, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an inſtantaneous pleaſure to the mind, excluſive of reflection. For the great Creator of all things, infinitely wiſe and good, ordained a perpetual agreement between the faculties of moral perfection, the powers of fancy, and the organs of bodily ſenſation, when they are free and undiſtempered. From hence is deducible the moſt comfortable, as well as the moſt true philoſophy that ever adorned the world; namely a conſtant admiration of the beauty of the creation, terminating in the adoration of the Firſt Cauſe, which naturally leads mankind cheerfully to co-operate with his grand deſign for the promotion of univerſal happineſs.

From hence our author was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty; ſince the ſame faculties, which render us ſuſceptible of pleaſure from the perfection of the creation, and the excellence of the arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of dignity and juſtice in characters and manners. For what is virtue, but a juſt regulation of our affections and appetites, to make them correſpond to the peace and welfare of ſociety? ſo that good and beauty are inſeparable.

From this true reliſh of the ſoul, this harmonious aſſociation of ideas, the ancient philoſophers, and their diſciples among the moderns, have enlivened their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourſe of adding moral epithets to natural objects, and illuſtrating their obſervations upon the conduct of life, by metaphors drawn from the external ſcenes of the world. So we know, that by a beautiful action, or conſonant behaviour, is meant the generous reſignation of private advantage by ſome individual, to ſubmit and adapt his ſingle being to the whole community, or ſome part of it. And in like manner, when we read of a ſolemn grove, where horror and melancholy reign, we entertain an idea of a place that create ſuch thoughts in the mind, by reaſon of its ſolitary ſituation, want of light, or any other circumſtances analogous to thoſe diſpoſitions, ſo termed, in human nature.

This, then, is the design of the poem, to show that a constant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature, will by degrees harmonize the soul to a responsive regularity and sympathetic order.

From what has been premised, it would be needless to explain the comprehensive meaning of the word Harmony. For an explanation or a proof of the relation of the imitative arts to moral philosophy, the reader is referred to the dialogues of Plato, and the other philosophers of the academic school; to Lord Shaftsbury and Hutcheson, their great disciples among the moderns.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation to Venus allegorically. Invocation to quit superstition, and adore the Creator of all things. Chaos originally reduced to harmony. A fictitious account of the music of the spheres. The notes of music taken from the number of planets. Its effect on the mind in despair—in sorrow—in rage—on distempered bodies—on brutes and irrational beings. The seat of art described, and her attendants: to what end are her labours: either to excite voluptuousness, or the contrary, just as made use of. Commendation of the use of art to raise in us sentiments of justice and temperance. The excellence of art as great in representing monstrous objects as the most regular, as far as relates to imitation. Why a just resemblance gives us pleasure. Passions may be represented by outward forms, but moral beauty can never be full enough expressed by them: that province belongs to the muse. The conclusion of the first book.

THE HARMONY OF MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE IMITATIVE ARTS.

Of Harmony, and her celestial pow'r
O'er the responsive soul, and whence arise
Those sweet sensations, whether from the lays
Of melting music, and impassion'd verse,
From mimic scenes of emulative art,
Or nature's beauteous objects, which affect
The moral pow'rs with sympathetic charms,
The muse congenial sings.—Descend, ye nine,
Who guard th' Aonian mount, whilst I unfold
The deep recesses of your tuneful haunts,
And from your inmost bow'rs select a bay
To deck the fav'rite theme. Do thou attend,
Thou, whom Lucretius to his great design
Invok'd; and with thee bring thy darling son,
Who tun'd Anacreon's lyre, to guide my hand,
Advent'rous rais'd to sweep harmonious chords.
Come all ye sons of liberty, who wake
From dreams of superstition, where the soul
Through mists of forc'd belief, but dimly views
Its own great Maker; come, and I will guide,
Uninterrupted by the jargon shrill
Of peevish priests, your footsteps to the throne
Where pleasure reigns with reason, to behold
His Majesty celestial, and adore
Him through each object of proportion fair,
The source of virtue, harmony, and bliss!
Ere this delightful face of things adorn'd
The great expanse of day, dark chaos reign'd,
And elemental discord; in the womb
Of ancient night, the war of atoms rag'd
Incessant; anarchy, confusion wild,
Harsh dissonance, and uproar fill'd the whole;
Till that Eternal One, who from the first
Existed, sent his plastic word abroad
Throughout the vast abyss: created worlds
Felt the sweet impulse, and obedient fled
To stations ascertain'd; there to perform
Their various motions, corresponding all
To one harmonious plan, which fablers feign
The mystic music of the distant spheres.
* All this the Samian sage had seen at large,
From Ida's cloud-topt summit, or the cave
With Epimenides, where he survey'd,
Higher on wings of contemplation borne,
The mighty maze of nature; where he learnt,
† From that celestial number, how to form
The lyre heart-melting, and the vocal shell.
Thus all the pow'r of music from the spheres
Descends to wake the tardy soul of man
From dreams terrestrial, ever to its charms
Obsequious, ever by its dulcet strains
Smooth'd from the passions of tempestuous life,
And taught to pre-enjoy its native heav'n.
Whilst through this vale of error we pursue
Ideal joys, where fancy leads us on
Through scenes of paradise in fairy forms
Of ease, of pleasure, or extensive pow'r;
And when we think full fairly we possess
The promis'd heav'n, disease, or wrinkled care,
Fill with their loth'd embrace our eager grasp,
And leave us in a wilderness of woe
To weep at large; where shall we seek relief,
Where ease th' oppressive anguish of the mind,
When retrospection glows with conscious shame
By gray experience in the wholesome school
Of sorrow tutor'd? Whither shall we fly?
To wilds and woods, and leave the busy world
For solitude? Ah! thither still pursue
Th' intruding fiends, attend our evening walk,
Breathe in each breeze, and murmur in each rill;
Where peace, protected by the turtle wing
Of innocence, expands the lovely bloom
Of gay content, no more to be enjoy'd,

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* *It is very evident that Pythagoras, who is justly esteemed in one respect the inventor of music, had a clear notion of the present astronomical system, though the honour of the discovery was reserved for Copernicus so many ages after. Nor was this sentiment of his unknown to the rest of the philosophers: for the Stagyrite, in the 13th chapter of the 2d book περι Ουρανȣ, speaks of it in these terms: "Those philosophers, who are called Pythagoreans, affirm, that the sun is in the middle, and that the earth, like the rest of the planets, rolls round it upon its own axis, and so forms the day and night."*

† *The number of the planets.*

Παντες δ' επταπονοιο λυρης φθογγοισι συνωδον
Αρμονειην· προσεχουσι διαςας αλλος απ' αλλȣ.
Alex. Ephes. apud Heracl. de Hem.

But loſt for ever! Yet benignant Heav'n,
Correcting with parental pity, ſent
This friendly ſyren from the groves of joy,
To temper with mellifluent ſtrains the voice
Of mental anguiſh, and attune the groans
Of young impatience, to the ſofter ſound
Of grateful Pæans to its Maker's praiſe.
Alike, if ills external, made our own,
Mix in the cup of life the bitter drop
Of ſorrow; when the childleſs father ſighs
From the remembrace of his dying ſon;
When death has ſever'd, with a long farewell,
The lover from the object of deſire,
In the full bloom of youth, and leaves the wretch,
To ſooth affliction in the well-known ſcenes
Of blameleſs rapture once; uncouth advice
In vain intrudes with ſacerdotal frown,
And ſuperſtition's jargon, to expel
The ſweet diſtreſs; the gen'rous ſoul diſdains,
Deaf to ſuch monkiſh precepts, all conſtraint,
And gives a looſe to grief; but ſtrait apply
The lenient force of numbers, they'll aſſuage
By calm degrees the ſympathetic pain,
Till lull'd at length, the intellectual pow'rs
Sink to divine repoſe, and rage no more.
So when deſcended rains from Alpine rocks
Burſt forth in diff'rent torrents, down the ruſh
Precipitate, and o'er the craggy ſteep
Hoarſe roaring bear the parted ſoil away;
Anon, collected on the ſmoother plains,
Glide to the channel of ſome ancient flood,
And flow one ſilent ſtream. This oft I felt,
When, wand'ring through the unfrequented woods,
Mourning for poor Ardelia's hapleſs fate,
Thee, my belov'd Melodius, I have heard
In ſilent rapture all the live-long day.
Though black deſpair ſate brooding o'er my thoughts
Pregnant with horror, thy Platonic lay
Diſpell'd th' unmanly ſorrows, and again
Led forth my vagrant fancy through the plan
Of nature, ſtudious to explore with thee
Each beauteous ſcene of muſical delight,
Which bears fraternal likeneſs to the ſoul.
* Is there a paſſion, whoſe impetuous force
Diſturbs the human breaſt, and breaking forth
With ſad eruptions, deals deſtruction round,
Like flames convulſive from th' Ætnean mole,
But by the magic ſtrains of ſome ſoft air
Is harmoniz'd to peace? As tempeſts ceaſe
Their elemental fury, when the queen
Of heav'n, deſcending on a zephyr's plume,
Smiles on th' enamell'd landſcape of the ſpring.
Say, at that ſolemn hour, the noon of night,
When nought but plaintive Philomela wakes,
Say, whilſt ſhe warbles forth her tragic tale,
Whilſt grief melodious charms the Sylvan pow'rs,
And echo from her inmoſt cave of reſt
Joins in her wailing, doſt thou not partake
A melancholy pleaſure? And though rage
Did lead thee forth beneath the ſilent gloom
To meditate on horror and revenge,
Thy ſoften'd ſoul is gently ſoothed within,
And, humaniz'd again by pity's voice,
Becomes as tender as the gall-leſs dove
Nor is the tuneful bleſſing here confin'd
To cure diſtemper'd paſſions, and allay
By its perſuaſive notes convulſive throbs
Of ſoul alone; but (ſtrange) with ſubtle pow'r
Acts on the groſſer matter of the frame
By riot ſhatter'd, or the caſual lot
Of ſickneſs wither'd. When th' harmonious plan
Of inward beauty ceaſes, oft the lute,
By ſoft vibrations on reſponſive nerves,
Has reconcil'd, by medicinal ſounds,
Corporeal Chaos to its priſtine form.
Such is the fabled charm Italians boaſt
To cure that inſect's venom, which benumbs
By fatal touch the frozen veins, and lulls
The ſenſes in oblivion: when the harp,
Sonorous, through the patient's boſom pours
Its antidotal notes, the flood of life,
Loos'd at its ſource by tepefying ſtrains,
Flows like ſome frozen ſilver ſtream unthaw'd
At a warm zephyr of the genial ſpring.
Doubt you thoſe charms of muſic o'er the ſoul
Of man? Behold! e'en brute creation feels *
Its pow'r divine! For when the liquid flute
Breathes am'rous airs, touch'd by the love-ſick ſwain,
Mutes is each hill and dale; the liſt'ning herds †
Expreſs their joy irrational (as erſt
When fauns and dryads follow'd ancient Pan
In feſtive dance). Aſk you, from whence ariſe
Theſe grateful ſigns of pleaſure in the gaze
Of liſt'ning flocks at muſic's dulcet lore?
From whence, but from reſponſive notes within
Of harmony celeſtial, which inſpires
Each animal, through all the ſpacious tracts
Of earth, and air, and water, from the large
Unwieldy elephant, to th' unſeen mote,
That flutters in the ſun's meridian beam. [fume,
See! round that fragrant roſe, whoſe ſweets per-
The tinctur'd pinions of the paſſing breeze,
How bees laborious gather! from each hive
The duſky myriads ſwarm, to taſte the dew,
Juſt ſprinkled from Aurora's golden plumes,
Ambroſializ'd within its dulcet leaves,
And ſweets diſtilling like Arabian gums
From medicinal groves——homeward they bear
The liquid ſpoil, exulting, all intent
T' enrich the waxen empire, till anon
Luxurious plenty ſows the fatal ſeed
Of dire diſſention; ſudden rage enſues,
And fight domeſtic; to the fields of air
The winged hoſts reſort; the ſignals ſound,
And civil ſlaughter ſtrews the plains below
With many a little corpſe. But e'en amidſt
The thickeſt war, let but the tuneful rod

* " Spirito ha' ben diſſonante, anima ſorde,
" Che dal concerto univerſal diſcorda."
L' Adone del Marino, Cant. ſett.

* *See the ſurpriſing effects of muſic related by Plato, Ariſtotle, Theophraſtus, Polybius, and other ancient authors.*

† " For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
" Or race of youthful and unhandled colts," &c.
Shakſp. Merchant of Venice.

On brazen cymbal ſtrike, the lenient ſtrains,
Quick undulating through the ſilent air,
Recal harmonious love and gentle peace
Back to their ancient ſeats: the friendly ſwarms
Sudden in reunited cluſters join,
Pendent on neighb'ring ſallows; nought is heard
But notes reciprocal of bliſs ſincere,
Soft-breathing through each amicable hive.
Now to the muſe ſublimer objects turn,
For mind alone can feel th' effect divine
Of emulative art, where human ſkill
Steals with a Promothéan hand the fire
Of heav'n, to imitate celeſtial pow'r.
Deep in the vale of ſolitude, where peace
Breathes o'er the ſoul diviner airs than thoſe
By Grecian fablers ſung, which from the banks
Of fam'd Elyſium waft on happy ſhades
Their grateful influence, in ſequeſter'd bow'rs
The pow'r of art reſides: Reflection firm,
And vagrant fancy at her ſov'reign nod
Attendant wait; behind th' ideal train
Of memory, with retroſpective eye
Supports her throne, whilſt contemplation guides
Her trophied car. Through nature's various paths,
Alike, where glows the bloſſom'd pride of May,
Or where bleak winter from the widow'd ſhrubs
Strips the gay verdure, and inveſts the boughs
With ſnowy horror; where delicious ſtreams
Through flow'ry meadows ſeek their wanton courſe;
Or where on Afric's unfrequented coaſts
The dreary deſart burns; where'er the ray
Of beauty gilds the ſcene, or where the cloud
Or horror caſts its ſhade; ſhe unreſtrain'd
Explores, and in her faithful mirror bears
The ſweet reſemblance, to revive the ſoul,
When abſence from the ſight for ever tears
The ſource of rapture. Hence the tablet glows
With charms exotic; hence the ſculptur'd buſt,
As o'er the rock the plaſtic chiſſel moves,
Breathes by degrees, till ſtreight returns afreſh
The lov'd idea to the raviſh'd eye,
And calls up ev'ry paſſion from its ſource.
Is love the object of thy glowing thoughts?
Or dream'ſt thou of a bliſs exceeding far
Elyſian pleaſures? Would'ſt thou taſte again
The heart-enfeebling tranſports, when the ſoul,
Big with celeſtial triumph, through the vales
Of am'rous fancy led the ſportive hours
To ſoft Idalian airs, whilſt wanton loves
Strew'd round thee roſes of eternal bloom,
And fann'd the ſultry breeze with golden plumes?
See! where, beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,
Which on the canvaſs caſts its cooling ſhade,
Encircled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair
In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown
Of care ne'er low'rs, but ever chearful ſmiles
Effuſe, like vernal ſuns, their genial beams [ſighs,
To warm their mutual hearts; whilſt rapt'rous
Sweeter than aromatic winds which blow
O'er ſpicy groves in intermingled gales,
Are wafted to th' impending queen of love.
But burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?
And would'ſt thou through the faithful colours view
Calm chaſtity and juſtice blend their charms
Like gleams of opening heav'n? Yon radiant throne
Preſents great Cyrus, as the Magi feign'd
The ſnowy-veſted Mithres, from the eaſt
Deſcending in effulgent rays of light,
To guide the virtuous to th' etherial plains,
Where joy for ever dwells. Before him ſtands
A trembling captive, with dejected looks,
As conſcious of her form: upon her cheeks
The roſe of beauty fades, with paler hue
The lily ſickens, and each flow'r declines
Its drooping head. But ſee! how he revives
With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breaſt,
And joy's ſoft bluſh appears! So the bleſs'd wings
Of weſtern zephyr's, o'er Arabian coaſts
Sprinkle their heav'nly dew; the wither'd plants
Incline their ſun-parch'd boſoms to imbibe
The renovating moiſture, till anon
The priſtine bloom through vegetative pores
Returning, ſmiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale, [pride.
And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant
Such groups as theſe inſtruct th' unbiaſs'd mind
With real wiſdom, when with beauty's garb
Virtue inveſted, and ne'er fading charms,
Fills with deſire the ſoul; here art employs
To worthy ends her pencil as of old,
And calls the hero to receive the wreath
Of public honour, whilſt his ſacred buſt
Is ſtill preſerv'd for nations yet unborn
To view with adoration; ev'ry breaſt
Feels emulative ſpirits burn within,
And longs to join the honour'd liſt of fame.
Yet ſtill her influence is not leſs confeſs'd
In other forms, to raiſe abhorrence fierce,
To paint in hideous ſhapes the crew of vice,
And all her train of ſure-attending woes.
Theſe objects have their diff'rent graces too,
And glow, if faithful, through the mimic ſcenes
With charms peculiar. For perfection ſits *,
As the known imitation ſhall ſucceed,
With equal luſtre on a tyrant's frown,
As on the dimple of Pancaſte's cheek,
Or Delia's iv'ry neck. The melting tear
Drops from th' afflicted parent's joyleſs eye,
Not leſs delightful to th' attentive gaze
Of fix'd examination, than the ſmiles
Of infant Cupids ſporting through the groves,
Where Venus ſleeping lies. From nature form'd,
The juſt reſemblance from conſenting thought
Applauſe demands; and fancy's raviſh'd eye
Sports o'er the painted ſurge, whoſe billows roll
Tempeſtuous to the ſky, with equal bliſs,
As o'er the marble ſurface of the deep,
Whom mild Favonius from the weſtern iſles,
With youthful ſpring flies gladſome o'er the main,
To ſeek his gentle May; while Proteus reſts
Deep in his oozy bed, and halcyons call,
Secure of peace, their new-fledg'd young abroad.

* *See the reaſon in Ariſtotle aſſigned, why the mind is as much delighted with aptneſs of deſcription to excite the image, as with the image in deſcription. Ariſt. de Poet cap. 4. So Plutarch de Aud. Poet. See his Symp. lib. 5.*

External matter thus by art is wrought,
Or with the pencil or the chiſſel's touch,
To give us back the image of the mind,
Which ſmiles to find its own conceptions there.
But can ſhe draw the tenderneſs of thought?
Can ſhe depict the beauty of the ſoul,
And all th' internal train of ſweet diſtreſs,
When friendſhip o'er the recent grave declines
Its ſick'ning head, as ev'ry action dear,
And ev'ry circumſtance of mutual love
Returns afreſh; while from the ſtreaming eyes
Burſts forth a flood of unavailing tears,
Of parting tears, ere yet they cloſe the tomb?
Or, can ſhe from the colours that adorn
The wat'ry bow; from all the ſplendid ſtore,
That Flora laviſhes in vernal hours
On wanton zephyr; from the blazing mine
Where Plutus reigns; can ſhe ſelect a bloom
To emulate the patriot's boſom, when the wealth
Of nations, all imperial pomp is ſcorn'd,
And tyrants frown in vain, yet to the laſt
He breathes the ſocial ſigh, and even in death
With bleſſing on his native country calls!——
That only to the muſe belongs, to ſhow
How charms each moral beauty, how the ſcene
Of goodneſs pleaſes the reſponſive ſoul,
And ſoothes within the intellectual pow'rs
With ſympathetic order. For at firſt,
This emanation of the ſource of life
Unſullied glows, till o'er th' etherial rays
Opinion caſts a tincture, and infects
The mental optics with a jaundice hue;
Then, like the domes beneath a wizard's wand,
Each object, as the helliſh artiſt wills,
A ſhape fallacious wears.—O throng, ye youth,
Around the poet's ſong, whoſe ſacred lays,
Breathe no infectious vapours from the coaſts,
Where indolence ſupinely nods at eaſe,
And offers to the paſſing crowd her couch
Of down, whilſt infant vices lull the mind
To fatal ſlumbers; other themes invite
My faithful hand to ſtrike the votive lyre.
Lo! virtue comes in more effulgent pomp,
Than what the great impoſtor promis'd oft
To cheated crowds of Muſſulmen, beſide
The winy rivers and refreſhing ſhades
Of Paradiſe; and lo! the daſtard train
Of pleaſure diſappears. So fleet the ſhades,
That wander in the dreary gloom of night,
When from the eaſtern hills Aurora pours
Her flood of glory, and relumes the world.
Be ſhe my great protectreſs, ſhe my guide
Through lofty Pindus, and the laurel grove,
Whilſt I through unfrequented paths purſue
The ſteps of Grecian ſages, and diſplay
The juſt ſimilitude of moral charms,
Of harmony and joy, with this fair frame
Of outward things, which through untainted ſenſe
With a fraternal goodneſs fires the ſoul.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the moral train of harmony: External objects analogous to them. The ſeats of rural beauty. Every kind of beauty charms, excluſive of any ſecondary motive. The annual renovation of nature. The complicated charms of various objects. The great, the wonderful, the fair: The contraſt to the ſame harmonious, when united to the univerſal plan of nature. Abſtracted objects, how they work upon the mind:——with gaiety:——with horror: with ſorrow, admiration, &c. Moral beauty ſuperior to natural, a view of the univerſe: The harmony of the whole: What to be deduced from it. Contemplation on beauty and proportion in external objects, harmonizes the ſoul to a ſympathetic order. The concluſion.

THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

Come all ye moral genii, who attend
The train of rural beauty, bring your gifts,
Your fragrant chaplets, and your purple wreaths,
To crown your poet's brow; come all ye pow'rs,
Who haunt the ſylvan ſhades, where ſolitude
Nurſes ſweet contemplation; come ye band
Of graces, gentle peace, contentment fair,
Sweet innocence, and ſnowy-winged hope,
Who ſport with young ſimplicity beneath
Her moſſy roof; around my faithful lays
Lead forth in feſtive pomp your paramours
Of nature *, deck'd in ſpring's Elyſian bloom,
Or autumn's purple robes; whilſt I relate
In ſounds congenial your untainted bliſs,
And their unfading luſtre. Nor be thou
Far from my lyre, O liberty! ſweet nymph,
Who roam'ſt at large through unfrequented groves,
Swift as the mountain hind; or eaſtern winds
O'er Aſia's kingdoms.——To each nat'ral ſcene
A moral pow'r belongs; as erſt the woods,
Inſpir'd by dryads, wav'd their awful heads
With ſacred horror, and the cryſtal ſtreams
Flow'd unpolluted by revering ſwains
From urns celeſtial, whilſt the myſtic ſounds
Of ſportive nymphs were heard in bubbling ſprings.
Ye fields and woods, and ſilver winding ſtreams,
Ye lilied vallies, and reſounding rocks,
Where faithful echo dwells; ye manſions bleſt
Where nature reigns throughout the wide expanſe,
In majeſty ſerene of opening heav'n;
Or, humbler ſeated, in the bluſhing roſe,
The virgin vi'let, or the creeping moſs,
Or winding round the mould'ring ruin's top,
With no unpleaſing horror ſit array'd
In venerable ivy: Hail, thrice hail,
Ye ſolitary feaſts, where wiſdom ſeeks
Beauty and good, th' inſeparable pair,
Sweet offspring of the ſky, thoſe emblems fair
Of the celeſtial cauſe, whoſe tuneful word
From diſcord and from Chaos rais'd this globe,
And all the wide effulgence of the day.
From him begins this beam of gay delight,
When aught harmonious ſtrikes th' attentive mind;

* *Natural objects, which produce in the mind ſuch images.*

In him shall end; for he attun'd the frame
Of passive organs with internal sense,
To feel an instantaneous glow of joy *,
When beauty from her native seat of heav'n,
Cloth'd in etherial mildness, on our plains
Descends, ere reason with her tardy eye
Can view the form divine; and through the world
The heav'nly boon to ev'ry being flows.
Why, when the genial spring with chaplets crown'd
Of daisies, pinks, and vi'lets, wakes the morn
With placid whispers, do the turtles coo,
And call their consorts from the neighb'ring groves
With softer music? why exalts the lark
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?
Why stand th' admiring herds with joyful gaze
Facing the dawn of day, or frisking bound
O'er the soft surface of the verdant meads
With unaccustom'd transport? 'Tis the ray
Of beauty, beaming its benignant warmth
Through all the brute creation: hence arise
Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love
In silent praises. And shall man alone,
Shall man with blind ingratitude neglect
His Maker's bounty? Shall the lap of sloth,
With soft insensibility compose
His useless soul, whilst unregarded blooms
The renovated lustre of the world?
See! how eternal Hebe onward leads
The blushing morn, and o'er the smiling globe,
With Flora join'd, flies gladsome to the bow'r,
Where, with the graces, and Idalian loves,
Her sister beauty dwells. The glades expand
The blossom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride,
With gay profusion; and the flow'ry lawns
Breathe forth ambrosial odours; whilst behind,
The muse in never-dying hymns of praise
Pursues the triumph, and responsive airs
Symphonious warble through the vocal groves,
Till playful echo, in each hill and dale,
Joins the glad chorus, and improves the lay.
First o'er yon complicated landscape cast
Th' enraptur'd eye, where, through the subject plains,
Slow with majestic pride a spacious flood
Devolves his lordly stream; with many a turn
Seeking along his serpentizing way,
And in the grateful intricacies feeds
With fruitful waves those ever smiling shores,
Which in the floating mirror view their charms
With conscious glory; from the neighb'ring urns
Th' inferior rivers swell his regal pomp
With tributary off'rings. Some afar
Through silent osiers, and the sullen green
Of mournful willows, melancholy flow:
Some o'er the rattling pebbles, to the sun
Obvious, with colour'd rays refracted, shine
Like gems which sparkle on th' exalted crowns
Of kings barbaric: Others headlong fall
From a high precipice, whose awful brow,
Fring'd with a sable wood, nods dreadful o'er
The deep below, which spreads its wat'ry lap
To catch the gushing homage, then proceeds
With richer waves than those Pactolus erst
Pour'd o'er his golden sands: or yellow Po,
Ting'd with the tears of aromatic trees.
Then at a distance, through the parted cliffs
In unconfin'd perspective send thy gaze,
Disdaining limit, o'er the green expanse
Of ocean, swelling his cerulean tide,
Whilst on th' unruffled bosom of the deep
A halcyon stillness reigns; the boist'rous winds,
Hush'd in Æolian caves, are lull'd to rest,
And leave the placid main without a wave.
E'en western zephyrs, like unfrighted doves,
Skim gently o'er with reverential awe,
Nor move their silent plumes. At such a time
Sweet Amphitrite, with her azure train
Of marine nymphs, emerging from the flood,
Whilst ev'ry Triton tun'd his vocal shell
To Hymeneal sounds, from Nereus' court
Came to espouse the monarch of the main,
In nuptial pomp attir'd.—Now change the scene,
Nor less admire those things, which view'd apart
Uncouth appear, or horrid; ridges black
Of shagged rocks, which hang tremendous o'er
Some barren heath; the congregated clouds
Which spread their sable skirts, and wait the wind
To burst th' embosom'd storm; a leafless wood,
A mould'ring ruin, light'ning-blasted fields,
Nay e'en the seat where desolation reigns
In browneſt horror, by familiar thought
Connected to this universal frame,
With equal beauty charms the tasteful soul,
As the gold landscapes of the happy isles
Crown'd with Hesperian fruit: for nature form'd
One plan entire, and made each sep'rate scene
Co-op'rate with the gen'ral force of all
In that harmonious contrast. Hence the fair,
The wonderful, the great, from diff'rent forms
Owe their superior excellence. The light,
Not intermingled with opposing shades,
Had shone unworshipp'd by the Persian priest
With undistinguish'd rays ——Yet still the hue
Of separated objects tinge the sight
With their own likeness; the responsive soul,
Cameleon like, a just resemblance bears,
And faithful, as the silent mirror, shows
In its true bosom, whether from without
A blooming paradise smiles round the land,
Or Stygian darkness blots the realms of day.
Say, when the smiling face of youthful May
Invites soft zephyr to her fragrant lap,
And Phœbus wantons on the glist'ring streams,
Glows not thy blood with unaccustom'd joy,
And love unfelt before? Methinks the train
Of fair Euphrosyné, heart-easing smiles,
Hope, and her brother love, and young delight,
Come to invite me to ambrosial feasts,
Where youth administers the sprightly bowl

* *Whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an immediate pleasure, exclusive of reflection: nor, as beauty is not vague and unsettled, but fixt to a proper criterion, are we left indifferent; but led naturally to embrace it, by that propensity the divine Author of all things implanted in us. See the Characteristics, and An Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue.*

Of care-beguiling mirth; and hark! the found
Of ſportive laughter, to the native home
Of ſilent night, with all her meagre crew
Chaſes abhorred grief. Prepare the ſongs
Of mental triumph; let the jocund harp
In correſpondent notes deceive the hours,
And merriment with love ſhall ſport around.

But what perceive we in thoſe duſky groves,
Where cypreſs with funereal horror ſhades
Some ruin'd tomb; where deadly hemlock chills
Th' unfruitful glebe, and ſweating yews diſtill
Immedicable poiſon? In thoſe plains,
Black melancholy dwells with ſilent fear,
And ſuperſtition fierce, the foulеſt fiend
That ever ſull'ed light. Here frantic woe *
Tears her diſhevell'd hair; her pale diſeaſe
Hangs down her ſickly head; and death behind,
With ſable curtains of eternal night,
Cloſes the ghaſtly proſpect.—From the good
Far be this horrid group! the foot of peace
And innocence ſhould tread the bleſs'd retreat
Of pleaſant Tempe, or the flow'ry field
Of Enna, glowing with unfading bloom,
Reſponſive to the moral charms within.
Thoſe horrid realms let guilty villains haunt,
Who rob the orphan, or the ſacred truſt
Of friendſhip break; the wretch who never felt
Stream from his eye the comfortable balm,
Which ſocial ſorrow mixes with her tears;
Such ſuit their minds. There let the tyrant howl,
And hierarchy, miniſtreſs abhorr'd
Of pow'r illicit, bound with iron chains
She made for liberty and juſtice, gnaſh
Her foaming teeth, and bite the ſcourge in vain.
———Or when the ſtillneſs of the gray-ey'd eve,
Brok'n only by the beetle's drowſy hum,
Invites us forth to ſolitary vales,
Where awful ruins on their moſſy roofs
Denote the flight of time, the pauſing eye
Slow round the gloomy regions caſts its glance,
Whilſt from within the intellectual pow'rs,
With melancholy pleaſure on the brow
Of thoughtful admiration fix the ſign
Of guiltleſs tranſport; not with frantic noiſe,
Nor the rude laughter of an idiot's joy;
But with the ſmiles that wiſdom, temp'ring oft
With ſweet content, effuſes. Here the mind,
Lull'd by the ſacred ſilence of the place,
Dreams with enchanted rapture of the groves
Of Academus, and the ſolemn walks,
As erſt frequented by the godlike band
Of Grecian ſages; to the liſt'ning ear
Socratic ſounds are heard, and Plato's ſelf
Seems half emerging from his olive bow'r
To gather round him all th' Athenian ſons
Of wiſdom.—Hither throng, ye ſtudious youth;
Here through the mental eye enamour'd view
The charms of moral beauty, to the ſoul
More grateful, than when Titan's golden beam
Firſt dawns upon the new-recover'd ſight
Of one long fated to the dreary gloom
Of darkneſs. How, to undiſtemper'd thought,
Does virtue in mild modeſty appear
Delightful, when the ſympathetic heart
Feels for another's woe! Was any ſcene
So beauteous, in the wide-extended pomp
And golden ſplendour of the Perſian camp,
When all the riches of the eaſt were ſpread
Beneath the tyrant's feet; † did aught appear
So lovely and ſo great, as when the call
Of curs'd ambition ceas'd in Xerxes' breaſt,
And from the ſocial eye compaſſion pour'd
The tender flood of heart ennobling tears?

Thus the chief ſcenes of nature view'd apart,
Which with a juſt ſimilitude affect
Th' attentive mind, now through the tuneful whole
Let the ſwift wing of fancy bear us on
Beyond the ken of knowledge, where, unſeen
To us inhabitants of this ſmall ſpot,
Ten thouſand worlds in regions unconfin'd,
Progreſſive and obedient to the ſource
Of light eternal, gild the vaſt expanſe:
Or, ſhould we ſtop th' aſpiring flight to view,
Led by the hand of ſcience and of truth,
Where in the midſt the glorious ſun expands
His flame, and with perennial beams ſupplies
The diſtant planets as they roll around;
What harmony divine for ever reigns!
† How theſe in tuneful order through the void
Their diff'rent ſtations keep, their pow'rs diſtinct
Obſerve, and in each others friendly ſphere
Their kindeſt influence blend, till all unite
To form the plan of the all-ruling Mind,
And, through the whole celeſtial bliſs diffuſe!

Hence let the worſe than atheiſt, the fond fool
Who ſafely doats in ſuperſtition's gloom,
And blindfold led by eaſy faith, denies
The guide of reaſon, obſtinately bent
To ſeek the cauſe of univerſal good,
And ſource of beauty in the demon's cave,
And, ſhudd'ring fancies he at diſtance hears
The howls of ghoſts, created to endure
Eternal torments. Let this impious wretch
Look round this fair creation, where, impell'd
By that great Author, every atom tends

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* *The ancients, who had always this analogy between natural and moral objects in view, imagined every gloomy place like this to be inhabited by ſuch perſonages. Creon, in the Œdipus of Seneca, after he has deſcribed* ——"*procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger.*" *goes on to relate what he ſaw there by the power of necromancy.*

——————————cæcus furor
Horrorque, et una quidquid æternæ oreant
Celantque tenebræ; luctus evelleñs comam,
Ægreque laſſum ſuſtinens morbus caput,
Gravis ſenectus ſibimet, & pendens metus.

And to objects of a different nature, we give the moral epithets of gay, lively, cheerful, &c. becauſe the mind is ſo affected.

* *The ſuperiority of moral beauty to natural, has been univerſally allowed by all authors, both ancient and modern. And that ſentence of Seneca's may be underſtood figuratively:* "*Nullum ornamentum principis faſtigio dignius pulchriuſque eſt, quam illa corona cives ſervatos.*" SENEC de Clem. lib. I.

† *Vide Sir Iſaac Newton*, book iii. p. 345.

To univerſal harmony; where joy,
As with a parent's fondneſs, to behold
Her own ſoft image in her child impreſs'd,
Smiles on the beauteous offspring, and illumes
Reſponſive ſigns of pleaſure; like the beams
Of Titan ſporting on the lucid waves
Whence Venus roſe of old: let him then ſay,
If nature meant this goodly frame to cheat
Deluded mortals? Did an idiot's ſcheme
Upraiſe this wondrous fabric? Say, was man
Forth from the dark abyſs of chaos call'd
In vain to breathe celeſtial air, in vain
To view the bloom of beauty, not to feel
Th' effect divine ſoft-thrilling through his ſoul,
And wak'ning ev'ry pow'r which ſleeps within
To gaze amazement? Did the Lord of all
Attune our finer organs to the charms
Of things external, only to enſnare
This image of himſelf? To the tuneful breaſt
Of virtuous wiſdom, ſuch diſcordant thoughts
Are far excluded; other themes employ
The ſtudious ſage's hours; his kindred ſoul
Triumphs on contemplation's eagle wings
Through yon etherial plains, where diſtant worlds
Roll through the vaſt abyſs; there unconfin'd
Purſues the fiery tract where comets glow;
Or in the ſable boſom of the night,
Sweeps headlong to o'ertake the rapid flight
Of exhalations from ideal ſtars
Shot wildly down; nor 'ſdains he to behold
In nature's humbler walks the ſweet receſs,
Where beauty on the ſplendid roſe exults
As conſcious of her form, or mildly veils
Her maiden bluſhes in the chaſteſt pink,
Or on the margin of the cryſtal brook,
In ſoft Narciſſus blows. For him the choir
Of feather'd ſongſters breathe their vernal airs;
For him the ſtillneſs of th' autumnal grove
In pleaſing ſadneſs reigns; for him the ſheaf
Of Ceres ſpreads its yellow pride; the horn
Of ripe Pomona pours its off'rings forth;
Winter preſents his free domeſtic bowl
Of ſocial joy; and ſpring's Elyſian bloom,
Whilſt Flora wantons in her zephyr's arms
Invites the graces forth to join the hours
In feſtive dance. His taſteful mind enjoys
Alike the complicated charms, which glow
Through the wide landſcape, where enamell'd meads, ſtreams,
Unfruitful rocks, brown woods, and glitt'ring
The daiſy-laughing lawns, the verdant plains,
And hanging mountains, ſtrike at once the ſight
With varied pleaſure; as th' abſtracted ray,
Which ſoft effuſes from Eudocia's eye
The opening dawn of love. He looks through all
The plan of nature with congenial love,
Where the great ſocial link of mutual aid
Through every being twines; where all conſpire
To form one ſyſtem of eternal good,
Of harmony and bliſs, in forms diſtinct,
Of natures various as th' effulgent ſun,
Which pours abroad the mighty flood of day,
To the pale glowworm in the midnight ſhade.
From theſe ſweet meditations on the charms
Of things external; on the genuine forms
Which bloſſom in creation; on the ſcene
Where mimic art, with emulative hue,
Uſurps the throne of nature unreprov'd;
Or the juſt concord of mellifluent ſounds;
The ſoul, and all the intellectual train
Of fond deſires, gay hopes, or threat'ning fears,
Through this habitual intercourſe of ſenſe
Is harmoniz'd within, till all is fair
And perfect; till each moral pow'r perceives
Its own reſemblance, with fraternal joy,
In ev'ry form complete, and ſmiling feels
* Beauty and good the ſame. Thus the firſt man
Freſh from creation riſing, in the flood
A godlike image ſaw; with fixt amaze
He gaz'd; th' attentive figure from below
Gaz'd with reſponſive wonder: did he ſmile?
The ſhad'wy features dimpled in the waves
Not leſs delighted; till at length he found
From his own form th' external object flow'd,
And mov'd to his its correſpondent charms.

EPITAPH,

In St. Margaret's Church, Leiceſter.

Hic jacet
Quod mori potuit,
HENRICI GILBERTI COOPER,
Infantis deſideratiſſimi,
Filii natu maximi
JOHANNIS GILBERTI COOPER,
De Thurgarton, in agro Nottinghamienſi,
Et SUSANNÆ uxoris ejus;
Natus 25 Julii, denatus 26, 1749.
Atavis eſſet editus antiquis
Nulla alia in re claruit,
Nec potuit:
Floſculus enim in ipſa quòque dulcis ætatula,
Prima gemma pullulaturus,
Parcarum heu parcere neſciarum,
Fatali afflatu contactus
Exaruit.
Mœſtus itaque et mœrens pater,
Chariſſimi infantuli ſui memoriæ,
Hoc etſi inane munus,
Amoris monumentum
Collocavit.

SONG TO WINIFREDA.

AWAY, let nought to love diſpleaſing,
My Winifreda move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly bleſſing,
Nor ſqueamiſh pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles, grace our blood,
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

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* *See Plato's Dialogues, Xenophon's Memorabilia, &c. whom the ingenious author of the "Traité du Beau" follows. "Si la felicité des hommes eſt neceſſairement liée avec la pratique de la vertu, il faut reconnoitre que la vertu eſt eſſentiellement belle, puis que la beau conſiſte dans le rapport des choſes avec nôtre deſtination."*

What though from fortune's laviſh bounty,
No mighty treaſures we poſſeſs,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without exceſs.

Still ſhall each kind returning ſeaſon,
Sufficient for our wiſhes give;
For we will live a life of reaſon,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name while virtue thus we tender,
Shall ſweetly ſound where'er 'tis ſpoke;
And all the great ones much ſhall wonder,
How they admire ſuch little folk.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet ſmiling peace ſhall crown our dwelling,
And babes, ſweet ſmiling babes, our bed.

How ſhould I love the pretty creatures,
Whilſt round my knees they fondly clung,
To ſee them look their mother's features,
To hear them liſp their mother's tongue.

And when with envy time tranſported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing in my boys.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

AN ELEGY.

In Imitation of the old Song to Winifreda.

Written in the year 1758.

——————— "aſpice vultus
"Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore poſſes
"Inſerere, et patrias intus dependere curas."
OVID. MET.

DEEP in a grove by cypreſs ſhaded,
Where mid-day ſun had ſeldom ſhone,
Or noiſe the ſolemn ſcene invaded,
Save ſome afflicted muſe's moan.

A ſwain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending
Sate ſorrowing at the cloſe of day,
At whoſe fond ſide a boy attending
Liſp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wreſted,
But on the ſmiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart ſuggeſted,
Theſe accents trembled from his tongue.

"My youth's firſt hope, my manhood's treaſure,
"My prattling innocent attend,
"Nor fear rebuke or ſour diſpleaſure,
"A father's loveliеſt name is friend.

"Some truths, from long experience flowing,
"Worth more than royal grants receive,
"For truths are wealth of Heav'n's beſtowing,
"Which kings have ſeldom power to give.

"Since from an ancient race deſcended,
"You boaſt an unattainted blood,
"By yours be their fair fame attended,
"And claim by birth-right to be good.

"In love for ev'ry fellow-creature
"Superior riſe above the crowd,
"What moſt ennobles human nature
"Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

"Be thine the gen'rous heart that borrows
"From others' joys a friendly glow,
"And for each hapleſs neighbour's ſorrows
"Throbs with a ſympathetic woe.

"This is the temper moſt endearing;
"Though wide proud pomp her banners ſpreads,
"An heav'nlier pow'r good-nature bearing
"Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

"Taſte not from fame's uncertain fountain
"The peace-deſtroying ſtreams that flow,
"Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain
"Look down upon the world below.

"The princely pine on hills exalted,
"Whoſe lofty branches cleave the ſky,
"By winds, long brav'd, at laſt aſſaulted,
"Is headlong whirl'd in duſt to lie;

"Whilſt the mild roſe more ſafely growing
"Low in its unaſpiring vale,
"Amidſt retirement's ſhelter blowing
"Exchanges ſweets with ev'ry gale.

"Wiſh not for beauty's darling features
"Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r,
"For faireſt forms 'mong human creatures
"Shine but the pageants of an hour.

"I ſaw, the pride of all the meadow,
"At noon, a gay Narciſſus blow
"Upon a river's bank, whoſe ſhadow
"Bloom'd in the ſilver waves below;

"By noon-tide's heat its youth was waſted,
"The waters as they paſs'd, complain'd,
"At eve its glories all were blaſted,
"And not one former tint remain'd.

"Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
"Lead you from wiſdom's path aſtray;
"What genius lives renown'd in ſtory
"To happineſs who found the way?

"In yonder mead behold that vapour
"Whoſe vivid beams illuſive play,
"Far off it ſeems a friendly taper
"To guide the traveller on his way;

"But ſhould ſome hapleſs wretch purſuing
"Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
"He'd find, too late his raſhneſs rueing,
"That fatal quickſands lurk below.

"In life ſuch bubbles nought admiring
"Gilt with falſe light and fill'd with air,
"Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
"To peace in virtue's cot repair;

"There ſeek the never-waſted treaſure,
"Which mutual love and friendſhip give,
"Domeſtic comfort, ſportleſs pleaſure,
"And bleſs'd and bleſſing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
" As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondneſs fatherly excelling
" Th' example you have felt purſue."

He paus'd—for tenderly careſſing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expreſſing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle ſpreading
Had rob'd with black th' horizon round,
And dank dews from her treſſes ſhedding
With genial moiſture bath'd the ground;

When back to city follies flying
'Midſt cuſtom's ſlaves he liv'd reſign'd,
His face, array'd in ſmiles, denying
The true complection of his mind;

For ſeriouſly around ſurveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon this human ſtage.

(Peaceful himſelf and undeſigning)
He loath'd the ſcenes of guile and ſtriſe,
And felt each ſecret wiſh inclining
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated
Obediently he bow'd his ſoul,
For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only ſhould controul.

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

A VISION.

What time the jocund roſy-boſom'd hours
Led forth the train of Phœbus and the ſpring,
And zephyr mild profuſely ſcatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his muſky wing.

The morn unbarr'd th' ambroſial gates of light,
Weſtward the raven-pinion'd darkneſs flew,
The landſcape ſmil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the ſullen ghoſts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer ſwell'd her throat
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and ſlow,
And on the wings of ſilence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe:

The god of ſleep myſterious viſions led
In gay proceſſion 'fore the mental eye,
And my free'd ſoul awhile her manſion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air, methought I took my flight,
Through ev'ry clime o'er ev'ry region paſs'd,
No paradiſe or ruin 'ſcap'd my ſight,
Heſperian garden, or Cimmerian waſte.

On Avon's banks I lit, whoſe ſtreams appear
To wind with eddies fond round Shakſpeare's tomb,
The year's firſt feath'ry ſongſters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earlieſt roſes bloom.

Here fancy ſat (her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rets freſh th' unſullied ſod),
And bath'd with tears the ſad ſepulchral mold,
Her fav'rite offſpring's long and laſt abode.

Ah! what avails, ſhe cry'd, a poet's name?
Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath
To ſnatch from dumb oblivion others' fame?
My darling child here lies a prey to death!

Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd pity's prieſt,
From grief domeſtic teach the tears to flow,
Or Southern captivate th' impaſſion'd breaſt
With heart-felt ſighs and ſympathy of woe.

For not to theſe his genius was confin'd,
Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
Poetic tranſports of the madding mind,
And the wing'd words that waft the ſoul to heaven.

The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
Piercing all objects of creation's ſtore,
Which on this world's extended ſurface lie,
And plaſtic thought that ſtill created more.

O grant, with eager rapture I reply'd,
Grant me great goddeſs of the changeful eye,
To view each being in poetic pride,
To whom thy ſon gave immortality.

Sweet fancy ſmil'd, and wav'd her myſtic rod,
When ſtrait theſe viſions felt her pow'rful arm,
And one by one ſucceeded at her nod,
As vaſſal ſprites obey the wizard's charm.

Firſt a celeſtial form * (of azure hue
Whoſe mantle, bound with brede etherial, flow'd
To each ſoft breeze its balmy breath that drew)
Swift down the ſun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic ſway
Of an old ſage to ſolitude reſign'd,
With fenny vapours he obſcur'd the day,
Launch'd the long lightning, and let looſe the wind.

He whirl'd the tempeſt through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
And rais'd a roaring elemental war
Betwixt the ſea green waves and azure ſky.

Then like Heav'n's mild ambaſſador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult ceaſe,
Smooth'd the blue boſom of the realms above,
And huſh'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in ſpirit or in mien
Another form † ſucceeded to my view;
A two-legg'd brute, which nature made in ſpleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfiniſh'd drew.

Scarce could he ſyllable the curſe he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offſpring of a witch and devil.

* *Ariel in the Tempeſt.* † *Caliban in the Tempeſt.*

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient foreſt's bound,
The flow'ry margin * of a ſilent ſtream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by ſilver Cynthia's maiden beam.

On the green carpet of th' unbended graſs,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glaſs,
That ſmoothly ſtole along the ſhad'wy glade.

Through theſe the queen Titania paſs'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to ſee great Oberon her lord
Wage the mock battles of a ſportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A ſtouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid ſting,
The ſharded beetle's ſcale his ſable ſhield.

Around their chief the elfin hoſt appear'd,
Each little helmet ſparkling like a ſtar,
And their ſharp ſpears a pierceleſs phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thiſtles glittering in the air.

The ſcene then chang'd from this romantic land
To a bleak waſte by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three ſwart ſiſters † of the weird band
Were mutt'ring curſes to the troublous wind.

Pale want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcaſe with the weight of years,
And each ſunk eye-ball from its hollow caſe
Diſtill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three ſtaves they poſted to the bourn
Of a drear iſland, where the pendent brow
Of a rough rock, ſhagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boiſt'rous waves which rag'd below.

Deep in a gloomy grot, remote from day,
Where ſmiling comfort never ſhow'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, ſave one rueful ray
Diſcov'ring all the terrors of the place,

They held damn'd myſt'ries with infernal ſtate,
Whilſt ghaſtly goblings glided ſlowly by,
The ſcreech-owl ſcream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

No human footſtep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor ſign of living creature could be ſeen,
Save where the reptile ſnake, or ſullen toad,
The murky floor had ſoil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow ſound,
Each weird ſiſter vaniſh'd into ſmoke.
Now a dire yell of ſpirits ‡ under ground
Through troubled earth's wide yawning ſurface broke;

When, lo! each injur'd apparition roſe;
Aghaſt the murd'rer ſtarted from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
And horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I ſeen—but now the god of day
O'er earth's broad breaſt his flood of light had ſpread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle train away,
And on their wings each bright illuſion fled.

Yet ſtill the dear enchantreſs of the brain
My wakeful eyes with wiſhful wand'rings ſought,
Whoſe magic will controuls th' ideal train,
The ever-reſtleſs progeny of thought.

Sweet pow'r, ſaid I, for others gild the ray
Of wealth, or honour's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude aſtray
To graſp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

Me (humbler lot!) let blameleſs bliſs engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious ſtrife,
Free from the muck-worm miſer's lucrous rage,
In calm contentment's cottag'd vale of life.

If frailties there (for who from them is free?)
Through error's maze my devious footſteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

Let not my reaſon impiouſly require,
What Heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow ſpan,
But teach me to ſubdue each fierce deſire
Which wars within this little empire, man.

Teach me, what all believe, but few poſſeſs,
That life's beſt ſcience is ourſelves to know,
The firſt of human bleſſings is to bleſs,
And happieſt he who feels another's woe.

Thus cheaply wiſe, and innocently great,
While time's ſmooth ſand ſhall regularly paſs,
Each deſtin'd atom's quiet courſe I'll wait,
Nor raſhly break, nor wiſh to ſtop the glaſs.

And when in death my peaceful aſhes lie,
If e'er ſome tongue congenial ſpeaks my name,
Friendſhip ſhall never bluſh to breathe a ſigh,
And great ones envy ſuch an honeſt fame.

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* *Fairy-land, from the Midſummer-Night's Dream.*
† *The Witches in Macbeth*
‡ *Ghoſts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.*

VER-VERT: OR THE NUNNERY PARROT.

AN HEROIC POEM IN FOUR CANTOS.

*Inſcribed to the Abbeſs of D****.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR G. ESSET.

CANTO I.

O YOU, round whom, at virtue's ſhrine,
The ſolitary graces ſhine,
With native charms all hearts engage,
And reign without religious rage;
You, whoſe congenial ſoul by heaven
A pleaſing guide to truth was given,

Uniting, with the family
Of rigid duties, harmleſs mirth,
Daughter of ſocial liberty,
Twin-born with humour at a birth,
And every other power to pleaſe,
Taſte, fancy, elegance, and eaſe;
O! ſince you bid your bard relate
A noble bird's diſaſtrous fate,
In notes of ſympathetic woe,
Be you my muſe, my ſoul inſpire,
And teach my numbers how to flow
Like thoſe which trembled from your lyre
In ſoft and ſorrow-ſoothing ſound,
Whilſt liſtening Cupids wept around,
When dear* Sultana's ſpirit fled,
In youthful vigour's vernal bloom,
To the dark manſions of the dead:
Then for my hero's hapleſs doom
Such tears might once again be ſhed.
One might, upon his virtues croſs'd
By adverſe fortune's envious rage,
And wanderings over many a coaſt,
Swell out the ſoporific page,
And other odyſſeys compoſe
To lull the reader to repoſe.
One might the gods and devils raiſe
Of ſuperannuated lies,
Spin out the deeds of forty days
To volumes of dull hiſtories,
And with a pompous tedioufneſs
Sublimely heavy moralize
Upon a bird, in epic dreſs,
Who as Æneas' ſelf was great,
As famous too for godlineſs
And each way more unfortunate;
But folios are, in verſe, exceſs,
Which the ſweet muſes muſt abhor,
For they are ſportive bees of ſpring,
Who dwell not long on any bower,
But, lightly wandering on the wing,
Collect the bloom from flower to flower,
And, when one fragrant bloſſom's dry,
To other ſweets unrifled fly.
This truth my obſervation drew
From faultleſs nature and from you;
And may theſe lines, I copy, prove
I'm govern'd by the laws I love!
Should I, too faithfully portraying
Some cloyſter'd characters, reveal
The convent arts themſelves, arraying
In pomp, with hieroglyphic ſkill,
Each weighty buſ'neſs of the grate,
Each ſerious nothing's myſtic face,
Each trifle ſwell'd with holy ſtate;
Your native humour, whilſt I trace
The comic ſemblance, will forbear
To blame the ſtrokes you cannot fear;
You may deſpiſe, from folly free,
What dullneſs is oblig'd to wear,
The formal maſk of gravity.
Illuſion's meteors never ſhine
To lead aſtray ſuch ſouls as thine,
All holy arts heaven values leſs
Than amiable cheerfulneſs.
Should virtue her own image ſhew
To raviſh'd mortals here below,
With features fierce ſhe'd not appear
Nor ſuperſtition's holy leer,
But, like the graces, or like you,
She'd come to claim her altar's due.
In many an author of renown
I've read this curious obſervation,
That, by much wandering up and down,
Men catch the faults of every nation
And loſe the virtues of their own.
'Tis better, e'vn where ſcanty fare is,
Our homely hearths and honours watching,
Under protection of our lares,
A calm domeſtic life to wed,
Than run about infection catching
Where-ever chance and error tread:
The youth too ſoon who goes abroad
Will half a foreigner become,
And bring his wondering friends a load
Of ſtrange exotic vices home.
This truth the hero of my tale
Exemplifies in tarniſh'd glory;
Should ſceptic wits the truth aſſail,
I call for witneſs to my ſtory
Each cloiſter'd echo now that dwells
In Nevers' conſecrated cells.
At Nevers, but few years ago,
Among the nuns o' th' viſitation,
There dwelt a parrot, though a beau,
For ſenſe of wond'rous reputation;
Whoſe virtues, and genteel addreſs,
Whoſe figure, and whoſe noble ſoul,
Would have ſecur'd him from diſtreſs
Could wit and beauty fate controul.
Ver-Vert (for ſo the nuns agreed
To call this noble perſonage)
The hopes of an illuſtrious breed,
To India ow'd his parentage,
By an old miſſionary ſent
To this ſaid convent for his good,
He yet was young and innocent,
And nothing worldly underſtood.
Beauteous he was, and debonnair,
Light, ſpruce, inconſtant, gay, and free,
And unreſerv'd, as youngſters are,
'Ere age brings on hypocriſy.
In ſhort, a bird, from prattling merit,
Worthy a convent to inherit.
The tender cares I need not tell
Of all the ſiſterhood devout,
Nothing, 'tis ſaid, each lov'd ſo well,
Leave but her ghoſtly father out,
Nay in ſome hearts, not void of grace,
One plain hiſtorian makes no doubt
The parrot of the prieſt took place.
He ſhar'd in this ſerene abode
Whate'er was lov'd by the profeſſion;
On him ſuch dainties were beſtow'd
As nuns prepare againſt confeſſion,
And for the ſacred entrails hoard
Of holy fathers in the Lord.
Sole licens'd male to be belov'd,
Ver-Vert was bleſs'd without controul,

* *A Lap-dog.*

Careſſing and careſs'd he rov'd
Of all the monaſtry the ſoul,
Except ſome antiquated dames,
Whoſe hearts to pleaſure callous grown
Remark'd with jealous eyes the flames
Of boſoms younger than their own.
At years of reaſon not arriv'd
A life of privilege he liv'd,
He ſaid and did whate'er he would,
And what he ſaid or did was good.
He'd peck the nuns in wanton play
To wile their plain-work hours away;
No party ever was approv'd
Without his favourite company;
In him they found what females lov'd,
That life of bliſs variety:
He'd ſtrut a beau in ſportive rings
Uttering pert ſentences by rote,
Mimic the butterfly's light wings
Or nightingale's complaining note;
He'd laugh, ſing, whiſtle, joke, and leer,
And frolic, but diſcreetly ſo,
With a prudential cautious fear,
As nuns probationary do.
Queſtion'd at once by many a tongue
Inceſſantly inquiſitive,
He could, diſcordant ſounds among,
To each a proper anſwer give;
This power from Cæſar's nothing varies,
Who did at once great plans conceive
And dictate to four ſecretaries.
If chronicles may be believ'd,
So lov'd the pamper'd gallant liv'd,
That with the nuns he always din'd
On rarities of every kind;
Then hoards, occaſionally varied,
Of biſcuits, ſweet-meats, nuts, and fruit,
Each ſiſter in her pocket carried,
Subordinately to recruit,
At leiſure times, when not at table,
His ſtomach indefatigable.
The little cares with tender faces
And fond attentions, as they ſay,
Are natives of theſe holy places,
As Ver-Vert witneſs'd every day.
No human parrot of the court
Was fondled half ſo much as he;
In indolence genteel, and ſport,
His hours roll'd on delightfully:
Each chamber that he fancied beſt
Was his the dormitory round,
And, where at eve he choſe to reſt,
Honour'd, thrice honour'd, was the ground,
And much the lucky nun was bleſs'd!
But nights he very ſeldom paſs'd
With thoſe whom years and prudence bleſs'd,
The plain neat room was more his taſte
Of ſome young damſel not profeſs'd;
This nicety at board and bed,
Show'd he was nobly born and bred.
When the young female anchorite,
Whom all the reſt with envy view'd,
Had fix'd him for the coming night,
Perch'd on her Agnus box he ſtood,
Silent in undiſturb'd repoſe
Till Venus' warning ſtar aroſe:
And when at morn the pious maid
Her toilette's myſteries diſplay'd
He freely ſaw whate'er was done;
I ſay the toilette, for I've read,
But ſpeak it in a lower tone,
That virgins, in a cloiſter bred,
Their looks and languiſhings review
In mirrors to their eyes as true
As thoſe, that ſerve to ſhow the faces
Of dames who flaunt in gems and laces.
For, as in city or at court
Some certain taſte or mode prevails,
There is among the godly ſort
A taſte in putting on their vails;
There is an art to fold with grace,
Round a young veſtal's blooming face,
Plain crape, or other ſimple ſtuff,
With happy negligence enough.
Often the ſportive loves in ſwarms,
Which to the monaſteries repair,
Spread o'er the holy fillets charms
And tie them with a killing air;
In ſhort, the nuns are never ſeen
In parlour or at grate below,
'Ere at the looking-glaſs they've been,
To ſteal a decent glance or ſo.
This ſoftly whiſper'd friends between,
Farther digreſſion we adjourn,
And to our hero now return.
Safe in this unmoleſted ſcene
Ver-Vert, amidſt a life of bliſs,
Unrivall'd reign'd on every part;
Her ſlighted ſparrows took amiſs
This change in ſiſter Thecla's heart;
Four finches through mere rage expir'd
At his advancement mortified,
And two grimalkins late admir'd,
With envy languiſh'd, droop'd, and died.
In days like theſe of joy and love,
Who would have thought ſuch tender cares
To form his youthful mind, ſhould prove,
Through fortune's ſpite, deſtructive ſnares?
Or that an adverſe time ſhould come
When this fame idol of their hearts
Should ſtand the mark, by cruel doom,
Of horror's moſt envenom'd darts?
But ſtop, my muſe, forbid to flow
The tears ariſing from the ſight
Of ſuch an unexpected woe,
Too bitter fruit, alas! to grow
From the ſoft root of dear delight!

CANTO II.

In ſuch a ſchool, a bird of ſenſe
Would ſoon acquire, it is confeſs'd,
The gift of copious eloquence;
For, ſave his meals and hours of reſt,
His tongue was always occupied:
And no good treatiſe could excel,
In phraſes ready cut and dried,
His doctrines about living well.
He was not like thoſe parrots rude
Whom dangling in a public cage
The common manners of the age

Have render'd converſably lewd;
Who, doctor'd by the worldly tribe,
With frail concupiſcence endued,
Each human vanity deſcribe.
Our Ver-Vert was a ſaint in grain,
A ſoul with innocency fraught,
Who never utter'd word profane,
Who never had immodeſt thought.
But in the room of ribbald wit
Each myſtic colloquy he knew,
And many a text in holy writ
With prayers and collects not a few;
Could pſalms and canticks repeat
And *benedicite* complete;
He could petition heaven for grace
With ſanctimonious voice and eyes,
And at a proper time and place
Religiouſly ſoliloquize.
Each help he had in this learn'd college
That could conduce to ſacred knowledge.
For many virgins had retreated
Through grace to this religious fold,
Who, word for word, by rote repeated
Each Chriſtmas carol, new and old.
From frequent leſſons every day
The ſcholar grew as learn'd as they;
Their very tone of ſpeaking too
In pious drawlings he expreſs'd,
The ſame religious ſighs he drew
Deep heaving from the godly breaſt,
And languid notes in which theſe doves
Mournfully chaunt their myſtic loves.
In ſhort, the bird perform'd his part
In all the pſalmodizing art.
Such merit could not be confin'd
Within a cloiſter's narrow bound,
But flew, for fame is ſwift as wind,
The neighbouring territories round;
Through Nevers' town from morn to night,
Scarce any other talk was heard,
But of diſcourſes exquiſite
Betwixt the nuns and Indian bird:
And ev'n from Moulins numbers came
To witneſs to the truth of fame.
Ver-Vert, the parlour's boaſted glory,
Whilſt all that came were told his ſtory,
Perch'd proud upon his favourite ſtand
Siſter Melania's ivory hand,
Who pointed out each excellence
Of mind or body he poſſeſs'd,
His ſweet mild temper, poliſh'd ſenſe,
And various colours on his breaſt,
When his engaging aſpect won
Each viſiter he look'd upon;
But beauty the moſt exquiſite
Was, in our tender proſelyte,
The leaſt his qualities among,
For all forgot his feathery pride
And every outward charm beſide
The moment that they heard his tongue.
With various righteous graces fill'd,
By the good ſiſterhood inſtill'd,
Th' illuſtrious bird his ſpeech began,
At every turn alluſions new,
Conceptions fine, and doctrines true,
In ſtreams of honey'd language ran.
But what was ſingularly new,
In this uncommon gift of ſpeech,
And ſcarce will be reputed true,
Not any whilſt they heard him preach,
Did ever feel (his powers were ſuch)
Eccleſiaſtic lethargy,
From ſoporific ſanctity;
What orator can boaſt as much?
Much was he prais'd and much carreſs'd,
Whilſt he, familiariz'd to fame,
Convinc'd 'twas only a mere name,
His head on his projected breaſt
With prieſtly gentleneſs reclin'd,
And always modeſtly expreſs'd
The inward triumph of his mind.
When he had utter'd to the crowd
His treaſur'd ſcientific ſtore,
He mutter'd ſomething not aloud,
And ſunk in cadence more and more,
Till, with an aſpect ſanctified,
At laſt in ſilence down he ſat,
And left his audience edified
On what had paſs'd to ruminate.
Theſe eloquent harangues would flow
With choice of ſweeteſt phraſes fraught
Except a trifling word or ſo,
Which accidentally he caught,
Of ſcandal, at the grate below,
Or ſome ſmall ſyllable of haſte,
Which gentle nuns will, by the bye,
At one another ſometimes caſt,
When none but holy ears are nigh.
Thus liv'd in this delightful cage,
As ſaint, as maſter, or as ſage,
Good father Ver-Vert, dear to more
Than of vaſt Hebes half a ſcore,
As any cloiſter'd monk as ſat,
As reverend too in holy ſtate,
Learn'd as an abbe town approv'd,
And fair as youths by brides carreſs'd,
For lovely he was always lov'd,
Perfum'd, well-bred, in faſhion dreſs'd;
In ſhort, had he not hapleſs rov'd
To ſee the world, completely bleſs'd.
But ſoon the fatal moments came
Of ever-mournful memory,
Deſtructive to our hero's fame.
Voyage of crimes and miſery,
Of ſad remorſe and endleſs ſhame!
Would foreſight in a former age
Had torn it from th' hiſtoric page!
Ah! what a dangerous good at beſt
Is the poſſeſſion of renown!
Obſcurity is ſooner bleſt,
From his ſad fate it will be ſhown;
Too much ſucceſs and brillant parts
Have often ruin'd virtuous hearts.
Thy talents, Ver-Vert, and thy name,
To theſe lone walls were not confin'd;
As far as Nants the voice of fame
Proclaim'd th' endowments of thy mind.
At Nants, 'tis known, the viſitation
Of reverend ſiſters has a fold,
Who there, as elſewhere through the nation,

Know firſt whate'er by fame is told.
With other news, each holy dame,
This parrot's merit having heard,
Had longings to behold the bird.
A lay maid's wiſh is like a flame;
But, when a nun has ſuch deſire,
'Tis fifty times a fiercer fire.
Their curious hearts already burn'd,
Their thoughts to diſtant Nevers flew,
And many a holy head was turn'd,
The feather'd prodigy to view.
Immediately upon the ſpot
To the good abbeſs of the place
A female ſecretary wrote,
Beſeeching her to have the grace
To Nants, by water down the Loire,
To ſend the bird ſo fam'd for ſenſe,
That all the female Nantine choir
Might hear and ſee his excellence.
The letter goes: all queſtion, when
The bearer will return again?
'Twill be eleven days at leaſt,
An age to any female breaſt!
They ſend each day freſh invitation,
Depriv'd of ſleep through expectation.
Howe'er at length to Nevers came
This letter of importance great.
At once the convent's in a flame
And the whole chapter's ſummon'd ſtrait.
" Lofe Ver-Vert! heaven! ſend rather death!
" What comfort will with us be left,
" Theſe ſolitary towers beneath,
" When of the darling bird bereft?"
Thus ſpoke the nuns of blooming years,
Whoſe hearts, fatigued with holy leiſure,
Preferr'd to penance and to tears
Soft ſentiments of harmleſs pleaſure.
In truth, a holy flock, at leaſt,
So cloſe confin'd, might fairly claim
To be by one poor bird careſs d,
Since there no other parrot came
Fledg'd or unfledg'd to cheer their neſt.
Yet 'twas the opinion of the dames
Who, by their age ſuperior, ſat
Rulers in ſenatorial ſtate,
Whoſe hearts reſiſted paſſion's flames,
That, for a fortnight's ſpace or ſo,
Their dear diſciple ſtrait ſhould go;
For, prudence overweighing love,
Th' infatuated ſtate decreed
A ſtubborn negative might prove
The cauſe of mutual hate, and breed
For ever after much bad blood
'Twixt theirs and Nants's ſiſterhood.
Soon as the ladies, in concluſion,
O' th' upper houſe the bill had paſs'd,
The commons were in great confuſion;
Young Seraphina cry'd in haſte,
" Ah! what a ſacrifice they make!
" And is it true conſent they give?
" Fate from us nothing more can take!
" How, Ver-Vert leave us, and we live!"
Another, though reputed ſage,
Grew pale at what ſhe heard them ſay;
No council could her grief aſſwage,
She trembled, wept, and ſwoon'd away.
All mourn'd departing Ver-Vert's fate,
Preſaging, from I know not what,
This tour would prove unfortunate.
In horrid dreams the night they ſpent,
The morn redoubled horrors ſent.
Too vain regret! the mournful hour
Already's come, within their view
The boat is waiting at the ſhore,
The fates command to bid adieu,
And to his abſence, for a while,
Their throbbing boſoms reconcile.
Already every ſiſter pin'd
Like the ſoft turtle of the grove,
To grief before-hand ſelf-reſign'd
For the lone hours of widow'd love.
What tender kiſſes were beſtow'd
On Ver-Vert leaving this abode!
What briny ſtreams of ſorrow flow'd!
The nearer his departure drew
They doated on him more and more,
And found each moment genius new
And beauties never ſeen before.
At length he leaves their wiſhful eyes,
Love with him from the convent flies.
" Ah! go, my child; my deareſt, haſte,
" Where honour calls thee from my arms;
" But, O! return, thy exile paſt,
" For ever true, and full of charms!
" May zephyrs with their airy plumes
" Waft thee ſecurely on thy way!
" Whilſt I, amidſt theſe dreary tombs
" In anguiſh waſte the tardy day.
" And ſadly ſolitary mourn
" Uncomforted till thy return.
" O Ver-Vert, deareſt ſoul! adieu;
" And, whilſt thy journey happy proves,
" May all, thy beauteous form who view,
" Think thee the eldeſt of the loves!"
Such were the words and parting ſcene
Of one young lately vailed fair,
Who oft, to diſſipate chagrin,
In bed made many a fervent prayer,
Learnt from the manual of Racine;
And who with all her heart, no doubt,
Would, for ſweet Ver-Vert's company,
Have left the holy monaſtery,
A follow'd him the world throughout.
But now the droll is put on board,
At preſent virtuous and ſincere,
And modeſt too in deed and word:
O! may his boſom every where,
By prudence guarded, ſtill retain
That worth, and bring it home again!
Be that however as it may,
The boat's already on its way;
The noiſe of waves beneath the prow
Re-echoes in the air above;
The zephyrs favourably blow,
And Nevers backwards ſeems to move.

CANTO III.

In the ſame paſſage-boat, that bore
This bird of holineſs from ſhore;

There happen'd the ſame time to ſail
Two nymphs of conſtitution frail,
A nurſe loquacious, two Gaſcoons,
A vagrant monk, and three dragoons,
Which, for a youth of piety,
Was worſhipful ſociety!
Ver-Vert, unpractis'd in their ways,
As folks in foreign countries do,
Stood ſilently in ſix'd amaze;
Their thoughts and language both were new.
The ſtyle he did not underſtand;
It was not, like the ſcriptures, phras'd
In dialect of holy land,
With ſacred eaſtern figures rais'd;
Nor that, in which the veſtal band
Of nuns their Maker pray'd and prais'd;
But full of, what the bird ſurpris'd,
Big words not over Chriſtianiz'd;
For the dragoons, a wordy race
Not burden'd with religious grace,
Spoke fluently the futler's tongue,
Saint Bacchus only they ador'd,
To whom libations oft they pour'd
For paſtime as they ſail'd along;
The Gaſcoons and the female three
Convers'd in idioms which belong
To Venus's great myſtery;
On t'other hand the ſailors ſwore,
Curs'd, and blaſphem'd each heavenly power,
Whoſe voices, not in flowers of ſpeech,
But words ſonorous us'd to deal,
Roundly articulated each,
Nor loſt the ſmalleſt, ſyllable.
In this variety of ſound
And unintelligible prate,
Ver-Vert, ſurpris'd at all around,
Sad, ſilent, and embarraſs'd ſat;
He fear'd his ignorance to betray,
And knew not what to think or ſay.
The monk, to ſatisfy the crowd
Who long'd to hear his thoughts aloud,
To talk the penſive ſtranger preſs'd;
The girls in words too debonnair,
Unus'd at penance, or in prayer,
The melancholy bird careſs'd:
Here by the ſex he lov'd addreſs'd
The parrot (whilſt his look benign
With uſual light religious gliſters)
In ſacred ſighs and nunnery whine
Anſwers, God ſave you, holy ſiſters!
At this God ſave you, we'll ſuppoſe,
An univerſal laugh aroſe:
In ridicule the words aloud
Were echo'd through the noiſy crowd.
Thus mock'd, abaſh'd the novice ſtood,
And inly chew'd, the mental cud.
He found what he had ſaid was wrong,
And ſaw 'twas needful to endeavour
To ſpeak the language of the throng,
If e'er he hop'd to gain their favour!
His heart, by nature fond of praiſe,
Which had been nouriſh'd all his days,
Till then, with flattery's incenſe full,
Now could, alas! ſuſtain no more
Of conſtancy the modeſt power
Againſt th' aſſaults of ridicule;
Here firſt, by ſour impatience croſs'd
Ver-Vert his innocency loſt.
From thence he pour'd ungrateful curſes
Againſt the nuns his former nurſes,
Who never had adorn'd his mind,
Careleſs of literary merit,
With language copious and refin'd,
Replete with elegance and ſpirit.
T' acquire this great accompliſhment
Each earneſt faculty he bent,
And though his prudent tongue lay ſtill,
His ſoul of thinking had its fill.
But firſt the bird reſolv'd, in pet,
All the old gew-gaws to forget
Which hitherto compos'd his creed,
That new ideas might ſucceed.
In two days, by ſtrict computation,
All former knowledge he expell'd;
So much the preſent converſation
The convent dialect excell'd.
This firſt ſtep made, within a trice,
The truly docile animal
(Young minds too ſoon are ſkill'd in vice)!
In ribaldry was clerical,
And quickly learnt to curſe and ſwear,
As faſt as an old devil would chatter,
Bound down by chains of myſtic prayer,
Beneath a pot of holy water.
His practice contradicted plain
A maxim which old books maintain,
That none to heinous crimes can leap
At firſt, but progreſs ſtep by ſtep;
For he at once without degree
Was doctor in iniquity.
He learnt by heart the alphabet
Of watermen, the Loire along,
And when, in any ſtormy fit,
And oath eſcap'd a ſailor's tongue;
Ver-Vert, emphatically plain,
Re-echo'd damn you back again.
On this, applauded by the crew,
Proudly content with what had paſt,
Solicitous he daily grew,
The ſhameful honour to purſue
Of pleaſing their corrupted taſte;
And, ſoon degrading to their bent
His generous organ of diſcourſe,
Became profanely eloquent.
Ah! why ſhould bad examples force
A youthful heart, born free from evils,
From heaven's allegiance to the devil's.
Ye nymphs of Nevers' convent chaſte,
What did you in your cloiſter'd cells,
Where penſive melancholy dwells,
Whilſt theſe unlucky moments paſs'd?
In that ſad interval, no doubt,
Nine days you ſpent in prayers devout,
Petitioning kind Heaven to give
A happy journey home again
To the moſt thankleſs foul alive,
Who, quite regardleſs of your pain,
Abroad engag'd in pleaſures new,
Spent not a ſingle thought on you.
The yawning band of tedioufneſs

The convent round beſieg'd each gate;
And ſpleen, in fanciful diſtreſs,
Sat ſullen at the gloomy grate;
Nay, what the ſex ſhuns every where,
Silence herſelf came almoſt there.
Ah! ceaſe your vows, for Ver-Vert's grown
Unworthy of your laviſh loves;
Ver-Vert no longer will be known
By heart as ſpotleſs as the dove's,
By temper ſofter than the down,
By fervency of ſoul in prayer;
Oh! muſt the muſe the truth declare?
A very wretched profligate,
A ſcoffer of his ancient home,
Blaſphemer of your holy ſtate,
And looſe apoſtate he's become;
What you ſuch care and labour coſt,
Among the winds and waves is loſt.
Then, fair ones, fondly boaſt no more
His ſcience and his docile ſoul,
Genius is vain, and learning's ſtore,
If virtue governs not the whole.
Forget him quite; the ſhameful wretch
His heart has tainted with pollution,
And given up all thoſe powers of ſpeech
And mighty parts to proſtitution.
But now to Nants, the boat's laſt ſtation,
Our hero and his friends draw nigh,
Where through impatient expectation
The holy ſiſters almoſt die:
For their deſires the riſing ſun
Begins his daily courſe too late;
Too ſlow his fiery courſers run,
To gain at eve the weſtern gate.
The flatterer hope, in this ſuſpenſe,
For ever artful to deceive,
Promis'd a prodigy to give
Of genius, dignity, and ſenſe;
A parrot highly-born and bred,
Poſſeſs'd of noble ſentiments,
Perſuaſive tongue, diſcerning head;
In ſhort, with all accompliſhments:
But O! I mention it with pain,
Theſe expectations all were vain!
At length the veſſel reaches land,
Where an old ſolemn ſiſter ſat,
Commiſſion'd by the ſacred band
Th' arrival of the bird to wait;
Who, on that errand daily ſent,
E'er ſince the firſt epiſtle went,
At firſt approach of riſing day
Her wandering eyes impatient caſt,
Which ſeem'd, along the watery waſte,
To waft our hero on his way.
The fly bird had no ſooner ſeen
The nun, near whom he diſembark'd,
But ſtrait he knew her by the mien
And eyes with holy prudery mark'd,
By the white gloves and langnid tone,
The vail, and linſey-woolſey veſt,
And, what would have ſuffic'd alone,
The little croſs upon her breaſt.
He ſhudder'd at th' approaching evil,
And ſoldier-like, we may conclude,
Sincerely wiſh'd her at the devil;
Preferring much the brotherhood
Of the dragoons, who ſpoke out plain,
Whoſe dialect he underſtood,
Than to return to learn again
Prayers ſtuff'd with many a holy notion,
And ceremonials of devotion:
But the vex'd droll, by force, was fated
To be conducted where he hated.
The careful carrier held her prize
In ſpite of all his rueful cries;
Though much he bit her, by the way,
Upon her arms, her neck, and face,
And in his anger, as they ſay,
Would not have ſcrupled any place.
At laſt, howe'er, with much ado,
She brought him ſafe to ſacred ground;
Ver-Vert's announc'd: the rumour flew
Swift as the wind the convent round.
The bell proclaims the welcome morn:
Strait from the choir each ſiſter ſprings,
And to the common parlour's borne
On expectation's eager wings.
All crowd this wonder to behold
With longings truly female fir'd;
Nay ev'n the feeble and the old
With youth's warm thoughts are reinſpir'd;
Whilſt each, regardleſs of her years,
For ſpeed forgets the load ſhe bears;
And mother Agnes, near fourſcore,
Now runs, who never ran before

CANTO IV.

At length expos'd to public view,
His figure was by all admir'd;
Charm'd with a ſight ſo fair and new,
Their eager eyes were never tir'd:
Their taſte beyond diſpute was true;
For though the rogue had ſwerv'd from duty,
He had not loſt one jot of beauty,
And the camp mien and rakiſh ſtare
Improv'd it with an eaſy air.
Why, heaven, ſhould charms attractive glow,
Brilliant around a ſon of ſin?
Rather deformity ſhould ſhow
The badneſs of the heart within.
To praiſe his looks and lovely feather
Our ſiſters babbled ſo together,
Unheard, it would have been no wonder,
If Heaven had roll'd its loudeſt thunder:
Meanwhile unmov'd th' apoſtate bird
Deign'd not to ſpeak one pious word,
But like a luſty Carmelite,
Roll'd his laſcivious eyes about.
This gave offence. ſo lewd a ſight
Was ſhocking to the band devout.
Next, when the mother abbeſs came,
With an authoritative look,
The feather'd libertine to blame,
Contemptuouſly his tail he ſhook;
And, not maturely having weigh'd
The horror of the words he ſaid,
Replied, in military phraſe,
"What damn'd fools nuns are now-a-days!"
Our hiſtory notes, that on the way,
Theſe words he'd heard the ſailors ſay.

At this, with looks demure, another
The holy ſiſterhood among,
(Willing to make him hold his tongue)
Cry'd, " Fie! for ſhame my deareſt brother!
For thanks this deareſt brother ſwore,
And us'd ſagaciouſly enough,
One ſyllable that rhymes to more,
'Gainſt which few female ears are proof.
" Jeſu! good mother, ſhe exclaim'd,
" This is ſome wicked witch, 'tis clear;
" And not the bird of Nevers fam'd,
" To friends of our religion dear!"
Here, ſutler-like, he cry'd aloud
" The devil ſeize this noiſy crowd!
By turns each ſiſter did eſſay
To curb the feather'd grenadier;
And each as faſt was ſent away
With ſomething buzzing in her ear;
For, laughing at the younger tribe,
He mimick'd their loquacious rage;
And, ſtill more freely to deſcribe
The dull grimace of ſcolding age,
He ridicul'd the dying cloſes
Of precepts ſnuffled through their noſes.
But, what was worſe than all the reſt,
By theſe dull ſermons much oppreſs'd,
And with unvented choler ſwelling,
He thunder'd out each horrid word,
The very tars in noiſe excelling,
Which on the river he had heard;
Curſing and ſwearing all along,
Invoking every pow'r of hell,
Whilſt B's redundant from his tongue,
And F's emphatically fell.
The ſenſe of what they heard him ſpeak
The younger ſiſters could not tell;
For they believ'd his language Greek.
Next he came out with, blood! and zounds!
Damnation,—brimſtone,—fire,—and thunder!
The grate, at theſe terrific ſounds
Trembling, is almoſt ſplit aſunder;
And the good nuns in ſpeechleſs fright,
Croſſing their throbbing boſoms, fly
Each to her cell remote from light,
Thinking the day of judgment nigh.
Wide opening her ſepulchral jaws,
One ancient ſiſter whines, " What evil
" Have we deſign'd, good Heaven, that draws
" Upon us this incarnate devil?
" By what incentive is he mov'd
" So like the damn'd below to ſwear?
" Is this that Ver-Vert ſo approv'd?
" Are theſe his faculties ſo rare?
" But let us without farther pain
" Send back the profligate again."
" Mother of God!" another cries,
" What horrors are before our eyes!
" In Never's conſecrated dome
" Is this the language veſtals ſpeak?
" Is all their youth taught thus at home?
" Home with the hateful heretic!
" For, if he enters, we ſhall dwell
" In league with all the fiends of hell."
In fine, his freedom Ver-Vert loſt;
And 'twas reſolv'd, without delay,
To ſend the wretch cag'd-up away.

This end our pilgrim wiſh'd the moſt:
Howe'er, in form, he's cited firſt,
Arraign'd, deteſtable declar'd,
Convicted by the court, accurſt,
And from each charity debarr'd,
For having wickedly aſſail'd
The virtue of the ſiſters veil'd.
All ſign the ſentence, yet bemoan
The object it's inflicted on;
For pity 'tis, ere full age blooms,
To find depravity ſo foul.
Or that, beneath ſuch beauteous plumes,
A debauchee's corrupted ſoul,
The Pagan manners of a Turk,
And tongue of Infidel, ſhould lurk.
In ſhort, his old conductreſs bore
The baniſh'd culprit to the port;
But in returning, as before,
He never bit our ſiſter for't;
For joyfully he left the ſhore,
And in a tilt-boat home return'd,
Where Nevers' nuns his abſence mourn'd.
Such was the Iliad of his woes!
But ah! what unexpected mourning,
What clamour and deſpair aroſe,
When, to his former friends returning,
He ſhock'd them with a repetition
Of his late verbal acquiſition!
What could th' afflicted ſiſters do?
With eyes in tears, and hearts in trouble,
Nine venerable nuns, for woe
Each in a vail funereal double,
Into the ſeat of judgment go,
Who, in their wrinkled fronts, reſembled
Nine ages in a court aſſembled.
There, without hopes of happy ending,
Depriv'd of all to plead his cauſe
On whom there was the leaſt depending,
Poor Ver-Vert ſat, unſkill'd in laws,
Chain'd to his cage, in open court,
And ſtript of glory and ſupport.
To condemnation they proceed;
Two Sibyls ſentence him to bleed;
'Twas voted by two ſiſters more;
Not ſo religiouſly inhuman,
To ſend him to that Indian ſhore,
Unknown to any Chriſtian woman,
That conſcience might his boſom gore,
And yield him up a prey to death,
Where firſt, with Brachmen, he drew breath.
But the five others all according
In leſſer puniſhments awarding,
For penance, two long months conclude
That he ſhould paſs in abſtinence,
Three more in diſmal ſolitude,
And four in ſpeechleſs penitence;
During which ſeaſon they preclude
Biſcuits and fruits, the toilette's treaſures:
Alcoves and walks, thoſe convent pleaſures.
Nor was this all; for, to complete
His miſerable ſituation,
They gave him, in his ſad retreat,
For jailer, guard, and converſation,
A ſtale lay-ſiſter, or much rather
An old vail'd ape, all ſkin and bone,
Or, cover'd o'er with wrinkled leather,

A walking female ſkeleton;
An object proper, to fall'n glory,
To cry aloud, *memento mori.*
Spite of this dragon's watchful ſoul,
The younger nuns would often go,
With looks of pity to condole,
Which ev'n in exile ſoften'd woe.
Nay ſome, from morning prayers returning,
With nuts and candied a monds came;
But to a wretch in priſon mourning
Weeds and ambroſia were the ſame.
Taught by misfortune's ſound tuition,
Cloth'd with diſgrace, and ſtung with pain,
Or ſick of that old ſcare-crow viſion,
The bird became in pure contrition
Acquainted with himſelf again:
Forgetting his belov'd dragoons,
And quite according with the nuns
In one continued uniſon
Of air, of manners, and of tone;
No ſleek prebendal prieſt could be
More thoroughly devout than he.
When this converſion was related,
The gray divan at once awarded
His baniſhment ſhould be abated,
And farther vengeance quite diſcarded.
There the bleſt day of his recal
Is annually a feſtival,
Whoſe ſilken moments white and even,
Spun by the hands of ſmiling love,
Whilſt all th' attendant fates approve,
To ſoft delights are ever given.
How ſhort's the date of human pleaſure!
How falſe of happineſs the meaſure!
The dormitory, ſtrew'd with flowers,
Short prayer, rejoicing, ſong, and feaſt,
Sweet tumult, freedom thoughtleſs hours,
Their amiable zeal expreſs'd,
And not a ſingle ſign of ſorrow
The woes predicted of to-morrow.
But, O! what favours miſapplied
Our holy ſiſterhood beſtow'd!
From abſtinence's ſhallow tide
Into a ſtream that overflow'd
With ſweets, ſo long debarr'd from taſting,
Poor Ver-Vert too abruptly haſting,
(His ſkin with ſugar being waded,
With liquid fires his entrails burn'd)
Beheld at once his roſes faded
And to funereal cypreſs turn'd.
The nuns endeavour'd, but in vain,
His fleeting ſpirit to detain;
But ſweet exceſs had haſten'd fate;
And, whilſt around the fair-ones cry'd,
Of love a victim fortunate
In pleaſure's downy breaſt he died.
His dying words their boſoms fir'd,
And will for ever be admir'd.

Venus herſelf his eye-lids cloſ'd,
And in Elyſium plac'd his ſhade,
Where hero-parrots ſafe repoſ'd
In almond groves that never fade,
Near him, whoſe fate and fluent tongue,
Corinna's lover wept and ſung.
What tongue ſufficiently can tell
How much bemoan'd our hero fell!
The nun, whoſe office 'twas, invited
The bearers to th' illuſtrious dead;
And letters circular indited,
In which this mournful tale I read.
But, to tranſmit his image down
To generations yet unknown,
A painter, who each beauty knew,
His portraiture from nature drew;
And many a hand, guided by love,
O'er the ſtretch'd ſampler's canvas plain,
In broidery's various colours ſtrove
To raiſe his form to life again;
Whilſt grief, t' aſſiſt each artiſt, came
And painted tears around the frame.
All rites funereal they beſtow'd,
Which erſt to birds of high renown
The hand of Helicon allow'd,
When from the body life was flown.
Beneath a verdant myrtle's ſhade,
Which o'er the mauſoleum ſpread,
A ſmall ſarcophagus was laid,
To keep the aſhes of the dead.
On porphyry grav'd in characters
Of gold, with ſculptur'd garlands grac'd,
Theſe lines, exciting pity's tears,
Our convent Artemiſias plac'd.

" Ye novice nuns, who to this grove repair,
" To chat by ſtealth unaw'd by age's frown;
" Your tongues one moment, if you can, for-
" bear,
" Till the ſad tale of our affliction's known.
" If 'tis too much that organ to reſtrain,
" Uſe it to ſpeak what anguiſh death im-
" parts:
" One line this cauſe for ſorrow will explain;
" Here VER-VERT lies; and here lie all our
" hearts."

'Tis ſaid however (to purſue
My ſtory but a word or two)
The ſoul of Ver-Vert is not pent
Within th' aforeſaid monument,
But, by permiſſion of the fates,
Some holy ſiſter animates;
And will, in tranſmigration, run
From time to time, from nun to nun,
Tranſmitting to all ages hence
In them his deathleſs eloquence.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

Containing

THE TRAVELLER,	SONGS,
THE DESERTED VILLAGE,	ELEGIES,
HERMIT,	TALES,
RETALIATION,	PROLOGUES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Adieu, ſweet bard! to each fine feelings true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Thoſe form'd to charm ev'n vicious minds—and theſe
With harmleſs mirth the ſocial ſoul to pleaſe.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have ſculptur'd out thy monument of praiſe:
Yes, theſe ſurvive to time's remoteſt day;
While drops the buſt, and boaſtful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the muſe's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his ſtrain;
But, if no poet thou, reverſe the plan;
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

Woty's Verſes on the Death of Goldſmith.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the third ſon of the Rev. Charles Goldſmith, and was born at Elphin, in the county of Roſcommon, (according to his epitaph in Weſtminſter-Abbey, at Pallas, in the county of Longford) in Ireland, in 1729. He was inſtructed in claſſical learning at the ſchool of Mr. Hughes, from whence he was removed to Trinity-College, Dublin, where he was admitted an uſher the 11th of June 1744. At the Univerſity, he exhibited no ſpecimen of that genius which diſtinguiſhed him in his maturer years. On the 27th of February 1749, O. S. two years after the regular time, he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Intending to devote himſelf to the ſtudy of phyſic, he left Dublin, and proceeded to Edinburgh, in 1751, where he continued till the beginning of the 1754, when, having imprudently engaged to pay a conſiderable ſum of money for a fellow-ſtudent, he was obliged precipitately to quit the place. He made his eſcape as far as Sunderland; but there was overtaken by the emiſſaries of the law, and arreſted. From this ſituation, he was releaſed by the friendſhip of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the College. On his being ſet at liberty, he took his paſſage on board a Dutch ſhip for Rotterdam; from whence, after a ſhort ſtay, he proceeded to Bruſſels. He then viſited great part of Flanders; and, after paſſing ſome time at Straſbourg and Louvain, where he obtained the degeee of Bachelor in Phyſic, he accompanied an Engliſh gentleman to Geneva.

This tour was made for the moſt part on foot. He had left England with little money, and being of a thoughtleſs diſpoſition, and at that time poſſeſſing a body capable of ſuſtaining any fatigue, he proceeded reſolutely in gratifying his curioſity, by the ſight of different countries.

He had ſome knowledge of the French language and of muſic; he played tolerably well on the German flute, which now at times became the means of his ſubſiſtence. His learning procured him an hoſpitable reception at moſt of the religous houſes that he viſited, and his muſic made him welcome to the peaſants of Flanders and Germany.

"Whenever I approached a peaſant's houſe towards night-fall," he uſed to ſay, "I played one of my merrieſt tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but ſubſiſtence for the next day; but *in truth* (his conſtant expreſſion), I muſt own, whenever I attempted to entertain perſons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to pleaſe them."

On his arrival at Geneva, he was recommended as a proper perſon for a travelling tutor to a young gentleman, who had been unexpectedly left a conſiderable fortune by the death of his uncle.

This connection laſted but a ſhort time; they diſagreed in the ſouth of France, and parted. Friendleſs and deſtitute, he was again left expoſed to all the miſeries of indigence in a foreign country. He, however, bore them with great fortitude; and having by this time ſatisfied his curioſity abroad, he bent his courſe towards England, and arrived at Dover, the beginning of the year 1758.

On his return he found himſelf ſo poor, that it was with difficulty he was enabled to reach London with a few halfpence only in his pocket. He was an entire ſtranger, and without any recommendation. He offered himſelf to ſeveral apothecaries, in the character of a journeyman, but had the mortification to find every application without ſucceſs.

At length he was admitted into the houſe of a chemiſt near Fiſh-Street-Hill, and was employed in his laboratory, until he diſcovered the reſidence of his friend Dr. Sleigh, who patroniſed and ſupported him.

" It was Sunday," ſaid Goldſmith, " when I paid him a viſit, and it is to be ſuppoſed, in my beſt clothes. Sleigh ſcarcely knew me.—*Such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty.* However, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever; and he ſhared his purſe and his friendſhip with me, during his continuance in London."

Dr. Sleigh afterwards ſettled as a phyſician at Cork, his native city, and was riſing rapidly into eminence, when he was cut off, in the flower of his age, by an inflammatory fever, which at once deprived the world of a fine ſcholar, a ſkilful phyſician, and an honeſt man.

By the recommendation of the chemiſt, who ſaw in Goldſmith talents above his condition, he ſoon after became an aſſiſtant to Dr. Milner, who kept an academy at Peckham. He remained not long in this ſituation; but being introduced to ſome bookſellers, he returned to London, took a lodging in Green-Arbour-Court, near the Old Bailey, and commenced author.

Mr. Griffiths, the proprietor of the " Monthly Review," gave him a department in his Journal, and Mr. Newbery, the philanthropic bookſeller in St. Paul's Church-Yard, gave him a department in the " Public Ledger," where he wrote thoſe periodical papers, called *Chineſe Letters*, which now appear in his works, under the title of the *Citizen of the World.*

His firſt works were *The Bee*, a weekly pamphlet, and *An Inquiry into the Preſent State of Polite Learning in Europe*, publiſhed before the cloſe of the year 1759.

Soon after his acquaintance with Mr. Newbery, for whom he held the " pen of a ready writer," he removed to lodgings in Wine-Office-Court, Fleetſtreet, where he finiſhed the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which by the friendly interference of Dr. Johnſon, was ſold for ſixty pounds, to diſcharge his rent. " A ſufficient price when it was ſold," as he informed Mr. Boſwell; for then the fame of Goldſmith had not been elevated, as it afterwards was by his *Traveller;* and the bookſeller had ſo faint hopes of profit by his bargain, that he kept the manuſcript by him a long time, and did not publiſh it till after *The Traveller* had appeared. Then to be ſure, it was accidentally worth more money."

In 1765, he publiſhed *The Traveller; or, a Proſpect of Society*, 4to, of which Dr. Johnſon ſaid, " There has not been ſo fine a poem ſince Pope's time." Part of his poem, as he ſays in his dedication to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldſmith, was formerly written to him from Switzerland, and contained about two hundred lines. The manuſcript lay by him ſome years without any determined idea of publiſhing, till perſuaded to it by Dr. Johnſon, who gave him ſome general hints towards enlarging it; and in particular, as Mr. Boſwell informs us, furniſhed line 240,

To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go.

and the concluding ten lines, except the laſt couplet but one.

The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel.

Luke, in the laſt line, is mentioned by miſtake for *George*. In the *Reſpublica Hungarica*, there is an account of a deſperate rebellion in 1514, headed by two brothers of the name of *Zeck*, George and Luke. When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke* was puniſhed, by his head being encircled with a red hot iron, *corona candeſcente ferrea coronatur.*

This poem eſtabliſhed his reputation among the bookſellers, and introduced him to the acquaintance of ſeveral men of rank and abilities, Lord Nugent, Mr. Burke, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Dyer, &c. who took pleaſure in his converſation, and by turns laughed at his blunders, and admired the ſimplicity of the man, and the elegance of his poetical talents.

The ſame year he publiſhed a collection of *Eſſays*, which had been printed in the newſpapers, magazines, and other periodical publications.

He now made his appearance in a profeſſional manner, in a ſcarlet great coat, buttoned cloſe

under the chin, a phyſical wig and cane, as was the faſhion of the times, and declined viſiting many of thoſe public places, which formerly were ſo convenient to him in point of expence, and which contributed ſo much to his amuſement. "In truth," ſaid he, "one ſacrifices ſomething for the ſake of good company; for here I am ſhut out of ſeveral places where I uſed to play the fool very agreeably."

In 1766, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and completely eſtabliſhed his literary reputation.

Soon after the publication of *The Traveller*, he removed from Wine-Office-Court to the Library Staircaſe, Inner-Temple, and at the ſame time took a country houſe, in conjunction with Mr. Bot, an intimate literary friend, on the Edgware Road, at the back of Cannons. This place he jocularly called the Shoemaker's Paradiſe, being originally built, in a fantaſtic taſte, by one of the craft.

Here he wrote his *Hiſtory of England, in a ſeries of letters from a nobleman to his ſon*, 2 vols. 12mo, a work generally attributed to Lyttleton, and, which is rather ſingular, never contradicted either directly or indirectly by that nobleman or any of his friends. This book had a very rapid ſale, and continues to be eſteemed one of the moſt uſeful introductions of that ſort to the ſtudy of our hiſtory.

His manner of compiling this hiſtory is thus deſcribed by an intelligent writer, who lived in the cloſeſt habits of intimacy with him for the laſt ten years of his life, in the "European Magazine for 1793."

"He firſt read in a morning from Hume, Rapin, and ſometimes Kennet, as much as he deſigned for one letter, marking down the paſſages referred to on a ſheet of paper, with remarks. He then rode or walked out with a friend or two, who he had conſtantly with him, returned to dinner, ſpent the day generally convivially, without much drinking (which he never was in the habit of); and when he went up to bed, took up his books and papers with him, where he generally wrote the chapter, or the beſt part of it, before he went to reſt. This latter exerciſe coſt him very little trouble, he ſaid; for, having all his materials ready for him, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter."

"Of all his compilations," he uſed to ſay, his "*Selection of Engliſh Poetry*," ſhowed more 'the art of profeſſion.' Here he did nothing but mark the particular paſſages with a red lead pencil, and for this he got two hundred pounds; but then he uſed to add, "a man ſhows his judgment in theſe ſelections, and he may be often twenty years of his life in cultivating that judgment."

In 1768, he brought on the ſtage at Covent Garden his *Good-natured Man*, a comedy; which, though evidently written by a ſcholar and a man of obſervation, did not pleaſe equal to its merits. Many parts of it exhibit the ſtrongeſt indications of his comic talents. There is, perhaps, no character on the ſtage more happily imagined and more highly finiſhed than *Croaker's*. His reading of the *incendiary letter* in the fourth act, was received with a roar of approbation. Goldſmith himſelf was ſo charmed with the performance of Shuter in that character, that he thanked him before all the performers, telling him, "he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richneſs of his colouring made it almoſt appear as new to him as to any other perſon in the houſe." The prologue was furniſhed by Dr. Johnſon.

The injuſtifiable ſeverity with which this play was treated by the town, irritated his feelings much, and what added to the irritation, was the very great ſucceſs of Kelly's "Falſe Delicacy," which appeared at the other houſe, juſt at the ſame time.

Such was the taſte of the town for ſentimental writing, in which this comedy abounds, that it was played every night to crowded audiences; ten thouſand copies of the play were ſold that ſeaſon, and the booksellers concerned in the profits of it, not only preſented Kelly with a piece of plate, value 20 l., but gave him a public breakfaſt at the Chapter coffeehouſe.

The ſucceſs of "Falſe Delicacy" diſſolved the intimacy between Kelly and Goldſmith; who, though the type of his own *Good-natured Man*, in every other reſpect, yet in point of authorſhip, and particularly in poetry,

Could bear no rival near his throne.

Had Kelly been content to keep in the back ground, Goldſmith would have ſhared his laſt guinea with him, and in doing it would have felt all the fine influences of his good-nature; but to contend for the bow of Ulyſſes, "this was a fault; that way envy lay."

Goldſmith cannot be acquitted of all manner of blame in his enmity to Kelly, who was a very deſerving man, and, by the publication of his "Theſpis," "Babbler," ſome novels, and "Falſe Delicacy," had raiſed himſelf much into public notice; and what juſtly increaſed it, was the conſideration of his doing all this from an humble beginning, and a very narrow education. He had a growing family too, which he ſupported with decency and reputation.

Though the fame of his *Good-natured Man* did not bear him triumphantly through; yet, by the profits of his nine nights, and the ſale of the copy, he cleared five hundred pounds. With this, and the ſavings made by his compilations of a *Roman Hiſtory*, in 2 vols. 8vo, and a *Hiſtory of England*, in 4 vols. 8vo. which he uſed to call "building a book" he deſcended from his attic ſtory in the Staircaſe, Inner-Temple, and purchaſed chambers in Brooke-Court, Middle-Temple, for which he gave four hundred pounds. Theſe he furniſhed rather in an elegant manner, fitted up and enlarged his library, and commenced quite a man of "lettered eaſe" and conſequence.

About this time he was concerned in a fortnightly publication, called *The Gentleman's Journal*, in conjunction with Dr. Kenrick, Bickerſtaff, &c. which was ſoon diſcontinued. When a friend was obſerving what an extraordinary ſudden death it had, "Not at all, Sir," ſays Goldſmith, "a very common caſe, it died of too many doctors."

His next original publication was *The Deſerted Village*, which came out in the ſpring of 1770, and had a very rapid ſale. He received a hundred pounds for the copy from Mr. Griffin his bookſeller, which he returned, under an idea of its being too much; and his way of computation was this: "That it was near five ſhillings a couplet, which was more than any bookſeller could afford, or indeed more than any modern poetry was worth." He, however, loſt nothing by his generoſity, as the bookſeller paid him the hundred pounds, which the rapid ſale of the poem ſoon enabled him to do. He was, by his own confeſſion, four or five years collecting materials in all his country excurſions for this poem, and was actually engaged in the conſtruction of it above two years. Dr. Johnſon furniſhed the four laſt lines.

The year following, he prefixed *a Life of Parnell*, to a new edition of his "Poems on Several Occaſions," by T. Davies, 8vo.; a performance worthy of Parnell's genius and amiable diſpoſition.

His next original work was his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer, or, the Miſtakes of a Night*, which was acted at Covent Garden, in 1772; and, notwithſtanding the opinion of Mr. Colman and ſome others, that there were parts in it too farcical, it met with great ſucceſs, and reſtored the public taſte to his good opinion. One of the moſt ludicrous circumſtances it contains, that of the robbery, is borrowed from "Albumazar." The firſt night of its performance, inſtead of being at the theatre, he was found ſauntering between ſeven and eight o'clock in St James's Park; and it was on the remonſtrance of a friend who told him how "uſeful his preſence might be in making ſome ſudden alterations which might be found neceſſary in the piece," that he was prevailed upon to go to the theatre. He entered the ſtage-door, juſt in the middle of the 5th act when there was a hiſs at the improbability of *Mrs. Hardcaſtle* ſuppoſing herſelf fifty miles off, though in her own ground, and near her own houſe. "What's that?" ſays he, terrified at the ſound "Pſhaw, Doctor," ſays Colman, who was ſtanding by the ſide of the ſcene, "don't be fearful of *ſquibs*, when we have been ſitting almoſt theſe two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder." He never forgave Colman this reply to the laſt hour of his life.

He cleared eight hundred pounds by this comedy; but though this year was very ſucceſsful to him, by the *Hiſtory of Greece*, 2 vols, the *Life of Bolingbroke*, prefixed to a new edition of the "Patriot King," and other publications; what with his liberality to poor authors, Purdon, Jack Pilkington, Dr. Hiffernan, &c. and a ridiculous habit of gaming, he found himſelf, at the end of it, conſiderably in debt. This he lamented in ſecret, but took no effectual means for the cure of it.

This period is farther remarkable for his diſmiſſing the title of *Doctor* from his addreſs, and calling himſelf *Mr.* Goldſmith. Whether he had only then decided never to practiſe the profeſſion

he was bred to, or that he thought *Mr.* a more familiar manner of launching himſelf into the faſhionable world, which he was then vain enough to affect to be fond of, is not aſcertained; this, however, was the fact, that the world would not *let him loſe his degree*, but called him *Doctor* (though he was only Bachelor of Phyſic) to the end of his life.

Beſides his *Hiſtories of England, of Greece*, and *of Rome*, he ſubmitted to the drudgery of compiling *An Hiſtory of the Earth and Animated Nature*, 8 vols. 8vo, 1774, which procured for him more money than fame. Juſt before his death, he had formed a deſign for executing *An Univerſal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*; a plan which met with no encouragement.

The poem of *Retaliation* was his laſt performance, which he did not live to finiſh. It was written in anſwer to certain illiberal attacks, which had been made on his perſon, writings, and dialect, in a club of literary friends, where wit is ſaid to have ſometimes ſparkled at the expence of good-nature. When he had gone as far as the character of Sir Joſhua Reynolds, he read it in full club, where, though *ſome* praiſed it, and others *ſeemed* highly delighted with it, they ſtill thought the publication of it not altogether ſo proper. He now found that a little ſparkling of *fear* was not altogether an unneceſſary ingredient in the friendſhip of the world, and though he meant not immediately, at leaſt, to publiſh *Retaliation*, he kept it, as he expreſſed himſelf to a friend, "as a rod in pickle upon any future occaſion;" but this occaſion never preſented itſelf: A more awful period was now approaching, "when kings as well as poets ceaſe from their labours."

He had been for ſome years afflicted with a ſtrangury, which, with the derangement of his worldly affairs, brought on a kind of habitual deſpondency, in which he uſed to expreſs "his great indifference about life." At length, in March 1774, being ſeized with a nervous fever, he, againſt the advice of his phyſician, took ſo large a portion of James's powder, that it was ſuppoſed to have contributed to his diſſolution, on the 4th of April 1774, after an illneſs of ten days, in the 45th year of his age. He was buried in the Temple Church-yard, the 9th of the ſame month. A pompous funeral was intended; but moſt of his friends ſent excuſes, and a few coffeehouſe acquaintances, rather ſuddenly collected together, attended his remains to the grave. A monument has ſince been erected to his memory, in Weſtminſter Abbey, at the expence of the literary club to which he belonged, with the following epitaph, written by Dr. Johnſon:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Phyſici, Hiſtorici,
Qui multum fere ſcribendi genus
Non tetegit,
Nullum quod tetegit non ornavit:
Sive riſus eſſent movendi
Sive lacrymæ
Affectuum potens et lenis dominator:
Ingenio ſublimis, vividus, verſatilis;
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venuſtus:
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hibernia Formiæ Longfordienſis
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. XXIX. MDCCXXXI;
Eblanæ literis inſtitutus;
Obiit Londini
April IV MDCCLXXIV.

"Of poor dear Dr. Goldſmith," Dr. Johnſon writes Mr. Boſwell, July 4. 1774, "there is little to be told, more than the papers have made public. He died of a fever, made, I am afraid, more violent by uneaſineſs of mind. His debts began to be heavy, and all his reſources were exhauſted. Sir Joſhua [Reynolds] is of opinion, that he owed no leſs than two thouſand pounds. Was ever poet ſo truſted before?"

His *Miſcellaneous Eſſays* in proſe and verſe were collected into one volume, 8vo, 1775. His *Poetical* and *Dramatic Works* were collected, and printed in 2 vols. 8vo, 1780. An edition of his *Miſcellaneous Works* was printed at Perth, 3 vols, 8vo, 1793. His *Traveller* and *Deſerted Village* have

been frequently reprinted, and with his *Retaliation* and other pieces, were received into the edition of the "Engliſh Poets," 1790.

With ſome awkward impediments and peculiarities in his addreſs, perſon, and temper, Goldſmith attained a ſhare of literary eminence and emolument, which, with common prudence, might have protected the remainder of his life from the irritating uncertainties of want. In the courſe of fourteen years, the produce of his pen is ſaid to have amounted to more than eight thouſand pounds. But all this was rendered uſeleſs by an improvident liberality, which prevented him from diſtinguiſhing properly the objects of his generoſity, and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He was ſo humane in his diſpoſition, that his laſt guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. He had two or three poor authors always as penſioners, beſides ſeveral widows and poor houſekeepers; and when he had no money to give the latter, he always ſent them away with ſhirts or old clothes, and ſometimes with the whole contents of his breakfaſt-table, ſaying, with a ſmile of ſatisfaction, after they were gone, "Now let me ſuppoſe, I have ate a heartier breakfaſt than uſual, and am nothing out of pocket." He was always very ready to do ſervice to his friends and acquaintance, by recommendations, &c.; and as he lived latterly much with the great world, and was much reſpected, he very often ſucceeded, and felt his beſt reward, in the gratification of doing good. Dr. Johnſon knew him early, and always ſpoke as reſpectfully of his heart as of his talents. Goldſmith, in ſome reſpect, conciliated his good opinion, by almoſt never contradicting him; and Dr. Johnſon, in return, laughed at his oddities, which only ſerved as little foils to his talents and moral character.

"His perſon," ſays Mr. Boſwell, in his "Life of Dr. Johnſon," "was ſhort, his countenance coarſe and vulgar, his deportment that of a ſcholar, awkwardly affecting the complete gentleman. No man had the art of diſplaying with more advantage as a writer, whatever literary acquiſitions he made. His mind reſembled a fertile but thin ſoil; there was a quick, but not a ſtrong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be ſtruck. The oak of the foreſt did not grow there; but the elegant ſhrubbery, and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay ſucceſſion. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in converſation. In alluſion to this, Mr. Horace Walpole, who admired his writings, ſaid, he was "an inſpired idiot;" and Garrick deſcribed him as one

——for ſhortneſs call'd *Noll*,
Who wrote like an angel, and talk'd like poor *Poll*.

But in truth this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common ſhare of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which ſometimes produces a laughable confuſion in expreſſing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdie*; and from vanity, and an eager deſire of being conſpicuous wherever he was, he frequently talked careleſsly, without any knowledge of the ſubject, or even without thought. Thoſe who were in any way diſtinguiſhed, excited envy in him to ſo ridiculous an exceſs, that the inſtances of it are hardly credible. He, I am told, had no ſettled ſyſtem of any ſort, ſo that his conduct muſt not be too ſtrictly criticiſed; but his affections were ſocial and generous, and when he had money, he gave it away liberally. His deſire of imaginary conſequence predominated over his attention to truth."

As a proſe writer, Goldſmith muſt be allowed to have rivalled, and even exceeded Dr. Johnſon, and his imitator, Dr. Hawkeſworth, the moſt celebrated profeſſional proſe writer of his time. His proſe may be regarded as the model of perfection, and the ſtandard of our language; to equal which, the efforts of moſt would be vain, and to exceed it, every expectation, folly.

"Goldſmith," ſays Dr. Johnſon, "was a man of ſuch variety of powers, and ſuch felicity of performance, that he always ſeemed to do beſt what he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediouſneſs, and general without confuſion; whoſe language was copious without exuberance, exact without conſtraint, and eaſy without weakneſs."

Of his proſe writings, his *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Eſſays*, *Hiſtory of England*, *Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, *Life of Parnell*, and *Natural Hiſtory*, have obtained moſt diſtinction. His *Vicar of Wakefield* ranks in the firſt claſs of Engliſh novels. The language which "angels might have heard, and

virgins told," deſerves the higheſt praiſe. If we do not always admire his knowledge or extenſive philoſophy, we feel the benevolence of his heart, and are charmed with the purity of its principles. If we do not follow with awful reverence the majeſty of his reaſon, or the dignity of the long-extended period, we at leaſt catch a pleaſing ſentiment, in a natural and unaffected ſtyle.

His *Eſſays*, originally written for newſpapers, cannot be read without lamenting his fate (the fate of hapleſs genius!) while ſome venal and ignorant Procruſtes of the houſe of literature, ſtood over him to extend or contract his elegance, till it juſt filled the deſtined ſpace.

" It is the great excellence of a writer," ſays Dr. Johnſon, " to put into his book as much as it will hold. Goldſmith has done this in his *Hiſtory*. Goldſmith tells you ſhortly all you wiſh to know. His plain narrative will pleaſe again and again. He has the art of compiling, and ſaying every thing he has to ſay in a plain manner. He is now writing a *Natural Hiſtory*, and will make it as entertaining as a " Perſian tale."

His *Natural Hiſtory* is a compilation of unequal merit. He has adopted no methodical arrangement worthy of notice; and his deſcriptions, negligent of thoſe diſtinguiſhing pecularities of ſtructure, which enables us to diſcover the name and ſpecies of each individual, are almoſt wholly employed upon their more amuſing properties and relations. The ſecond, third, and fourth volumes, comprehending the natural hiſtory of *mankind* and of *quadrupeds*, are chiefly borrowed from Buffon's diffuſive writings, from which he has tranſcribed many errors. The four laſt volumes, comprehending the hiſtory of *birds*, *fiſhes*, *inſects*, &c. are particularly defective, probably becauſe in compoſing them, he no longer derived any aſſiſtance from Buffon, whoſe volumes on birds he does not appear to have ſeen. The manner and ſtyle in which it is written, are generally pleaſing, and the entertainment which it affords, is occaſionally increaſed by the interpoſition of pertinent ſpeculative reflections.

As a poet, he is characteriſed by elegance, tenderneſs, and ſimplicity. He is of the ſchool of Dryden and Pope, rather than that of Spenſer or Milton. In ſweetneſs and harmony, he rivals every writer of verſe ſince the death of Pope. It is to be regretted, that his poetical performances are not more numerous. Though he wrote proſe with great facility, he was rather ſlow in his poetry, not from the tardineſs of fancy, but the time he took in pointing the ſentiment, and poliſhing the verſification. His manner of writing poetry, it is ſaid, was this: he firſt ſketched a part of his deſign in proſe, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then ſat carefully down to verſify them, correct them, and add ſuch other ideas as he thought better fitted to the ſubject. He ſometimes would exceed his proſe deſign, by writing ſeveral verſes impromptu; but theſe he would take uncommon pains afterwards to reviſe, leſt they ſhould be unconnected with his main deſign.

His *Traveller*, *Deſerted Village*, *Hermit*, *and Retaliation*, are the chief foundation of his fame. *The Traveller* is one of thoſe delightful poems, that allure by the beauty of their ſcenery, a refined elegance of ſentiment, and a correſpondent happineſs of expreſſion. In the addreſs to his brother, to whom the poem is inſcribed, it is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with the *untravelled heart*, and the happy image of the *lengthening chain*. The ſimile of the rainbow, is equally juſt and magnificent; and is one of thoſe real beauties in imagery, which have the power of pleaſing univerſally, by being at once obvious to the mind, and at the ſame time poſſeſſing native dignity enough to ſecure them from that indifference, with which things frequently contemplated are beheld.

The Traveller *ſits him down* (as he expreſſes it) on an eminence of the Alps, and from thence takes a view of the ſeveral kingdoms that lie around him, not with the contracted eye of a recluſe, but with the liberal ſpirit of a man who rightly conſiders and embraces the general bleſſings of Providence.

> For me your tributary ſtores combine,
> Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

He then inquires, whether ſuperior happineſs be the lot of any particular country, but concludes, that, though every man thinks moſt favourably of his own, nature has, in general, obſerved an equality in the diſtribution of her bounties. The deſcription of the people of Italy is not leſs juſt, than that of their country is pictureſque and harmonious: but the moraliſt may object to the concluſion, as unfavourable to the intereſts of virtue.

Each nobler aim repreſt by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupies the mind.

The beauties of the deſcription of the *Swiſs* are ſo natural and obvious, that no eye can overlook them. Whether the ſeverity of a Helvetian winter *chills the lap of May, when no zephyr ſooths the breaſt of the mountain*; whether the hardy Swiſs *ſees his little lot, the lot of all; breaſts the keen air, and carols as he goes, drives his ploughſhares to the ſteep, or drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day*; the whole is beautiful. Whether he *ſits down the monarch of a ſhed, and ſurveys his children's looks, that brighten at the blaze*, or entertains the *pilgrim*, whoſe *tale repays the nightly bed*, the whole is ſtill beautiful; but the ſimile of the *babe* is ſomething more; there is a grandeur as well as beauty in the application of it.

But having found that the rural life of a *Swiſs* has its evils as well as comforts, he turns to *France*, and deſcribes a people almoſt of a different ſpecies. He next makes a tranſition to *Holland*, and from thence proceeds to *Britain*. The characteriſtics of the different nations, are juſt and ingenious; but the deſcriptions are neither full nor perfect. He has contented himſelf with exhibiting them in thoſe points of view in which they are generally beheld; but the lights are much ſtrengthened by the powers of poetic genius.

The *Deſerted Village*, is a performance of diſtinguiſhed merit. The general idea it inculcates is this, that commerce, by an enormous introduction of wealth, has augmented the number of the rich, who, by exhauſting the proviſion of the poor, reduce them to the neceſſity of emigration. The poem opens with an apoſtrophe to its ſubject, with which the imagination may be pleaſed, but which will not fully ſatisfy the judgment. The village diverſions are perhaps inſiſted on with too much prolixity and amplification. But we are recompenſed for this generality and redundance, by the claſſical and beautiful particularity and conciſeneſs of the context, *the dancing pair, the ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face, the baſhful virgin*, &c. The paragraph in general has much inaccuracy, eſpecially a diſguſting identity of diction; the word *bowers* occurs twice, the word *ſweet* thrice, and *charms* and *ſport*, ſingular or plural, four times. We have alſo *toil remitting*, and *toil taught to pleaſe, ſucceeding ſports, and ſports with ſweet ſucceſſion*. The paragraph beginning, *Ill fares the land*, &c. has great merit; the ſentiment is noble, and the expreſſion little inferior. The following one aſſerts what has been repeatedly denied, that *there was a time in England, when every rood of ground maintained its man*. Wherever there is property, there muſt of neceſſity be poverty and riches. The apoſtrophe to *Retirement* is beautiful, but fanciful; for him who retires into the country to *crown a youth of labour with an age of eaſe, the mine muſt be explored, the deep tempted, and*

The pale artiſt ply the ſickly trade.

The paragraph beginning, *Sweet was the ſound*, &c. has uncommon merit. The circumſtances it deſcribes are obvious in nature, but never in poetry; and they are deſcribed with great force and elegance. The particulars are moſt happily ſelected; and they bear one uniform conſiſtent character, that of a ſober or ſerene cheerfulneſs. The *Matron gathering water creſſes*, is a fine picture. When *Auburn* is deſcribed as flouriſhing, the *village preacher* is very properly introduced, and characteriſed in a manner which ſeems almoſt unexceptionable, both for ſentiment and expreſſion. His contentment, hoſpitality and piety, are pointed out with ſufficient particularity, yet without confuſion or redundance. The *copſe*, the *torn ſhrubs*, and the garden flower that *grows wild*, are fine natural ſtrokes. The *good man*, attended by his venerating pariſhioners, and with a kind of dignified complacence, even permitting the familiarities of their children, is ſtrongly and diſtinctly repreſented. The ſimiles of a bird teaching her young to fly, and the mountain that riſes above the ſtorm, are not eaſily to be paralleled. The laſt has been much admired; and is indeed a happy illuſtration, ſo far as immaterial objects can be illuſtrated by material.

The *ſchoolmaſter*, though a ſecondary character, is deſcribed with great force and preciſion. The deſcription of the *village ale-houſe*, is drawn with admirable propriety and force. The fine poetical inventory of the furniture, is fully equalled by the character of the gueſts, and the details of their

amuſements. It is not poetical fiction, but hiſtorical truth. But though nothing is invented, ſomething is ſuppreſſed. The ruſtic's hour of relaxation is too rarely ſo innocent; it is too often contaminated with extravagance, anger, and profanity; deſcribing vice and folly, however, will not prevent their exiſting; and, it is agreeable to forget for a moment, the reality of their exiſtence. The reſt of the poem conſiſts of a deſcant on the miſapplication of wealth, luxury, and the variety of artificial pleaſures, and the miſeries of thoſe, who, for want of employment at home, are driven to ſettle new colonies abroad. *Tumultuous grandeur*, and her *rattling chariots, glaring torches*, &c. are finely contraſted with the diſtreſsful ſituation of a poor proſtitute. There is beauty in the ſimile of the *primroſe*, and pathos in the mention of the unhappy girl laying her head at the door of her betrayer. The detail of the emigration, beginning, *Do thine ſweet Auburn*, &c. is animated, and in general correctly drawn. The paragraph, *Good Heaven what ſorrow*, &c. has many beauties. The heart muſt be inſenſible, indeed, which does not feel the force of pathos, in the circumſtances of the daughter relinquiſhing her lover, in order to attend her father; and the mother claſping her thoughtleſs babes with additional tenderneſs. Having enumerated the domeſtic virtues which are leaving the country, with the inhabitants of *Auburn*, he concludes the poem, with an addreſs to *Poetry*, in a ſtrain of noble enthuſiaſm, which would have done honour to any poet of any age.

Of the *Hermit*, which firſt appeared in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the public has long ſince judged. It is univerſally allowed to rank with the moſt beautiful ballads in our language. A remarkable inſtance of his imitation of Young occurs in the following lines:

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Man wants but little, nor that little long. *Night IV.*

The poem of *Retaliation* abounds with wit, free from even the ſlighteſt tincture of ill-nature; and the characteriſtics of all the parties are equally pointed and juſt. His epitaph on Mr. Burke is remarkable, and proves him intimately acquainted with the character of that celebrated orator and ſtateſman. The deſcription of Mr. Burke's brother is humorous, and, at the time of its compoſition, was truly characteriſtic and appropriate. The lines on Cumberland convey much uſeful ſatire. After an epitaph on Dr. Douglas, the preſent Biſhop of Saliſbury, whom he juſtly calls, *The Scourge of Impoſtors, the Terror of Quacks*, he proceeds to Garrick, who had been particularly ſevere on Goldſmith; but is ſaid never to have forgiven this repique, which is perhaps the moſt maſterly part of this very agreeable fragment. Garrick retaliated upon him in a fable, intituled *Jupiter and Mercury*, which is preſerved in this collection. His ſmall pieces require no diſtinct conſideration or particular criticiſm.

"What Goldſmith," ſays Dr. Johnſon, as reported by Mr. Boſwell, "commonly ſays of himſelf is very true; he always gets the better when he argues alone, meaning that he is maſter of a ſubject in his ſtudy, and can write well upon it, but when he comes into company grows confuſed, and unable to talk. Take him as a poet, his *Traveller* is a very fine performance; and ſo is his *Deſerted Village*, were it not ſometimes too much the echo of his *Traveller*. Whether indeed we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an hiſtorian, he ſtands in the firſt claſs."

The two following portraits of him (one in verſe and the other in proſe) were written by an intimate friend immediately after his death, and were both eſteemed faithful likeneſſes:

"Here reſts, from the cares of the world, and his pen,
A poet whoſe like we ſhall ſcarce meet again;
Who, though form'd in an age when corruptions ran high,
And folly alone ſeem'd with folly to vie,
When genius with traffic too commonly train'd,
Recounted her merits by what ſhe had *gain'd*,
Yet ſpurn'd at thoſe walks of debaſement and pelf,
And in poverty's ſpite dar'd think for himſelf.
Thus free'd from thoſe fetters the muſes oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
And ſuch was the prevalent force of his ſong,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
The lovers---'twas their's to eſteem and commend,
For his *Hermit* had prov'd him their tutor and friend.

The ſtateſman, his politic paſſions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repoſe from the charms of his lyre.
The moraliſt too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his *Eſſays* were curbs on the rage of the times,
Nay, the critic, all ſchool'd in grammatical ſenſe,
Who look'd in the glow of deſcription for *ſenſe*,
Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confeſs'd by his eyes what he felt at his heart,
Yet bleſs'd with original powers like theſe,
His principal force was on *paper* to pleaſe;
Like a fleet-footed hunter, though firſt in the chaſe,
On the road of plain ſenſe he oft ſlacken'd his pace,
Whilſt *dullneſs* and *cunning*, by whipping and goring,
Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before him,
Compounded likewiſe of ſuch primitive parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts;
So ſimple in truth, ſo ingenuouſly kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
Yet praiſe but an author of popular quill,
This flux of philanthropy quickly ſtood ſtill;
Transform'd from himſelf, he grew meanly ſevere,
And rail'd at thoſe talents he ought not to fear.
Such then were his foibles: but though they were ſuch,
As ſhadow'd the picture a little too much,
The ſtyle was all graceful, expreſſive, and grand,
And the whole the reſult of a maſterly hand."

The following was written *impromptu* on the evening of his death:

"In an age when genius and learning are too generally ſacrificed to the purpoſes of ambition and avarice, it is the conſolation of virtue, as well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldſmith as a ſhining example to the contrary.

"Early compelled (like many of our greateſt men) into the ſervice of the muſes, he never once permitted his neceſſities to have the leaſt improper influence on his conduct, but knowing and reſpecting the honourable line of his profeſſion, he made no farther uſe of *fiction*, than to ſet off the dignity of *truth*; and in this he ſucceeded ſo happily, that his writings ſtamp him, no leſs the man of genius, than the univerſal friend of mankind.

"Such is the ſhort outline of his poetical character, which, perhaps, will be remembered whilſt the firſt-rate poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas! his noble and immortal part, the good man, is only conſigned to the ſhort-lived memory of thoſe who are left to lament his death.

"Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cauſe of virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every purſuit of it. Warm in his friendſhips, gentle in his manners, and in every act of charity and benevolence, "the very milk of human nature" Nay, even his foibles and little weakneſſes of temper, may be ſaid rather to ſimplify than degrade his underſtanding; for though there may be many inſtances adduced to prove he was *no man of the world*, moſt of thoſe inſtances would atteſt the unadulterated purity of his heart.---One who eſteemed the kindneſs and friendſhip of ſuch a man, as forming a principal part of the happineſs of his life, pays this laſt, ſincere, and grateful tribute to his memory."

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM WRITTEN BY MR. PRATT,

ON THE DEATH OF EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

The village bell tolls out the tone of death,
And through the echoing air, the length'ning
found,
With dreadful pauſe, reverberating deep,
Spreads the ſad tidings o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the ſcenes her bard had prais'd
In all the ſweet ſimplicity of ſong,
Genius, in pilgrim gärb, ſequeſter'd ſat;
And herded jocund with the harmleſs ſwains:
But when ſhe heard the fate-forboding knell,
With ſtarted ſtep, precipitate and ſwift,
And look pathetic, full of dire preſage, [green,
The church-way walk, beſide the neighb'ring
Sorrowing ſhe ſought; and there, in black array,
Borne on the ſhoulders of the ſwains he lov'd,
She ſaw the boaſt of Auburn mov'd along.
Touch'd at the view, her penſive breaſt ſhe ſtruck,
And to the cypreſs, which incumbent hangs
With leaning ſlope, and branch irregular,
O'er the moſs'd pillars of the ſacred fane. [gloom,
The briar-bound graves ſhadowing with funeral
Forlorn ſhe hied; and there the crowding woe
(Swell'd by the parent) preſs'd on bleeding thought,
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Faſt broke the boſom-ſorrow from her heart,
And pale diſtreſs ſat fickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive elegy began.

And muſt my children all expire?
Shall none be left to ſtrike the lyre?
Courts death alone a learned prize?
Falls his ſhafts only on the wiſe?
Can no fit marks on earth be found,
From uſeleſs thouſands ſwarming round?
What crowding cyphers cram the land!
What hoſts of victims, at command!
Yet ſhall th' ingenious drop alone?
Shall ſcience grace the tyrant's throne?
Thou murd'rer of the tuneful train!
I charge thee, with my children ſlain!

Scarce has the ſun thrice urg'd his annual tour,
Since half my race have felt thy barbarous pow'r;

Sore haſt thou thinn'd each pleaſing art,
And ſtruck a muſe with every dart:

Bard after bard obey'd thy ſlaughtering call,
Till ſcarce a poet lives to ſing a brother's fall,
Then let a widow'd mother pay
The tribute of a parting lay.

Tearful, inſcribe the monumental ſtrain,
And ſpeak aloud her feelings and her pain!

And firſt, farewell to thee, my ſon, ſhe cried,
Thou pride of Auburn's dale—ſweet bard, fare-
well.

Long for thy ſake, the peaſants tear ſhall flow,
And many a virgin-boſom heave with woe,
For thee ſhall ſorrow ſadden all the ſcene,
And every paſtime periſh on the green;
The ſturdy farmer ſhall ſuſpend his tale,
The woodman's ballad ſhall no more regale,
No more ſhall mirth, each ruſtic ſport inſpire,
But every frolic, every feat ſhall tire.
No more the evening gambol ſhall delight,
Nor moonſhine revels crown the vacant night,
But groups of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form a ſad aſſembly round the cot.
Sweet bard, farewell—and farewell Auburn's bliſs,
The baſhful lover, and the yielded kiſs;
The evening warble Philomela made,
The echoing foreſt, and the whiſpering ſhade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that "whiſtled as it went."
Theſe ſhall no longer charm the ploughman's care,
But ſighs ſhall fill the pauſes of deſpair.
Goldſmith adieu! the "book-learn'd prieſt" for
thee
Shall now in vain poſſeſs his feſtive glee,
The oft-heard jeſt in vain he ſhall reveal,
For now, alas! the jeſt he cannot feel.
But ruddy damſels o'er thy tomb ſhall bend,
And conſcious weep for their and virtue's friend:
The milk-maid ſhall reject the ſhepherd's ſong,
And ceaſe to carol as ſhe toils along;
All Auburn ſhall bewail the fatal day, [away;
When from her fields their pride was ſnatch'd
And even the matron of the creſſy lake,
In piteous plight, her palſied head ſhall ſhake,
While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow ſhall the lingering tears each other trace.
And Oh, my child! ſeverer woes remain
To all the houſeleſs and unſhelter'd train:
Thy fate ſhall ſadden many an humble gueſt,
And heap freſh anguiſh on the beggar's breaſt.

For dear wert thou to all the ſons of pain;
To all that wander, ſorrow, or complain.
Dear to the learned, to the ſimple dear,
For daily bleſſings mark'd thy virtuous year;
The rich receiv'd a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the ſtranger found a bed.
Diſtreſs came always ſmiling from thy door;
For God had made thee agent to the poor:
Had form'd thy feelings on the nobleſt plan,
To grace at once the poet and the man.

EXTRACT FROM A MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DARK as the night, which now in dunneſt robe,
Aſcends her zenith o'er the ſilent globe;
Sad melancholy wakes, a while to tread,
With ſolemn ſtep, the manſions of the dead:
Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent ſhrine
I ſorrowing bend; and here eſſay to twine
The tributary wreath of laureat bloom,
With artleſs hands to deck a poet's tomb;
The tomb where Goldſmith ſleeps. Fond hopes, adieu!
No more your airy dreams ſhall mock my view:
Here will I learn ambition to controul,
And each aſpiring paſſion of the ſoul:
E'en now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
When late he meditated flight from care,
When as imagination fondly hied
To ſcenes of ſweet retirement, thus he cried.
" Ye ſplendid fabrics, palaces, and towers,
" Where diſſipation leads the giddy hours,
" Where pomp, diſeaſe, and knavery, reſide,
" And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride;
" Where luxury's purveyors learn to riſe,
" And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies;
" Where warbling eunuchs glitter in brocade,
" And hapleſs poets toil for ſcanty bread:
" Farewell! to other ſcenes I turn my eyes,
" Emboſom'd in the vale where Auburn lies,
" Deſerted Auburn, thoſe now ruin'd glades,
" Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd ſhades.
" There, though the Hamlet boaſts no ſmiling train,
" Nor ſportful paſtime circling on the plain;
" No needy villains prowl around for prey,
" No ſlanderers, no ſycophants betray;
" No gaudy foplings ſcornfully deride
" The ſwain, whoſe humble pipe is all his pride.
" There will I fly to ſeek that ſoft repoſe,
" Which ſolitude contemplative beſtows:
" Yet oh, fond hope! perchance, there ſtill remains
" One lingering friend behind, to bleſs the plains;
" Some hermit of the dale, enſhrin'd in eaſe,
" Long loſt companion of my youthful days;
" With whoſe ſweet converſe in his ſocial bower,
" I oft may chide away ſome vacant hour;
" To whoſe pure ſympathy I may impart
" Each latent grief that labours at my heart,
" Whate'er I felt, and what I ſaw, relate,
" The ſholes of luxury, the wrecks of ſtate;
" Thoſe buſy ſcenes, where ſcience wakes in vain,
" In which I ſhar'd, ah! ne'er to ſhare again.
" But whence that pang? does nature now rebell?
" Why faulters out my tongue the word farewell?
" Ye friends! who long have witneſs'd to my toil,
" And ſeen me ploughing in a thankleſs ſoil,
" Whoſe partial tenderneſs huſh'd every pain,
" Whoſe approbation made my boſom vain:
" 'Tis you, to whom my ſoul divided, hies
" With fond regret, and half unwilling flies;
" Sighs forth her parting wiſhes to the wind,
" And lingering leaves her better half behind.
" Can I forget the intercourſe I ſhar'd,
" What friendſhip cheriſh'd, and what zeal endear'd?
" Alas! remembrance ſtill muſt turn to you,
" And to my lateſt hour protract the long adieu.
" Amid the woodlands, whereſoe'er I rove,
" The plain, or ſecret covert of the grove,
" Imagination ſhall ſupply her ſtore
" Of painful bliſs, and what ſhe can reſtore;
" Shall ſtrew each lonely path with flowrets gay,
" And, wide as is her boundleſs empire, ſtray.
" On eagle pinions traverſe earth and ſkies,
" And bid the loft and diſtant objects riſe.
" Here, where encircled o'er the ſloping land
" Woods riſe on woods, ſhall Ariſtotle ſtand;
" Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
" And bow with reverence to wiſdom's voice.
" There, ſpreading oaks ſhall arch the vaulted dome,
" The champion, there, of liberty and Rome,
" In attic eloquence ſhall thunder laws,
" And uncorrupted ſenates ſhout applauſe.
" Not more ecſtatic viſions rapt the ſoul
" Of Numa, when to midnight grots he ſtole—
" And learnt his lore, from virtue's mouth refin'd,
" To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
" Now ſtretch'd at eaſe beſide ſome fav'rite ſtream,
" Of beauty and enchantment will I dream;
" Elyſium, feats of art, and laurels won,
" The graces three, and * Japhet's fabled ſon:
" Whilſt Angelo ſhall wave the myſtic rod,
" And ſee a new creation wait his nod; [er,
" Preſcribe his bounds to time's remorſeleſs pow-
" And, to my arms, my abſent friends reſtore,
" Place me amidſt the group, each well-known face,
" The ſons of ſcience, lords of human race;
" And as oblivion ſinks at his command,
" Nature ſhall riſe more finiſh'd from his hand,
" Thus ſome magician fraught with potent ſkill,
" Transforms, and moulds each varied maſs at will;
" Calls animated forms of wonderous birth,
" Cadmean offſpring, from the teeming earth,
" Uncears the ponderous tombs, the realms of night,
" And calls their cold inhabitants to light;
" Or, as he traverſes a dreary ſcene,
" Bids every ſweet of nature there convene,
" Huge mountains ſkirted round with wavy woods,
" The ſhrub-deckt lawns, and ſilver ſprinkled floods,
" Whilſt flowrets ſpring around the ſmiling land,
" And follow on the traces of his wand.

* *Prometheus.*

" Such proſpects, lovely Auburn, then be thine!
" And what thou canſt of bliſs impart be mine;
" Amid thy humble ſhades, in tranquil eaſe,
" Grant me to paſs the remnant of my days.
" Unfetter'd from the toil of wretched gain,
" My raptur'd muſe ſhall pour her nobleſt ſtrain,
" Within her native bowers the notes prolong,
" And, grateful, meditate her lateſt ſong.
" Thus, as adown the ſlope of life I bend,
" And move, reſign'd, to meet my latter end,
" Each worldly wiſh, each worldly care repreſt,
" A ſelf-approving heart alone poſſeſt,
" Content, to bounteous Heaven I'll leave the reſt."

Thus, ſpoke the bard: but not one friendly power,
With nod aſſentive crown'd the parting hour;
No eaſtern meteor glar'd beneath the ſky,
No dextral omen; nature heav'd a ſigh
Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
The preſage of her loſs, and Britain's woe.
Already portion'd, unrelenting fate
Had made a pauſe upon the number'd date;
Behind, ſtood death, too horrible for ſight,
In darkneſs clad, expectant, prun'd for flight;
Pleas'd at the word, the ſhapeleſs monſter ſped,
On eager meſſage to the humble ſhed,
Where wrapt by ſoft poetic viſions round,
Sweet ſlumbering, fancy's darling ſon he found,
At his approach the ſilken pinion'd train
Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain;
Which late they fann'd: now other ſcenes than dales
Of woody pride, ſucceed, or flow'ry vales:
As when a ſudden tempeſt veils the ſky,
Before ſerene, and ſtreaming lightnings fly;
The proſpect ſhifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
Along the drear expanſe, from pole to pole;
Terrific horrors all the void inveſt,
Whilſt the archſpectre iſſues forth confeſt.
The bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;
In vain attempts to fly, the impaſſive air
Retards his ſteps, and yields him to deſpair;
He feels a gripe that thrills through every vein,
And panting ſtruggles in the fatal chain.
Here paus'd the fell-deſtroyer to ſurvey
The pride, the boaſt of man, his deſtin'd prey,
Prepar'd to ſtrike, he pois'd aloft the dart,
And plung'd the ſteel in virtue's bleeding heart;
Abhorrent, back the ſprings of life rebound,
And leave on nature's face a griſly wound,
A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woes,
That ages yet to follow, cannot cloſe.

Oh, Goldſmith! how ſhall ſorrow now eſſay
To murmur out her ſlow incondite lay?
In what ſad accents mourn the luckleſs hour,
That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
Thee, the proud boaſt, of all the tuneful train
That ſweep the lyre, or ſwell the poliſh'd ſtrain?
Much honour'd bard! if my untutor'd verſe
Could pay a tribute, worthy of thy herſe,
With fearleſs hands I'd build the fane of praiſe,
And boldly ſtrew the never fading bays.
But, ah! with thee my guardian genius fled,
And pillow'd in thy tomb his ſilent head:
Pain'd memory alone behind remains,
And penſive ſtalks the ſolitary plains,
Rich in her ſorrows, honours without art,
She pays in tears, redundant from the heart.
And ſay, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd duſt
To heap the graven pile, or laurell'd buſt;
Since by thy hands already rais'd on high,
We ſee a fabric tow'ring to the ſky;
Where hand and hand with time, the ſacred lore
Shall travel on, till nature is no more?

ON THE DEATH OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WOTY.

Adieu, ſweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few;
Thoſe form'd to charm e'en vicious minds,—and theſe
With harmleſs mirth the ſocial ſoul to pleaſe.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free,—for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have ſculptur'd out thy monument of praiſe:
Yes, theſe ſurvive to time's remoteſt day;
While drops the buſt, and boaſtful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the muſe's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his ſtrain;
But, if no poet thou, reverſe the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

POEMS.

A PROLOGUE,

Written and ſpoken by the Poet Laberius, a Roman Knight, whom Cæſar forced upon the Stage.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS *.

What! no way left to ſhun th' inglorious ſtage,
And ſave from infamy my ſinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppreſs'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my ſteps aſide;
Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honeſt thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour diſperſes all my ſtore,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæſar perſuades, ſubmiſſion muſt be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itſelf obeys,
Hopeleſs of pleaſing, yet inclin'd to pleaſe.

* *This tranſlation was firſt printed in one of Goldſmith's earlieſt works, "The Preſent State of Learning in Europe," 12mo. 1759.*

Here then at once I welcome every ſhame,
And cancel at threeſcore a life of fame;
No more my titles ſhall my children tell,
The old buffoon will ſit my name as well;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

Secluded from domeſtic ſtrife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowſhip at twenty-five,
Made him the happieſt man alive;
He drank his glaſs, and crack'd his joke,
And freſhmen wonder'd as he ſpoke.
Such pleaſures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's ſhaft at length transfix
Our ſwain arriv'd at thirty-ſix?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to ſtop
At triumphs in a Fleet-ſtreet ſhop.
O had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze,
O!——But let exclamation ceaſe,
Her preſence baniſh'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carry'd;
Miſs frown'd, and bluſh'd, and then was—married.
Need we expoſe to vulgar ſight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains cloſ'd around?
Let it ſuffice, that each had charms;
He claſp'd a goddeſs in his arms;
And, though ſhe felt his uſage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.
The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The ſecond brought its tranſports too,
A third, a fourth, were not amiſs;
The fifth was friendſhip mix'd with bliſs:
But, when a twelvemonth paſs'd away,
Jack found his goddeſs made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Aroſe from powder, ſhreds, or lace;
But ſtill the worſt remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.
Skill'd in no other arts was ſhe,
But dreſſing, patching, repartee;
And, juſt as humour roſe or fell,
By turns a flattern or a belle;
'Tis true ſhe dreſs'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greaſy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could ſo much beauty condeſcend,
To be a dull domeſtic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency ſo fine a thing?
In ſhort, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be ſeen, ſhe kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy;
The 'ſquire and captain took their ſtations,
And twenty other near relations;
Jack ſuck'd his pipe, and often broke
A ſigh in ſuffocating ſmoke;
While all their hours were paſs'd between
Inſulting rapartee or ſpleen.
Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarſer grown;
He fancies every vice ſhe ſhows,
Or thins her lip, or points her noſe:
Whenever rage or envy riſe,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but ſo it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phyz;
And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.
Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooze,
As each a different way purſues,
While ſullen or loquacious ſtrife
Promiſed to hold them on for life,
That dire diſeaſe, whoſe ruthleſs power
Withers the beauty's tranſient flower:
Lo! the ſmall-pox, whoſe horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, riſling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.
The glaſs, grown hateful to her ſight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art ſhe vainly tries
To bring back luſtre to her eyes.
In vain ſhe tries her paſte and creams,
To ſmooth her ſkin, or hide its ſeams;
Her country beaux and city couſins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The 'ſquire himſelf was ſeen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.
Poor madam now condemn'd to hack
The reſt of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleaſing him alone.
Jack ſoon was dazzled to behold
Her preſent face ſurpaſs the old;
With modeſty her cheeks are dy'd,
Humility diſplaces pride;
For taudry finery is ſeen
A perſon ever neatly clean:
No more preſuming on her ſway,
She learns good-nature every day;
Serenely gay, and ſtrict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

Long had I ſought in vain to find
A likeneſs for the ſcribbling kind;
The modern ſcribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and ſenſe, and nature's ſpite:
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with ſomething there,
To ſuit my purpoſe to a hair;
But let us not proceed too furious,
Firſt pleaſe to turn to God Mercurius;
You'll find him pictur'd at full length
In book the ſecond, page the tenth:

The ſtreſs of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our ſimile.
Imprimis, pray obſerve his hat,
Wings upon either ſide—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why theſe denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that's ſlighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bards decreed;
A juſt compariſon—proceed.
In the next place, his feet peruſe,
Wings grow again from both his ſhoes;
Deſign'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godſhip through the air;
And here my ſimile unites,
For in modern poet's ſlights,
I'm ſure it may be juſtly ſaid,
His feet are uſeful as his head.
Laſtly, vouchſafe t'obſerve his hand,
Fill'd with a ſnake-encircled wand;
By claſſic authors, term'd caduceus,
And highly fam'd for ſeveral uſes.
To wit—moſt wond'rouſly endu'd,
No poppy water half ſo good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its ſoporific virtue's ſuch,
Though ne'er ſo much awake before,
That quickly they begin to ſnore.
Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives mens ſouls to hell.
Now to apply, begin we then;
His wand's a modern author's pen;
The ſerpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy ſlaver, venom'd bites;
An equal ſemblance ſtill to keep,
Alike too both conduce to ſleep.
This difference only as the God
Drove ſouls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his gooſequill the ſcribbling elf,
Inſtead of others, damns himſelf.
And here my ſimile almoſt tript,
Yet grant a word by way of poſtſcript.
Moreover, mercy had a failing:
Well! what of that? out with it—ſtealing;
In which all modern bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he:
But ev'n this deity's exiſtence
Shall lend my ſimile aſſiſtance.
Our modern bards! why what a pox
Are they but ſenſeleſs ſtones and blocks?

A DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

Where the Red Lion ſtaring o'er the way,
Invites each paſſing ſtranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parſon's black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs ſnug,
The muſe found Scroggen ſtretch'd beneath a rug;
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly ſhow'd the ſtate in which he lay;
The ſanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures ſpread:
The royal game of gooſe was there in view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The ſeaſons, fram'd with liſting, found a place,
And brave prince William ſhow'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen deſire
The ruſty grate unconſcious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears, the frieze was ſcor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dreſs'd the chimney board;
A night-cap deck'd his brows inſtead of bay,
A cap by night——a ſtocking all the day!

THE HERMIT.

A BALLAD. 1765.

The following letter, addreſſed to the printer of the *St. James's Chronicle*, appeared in that paper, in June 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I diſlike ſo much as newſpaper controverſy, particularly upon triſles, permit me to be as conciſe as poſſible in informing a correſpondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, becauſe I thought the book was a good one; and I think ſo ſtill. I ſaid, I was told by the bookſeller that it was then firſt publiſhed; but in that, it ſeems, I was miſ-informed, and my reading was not extenſive enough to ſet me right.

Another correſpondent of yours accuſes me of having taken a ballad, I publiſhed ſome time ago, from one * by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great reſemblance between the two pieces in queſtion. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy ſome years ago; and he (as we both conſidered theſe things as triſles at beſt) told me with his uſual good humour, the next time I ſaw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakſpeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may ſo call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as theſe are ſcarce worth printing: and were it not for the buſy diſpoſition of ſome of your correſpondents, the public ſhould never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendſhip and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.
Oliver Goldsmith.

" Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way,
" To where yon taper cheers the vale
" With hoſpitable ray.

" For here forlorn and loſt I tread,
" With fainting ſteps and ſlow;
" Where wilds, immeaſurably ſpread,
" Seem length'ning as I go."

* *The Friar of Orders Gray.* " *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*," Vol. II. p. 243.

" Forbear, my ſon," the hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom;
" For yonder faithleſs phantom flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houſeleſs child of want
" My door is open ſtill;
" And though my portion is but ſcant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely ſhare
" Whate'er my cell beſtows;
" My ruſhy couch and frugal fare,
" My bleſſing and repoſe.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To ſlaughter I condemn:
" Taught by that power pities me,
" I learn to pity them:

" But from the mountain's graſſy ſide
" A guiltleſs feaſt I bring;
" A ſcrip with herbs and fruits ſupply'd,
" And water from the ſpring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
" All earth-born cares are wrong:
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven deſcends,
His gentle accents fell!
The modeſt ſtranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderneſs obſcure
The lonely manſion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And ſtrangers led aſtray.

No ſtores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a maſter's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmleſs pair.

And now, when buſy crowds retire
To take their evening reſt,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his penſive gueſt!

And ſpread his vegetable ſtore,
And gaily preſt, and ſmil'd;
And, ſkill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in ſympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To ſooth a ſtranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His riſing cares the hermit ſpy'd,
With anſwering care oppreſt:
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
" The ſorrows of thy breaſt?"

" From better habitations ſpurn'd,
" Reluctant doſt thou rove:
" Or grieve for friendſhip unreturn'd,
" Or unreguarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
" Are trifling and decay;
" And thoſe who prize the paltry things,
" More trifling ſtill than they.

" And what is friendſhip but a name,
" A charm that lulls to ſleep;
" A ſhade that follows wealth or fame,
" And leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is ſtill an emptier ſound,
" The modern fair-one's jeſt:
" On earth unſeen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's neſt.

" For ſhame, fond youth, thy ſorrows huſh,
" And ſpurn the ſex," he ſaid:
But while he ſpoke, a riſing bluſh
His love-lorn gueſt betray'd.

Surpris'd he ſees new beauties riſe,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning ſkies,
As bright, as tranſient too.

The baſhful look, the riſing breaſt,
Alternate ſpread alarms:
The lovely ſtranger ſtands confeſt
A maid in all her charms.

" And, ah, forgive a ſtranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," ſhe cry'd;
" Whoſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude
" Where heaven and you reſide.

" But let a maid thy pity ſhare,
" Whom love has taught to ſtray;
" Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
" Unnumber'd ſuitors came;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt, or feign'd a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
" With richeſt proffers ſtrove:
" Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,
" No wealth or power had he;
" Wiſdom and worth were all he had,
" But theſe were all to me.

" The bloſſom opening to the day,
" The dews of heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity diſplay,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dews, the bloſſoms of the tree,
" With charms inconſtant ſhine;
" Their charms were his, but woe to me,
" Their conſtancy was mine.

" For ſtill I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his paſſion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till quite dejected with my ſcorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And ſought a ſolitude forlorn
" In ſecret, where he dy'd.

" But mine the ſorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life ſhall pay;
" I'll ſeek the ſolitude he ſought,
" And ſtretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, deſpairing hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas ſo for me that Edwin did,
" And ſo for him will I."

" Forbid it, heaven!" the hermit cry'd,
And claſp'd her to his breaſt:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide,
'Twas Edwin's ſelf that preſt.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to ſee
" Thy own, thy long-loſt Edwin here,
" Reſtor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care reſign:
" And ſhall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine.

" No, never, from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love ſo true,
" The ſigh that rends thy conſtant heart,
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

AN ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every ſort,
Give ear unto my ſong;
And if you find it wonderous ſhort,
It cannot hold you long.

In Iſlington there was a man,
Of whom the world might ſay,
That ſtill a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at firſt were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring ſtreets,
The wondering neighbours ran,
And ſwore the dog had loſt his wits,
To bite ſo good a man.

The wound it ſeem'd both ſore and ſad
To every Chriſtian eye;
And while they ſwore the dog was mad,
They ſwore the man would die.

But ſoon a wonder came to light,
That ſhow'd the rogues they ly'd,
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

When lovely woman ſtoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charms can ſooth her melancholy,
What art can waſh her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom—is, to die.

THE TRAVELLER*;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY. 1765.

To the Rev. Henry Goldſmith.

DEAR SIR,

I am ſenſible that the friendſhip between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuſe thus to preſix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inſcribed to you. It will alſo throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader underſtands, that it is addreſſed to a man, who, deſpiſing fame and fortune, has retired early to happineſs and obſcurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wiſdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a ſacred office, where the harveſt is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harveſt not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different ſyſtems of criticiſm, and from the diviſions of party, that which purſues poetical fame is the wildeſt.

Poetry makes a principal amuſement among unpoliſhed nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and muſic come in for a ſhare. As theſe offer the feeble mind a leſs laborious entertainment, they at firſt rival poetry, and at length ſupplant her; they en-

* *In this poem ſeveral alterations were made, and ſome new verſes added, as it paſſed through different editions.—We have printed from the ninth, which was the laſt edition publiſhed in the life-time of the author.*

groſs all that favour once ſhown to her, and, though but younger ſiſters, ſeize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is ſtill in greater danger from the miſtaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticiſms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verſe, and Pindaric odes, choruſſes, anapeſts and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every abſurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, ſo he has always much to ſay; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art ſtill more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely diſtorts the judgment, and deſtroys the taſte. When the mind is once infected with this diſeaſe, it can only find pleaſure in what contributes to increaſe the diſtemper. Like the tyger, that ſeldom deſiſts from purſuing man, after having once preyed upon human fleſh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the moſt agreeable feaſt upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire ſome half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having loſt the character of a wiſe one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called ſatires; his turbulence is ſaid to be force, and his frenzy, fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuſe, party, nor blank verſe to ſupport it, I cannot tell, nor am I ſolicitous to know. My aims are right. Without eſpouſing the cauſe of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to ſhow, that there may be equal happineſs in ſtates, that are differently governed from our own; that every ſtate has a particular principle of happineſs, and that this principle in each may be carried to a miſchievous exceſs. There are few can judge, better than yourſelf, how far theſe poſitions are illuſtrated in this poem. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal bleſſings crown my earlieſt friend,
And round his dwelling guardian ſaints attend;
Bleſt be that ſpot, where cheerful guests retire
To paſue from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bleſt that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every ſtranger finds a ready chair:
Bleſt be thoſe feaſts with ſimple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jeſts or pranks that never fail,
Or ſigh with pity at ſome mournful tale;
Or preſs the baſhful ſtranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not deſtin'd ſuch delights to ſhare,
My prime of life in wandering ſpent and care:
Impell'd, with ſteps unceaſing, to purſue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and ſkies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverſe realms alone,
And find no ſpot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine ſolitudes aſcend,
I ſit me down a penſive hour to ſpend;
And, plac'd on high above the ſtorm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear:
Lakes, foreſts, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the ſhepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidſt the ſtore, ſhould thankleſs pride repine?
Say, ſhould the philoſophic mind diſdain
That good which makes each humbler boſom vain?
Let ſchool-taught pride diſſemble all it can,
Theſe little things are great to little man;
And wiſer he, whoſe ſympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flowery vale;
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As ſome lone miſer, viſiting his ſtore,
Bends at his treaſure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his riſing raptures fill,
Yet ſtill he ſighs, for hoards are wanting ſtill:
Thus to my breaſt alternate paſſions riſe,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man ſupplies:
Yet oft a ſigh prevails, and ſorrows fall,
To ſee the hoard of human bliſs ſo ſmall;
And oft I wiſh, amidſt the ſcene, to find
Some ſpot to real happineſs conſign'd,
Where my worn ſoul, each wandering hope at reſt,
May gather bliſs to ſee my fellows bleſt.

But where to find that happieſt ſpot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The ſhudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happieſt ſpot his own
Extols the treaſures of his ſtormy ſeas,
And his long nights of revelry and eaſe;
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boaſts of his golden ſands and palmy wine,
Baſks in the glare, or ſtems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boaſt, where'er we roam,
His firſt beſt country, ever is at home,
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And eſtimate the bleſſings which they ſhare,
Though patriots flatter, ſtill ſhall wiſdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;

As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their bleſſings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliſs at labour's earneſt call;
With ſood as well the peaſant is ſupply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's ſhelvy ſide;
And though the rocky creſted ſummits frown,
Theſe rocks, by cuſtom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the bleſſings ſent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet theſe each other's power ſo ſtrong conteſt,
That either ſeems deſtructive of the reſt.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour ſinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every ſtate to one lov'd bleſſing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happineſs attends,
And ſpurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to exceſs in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try theſe truths with cloſer eyes,
And trace them through the proſpect as it lies:
Here for a while my proper cares reſign'd,
Here let me ſit in ſorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected ſhrub at random caſt,
That ſhades the ſteep, and ſighs at every blaſt.
Far to the right where Appennine aſcends,
Bright as the ſummer, Italy extends;
Its uplands ſloping deck the mountain's ſide,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft ſome temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the ſcene.
Could nature's bounty ſatisfy the breaſt,
The ſons of Italy were ſurely bleſt.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly riſe, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whoſe bright ſucceſſion decks the varied year;
Whatever ſweets ſalute the northern ſky
With vernal lives, that bloſſom but to die;
Theſe here diſporting own the kindred ſoil,
Nor aſk luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While ſea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the ſmiling land.
But ſmall the bliſs that ſenſe alone beſtows,
And ſenſual bliſs is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man ſeems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contraſted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though ſubmiſſive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning ſins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flouriſh'd through the ſtate;
At her command the palace learn'd to riſe,
Again the long-fall'n column ſought the ſkies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
Till, more unſteady than the ſouthern gale,
Commerce on other ſhores diſplay'd her ſail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a ſlave:
And late the nation found with fruitleſs ſkill
Its former ſtrength was but plethoric ill.
Yet, ſtill the loſs of wealth is here ſupplied
By arts, the ſplendid wrecks of former pride;
From theſe the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An eaſy compenſation ſeem to find.
Here may be ſeen, in bloodleſs pomp array'd,
The paſte-board triumph and the cavalcade;
Proceſſions form'd for piety and love,
A miſtreſs or a ſaint in every grove.
By ſports like theſe are all their cares beguil'd,
The ſports of children ſatisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repreſt by long controul,
Now ſinks at laſt, or feebly mans the ſoul;
While low delights, ſucceeding faſt behind,
In happier meanneſs occupy the mind:
As in thoſe domes, where Cæſars once bore ſway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedleſs of the dead,
The ſhelter-ſeeking peaſant builds his ſhed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a ſmile.
My ſoul turn from them, turn we to ſurvey
Where rougher climes a nobler race diſplay,
Where the bleak Swiſs their ſtormy manſion tread,
And force a churliſh ſoil for ſcanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and ſteel, the ſoldier and his ſword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May:
No zephyr fondly ſues the mountain's breaſt,
But meteors glare, and ſtormy glooms inveſt.
Yet ſtill, even here, content can ſpread a charm,
Redreſs the clime, and all its rage diſarm.
Though poor the peaſant's hut, his feaſts though ſmall.
He ſees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To ſhame the meanneſs of his humble ſhed;
No coſtly lord the ſumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wiſh contracting, fits him to the ſoil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from ſhort repoſe,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughſhare to the ſteep;
Or ſeeks the den where ſnow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the ſtruggling ſavage into day.
At night returning, every labour ſped,
He ſits him down the monarch of a ſhed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round ſurveys
His childrens' looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boaſtful of her hoard,
Diſplays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too ſome pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot paſſion on his heart;
And even thoſe ills, that round his manſion riſe,
Enhance the bliſs his ſcanty fund ſupplies.

Dear is that ſhed to which his ſoul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the ſtorms;
And as a child, when ſcaring ſounds moleſt,
Clings cloſe and cloſer to the mother's breaſt,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren ſtates aſſign'd;
Their wants but few, their wiſhes all confin'd.
Yet let them only ſhare the praiſes due,
If few their wants, their pleaſures are but few;
For every want that ſtimulates the breaſt,
Becomes a ſource of pleaſure when redreſt.
Whence from ſuch lands each pleaſing ſcience flies,
That firſt excites deſire, and then ſupplies;
Unknown to them, when ſenſual pleaſures cloy,
To fill the languid pauſe with finer joy;
Unknown thoſe powers that raiſe the ſoul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfaun'd by ſtrong deſire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On ſome high feſtival of once a year,
In wild exceſs the vulgar breaſt takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the blis expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarſely flow:
Their morals, like their pleaſures, are but low,
For, as refinement ſtops, from ſire to ſon
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
And love's and friendſhip's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart,
Some ſterner virtues o'er the mountain's breaſt
May ſit, like falcons cowering on the neſt;
But all the gentler morals, ſuch as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
Theſe far diſpers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To ſport and flutter in a kinder ſky.

To kinder ſkies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France diſplays her bright domain.
Gay ſprightly land of mirth and ſocial eaſe,
Pleas'd with thyſelf, whom all the world can pleaſe,
How often have I led thy ſportive choir,
With tuneleſs pipe, beſide the murmuring Loire?
Where ſhading elms along the margin grew,
And freſhen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harſh touch fault'ring ſtill,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's ſkill;
Yet would the village praiſe my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandſire, ſkill'd in geſtic lore,
Has friſk'd beneath the burden of threeſcore.

So bleſt a life theſe thoughtleſs realms diſplay,
Thus idly buſy rolls their world away:
Theirs are thoſe arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the ſocial temper here.
Honour, that praiſe which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here paſſes current; paid from hand to hand,
It ſhifts in ſplendid traffic round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it ſtrays,
And all are taught an avarice of praiſe;
They pleaſe, are pleas'd, they give to get eſteem,
Till, ſeeming bleſt, they grow to what they ſeem.

But while this ſoften art their bliſs ſupplies,
It gives their follies alſo room to riſe;
For praiſe too dearly lov'd, or warmly ſought,
Enfeebles all internal ſtrength of thought.
And the weak ſoul, within itſelf unbleſt,
Leans for all pleaſure on another's breaſt.
Hence oſtentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praiſe which fools impart;
Here vanity aſſumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boaſt one ſplendid banquet once a year;
The mind ſtill turns where ſhifting faſhion draws,
Nor weighs the ſolid worth of ſelf-applauſe.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Emboſom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient ſons before me ſtand,
Where the broad ocean leans againſt the land,
And, ſedulous to ſtop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently ſlow,
The firm connected bulwark ſeems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidſt the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and uſurps the ſhore.
While the pent ocean riſing o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him ſmile;
The ſlow canal, the yellow bloſſom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding ſail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation reſcu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-ſubjected ſoil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Induſtrious habits in each boſom reign,
And induſtry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that ſprings,
With all thoſe ills ſuperfluous treaſure brings,
Are here diſplay'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plently, elegance, and arts;
But view them cloſer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itſelf is barter'd here.
At gold's ſuperior charms all freedom flies,
The needy ſell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants and a den of ſlaves,
Here wretches ſeek diſhonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to ſervitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that ſlumber in the ſtorm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic ſires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breaſt, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the ſons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the ſound, my genius ſpreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the weſtern ſpring;
Where lawns extend that ſcorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter ſtreams than fam'd Hydaſpis glide,
There all around the gentleſt breezes ſtray
There gentle muſic melts on every ſpray;
Creation's mildeſt charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the maſter's mind!
Stern o'er each boſom reaſon holds her ſtate,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I ſee the lords of human kind paſs by;
Intent on high deſigns, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfaſhion'd freſh from nature's hand;

Fierce in their native hardineſs of ſoul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peaſant boaſts theſe rights to ſcan,
And learns to venerate himſelf as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the bleſſings pictur'd here,
Thine are thoſe charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bleſt indeed, were ſuch without alloy;
But ſoſter'd even by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the ſocial tie;
The ſelf-dependent lordling ſtand alone,
All claims that bind and ſweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments ariſe, impriſon'd factions roar,
Repreſt ambition ſtruggles round her ſhore,
Till over-wrought, the general ſyſtem feels
Its motion ſtop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worſt. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to ſway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather ſtrength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to theſe alone,
And talent ſinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, ſtript of all her charms,
The land of ſcholars, and the nurſe of arms,
Where noble ſtems tranſmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One ſink of level avarice ſhall lie,
And ſcholars, ſoldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I ſtate,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my ſoul aſpire,
Far from my boſom drive the low deſire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry ſteel;
Thou tranſitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's foſtering ſun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repreſs them to ſecure;
For juſt experience tells, in every ſoil,
That thoſe who think muſt govern thoſe that toil;
And all that freedom's higheſt aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, ſhould one order diſproportion'd grow,
Its double weight muſt ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a pert aſpires!
Calm is my ſoul, nor apt to riſe in arms,
Except when faſt approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to ſtretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themſelves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal ſtatutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where ſavage nations roam,
Pillag'd from ſlaves to purchaſe ſlaves at home;
Fear, pity, juſtice, indignation ſtart,
Tear off reſerve, and bare my ſwelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curſe with me that baleful hour,
When firſt ambition ſtruck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its ſource,
Gave wealth to ſway the mind with double force,
Have we not ſeen, round Britain's peopled ſhore,
Her uſeful ſons exchang'd for uſeleſs ore?
Seen all her triumphs but deſtruction haſte,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waſte;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead ſtern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
In barren ſolitary pomp repoſe?
Have we not ſeen at pleaſure's lordly call,
The ſmiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous ſon, the ſire decay'd,
The modeſt matron, and the bluſhing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverſe climes beyond the weſtern main;
Where wild Oſwego ſpreads her ſwamps around,
And Niagara ſtuns with thund'ring ſound?

Even now, perhaps, as there ſome pilgrim ſtrays
Through tangled foreſts, and through dangerous ways;
Where beaſts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempeſt flies,
And all around diſtreſsful yells ariſe,
The penſive exile, bending with his woe,
To ſtop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Caſts a long look where England's glories ſhine,
And bids his boſom ſympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary ſearch to find
That bliſs which only centres in the mind:
Why have I ſtray'd, from pleaſure and repoſe,
To ſeek a good each government beſtows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws reſtrain,
How ſmall of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cauſe or cure.
Still to ourſelves in every place conſign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With ſecret courſe, which no loud ſtorms annoy,
Glides the ſmooth current of domeſtic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of ſteel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reaſon, faith, and conſcience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1769.

To Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an addreſs of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to eſtabliſh my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are ſaid to excel; and I may loſe much by the ſeverity of your judgment, as few have a juſter taſte in poetry than you. Setting intereſt therefore aſide, to which I never paid much attention, I muſt be indulged at preſent in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, becauſe I loved him better than moſt other men. He is ſince dead. Permit me to inſcribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleaſed with the verſification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed ſeveral of our beſt and wiſeſt friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is nowhere to be ſeen, and the diſorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can ſcarce make any other anſwer than that I ſincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all poſſible pains, in my country excurſions, for theſe four or five years paſt, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe thoſe miſeries real which I here attempt to diſplay. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry whether the country be depopulating or not; the diſcuſſion would take up much room, and I ſhould prove myſelf, at beſt, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh againſt the increaſe of our luxuries; and here alſo I expect the ſhout of modern politicians againſt me. For twenty or thirty years paſt, it has been the faſhion to conſider luxury as one of the greateſt national advantages, and all the wiſdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I muſt remain a profeſſed ancient on that head, and continue to think thoſe luxuries prejudicial to ſtates, by which ſo many vices are introduced, and ſo many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, ſo much has been poured out of late on the other ſide of the queſtion, that, merely for the ſake of novelty and variety, one would ſometimes wiſh to be in the right. I am,

Dear Sir,
Your ſincere friend,
and ardent admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliеſt village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring ſwain,
Where ſmiling ſpring its earlieſt viſit paid,
And parting ſummer's lingring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and eaſe,
Seats of my youth, when every ſport could pleaſe,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happineſs endear'd each ſcene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The ſhelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the buſy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn buſh, with ſeats beneath the ſhade,
For talking age and whiſp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bleſt the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree,
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending as the old ſurvey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And ſleights of art and feats of ſtrength went round.
And ſtill as each repeated pleaſure tir'd,
Succeeding ſports the mirthful band inſpir'd;
The dancing pair that ſimply ſought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The ſwain miſtruſtleſs of his ſmutted face,
While ſecret laughter titter'd round the place;
The baſhful virgin's ſide-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would thoſe looks reprove.
Theſe were thy charms, ſweet village! ſports like theſe,
With ſweet ſucceſſion, taught ev'n toil to pleaſe;
Theſe round thy bowers their cheerful influence ſhed,
Theſe were thy charms—But all theſe charms are fled.
Sweet ſmiling village, loveliеſt of the lawn,
Thy ſports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidſt thy bowers the tyrant's hand is ſeen,
And deſolation ſaddens all thy green:
One only maſter graſps the whole domain,
And half a tillage ſtints thy ſmiling plain;
No more thy glaſſy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with ſedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a ſolitary gueſt,
The hollow ſounding bittern guards its neſt;
Amidſt thy deſert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in ſhapeleſs ruin all,
And the long graſs o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, ſhrinking from the ſpoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to haſt'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flouriſh, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peaſantry, their country's pride,
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour ſpread her wholeſome ſtore,
Juſt gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His beſt companions, innocence and health,
And his beſt riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Uſurp the land, and diſpoſſeſs the ſwain;
Along the lawn, where ſcatter'd hamlets roſe,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repoſe;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Thoſe gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Thoſe calm deſires that aſk'd but little room,
Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhere,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my ſhare—

I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
To huſband out life's taper at the cloſe,
And keep the flame from waſting by repoſe:
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhow my book-learn'd ſkill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I ſaw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt he flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O bleſt retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never muſt be mine,
How bleſt is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!

Sweet was the ſound, when, oft at ev'ning's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe:
There, as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool,
The watch dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy fluſh of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.

Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bid to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhow'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood. At his controul
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With blefſom'd furze unprofitably gay
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool;
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from it's fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and bounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.
Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.
If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;

Now loſt to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, ſweet Auburn, thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens doors they aſk a little bread!

Ah, no. To diſtant climes a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling;
Thoſe poiſ'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where at each ſtep the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd theſts of harmleſs love.

Good Heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, the firſt prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes,
And bleſt the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſt her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear,
And claſpt them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O, luxury! thou curſt by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore, and darken all the ſtrand,
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet poetry, thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade;
Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride.
Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well,
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth, with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſt,
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſt;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

THE GIFT TO IRIS:

IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring ſhall I make
Expreſſive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift, who ſlights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em.
If gems, or gold, import a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown roſe,
Or roſe-bud more in faſhion;
Such ſhort-liv'd off'rings but diſcloſe
A tranſitory paſſion.

I'll give thee ſomething yet unpaid,
Not leſs ſincere, than civil:
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

This tomb inſcribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May ſpeak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his ſweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleaſure's flowery way?
Celeſtial themes confeſs'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needleſs to him the tribute we beſtow,
The tranſitory breath of fame below:
More laſting rapture from his works ſhall riſe,
While converts thank their poet in the ſkies.

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

What? five long acts—and all to make us wiſer!
Our authoreſs ſure has wanted an adviſer.
Had ſhe conſulted me, ſhe ſhould have made
Her moral play a ſpeaking maſquerade;
Warm'd up each buſtling ſcene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the ſtage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from ſinking;
Have pleas'd our eyes, and ſav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, ſince ſhe thus has ſhown her want of ſkill,
What if I give a maſquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pauſing*]—I've got my queue:
The world's a maſquerade! the maſquers, you you, you. [*To boxes, pit, and gallery.*
Lud! what a group the motley ſcene diſcloſes!
Falſe wits, falſe wives, falſe virgins, and falſe ſpouſes?
Stateſmen with bridles on; and, cloſe beſide 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd ſuits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raiſe a flame in Cupids of threeſcore.
Theſe in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deſerting fifty, faſten on fifteen.
Miſs, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her ſampler, and takes up the woman:
The little urchin ſmiles, and ſpreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere ſhe's got power to cure,
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and conſtant care
Is to ſeem every thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry ſpark, I fix my eye on,
Who ſeems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and ſwears, with round parade,
Looking, as who ſhould ſay, dam'me! who's afraid? [*Mimicking.*
Strip but this vizor off, and ſure I am
You'll find his lionſhip a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, beſtrides the ſtate;
Yet, when he deigns his real ſhape t' aſſume,
He turns old woman, and beſtrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who preſſes on your ſight,
And ſeems to every gazer all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack, [black!
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man is
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well then a truce, ſince ſhe requeſts it too:
Do you ſpare her, and I'll, for once, ſpare you.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE. 1765.

Thanks, my lord, for your veniſon, for finer or fatter
Never rang'd in a foreſt, or ſmok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to ſtudy,
The fat was ſo white, and the lean was ſo ruddy;
Though my ſtomach was ſharp, I could ſcarce help regretting
To ſpoil ſuch a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be ſhown to my friends as a piece of virtu;
As in ſome Iriſh houſes, where things are ſo ſo,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a ſhow:
But, for eating a raſher of what they take pride in,
They'd as ſoon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
But hold—let me pauſe—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;
Well, ſuppoſe it a bounce—ſure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I proteſt in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordſhip may aſk Mr. Burn*.
To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was truſty and ſtaunch,
So I cut it, and ſent it to Reynolds undreſt,
To paint it, or eat it, juſt as he lik'd beſt.
Of the neck and the breaſt I had next to diſpoſe;
'Twas a neck and a breaſt that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with theſe I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love veniſon—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who ſeldom can eat,
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like ſending them ruffles, when wanting a ſhirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himſelf, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-ſpoken fellow was he,
And he ſmil'd as he look'd at the veniſon and me.
"What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!
Your own I ſuppoſe—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whoſe ſhould it be?" cried I with a flounce,
"I get theſe things often; but that was a bounce:
Some lords, my acquaintance, that ſettle the nation,
Are pleas'd to be kind; but I hate oſtentation."

* *Lord Clare's nephew.*

" If that be the caſe then," cried he, very gay,
I'm glad I have taken this houſe in my way.
To morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I inſiſt on't—preciſely at three:
We'll have Johnſon, and Burke; all the wits will
he there;
My acquaintance is ſlight, or I'd aſk my Lord
Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a ſinner,
We wanted this veniſon to make out the dinner!
What ſay you—a paſty, it ſhall and it muſt,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for cruſt.
Here, porter—this veniſon with me to Mile-end;
No ſtirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear
friend!" [wind,
Thus ſnatching his hat, he bruſh'd off like the
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my ſhelf,
And " nobody with me at ſea but myſelf";"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
haſty,
Yet Johnſon, and Burke, and a good veniſon paſty,
Were things that I never diſlik'd in my life, [wife.
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his
So next day in due ſplendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.
When come to the place where we all were to
dine
(A chair-lumber'd cloſet juſt twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but ſtruck me quite
dumb, [come;
With tidings that Johnſon and Burke would not
" For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his ſpeeches, and t' other with
Thrale; [ty,
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the par-
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotſman, the other a Jew,
They both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he deſcribed them by trade and by [name,
They enter'd, and dinner was ſerv'd as they came.
At the top a fried liver, and bacon were ſeen,
At the bottom was tripe, in a ſwinging tureen;
At the ſides there was ſpinnage and pudding made
hot;
In the middle a place where the paſty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter averſion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Perſian,
So there I ſat ſtuck, like a horſe in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me moſt, was that d——m'd Scot-
tiſh rogue, [brogue,
With his long-winded ſpeeches, his ſmiles and his
And, " madam," quoth he, " may this bit be my
poiſon,
A prettier dinner I never ſet eyes on;
Pray a ſlice of your liver, though may I be curſt,
But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burſt."

" The tripe," quoth the Jew, " with his chóco-
late cheek,
I could dine on this tripe ſeven days in the week:
I like theſe here dinners ſo pretty and ſmall; [all."
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
" O—Oh!" quoth my friend, " he'll come on in
a trice,
He's keeping a corner for ſomething that's nice:
There's a paſty"—" A paſty!" repeated the Jew;
I don't care, if I keep a corner for't too." [Scot;
" What the de'il, mon, a paſty!" re-echo'd the
Though ſplitting, I'll ſtill keep a corner for that."
" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
" We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we reſolv'd, and the paſty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid:
A viſage ſo ſad, and ſo pale with affright,
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could miſtake
her? [baker:
That ſhe came with ſome terrible news from the
And ſo it fell out, for that negligent ſloven
Had ſhut out the paſty on ſhutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let ſimiles drop—
And now that I think on't, the ſtory may ſtop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour miſ-
plac'd,
To ſend ſuch good verſes to one of your taſte;
You've got an odd ſomething—a kind of diſ-
cerning—
A reliſh—a taſte—ſicken'd over by learning;
At leaſt, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very ſlightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiſs,
You may make a miſtake, and think ſlightly of
this.

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, ſtill on hope relies;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation riſe.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And ſtill, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the paſt to pain;

Thou, like the world, the oppreſt oppreſſing,
Thy ſmiles increaſe the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other bleſſing,
In thee muſt ever find a foe.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

John Tott was deſired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reaſon why aſſes had ears?

* *See the letters that paſſed between his Royal Highneſs Henry Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grofvenor*, 12mo, 1769.

" An't pleaſe you," quoth John, " I'm not given
" to letters,
" Nor dare I pretend to know more than my bet-
" ters, [graces,
" Howe'er, from this time, I ſhall ne'er ſee your
" As I hope to be ſav'd! without thinking on
" aſſes."

Edinburgh, 1753.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON *.

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from miſery freed,
Who long was a bookſeller's hack;
He led ſuch a damnable life in this world—
I don't think he'll wiſh to come back.

AN ELEGY,

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX. MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word——
From thoſe who ſpoke her praiſe.

The needy ſeldom paſs'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She ſtrove the neighbourhood to pleaſe,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unleſs when ſhe was ſinning.

At church, in ſilks and ſatins new,
With hoop of monſtrous ſize;
She never ſlumber'd in her pew---
But when ſhe ſhut her eyes.

Her love was ſought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himſelf has follow'd her---
When ſhe has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut ſhort all;
The doctors found, when ſhe was dead---
Her laſt diſorder mortal.

Let us lament, in ſorrow ſore,
For Kent-ſtreet well may ſay,
That had ſhe liv'd a twelvemonth more—
She had not dy'd to-day.

RETALIATION †.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each gueſt brought his diſh, and the feaſt was united,
If our * landlord ſupplies us with beef and with fiſh,
Let each gueſt bring himſelf, and he brings the beſt diſh:
Our † dean ſhall be veniſon, juſt freſh from the plains; [brains;
Our ‡ Burke ſhall be tongue, with a garniſh of
Our ‖ Will ſhall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And § Dick with his pepper ſhall heighten their ſavour:
Our ** Cumberland's ſweetbread its place ſhall obtain,
And †† Douglas is pudding, ſubſtantial and plain:
Our ‡‡ Garrick's a ſallad; for in him we ſee
Oil, vinegar, ſugar, and ſaltneſs agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That ‖‖ Ridge is anchovy, and §§ Reynolds is lamb;
That ¶¶ Hickey's a capon, and, by the ſame rule,
Magnanimous Goldſmith a gooſberry fool.
At a dinner ſo various, at ſuch a repaſt,
Who'd not be a glutton, and ſtick to the laſt?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me ſit while I'm able,
Till all my companions ſink under the table;
Than, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mixt reaſon with pleaſure, and wiſdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At leaſt, in ſix weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet ſome have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That fly-boots was curſedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whoſe genius was ſuch,
We ſcarcely can praiſe it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the univerſe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet ſtraining his throat,
To perſuade *** Tommy Townſhend to lend him a vote;

---

* *This gentleman was educated at Trinity-College, Dublin; but having waſted his patrimony, he enliſted as a foot-ſoldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his diſcharge, and became a ſcribbler in the newſpapers. He tranſlated Voltaire's Henriade.*

† *Firſt printed in* 1774, *after the author's death. Dr. Goldſmith, and ſome of his friends, occaſionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-Houſe —One day it was propoſed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and perſon, furniſhed ſubjects of witticiſm. He was called on for Retaliation, and, at the next meeting, produced the following poem.*

* *The maſter of the St. James's Coffee-Houſe, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characteriſed in this poem, occaſionally dined.*

† *Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry in Ireland.*

‡ *Mr. Edmund Burke.*

‖ *Mr. William Burke, late ſecretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.*

§ *Mr. Richard Burke, collector for Granada.*

** *Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the Weſt-Indian, Faſhionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.*

†† *Doctor Douglas, canon of Windſor, an ingenious Scots gentleman, who has no leſs diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a citizen of the world, than a ſound critic, in detecting ſeveral literary miſtakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's Hiſtory of the Popes.*

‡‡ *David Garrick, Eſq.*

‖‖ *Counſellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Iriſh bar.*

§§ *Sir Joſhua Reynolds.*

¶¶ *An eminent attorney.*

*** *Mr. T. Townſhend, member for Whitchurch.*

Who, too deep for his hearers, ſtill went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a ſtateſman, too proud for a wit:
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, diſobedient;
And too fond of the right to purſue the expedient.
In ſhort, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, ſir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honeſt William, whoſe heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulſe, it forc'd him along,
His conduct ſtill right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipſy, the chariot drove home;
Would you aſk for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was ſpontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honeſt Richard, whoſe fate I muſt ſigh at;
Alas, that ſuch frolic ſhould now be ſo quiet!
What pirits were his! what wit and what whim!
* Now breaking a jeſt, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teazing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In ſhort, ſo provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wiſh'd him full ten times a day at old nick:
But, miſſing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wiſh'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultleſs, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being ſo fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies ſo loſt in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite ſick of purſuing each troubleſome elf,
He grew lazy at laſt, and drew from himſelf?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The ſcourge of impoſtors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the ſpot where your tyrant reclines:
When ſatire and cenſure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your ſafety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our * Dodds ſhall be pious, our † Kenricks ſhall lecture;
‡ Macpherſon write bombaſt, and call it a ſtyle,
Our Townſhend make ſpeeches, and I ſhall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed ſhall croſs over,
No countryman living their tricks to diſcover;
Detection her taper ſhall quench to a ſpark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, deſcribe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleaſant in man;
As an actor, confeſt without rival to ſhine;
As a wit, if not firſt, in the very firſt line:
Yet, with talents like theſe, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he ſpread,
And beplaſter'd with rouge, his own natural red.
On the ſtage he was natural, ſimple, affecting;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reaſon on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though ſecure of our hearts, yet confoundedly ſick,
If they were not his own by fineſſing and trick:
He caſt off his friends, as a huntſman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whiſtle them back.
Of praiſe a mere glutton, he ſwallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he miſtook it for fame;
Till his reliſh grown callous, almoſt to diſeaſe,
Who pepper'd the higheſt, was ſureſt to pleaſe.
But let us be candid, and ſpeak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye ‖ Kellys, and § Woodfalls ſo grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
How did Grub-ſtreet re-echo the ſhouts that you rais'd,
While he was be-Roſcius'd, and you were be-prais'd?
But peace to his ſpirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the ſkies:
Thoſe poets, who owe their beſt fame to his ſkill,
Shall ſtill be his flatterers, go where he will.
Old Shakſpeare, receive him, with praiſe and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a moſt blunt, pleaſant creature,
And ſlander itſelf muſt allow him good-nature:
He cheriſh'd his friend, and he reliſh'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may aſk if the man was a miſer:
I anſwer, no, no, for he always was wiſer:

---

* *Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having ſlightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times the doctor has rallied him on thoſe accidents, as a kind of retributive juſtice for breaking his jeſts upon other people.*

† *Dr. Kenrick, who read lecture at the Devil tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakſpeare."*

‡ *James Macpherſon Eſq, who lately, from the mere force of his ſtyle, wrote down the firſt poet of all antiquity.*

‖ *Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wiſe, Clementina, School for Wives, &c. &c.*

§ *Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle.*

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worſt foe can't accuſe him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And ſo was too fooliſhly honeſt? ah no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it? a ſpecial attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiſer or better behind;
His pencil was ſtriking, reſiſtleſs and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſteering,
When they judg'd without ſkill he was ſtill hard of hearing: [ſtuff,
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and
He ſhifted his * trumpet, and only took ſnuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed, the publiſher received the following epitaph on † Mr. Whiteſoord, from a friend of Goldſmith's.

Here Whiteſoord reclines, and deny it who can,
Though he merrily lived, he is now a ‡ grave man:
Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
Who reliſh'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;
Whoſe temper was generous, open, ſincere;
A ſtranger to flatt'ry, a ſtranger to fear;
Who ſcatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whoſe daily *bons mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A ſcholar, yet ſurely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that ſo lib'ral a mind
Should ſo long be to newſpaper eſſays confin'd!
Who perhaps to the ſummit of ſcience could ſoar,
Yet content "if the table he ſet in a roar;"
Whoſe talents to fill any ſtation was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall || confeſs'd him a wit.

Ye newſpaper witlings! ye pert ſcribbling folks!
Who copied his ſquibs, and re-echoed his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye ſervile herd, come,
Still follow your maſter, and viſit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you feſtoons of the vine,
And copious libations beſtow on his ſhrine:
Then ſtrew all around it (you can do no leſs)
§ *Croſs-readings, ſhip-news, and miſtakes of the preſs.*

Merry Whiteſoord, farewell! for thy ſake I admit [wit:
That a Scot may have humour, I had almoſt ſaid
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuſe,
"Thou beſt humour'd man with the worſt hu-
"mour'd muſe."

---

* *Sir Joſhua Reynolds is ſo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceſſity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company.*

† *Mr. Caleb Whiteſoord, author of many humorous eſſays.*

‡ *Mr W. was ſo notorious a punſter, that Goldſmith uſed to ſay it was impoſſible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.*

|| *Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiſer.*

§ *Mr. Whiteſoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under thoſe titles in the Public Advertiſer.*

SONG.

Intended to have been Sung in the Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer."

Ah, me! when ſhall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty; but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.
But I will rally and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, not a ſmile ſhall my paſſion diſcover.
She that gives all to the falſe one purſuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loſes a lover.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE:

A TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.

Acted at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, 1772.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUICK.

In theſe bold times, when learning's ſons explore
The diſtant climates, and the ſavage ſhore;
When wiſe *aſtronomers* to India ſteer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While *botaniſts*, all cold to ſmiles and dimpling,
Forſake the fair, and patiently—go ſimpling.
Our bard into the general ſpirit enters,
And ſits his little frigate for adventures.
With *Scythian* ſtores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way ſteers his courſe, in hopes of trading—
Yet ere he lands he 'as order'd me before,
To make an obſervation on the ſhore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning ſure is loſt!
This ſeems a rocky and a dangerous coaſt.
Lord, what a ſultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud ſeems big with thunder:
(*Upper gallery.*)
There mangroves ſpread, and larger than I've
ſeen 'em— (*Pit.*)
Here trees of ſtately ſize—and billing turtles in
'em— (*Balconies.*)
Here ill conditioned oranges abound— (*Stage.*)
And apples, bitter apples ſtrew the ground:
[*Taſting them.*
The inhabitants are cannibals I fear:
I heard a hiſſing—there are ſerpents here!
O, there the people are—beſt keep my diſtance;
Our captain (gentle natives) craves aſſiſtance;
Our ſhip's well ſtor'd—in yonder creek we've
laid her,
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his firſt adventure, lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought
from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promiſes ſo ample?
—I'd beſt ſtep back—and order up a ſample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES,

In the Character of Harlequin, at his Benefit.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonſenſe;
I'd ſpeak a word or two, to eaſe my conſcience.
My pride forbids it ever ſhould be ſaid,
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a pyeball veſt,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jeſt.
[*Takes off his maſk.*
Whence, and what art thou, viſionary birth?
Nature diſowns, and reaſon ſcorns thy mirth,
In thy black aſpect every paſſion ſleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.
How haſt thou fill'd the ſcene with all thy brood,
Of fools purſuing, and of fools purſu'd!
Whoſe inns and outs no ray of ſenſe diſcloſes,
Whoſe only plot it is to break our noſes;
Whilſt from below the trap-door *demons* riſe,
And from above the dangling deities;
And ſhall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May roſin'd lightning blaſt me, if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the ſtage:
Shakſpeare ſhall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new paſſion reigns!
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
Give me another horſe! bind up my wounds!—
ſoft!—'twas but a dream. [treating:
Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no re-
If I ceaſe Harlequin, I ceaſe from eating.
'Twas thus that Æſop's ſtag, a creature blameleſs,
Yet ſomething vain, like one that ſhall be nameleſs,
Once on the margin of a fountain ſtood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
"The deuce confound," he cries, "theſe drum-
"ſtick ſhanks,
"They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
"They're perfectly diſgraceful! ſtrike me dead!
"But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.
"How piercing is that eye! how ſleek that brow!
"My horns! I'm told horns are the faſhion now."
Whilſt thus he ſpoke, aſtoniſh'd! to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntſmen
drew. [behind,
Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from
He bounds aloft, outſtrips the fleeting wind:
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He ſtarts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.
At length his ſilly head, ſo priz'd before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilſt his ſtrong limbs conſpire to ſet him free,
And at one bound he ſaves himſelf, like me.
[*Taking a jump through the ſtage door.*

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT *.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational the human mind;
Reaſon, they ſay, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wiſe Ariſtotle and Smigleſius,
By Ratiocinations ſpecious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione preditum;
But for my ſoul I cannot credit 'em.
And muſt in ſpite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature,
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide,
Than reaſon-boaſting mortals pride;
And that brute beaſts are far before 'em,
Deus eſt anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honeſt brute,
At law his neighbour proſecute,
Bring action for aſſault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery.
O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
No politics diſturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their ſport,
Nor know who's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as deareſt friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob,
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Pater-noſter Row:
No judges, fidlers, dancing-maſters,
No pick-pockets, or poetaſters,
Are known to honeſt quadrupeds,
No ſingle brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others throat for pay.
Of beaſts, it is confeſs'd, the ape
Comes neareſt us in human ſhape,
Like man he imitates each faſhion,
And malice is his ruling paſſion:
But both in malice and grimaces
A courtier any ape ſurpaſſes.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the miniſter of ſtate:
View him ſoon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of ſuperiors:
He promiſes with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators,
At court the porters, lacquies, waiters,
Their maſter's manners ſtill contract,
And footmen, lords, and dukes, can act.
Thus at the court both great and ſmall,
Behave alike, for all ape all.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,

* *This Imitation having originally been adopted by Mr. Faulkner, as a genuine poem by Swift, it has been reprinted in every ſubſequent edition of the Dean's Poems; and was not diſcovered till it was too late to take it out of the preſent edition.*

Grief dares to mingle her ſoul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleaſures ſtart.

O Wolfe, to thee a ſtreaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conqueſt dear!
Quebec in vain ſhall teach our breaſt to glow,
Whilſt thy ſad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And ſaw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they ſhall know thou conquereſt, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thouſand heroes riſe.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Sure 'twas by Providence deſign'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he ſhould be like Cupid blind,
To ſave him from Narciſſus' fate.

A SONNET.

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Loſt to every gay delight;
Myra, too ſincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cauſe of fear.

JUPITER AND MERCURY.

A FABLE.

(Written ſome time after Goldſmith's Poem of Retaliation.)

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Here Hermes, ſays Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me ſome clay, I'll make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong ſhall be jumbled, much gold and ſome droſs,
Without cauſe be he pleas'd, without cauſe be he
Be ſure as I work to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, with a mind turn'd to fictions;
Now mix theſe ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaſte,
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and ſet fire to the tail.
For the joy of each ſex on the world I'll beſtow it,
This ſcholar, rake, Chriſtian, dupe, gameſter, and poet.
Though a mixture ſo odd, he ſhall merit great fame,
And amongſt other mortals be Goldsmith his name.
When on earth this ſtrange meteor no more ſhall appear,
You, Hermes, ſhall fetch him to make us ſport here.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Containing

MANNERS,
THE GYMNASIAD,

HONOUR,
THE STATE DUNCES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Pope writes unhurt—but know, 'tis diff'rent quite,
To beard the lion, and to cruſh the mite.
Safe may he daſh the ſtateſman in each line;
There dread his ſatire, who dare puniſh mine?

MANNERS.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF P. WHITEHEAD.

PAUL WHITEHEAD was the youngeſt ſon of Mr. Edmund Whitehead, a tradeſman, ſaid to have been a tailor in Caſtle-Yard, Holborn; and was born in 1710, on St. Paul's day, from which circumſtance he obtained his Chriſtian name.

He received his education from a clergyman, at Hitchin, in Bedfordſhire. Being intended for trade, he was placed an apprentice to a mercer in London; but, diſliking his ſituation, he ſoon quitted it, and entered himſelf of the Temple, in order to ſtudy the law.

During his apprenticeſhip, he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Lowth, his fellow apprentice, the friend and executor of the celebrated tragedian Quin, through whom he became acquainted with Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, an acquaintance which proved fatal to his affairs in the early part of his life.

Mr. Fleetwood, it ſeems, had influence enough over him to prevail upon him to enter into a joint ſecurity with him for the payment of three thouſand pounds; "not, ſays Fleetwood, "that the obligation will be binding upon you at all; but another name is wanting as a matter of courſe."

Mr. Fleetwood's failure to diſcharge the obligation, ſubjected Whitehead to the penalty of the bond; and he was accordingly arreſted and confined for ſeveral years within the walls of the Fleet priſon.

Some years before, he had diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the career of politics and poetry, by his converſation and writings. It was principally to Whitehead, in conjunction with the well-known Mr. Carey, the town was indebted for the amuſement of the *Mock Proceſſion* of the Free Maſons, whoſe juſt and timely ridicule put the anniverſary parade ſo much out of countenance, that it has ever ſince been diſcontinued.

His firſt poetical performance was, *The State Dances*, inſcribed to Pope, in 1733; and in 1738, he publiſhed *Manners*, a ſatire, in which ſome noblemen having been treated with very little reſpect, a complaint was made to the Houſe of Lords, and on the 12th February 1738-9, it was voted to be ſcandalous; and Dodſley, the publiſher of it, was taken into cuſtody of the Black Rod, and confined a week. On this occaſion, Whitehead withdrew till the ſtorm was over.

In the famous conteſted election between Trentham and Vandeput, for Weſtminſter, Whitehead exerted all his activity, frequently heading numerous bodies of the electors in perſon, and ſupplying the preſs with daily advertiſements and electioneering ſquibs, in favour of Sir George Vandeput.

His next performance was the *Gymnaſiad*, publiſhed in 1744; and that was ſucceeded by *Honour*, a ſatire, in 1747.

When the Prince of Wales commenced his oppoſition to the Court, Whitehead connected himſelf with that party, and was the author of the celebrated pamphlet, called, *The Caſe of the Honourable Alexander Murray, Eſq.* which fell under the cenſure of the Houſe of Commons, who procured Mr. Owen, the publiſher, to be proſecuted for vending it. In 1755, he publiſhed his *Epiſtle to Dr. Thompſon.*

He had in 1735, married Miſs Dyer, only daughter of Sir Swinnerton Dyer, of Spainſhall, in Eſſex, with whom he is ſaid to have received 10,000l.

She died young; and Whitehead, after his releaſe from Fleetwood's debt, lived in a ſort of independence, if not affluence.

He was particularly attached to Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord le Despenser, at whose house he almost constantly resided and by whom he was held in an equal degree of estimation. When his Lordship came into office with Lord Bute's party, he procured a patent place of 800l. for his friend, which he enjoyed to his death.

Thus provided against the reverses of fortune, he retired to spend the evening of his days in an agreeable and convenient retreat on Twickenham Common, where he frequently entertained his friends with that species of humour which was peculiar to him, and a conviviality of disposition for which his company was ever agreeable to his acquaintance.

The ease, if not affluence, of his circumstances, in this situation, is thus poetically described by himself in his *Epistle to Dr. Thompson.*

E'er wants my table the health-cheering meal,
With Banstead mutton crown'd, or Essex veal
Smokes not, from Lincoln meads the stately loin,
Or rosy gammon of Hantonian swine.
From Dorking's roosts the feather'd victims bleed,
And Thames still wafts me ocean's scaly breed;
Though Gallia's vines their costly juice deny,
Still Tajo's banks the jocund glass supply;
Still distant worlds nectareous treasures roll,
And either India sparkles in my bowl.
Of Devon's boughs or Dorset's bearded fields,
To Britons arms a British beverage yields.

Nor do the pleasures of the table, and the exhilerating conveniencies of good cheer, appear to have been superior to the complacency and tranquillity of mind, with which he spent the latter part of his days, as he has described it at the close of the same epistle, in a translation of King's "Apology," which he poetically applies to himself,

My ease and freedom, if for aught I vend,
Would not you cry—to Bedlam—Bedlam, friend;
But to speak out—shall what would ne'er engage
My frailer youth, now captivate my age.
What cares can vex, what terrors frightful be,
To him whose shield is hoary sixty-three.
When life itself so little worth appears,
The ministers can give no hopes, or fears!
Although grown gray within my humble gate,
I ne'er kiss'd hands, ne'er trod the rooms of state;
Yet, not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and blest
With rich convenience, careless of the rest.
What boon more grateful can the gods bestow
On those avow'd their fav'rite sons below?

For some time before his death, he lingered under a severe illness, during which he employed himself in burning his manuscripts. Though his disorder was such as no medicine could reach, he bore the excruciating pains which he suffered with great resignation, and died December 30. 1774, in the 64th year of his age. He bestowed, among other bequests, the very singular one, of his heart, on his noble friend and patron Lord le Despenser, who deposited it with great pomp and ceremony, on the 13th of August 1775, in a mausoleum, erected for that purpose in his garden, at High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, as a memorial due to so acceptable a present, as that of the heart of an honest man.

His *Poems and Miscellaneous compositions*, which he never could be prevailed on to collect and publish in his lifetime were collected and reprinted, with explanatory notes, and his Life, by Captain Edward Thompson, with the approbation and communications of his friends and relations. The *Poems* were received into the edition of the "English Poets," 1790.

Whitehead was a facetious companion, and possessed the qualities of ingenious and ingenuous to their utmost extent. He belonged for some years to that jovial association of choice spirits, called the Beef Steak Club, held in Covent-Garden Theatre, and consisting of an heterogeneous mixture of

peers, poets, and players. As to his political principles, if we may judge of them by his writings, he appears to have been animated with that laudable zeal for liberty, which uſually diſplays its greateſt warmth in the breaſts of men of genius. His apoſtrophe to the Patriot, on this ſubject, in his *Manners*, is animated and beautiful.

Thrice happy patriot! whom no courts debaſe,
No titles leſſen, and no ſtars diſgrace.
Still nod the plumage o'er the brainleſs head;
Still o'er the faithleſs heart the ribband ſpread.
Such toys may ſerve to ſignalize the tool,
To gild the knave, or garniſh out the fool;
While you, with Roman virtue arm'd, diſdain
The tinſel trappings and the glitt'ring chain:
Fond of your freedom, ſpurn the venal fee,
And prove he's only great—who dares be free.

It may be doubted, however, whether in his attachment to parties in particular, he either acted or wrote from any other principle than perſonal views or attachments; motives that have actuated political partizans from the days of Salluſt to the preſent. *Bonum publicum ſic cerebat.* He was, indeed, generally ſuppoſed to be a Tory, with a ſtrong tincture of the Jacobite; for which ſuppoſition, he gave no little reaſon by his frequent ſneers at the Houſe of Hanover. But, if we pay any regard to the warmth which he breathes, the ſpirit of independence, the enthuſiaſm with which he ſpeaks of public virtue, and the ſeverity with which he laſhes private vice, we may juſtly call in queſtion his having any attachment to a race of tyrants from principle.

The paſſage in his *Manners*, beginning, *I cannot truckle to a ſtave in ſtate*, &c. and that in his *Honour*, beginning, *Great in her laurell'd ſages, Athens*, &c. are inconſiſtent with a grounded partiality to the line of the Stuarts. The truth, perhaps, is, that the party he firſt embraced, and to which he afterwards adhered, was as much an object of accident as choice. His diſpoſition, indeed, appears to have had an original turn to ſarcaſm and ſatire; but he came into life, at a time when the reputation and ſucceſs of Pope had raiſed the character of a ſatiriſt much beyond its true ſtandard. Pope, therefore, was choſen as the model, of which he gloried in the imitation. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that he followed him, *haud paſſibus æquis*, at leaſt in his poetical career, and the ſucceſs attending it, of which he pathetically complains in his *Manners*.

Pope writes unhurt—but know, 'tis diff'rent quite
To beard the lion, and to cruſh the mite.
Safe may he daſh the ſtateſman in each line;
Thoſe dread his ſatire, who dare puniſh mine.

The great and particular courtiers are always the object of the ſpirited ſatiriſt. Hence, as the perſons then in power were Whigs, he, of courſe, took the ſide of the Tories Hence, alſo, his terrible averſion at that time, to courts and drawing-rooms. And yet, when the patrons to whom a congeniality of ſentiment had recommended him, had, by a ſimilar congeniality, recommended themſelves to royal patronage, it was not found that either the ſecondary patron, or the poet, entertained any ſuch antipathy to courts and courtiers any longer.

His principal poems, are, *Manners*, a ſatire; *The State Dunces*, a ſatire; *Honour*, a ſatire; *The Gymnaſiad*, a mock heroic poem; and the *Epiſtle to Dr. Thompſon*, which ſufficiently ſhow, that he poſſeſſed a manly ſtrength of expreſſion and a flowing vein of poetry. His leſſer pieces have their brighter paſſages; but require no diſtinct conſideration.

THE WORKS OF P. WHITEHEAD.

THE STATE DUNCES:

A SATIRE.

Inscribed to Mr. Pope, 1733.

" I from my soul sincerely hate
" Both kings and ministers of state."
SWIFT.

WHILE cringing crowds at faithless levees wait,
Fond to be fools of fame, or slaves of state;
And others, studious to increase their store,
Plough the rough ocean for Peruvian ore;
How blest thy fate, whom calmer hours attend,
Peace thy companion, fame thy faithful friend!
While in thy Twick'nham bow'rs, devoid of care,
You feast the fancy, and enchant the ear;
Thames gently rolls her silver tide along,
And the charm'd Naiads listen to thy song.
Here peaceful pass the gentle hours away,
While tuneful science measures out the day!
Here, happy bard, as various fancies lead,
You paint the blooming maid, or flow'ry mead!
Sound the rough clangor of tumultuous war *,
Or sing the ravish'd tendrils of the fair †!
Now melting move the tender tear to flow,
And wake our sighs with Eloisa's woe ‡.
But chief, to dullness ever foe decreed,
The apes of science with thy satire bleed §;
Peers, poets, pandars, mingle in the throng,
Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy song ‖.
Yet vain, O Pope! is all thy sharpest rage,
Still starv'ling dunces persecute the age;
Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite,
Still tasteless Timons build, and Tibbalds write;
Still Welsted ¶ tunes his beer-inspired lays,
And Ralph, in metre, holds forth Stanhope's praise.
Ah! hapless victim to the poet's flame,
While his eulogiums crucify thy fame.
Shall embryo wits thy studious hours engage,
Live in thy labours, and profane thy page;
While virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy lays,
And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise?
Can Pope be silent, and not grateful lend
One strain to sing the patriot and the friend,
Who, nobly anxious in his country's cause,
Maintains her honours, and defends her laws?
Could I, my bard, but equal numbers raise,
Then would I sing—for, oh! I burst to praise—
Sing how a Pult'ney * charms the list'ning throng,
While senates hang enraptur'd on his tongue;
With Tully's fire how each oration glows,
In Tully's music how each period flows;
Instruct each babe to lisp the patriot's name,
Who in each bosom breathes a Roman flame.
So, when the genius of the Roman rage
Stemm'd the strong torrent of tyrannic age,
In freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd,
And, like a Pult'ney, then a Brutus charm'd.
How blest, while we a British Brutus see,
And all the Roman stands confest in thee!
Equal thy worth, but equal were thy doom,
To save Britannia, as he rescu'd Rome:
He from a Sarquin snatch'd the destin'd prey;
Britannia still laments a Walpole's sway.
Arise, my tuneful bard, nor thus in vain
Let thy Britannia, whom thou lov'st, complain:
If thou in moanful lays relate her woe,
Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pity flow:
If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
Revenge and fury fire each British swain:
Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
Or burn with rage, or soften into love.
O let Britannia be her poet's care!
And lash the spoiler, while you save the fair.
Lo! where he stands, amidst the servile crew,
Nor blushes stain his cheek with crimson hue;
While dire corruption all around he spreads,
And ev'ry ductile conscience captive leads:
Brib'd by his boons, behold the venal band
Worship the idol they could once command!
So Britain's now, as Judah's sons before,
First raise a golden calf, and then adore.
Let dull Parnassian sons of rhyme no more
Provoke thy satire, and employ thy pow'r;
New objects rise to share an equal fate,
The big, rich, mighty, dunces of the state.
Shall Ralph, Cooke, Welsted, then engross thy rage,
While courts afford a Hervey, York, or Gage?
Dullness no more roosts only near the sky,
But senates, drawing-rooms, with garrets vie;
Plump peers, and breadless bards, alike are dull;
St. James's and Rag-fair club fool for fool.

---

* *Homer.* † *Rape of the Lock.*
‡ *Eloisa to Abelard.* § *Dunciad.* ‖ *Epistles.*
¶ *Two authors, remarkable for nothing so much as the figure they make in the Dunciad.*

---

* *Afterwards Earl of Bath.*

Amidſt the mighty dull, behold how great
An Appius ſwells the Tibbald of the ſtate!
Long had he ſtrove to ſpread his lawleſs ſway
O'er Britain's ſons, and force them to obey;
But, blaſted all his blooming hopes, he flies
To vent his woe, and mourn his loſt exciſe.
Penſive he ſat, and ſigh'd, while round him lay
Loads of dull lumber, all inſpir'd by pay:
Here, puny pamphlets, ſpun from prelates' brains;
There, the ſmooth jingle of Cooke's lighter ſtrains;
Here, Walſingham's * ſoft lulling opiates ſpread;
There, gloomy Oſborn's * quinteſſence of lead:
With theſe the ſtateſman ſtrove to eaſe his care,
To ſooth his ſorrows, and divert deſpair:
But long his grief ſleep's gentle aid denies;
At length a ſlumb'rous Briton clos'd his eyes.

Yet vain the healing balm of downy reſt,
To chaſe his woe, or eaſe his lab'ring breaſt:
Now frightful forms riſe hideous to his view,
More, Stafford, Laud, and all the headleſs crew;
Daggers and halters boding terror breeds,
And here a Dudley ſwings, there Villiers bleeds.

Now goddeſs dullneſs, watchful o'er his fate,
And ever anxious for her child of ſtate,
From couch of down ſlow rais'd her drowſy head
Forſook her ſlumbers, and to Appius ſped.
Awake, my ſon, awake, the goddeſs cries,
Nor longer mourn thy darling loſt exciſe;
(Here the ſad ſound unſeal'd the ſtateſman's eyes)
Why ſlumbers thus my ſon, oppreſt with care?
While dullneſs rules, ſay, ſhall her ſons deſpair?
O'er all I ſpread my univerſal ſway;
Kings, prelates, peers, and rulers, all obey:
Lo! in the church my mighty pow'r I ſhew,
In pulpit preach, and ſlumber in the pew:
The bench and bar alike my influence owns;
Here prate my magpies, and there doze my drones.
In the grave dons, how formal is my mien,
Who rule the gallipots of Warwick-lane!
At court behold me ſtrut in purple pride,
At Hockley roar, and in Crane-court preſide.
But chief in thee my mighty pow'r is ſeen;
'Tis I inſpire thy mind, and fill thy mien;
On thee, my child, my duller bleſſings ſhed,
And pour my opium o'er thy fav'rite head;
Rais'd thee a ruler of Britannia's fate,
And led thee blund'ring to the helm of ſtate.

Here bow'd the ſtateſman low, and thus addreſt:
O goddeſs, ſole inſpirer of my breaſt!
To gall the Britiſh neck with Gallic chain,
Long have I ſtrove, but long have ſtrove in vain;
While Caleb †, rebel to thy ſacred pow'r,
Unveils thoſe eyes which thou haſt curtain'd o'er;
Makes Britain's ſons my dark deſigns foreſee,
Blaſt all my ſchemes, and ſtruggle to be free.
O, had my projects met a milder fate,
How had I reign'd a baſhaw of the ſtate!
How o'er Britannia ſpread imperial ſway!
How taught each free-born Briton to obey!

No ſmiling freedom then had cheer'd her ſwains
But Aſia's deſerts vy'd with Albion's plains:
Turks, Vandals, Britain! then compar'd with thee,
Had hugg'd their chains, and joy'd that they were free;
While wond'ring nations all around had ſeen
Me riſe a great Mogul, or Mazarin:
Then had I taught Britannia to adore,
Then led her captive to my lawleſs pow'r.
Methinks I view her now no more appear
Firſt in the train, and faireſt 'midſt the fair:
Joyleſs I ſee the lovely mourner lie,
Nor glow her cheek, nor ſparkle now her eye;
Faded each grace, no ſmiling feature warm;
Torn all her treſſes, blighted ev'ry charm:
Nor teeming plenty now each valley crowns;
Slaves are her ſons, and tradeleſs all her towns.
For this, behold yon peaceful army fed;
For this, on ſenates ſee my bounty ſhed;
For this, what wonders, goddeſs, have I wrought!
How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought!
What wand'ring maze of error blunder'd through,
And how repair'd old blunders ſtill by new!
Hence the long train of never-ending jars,
Of warful peaces, and of peaceful wars,
Each myſtic treaty of the mighty ſtore,
Which to explain demands ten treaties more:
Hence ſcarecrow navies, floating raree-ſhows;
And hence Iberia's pride, and Britain's woes.
Theſe wond'rous works, O goddeſs! have I done,
Works ever worthy dullneſs' fav'rite ſon.

Lo! on thy ſons alone my favours ſhow'r;
None ſhare my bounty that diſdain thy pow'r:
Yon feathers, ribbons, titles light as air,
Behold, thy choiceſt children only ſhare:
Each views the pageant with admiring eyes,
And fondly graſps the viſionary prize;
Now proudly ſpreads his leading-ſtring of ſtate,
And thinks—to be a wretch, is to be great.

But turn, O goddeſs! turn thine eyes, and view
The darling leaders of thy gloomy crew.
Full open-mouth'd Newcaſtle there behold,
Aping a Tully, ſwell into a ſcold,
Grievous to mortal ear.—As at the place
Where loud-tongu'd virgins vend the ſcaly race,
Harſh peals of vocal thunder fill the ſkies,
And ſtunning ſounds in hideous diſcord riſe;
So, when he tries the wond'rous power of noiſe,
Each hapleſs ear's a victim to his voice. [mend.
How bleſt, O Cheſelden *! whoſe art can,
Thoſe ears Newcaſtle was ordain'd to rend.
See Harrington ſecure in ſilence ſit;
No empty words betray his want of wit:
If ſenſe in hiding folly is expreſs'd,
O Harrington! thy wiſdom ſtands confeſs'd.
To dullneſs ſacred cauſe for ever true,
Thy darling Caledonian, goddeſs, view;
The pride and glory of thy Scotia's plains,
And faithful leader of her venal ſwains:
Loaded he moves beneath a ſervile weight,
The dull laborious packhorſe of the ſtate;
Drudges through tracks of infamy for pay,
And hackneys out his conſcience by the day;

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* *Names aſſumed by writers of two miniſterial papers.*

† *Caleb d' Anvers, the name aſſumed by the writers of the Craſteſman.*

* *William Cheſelden, an eminent ſurgeon.*

Yonder behold the busy peerless peer,
With aspect meagre and important air;
His form how Gothic, and his looks how sage!
He seems the living Plato of the age.
Blest form! in which alone thy merit's seen,
Since all thy wisdom centers in thy mien!
Here Egmont, Albemarle (for senates fit),
And W——by the wise, in council sit:
Here looby G——n, Gr——m ever dull,
By birth a senator, by fate a fool.
While these, Britannia, watchful o'er thy state,
Maintain thine honours, and direct thy fate,
How shall admiring nations round adore,
Behold thy greatness, tremble at thy pow'r;
New Shebas come, invited by thy fame,
Revere thy wisdom, and extol thy name!
Lo! to yon bench now, goddess, turn thine eyes,
And view thy sons in solemn dullness rise;
All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see
Each form confess thy dull divinity;
True to thy cause behold each trencher'd sage
Increas'd in folly as advanc'd in age:
Here Ch——r, learn'd in mystic prophecy,
Confuting Collins, makes each prophet lie:
Poor Woolston by thy Smallbrook there assail'd;
Gaols sure convinc'd him, though the prelate fail'd.
But chief Pastorius, ever grave and dull,
Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full,
Retails his squibs of science o'er the town,
While charges, past'rals, through each street resound;
These teach a heav'nly Jesus to obey,
While those maintain an earthly Appius' sway.
Thy gospel truth, Pastorius, croft we see,
While God and Mammon's serv'd at once by thee.
Who would not trim, speak, vote, or conscience [pawn,
To lord it o'er a see, and swell in lawn?
If arts like those, O Sherlock, honours claim,
Than thee none merits more the prelate's name:
Wond'ring behold him faithful to his see,
Prove parliaments dependent to be free;
In senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,
For ever reas'ning, never to confute.
Since courts for this their fated gifts decree,
Say, what is reputation to a see?
Lo! o'er yon flood Hare casts his low'ring eyes,
And wishful sees the rev'rend turrets rise.
While Lambeth opens to thy longing view,
Hapless! the mitre ne'er can bind thy brow:
Though courts should deign the gift, how wond'rous hard
By thy own doctrines still to be debarr'd!
For, if from change * such mighty evil springs,
Translations sure, O Hare! are sinful things.
These rulers see, and nameless numbers more,
O goddess, of thy train the choicest store,
Who ignorance in gravity entrench,
And grace alike the pulpit and the bench.
Full plac'd and pension'd, see! Horatio stands;
Begrim'd his face, unpurify'd his hands:
To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sense.
How did Horatio Britain's cause advance!
How shine the sloven and buffoon of France!
In senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
Of treaties run the tedious train-trow o'er!
How blunder out whate'er should be conceal'd,
And how keep secret what should be reveal'd!
True child of dullness! see him, goddess, claim
Pow'r next myself, as next in birth and fame.
Silence! ye senates, while enribbon'd Young
Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue!
How sweet the accents play around the ear,
Form'd of smooth periods, and of well-tun'd air!
Leave, gentle Young, the senate's dry debate,
Nor labour 'midst the labyrinths of state;
Suit thy soft genius to more tender themes,
And sing of cooling shades, and purling streams;
With modern sing song murder ancient plays *,
Or warble in sweet ode a Brunswick's praise:
So shall thy strains in purer dullness flow,
And laurels wither on a Cibber's brow.
Say, can the statesman wield the poet's quill,
And quit the senate for Parnassus' hill?
Since there no venal vote a pension shares,
Nor wants Apollo lords commissioners.
There W—— and P——, goddess, view,
Firm in thy cause, and to thy Appius true!
Lo! from their labours what reward betides!
One pays my army, one my navy guides.
To dance, dress, sing, and serenade the fair,
"Conduct a singer, or reclaim a hair,"
O'er baleful tea with females taught to blame,
And spread a slander o'er a virgin's fame;
Form'd for these softer arts shall Hervey strain
With stubborn politics his tender brain!
For ministers laborious pamphlets write,
In senates prattle, and with patriots fight!
Thy fond ambition, pretty youth, give o'er,
Preside at balls, old fashions lost restore;
So shall each toilette in thy cause engage,
And H——ey shine a P——re of the age.
Behold a star emblazon C——n's coat!
Not that the knight has merit, but a vote.
And here, O goddess, num'rous wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a pension, ribband, or a place.
To murder science, and my cause defend,
Now shoals of Grub-street garreteers descend;
From schools and desks the writing insects crawl,
Unlade their dullness, and for Appius bawl.
Lo! to thy darling Osborne turn thine eyes,
See him o'er politics superior rise;
While Caleb feels the venom of his quill,
And wond'ring ministers reward his skill:
Unlearn'd in logic, yet he writes by rule,
And proves himself in syllogism—a fool;

* *A noted sermon preached on the 30th of January, on this text, "Woe be unto them that are given to change," &c.*

* *This gentleman, with the assistance of Reome, Concanen, and several others, committed a barbarous murder on the body of an old comedy, by turning it into a modern ballad opera; which was scarce exhibited on the stage, before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one act. As this is the only living instance of the surprising genius and abilities of these wits, I could not forbear mentioning it.*

Now flies obedient, war with ſenſe to wage,
And drags th' idea through the painful page;
Unread, unanſwer'd, ſtill he writes again,
Still ſpins the endleſs cobweb of his brain;
Charm'd with each line, reviewing what he writ,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and wonders at his wit.

Nor leſs, O Walſingham, thy worth appears!
Alike in merit, though unlike in years:
Ill fated youth! what ſtars malignant ſhed
Their baneful influence o'er thy brainleſs head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read!
For bread to libel liberty and ſenſe,
And damn thy patron weekly with defence.
Drench'd in the ſable flood, O hadſt thou ſtill
O'er ſkins of parchment drove thy venal quill,
At Temple ale-houſe told an idle tale,
And pawn'd thy credit for a mug of ale;
Unknown to Appius then had been thy name,
Unlac'd thy coat, unſacrific'd his fame;
Nor vaſt unvended reams would Peele deplore,
As victims deſtin'd to the common ſhore.

As dunce to dunce in endleſs numbers breed,
So to Concanen ſee a Ralph ſucceed;
A tiny witling of theſe writing days, [plays.
Full ſam'd for tuneleſs rhymes, and ſhort-liv'd
Write on, my luckleſs bard, ſtill unaſham'd,
Though burnt thy journals, and thy dramas damn'd;
'Tis bread inſpires thy politics and lays,
Not thirſt of immortality or praiſe.

Theſe, goddeſs, view, the choiceſt of the train,
While yet unnumber'd dunces ſtill remain;
Deans, critics, lawyers, bards, a motley crew,
To dulneſs faithful, as to Appius true.
Enough, the goddeſs cries, enough I've ſeen;
While theſe ſupport, ſecure my ſon ſhall reign;
Still ſhalt thou blund'ring rule Britannia's fate,
Still Grub-ſtreet hail thee miniſter of ſtate.

MANNERS:

A SATIRE, 1738.

"Paulus vel Coſſus vel Druſus moribus eſto."
JUVENAL.

"Well—of all plagues which make mankind
"their ſport, [—a court.
"Guard me, ye Heav'ns! from that worſt plague
"Muſt the mad manſions of Moorfields, I'd be
"A ſtraw-crown'd monarch, in mock majeſty,
"Rather than ſovereign rule Britannia's fate,
"Curs'd with the follies and the farce of ſtate.
"Rather in Newgate walls, O! let me dwell,
"A doleful tenant of the darkling cell,
"Than ſwell, in palaces, the mighty ſtore
"Of fortune's fools, and paraſites of pow'r.
"Than crowns; ye gods! be any ſtate my doom,
"Or any dungeon, but—a drawing-room.
"Thrice happy patriot! whom no courts de-
"baſe,
"No titles leſſen, and no ſtars diſgrace.
"Still nod the plumage o'er the brainleſs head;
"Still o'er the faithleſs heart the ribband ſpread.
"Such toys may ſerve to ſignalize the tool,
"To gild the knave, or garniſh out the fool;
"While, you, with Roman virtue arm'd, diſdain
"The tinſel trappings and the glitt'ring chain:
"Fond of your freedom ſpurn the venal fee,
"And prove he's only great—who dares be free."
Thus ſung Philemon in his calm retreat,
Too wiſe for pow'r, too virtuous to be great.
But whence this rage at courts? reply'd his grace,
Say, is the mighty crime, to be in place?
Is that the deadly ſin, mark'd out by Heav'n,
For which no mortal e'er can be forgiv'n?
Muſt all, all ſuffer, who in courts engage,
Down from lord ſteward, to the puny page?
Can courts and places be ſuch ſinful things,
The ſacred gifts and palaces of kings?
A place may claim our rev'rence, Sir, I own;
But then the man its dignity muſt crown:
'Tis not the truncheon, or the ermine's pride,
Can ſcreen the coward, or the knave can hide.
Let Stair and *** †head our arms and law,
The judge and gen'ral muſt be view'd with awe:
The villain then would ſhudder at the bar;
And Spain grow humble at the ſound of war.
What courts are ſacred, when I tell your grace,
Manners alone muſt ſanctify the place?
Hence only each its proper name receives;
Haywood's a brothel; White's ‡ a den of thieves:
Bring whores and thieves to court, you change the ſcene,
St. James's turns the brothel, and the den.
Who would the courtly chapel holy call,
Though the whole bench ſhould conſecrate the wall?
While the trim chaplain, conſcious of a ſee,
Cries out, "My king, I have no God but thee;"
Lifts to the royal ſeat the aſking eye,
And pays to George the tribute of the ſky;
Proves ſin alone from humble roofs muſt ſpring,
Nor can one earthly failing ſtain a king.
Biſhops and kings may conſecrate, 'tis true;
Manners alone claim homage as their due.
Without, the court and church are both profane,
Whatever prelate preach, or monarch reign;
Religion's roſtrum virtue's ſcaffold grows,
And crowns and mitres are mere raree ſhows.
In vain, behold yon rev'rend turrets riſe,
And Sarum's ſacred ſpire ſalute the ſkies!
If the lawn'd Levite's earthly vote be ſold,
And God's free gift retail'd for Mammon gold;
No rev'rence can the proud cathedral claim,
But Henley's ſhop, and Sherlock's, are the fame.
Whence have St. Stephen's walls ſo hallow'd been?
Whence? from the virtue of his ſons within.

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† *It is to be lamented that the barrenneſs of the preſent times obliges the author to truſt to poſterity, for the ſupply of a proper character in this place.*

‡ *Dr. Swift ſays, "That the late Earl of Oxford, "in the time of his miniſtry, never paſſed by White's "chocolate-houſe (the common rendezvous of infamous "ſharpers and noble cullies) without beſtowing a curſe "upon that famous academy, as the bane of half the "Engliſh nobility."*

But should some guileful serpent void of grace,
Glide in its bounds, and poison all the place;
Should e'er the sacred voice be set to sale,
And o'er the heart the golden fruit prevail;
The place is alter'd, Sir; nor think it strange
To see the senate sink into a change.

Or court, or church, or senate-house, or hall,
Manners alone beam dignity on all.
Without their influence, palaces are cells;
Crane-court *, a magazine of cockle-shells;
The solemn bench no bosom strikes with awe,
But Westminster's a warehouse of the law.

These honest truths, my lord, deny you can;
Since all allow that 'Manners make the man.'
Hence only glories to the great belong,
Or peers must mingle with the peasant throng.

Though strung with ribbands, yet behold his grace
Shines but a lacquey in a higher place!
Strip the gay livery from the courtier's back,
What marks the diff'rence 'twixt my lord and jack?
The same mean, supple, mercenary knave,
The tool of power, and of state the slave:
Alike the vassal heart in each prevails,
And all his lordship boasts is larger vales.

Wealth, manors, titles, may descend, 'tis true;
But ev'ry heir must merit's claim renew.

Who blushes not to see a C—— heir
Turn slave to sound, and languish for a play'r †?
What piping, fidling, squeaking, quav'ring, bawling!
What sing-song riot, and what eunuch-squawling!
C——, thy worth all Italy shall own,
A statesman fit, where Nero ‡ fill'd the throne.

See poor Lævinus, anxious for renown,
Through the long gallery trace his lineage down,
And claim each hero's visage for his own.

What though in each the self-same features shine,
Unless some lineal virtue marks the line,
In vain, alas! he boasts his grandsire's name,
Or hopes to borrow lustre from his fame.
Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous peer
Point 'mong his race our bulwark in the war?
Or in sad English tell how senates hung
On the sweet music of his father's tongue?
Unconscious, though his sires were wise and brave,
Their virtues only find in him a grave.

Not so with Stanhope ||; see by him sustain'd
Each hoary honour which his sires had gain'd.
To him the virtues of his race appear
The precious portion of five hundred year;
Descended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
Yet holds the talent lost, if unemploy'd.
From hence behold his gen'rous ardour rise,
To swell the sacred stream with fresh supplies:

Abroad, the guardian of his country's cause;
At home, a Tully to defend her laws.
Senates with awe the patriot sounds imbibe,
And bold corruption almost drops the bribe.
Thus added worth to worth, and grace to grace,
He beams new glories back upon his race.

Ask ye, what's honour? I'll the truth impart.
Know, honour, then, is honesty of heart.
To the sweet scenes of social Stow * repair,
And search the master's breast,—You'll find it there.
Too proud to grace the sycophant or slave,
It only harbours with the wise and brave;
Ungain'd by titles, places, wealth, or birth;
Learn this, and learn to blush, ye sons of earth!
Blush to behold this ray of nature made
The victim of a ribband, or cockade.

Ask the proud peer, what's honour? he displays
A purchas'd patent, or the herald's blaze;
Or, if the royal smile his hopes has blest,
Points to the glitt'ring glory on his breast:
Yet, if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the star is but a stain:
For I could whisper in his lordship's ear,
Worth only beams true radiance on the star.

Hence see the garter'd glory dart its rays,
And shine round E—— with redoubled blaze:
Ask ye from whence this flood of lustre's seen?
Why E—— whispers, votes, and saw Turin.

Long Milo reign'd the minion of renown;
Loud his eulogiums echo'd through the town:
Where'er he went, still crowds around him throng,
And hail'd the patriot as he pass'd along.
See the lost peer, unhonour'd now by all,
Steal through the street, or skulk along the mall;
Applauding sounds no more salute his ear,
But the loud Pæan's sunk into a sneer.
Whence, you'll inquire, could spring a change so sad?
Why, the poor man ran military mad;
By this mistaken maxim still misled,
That men of honour must be cloth'd in red.
My grandsire wore it, Milo cries—'tis good:
But know, the grandsire stain'd it red with blood.
First 'midst the deathful dangers of the field,
He shone his country's guardian, and its shield;
Taught Danube's stream with Gallic gore to flow;
Hence bloom'd the laurel on the grandsire's brow
But shall the son expect the wreath to wear,
For the mock triumphs of an Hyde-Park war?
Sooner shall Bunhill, Blenheim's glories claim,
Or Biller's rival brave Eugene in fame;
Sooner a like reward their labours crown,
Who storm a dunghill, and who sack a town.

Mark our bright youths, how gallant and how gay,
Fresh plum'd and powder'd in review array.
Unspoil'd each feature by the martial scar,
Lo! A—— assumes the god of war:
Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and pay,
He claims the soldier's name from soldier's play.

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* *The Royal Society.*

† *That living witness of the folly, extravagance, and depravity of the English Farinello, who is now at the court of Spain, triumphing in the spoils of our nobility, as their pirates are in those of our injured merchants.*

‡ *A Roman emperor remarkable for his passion for music.*

|| *The Earl of Chesterfield.*

* *The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.*

This truth, my warrior, treasure in thy breast,
A standing soldier is a standing jest.
When bloody battles dwindle to reviews,
Armies must then descend to puppet-shows;
Where the lac'd log may strut the soldier's part,
Bedeck'd with feather, though unarm'd with heart.
There are who say, "You lash the sins of men!
"Leave, leave to Pope the poignance of the pen;
"Hope not the bays shall wreath around thy head;
"Fannius may write, but Flaccus will be read."
Shall only one have privilege to blame!
What then, are vice and folly royal game?
Must all be poachers who attempt to kill?
All, but the mighty sovereign of the quill?
Shall Pope, alone, the plenteous harvest have,
And I not glean one straggling sool, or knave?
Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all mankind;
Say, why should honest satire be confin'd?
Though, like th' immortal bard's, my feeble dart
Stains not its feather in the culprit heart;
Yet know, the smallest insect of the wing
The horse may teaze, or elephant can sting;
Ev'n I, by chance, some lucky darts may show'r,
And gall some great leviathans of pow'r.
I name not Walpole; you the reason guess;
Mark yon fell harpy hov'ring o'er the press.
Secure the muse may sport with names of kings;
But ministers, my friend, are dang'rous things.
Who would have Paxton * answer what he writ;
Or special juries, judges of his wit?
Pope writes unhurt—but know, 'tis diff'rent quite
To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.
Safe may he dash the statesman in each line;
Those dread his satire, who dare punish mine.
Turn, turn your satire then, you cry, to praise,
Why, praise is satire, in these sinful days.
Say, should I make a patriot of Sir Bill,
Or swear that G——'s Duke has wit at will;
From the gull'd knight could I expect a place,
Or hope to lie a dinner from his grace,
Though a reward be graciously bestow'd
On the soft satire of each birth-day ode?
The good and bad alike with praise are bless;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least:
But conscious vice still courts the cheering ray,
While virtue shines, nor asks the glare of day.
Need I to any, Pult'ney's worth declare?
Or tell him Carteret charms, who has an ear?
Or, Pitt, can thy example be unknown,
While each fond father marks it to his son?
I cannot truckle to a slave in state,
And praise a blockhead's wit, because he's great:
Down, down, ye hungry garretteers, descend,
Call Walpole † Burleigh, call him Britain's friend;
Behold the genial ray of gold appear,
And rouse, ye swarms of Grub-street and Rag-fair.

* *A famous solicitor.*

† *See these two characters compared in the Gazetteers; but, lest none of those papers should have escaped their common fate, see the two characters distinguished in the Craftsman.*

See with what zeal yon tiny insect * buries
And follows queens from palaces to urns:
Though cruel death has cloth'd the royal ear,
The flatt'ring fly still buzzes round the bier:
But what avails, since queens no longer live?
Why, kings can read, and kings, you know, may give.
A mitre may repay his heav'nly crown,
And, while he decks her brow, adorn his own.
Let Laureat Cibber birth-day sonnets sing,
Or Fanny crawl, an ear-wig on the king:
While one is void of wit, and one of grace,
Why should I envy either song or place?
I could not flatter, the rich butt to gain;
Nor sink a slave, to rise vice chamberlain.
Perish my verse! whene'er one venal line
Bedaubs a duke, or makes a king divine.
First bid me swear, he's sound who has the plague,
Or Horace rival Stanhope at the Hague
What, shall I turn a pandar to the throne,
And lisp with B——ll † to roar for half-a-crown?
Sooner T——r——l shall with Tully vie,
Or W——n——n in senate scorn a lie;
Sooner Iberia tremble for her fate
From M——h's arms, or Ah——n's debate.
Though fawning flatt'ry ne'er shall taint my lays,
Yet know, when virtue calls, I burst to praise.
Behold yon temple ‡ rais'd by Cobham's hand,
Sacred to worthies of his native land:
Ages were ransack'd for the wise and great,
Till Barnard came, and made the group complete.
B. Barnard there—enliven'd by the voice,
Each bust to bow'd, and sanctify'd the choice.
Pointless all satire in these iron times;
Too faint are colours, and too feeble rhymes.
Rise then, gay fancy, future glories bring,
And stretch o'er happier days thy healing wing.
Rapt into thought, lo! I Britannia see
Rising superior o'er the subject sea;
View her gay pendents spread their silken wings,
Big with the fate of empires and of kings:
The tow'ring barks dance lightly o'er the main,
And roll their thunder through the realms of Spain.
Peace, violated maid, they ask no more,
But waft her back triumphant to our shore;
While buxom plenty, laughing in her train,
Gladdens ev'ry heart, and crowns the warrior's pain.
On, fancy, on! still stretch the pleasing scene,
And bring fair freedom with her golden reign;
Cheer'd by whose beams ev'n meagre want can smile,
And the poor peasant whistle 'midst his toil.

* *A certain court chaplain, Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote, or rather stole, a character of the late queen from Dr. Burnet's character of Queen Mary. This pamphlet, however, has been ascribed to Lord Hervey.*

† *A noted agent in a mob regiment, who is employed to reward their venal vociferations, on certain occasions, with half-a-crown each man.*

‡ *The Temple of British Worthies in the gardens at Stow, in which the Lord Cobham has lately erected the bust of Sir John Barnard.*

Such days, what Briton wiſhes not to ſee?
And ſuch each Briton, Frederick *, hopes from thee.

THE GYMNASIAD: OR, BOXING-MATCH,

A very ſhort, but very curious Epic Poem. With the Prolegmena of Scriblerus Tertius, and Notes variorum.

"—— Nos hæc novimus eſſe nihil." MART.

TO THE MOST PUISSANT AND INVINCIBLE
MR. JOHN BROUGHTON.

HAD this dedication been addreſſed to ſome reverend prelate, or female court-favourite, to ſome blundering ſtateſman, or apoſtate patriot, I ſhould doubtleſs have launched into the higheſt encomiums on public ſpirit, policy, virtue, piety, &c. and, like the reſt of my brother dedicators, had moſt ſucceſsfully impoſed on their vanity, by aſcribing to them qualities they were utterly unacquainted with; by which means I had prudently reaped the reward of a panegyriſt from my patron, and, at the ſame time, ſecured the reputation of a ſatiriſt with the public.

But ſcorning theſe baſe arts, I preſent the following poem to you, unſwayed by either flattery or intereſt; ſince your modeſty would defend you againſt the poiſon of the one, and your known economy prevent an author's expectations of the other. I ſhall therefore only tell you what you really are, and leave thoſe (whoſe patrons are of the higher claſs) to tell them what they really are not. But ſuch is the depravity of human nature, that every compliment we beſtow on another, is too apt to be deemed a ſatire on ourſelves, yet, ſurely, while I am praiſing the ſtrength of your arm, no politician can think it meant as a reflection on the weakneſs of his head; or, while I am juſtifying your title to the character of a man, will any modern *petit maître* think it an impeachment of his affinity to that of its mimic counterfeit, a monkey?

Were I to attempt a deſcription of your qualifications, I might juſtly have recourſe to the majeſty of Agamemnon, the courage of Achilles, the ſtrength of Ajax, and the wiſdom of Ulyſſes; but, as your own heroic actions afford us the beſt mirror of your merits, I ſhall leave the reader to view in that the amazing luſtre of a character, a few traits of which only the following poem was intended to diſplay; and in which, had the ability of the poet equalled the magnanimity of his hero, I doubt not but the Gymnaſiad had, like the immortal Iliad, been handed down to the admiration of all poſterity.

As your ſuperior merits contributed towards raiſing you to the dignities you now enjoy, and placed you even as the ſafeguard of royalty itſelf, ſo I cannot help thinking it happy for the prince, that he is now able to boaſt one real champion in his ſervice: and what Frenchman would not tremble more at the puiſſant arm of a Broughton, than at the ceremonious gauntlet of a Dimmock?

I am, with the moſt profound reſpect to your heroic virtues, your moſt devoted, and moſt humble ſervant.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS OF THE POEM.

IT is an old ſaying, that neceſſity is the mother of invention: it ſhould ſeem then that poetry, which is a ſpecies of invention, muſt naturally derive its being from the ſame origin; hence it will be eaſy to account for the many ſlimſy ghoſt-like apparitions that every day make their appearance among us; for if it be true, as naturaliſts obſerve, that the health and vigour of the mother is neceſſary to produce the like qualities in the child, what iſſue can be expected from the womb of ſo meagre a parent?

But there is another ſpecies of poetry, which, inſtead of owing its birth to the belly, like Minerva, ſprings at once from the head: of this kind are thoſe productions of wit, ſenſe, and ſpirit; which once born, like the goddeſs herſelf, immediately become immortal. It is true, theſe are a ſort of miraculous births, and therefore it is no wonder they ſhould be found ſo rare among us.—As glory is the noble Inſpirer of the latter, ſo hunger is the natural incentive of the former: thus fame and food are the ſpurs with which every poet mounts his Pegaſus; but, as the impetus of the belly is apt to be more cogent than that of the head, ſo you will ever ſee the one pricking and goading a tired jade to a hobbling trot, while the other only incites the foaming ſteed to a majeſtic capriol.

The gentle reader, it is apprehended, will not long be at a loſs to determine, which ſpecies the following production ought to be ranked under; but as the parent moſt unnaturally caſt it out as the ſpurious iſſue of his brain, and even cruelly denies it the common privilege of his name; ſtruck with the delectable beauty of its features, I could not avoid adopting the little poetic orphan, and by dreſſing it up with a few notes, &c. preſent it to the public as perfect as poſſible.

Had I, in imitation of other great authors, only conſulted my intereſt in the publication of this inimitable piece (which doubtleſs will undergo numerous impreſſions), I might firſt have ſent it into the world naked, then, by the addition of a commentary, notes *variorum*, *prolegomena*, and all that, levied a new tax upon the public; and, after all, by a ſort of modern poetical legerdemain, changing the name of the principal hero, and inſerting a few hypercritics of a flattering friend's, have rendered the former editions incorrect, and cozened the curious reader out of a treble conſideration for the ſame work; but however this may ſuit the tricking arts of a bookſeller, it is certainly much below the ſublime genius of an author.—I know it will be ſaid, that a man has an equal right to make as much as he can of his wit, as well as of his money: but then it ought to be conſidered, whether there may not be ſuch a

* *The father of George the Third.*

thing as usury in both; and the law having only provided against it in one instance, is, I apprehend, no very moral plea for the practice of it in the other *.

The judicious reader will easily perceive, that the following poem, in all its properties, partakes of the epic; such as fighting, speeching, bullying, ranting, &c. (to say nothing of the moral); and, as many thousand verses are thought necessary to the construction of this kind of poem, it may be objected, that this is too short to be ranked under that class: to which I shall only answer, that as conciseness is the last fault a writer is apt to commit, so it is generally the first a reader is willing to forgive, and though it may not be altogether so long, yet I dare say, it will not be found less replete with the true *vis poetica*, than (not to mention the Iliad, Æneid, &c.) even Leonidas itself.

It may farther be objected, that the characters of our principal heroes are too humble for the grandeur of the epic fable; but the candid reader will be pleased to observe, that they are not here celebrated in their mechanic, but in their heroic capacities, as boxers, who, by the ancients themselves, have ever been esteemed worthy to be immortalized in the noblest works of this nature; of which the Epëus and Euryalus of Homer, and the Entellus and Dares of Virgil, are incontestable authorities. And as those authors were ever careful, that their principal personages (however mean in themselves) should derive their pedigree from some deity, or illustrious hero, so our author has, with equal propriety, made his spring from Phaëton and Neptune; under which characters he beautifully allegorizes their different occupations of waterman and coachman.—But, for my own part, I cannot conceive that the dignity of the hero's profession is anywise essential to that of the action; for, if the greatest persons are guilty of the meanest actions, why may not the greatest actions be ascribed to the meanest persons?

As the main action of this poem is entirely supported by the principal heroes themselves, it has been maliciously insinuated to be designed, as an unmannerly reflection on a late glorious victory, where, it is pretended, the whole action was atchieved without the interposition of the principal heroes at all.—But as the most innocent meanings may, by ill minds, be wrested to the most wicked purposes, if any such construction should be made, I will venture to affirm, that it must proceed from the factious venom of the reader, and not from any disloyal malignity in our author, who is too well acquainted with the power, ever to arraign the purity of government: besides, the poignance of the sword is too prevalent for that of the pen; and who, when there are at present so many thousand unanswerable standing arguments ready to defend, would ever be Quixote enough to attack, either the omnipotence of a prince, or the omniscience of his ministers?

Were I to attempt an analysis of this poem, I could demonstrate that it contains (as much as a piece of so sublime a nature will admit of) all those true standards of wit, humour, raillery, satire, and ridicule, which a late writer has so marvellously discovered, and might, on the part of our author, say with that profound critic—*Jacta est Alea:* but as the obscurity of a beauty too strongly argues the want of one, so an endeavour to elucidate the merits of the following performance, might be apt to give the reader a disadvantageous impression against it, as it might tacitly imply they were too mysterious to come within the compass of his comprehension. I shall therefore leave them to his more curious observation, and bid him heartily farewell---*Lege et delectare.*

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE invocation, the proposition, the night before the battle described; the morning opens, and discovers the multitude hasting to the place of action; their various professions, dignities, &c. illustrated; the spectators being seated, the youthful combatants are first introduced; their manner of fighting displayed; to these succeed the champions of a higher degree; their superior abilities marked, some of the most eminent particularly celebrated; meanwhile, the principal heroes are represented sitting, and ruminating on the approaching combat, when the herald summons them to the lists.

SING, sing, O muse! the dire contested fray,
And bloody honours of that dreadful day,
When Phaëton's bold son (tremendous name)!
Dar'd Neptune's offspring to the lists of fame.

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* *As this may be thought to be particularly aimed at an author who was lately reported to be dead, and whose loss all lovers of the muses would have the greatest reason to lament, it may not be improper to assure the reader, that it was written, and intended to have been published, before that report, and was only meant as an attack upon the general abuse of this kind.---As to our author himself, he has frequently given public testimonies of his veneration for that great man's genius; nor may it be unentertaining to the reader, to acquaint him with one private instance: Immediately on hearing the report of Mr. Pope's death, he was heard to break forth in the following exclamation.*

Pope dead!—Hush, hush, report, the sland'rous lye;
Fame says he lives—immortals never die.

Ver. 3, 4. It is usual for poets to call the sons after the names of their fathers; as Agamemnon the son of Atreus, and Achilles the son of Peleus, are frequently termed Pelides and Atrides. Our author would doubtless have followed this laudable example, but he found Broughtonides and Stephensonides, or their contractions, too unmusical for metre, and therefore, with wonderful art, adopts two poetical parents; which obviates the difficulty, and, at the same time, heightens the dignity of his heroes. *Bentleides.*

What fury fraught thee with ambition's fire,
Ambition, equal foe to ſon and ſire?
One, hapleſs fell by Jove's ethereal arms,
And one, the triton's mighty pow'r diſarms.
Now all lay huſh'd within the folds of night,
And ſaw, in painted dreams, th' important fight;
While hopes and fears alternate turn the ſcales,
And now this hero, and now that prevails;
Blows, and imaginary blood ſurvey,
Then waking, watch the ſlow approach of day;
When, lo! Aurora in her ſaffron veſt
Darts a glad ray, and gilds the ruddy eaſt.
Forth iſſuing now all ardent ſeek the place
Sacred to fame, and the Athletic race.
As from their hive the cluſt'ring ſquadrons pour
O'er fragrant meads, to ſip the vernal flow'r;
So from each inn the legal ſwarms impel,
Of banded ſeers, and pupils of the quill.
Senates and ſhambles pour forth all their ſtore,
Mindful of mutton, and of laws no more;
E'en money-bills, uncourtly, now muſt wait,
And the fat lamb has one more day to bleat.
The highway-knight now draws his piſtol's load,
Reſts his faint ſteed, and this day franks the road.
Bailiffs, in crowds, neglect the dormant writ,
And give another Sunday to the wit:
He, too, would hie, but ah, his fortunes frown!
Alas, the fatal paſſport's—half-a-crown!
Shoals preſs on ſhoals, from palace and from cell;
Lords yield the court, and butchers Clerkenwell.
St. Giles's natives, never known to fail,
All who have haply 'ſcap'd th' obdurate jail;
There many a martial ſon of Tott'nham lies,
Bound in Deveilian bands, a ſacrifice
To angry juſtice, nor muſt view the prize.
Aſſembled myriads crowd the circling ſeats,
High for the combat every boſom beats,
Each boſom partial for its hero bold,
Partial through friendſhip---or depending gold.
But firſt, the infant progeny of Mars
Join in the liſts, and wage their pigmy wars;
Train'd to the manual fight, and bruiſeful toil,
The ſtop defenſive, and gymnaſtic foil.
With nimble ſifts their early proweſs ſhow,
And mark the future hero in each blow.
To theſe the hardy iron-race ſucceed,
All ſons of Hockley and fierce Brick-ſtreet breed:
Mature in valour, and inur'd to blood,
Dauntleſs each foe in form terrific ſtood!
Their callous bodies, frequent in the fray,
Mock'd the fell ſtroke, nor to its force gave way;
'Mongſt theſe Gloverius, not the laſt in fame,
And he whoſe clog delights the beauteous dame;

Ver. 6. It has been maintained by ſome philoſophers, that the paſſions of the mind are in ſome meaſure hereditary, as well as the features of the body. According to this doctrine, our author very beautifully repreſents the frailty of ambition deſcending from father to ſon;—and as original ſin may in ſome ſort be accounted for on this ſyſtem, it is very probable our author had a theological, as well as phyſical and moral meaning in this verſe.

[For the latter part of this note, we are obliged to an eminent divine.]

Ver. 21. An ingenious critic of my acquaintance objected to this ſimile, and would by no means admit the compariſon between bees and lawyers to be juſt: one, he ſaid, was an induſtrious, harmleſs, and uſeful ſpecies, none of which properties could be affirmed of the other; and therefore he thought the drone, that lives on the plunder of the hive, a more proper archetype. I muſt confeſs myſelf in ſome meaſure inclined to ſubſcribe my friend's opinion; but then we muſt conſider, that our author did not intend to deſcribe their qualities, but their number; and in this reſpect no one, I think, can have any objection to the propriety of the compariſon.

Ver. 24. The original Ms. has it bribes; but, as this might ſeem to caſt an invidious aſperſion on a certain aſſembly, remarkable for their abhorrence of venality; and, at the ſame time, might ſubject our publiſher to ſome little inconveniences; I thought it prudent to ſoften the expreſſion: beſides, I think this reading renders our author's thought more natural; for, though we ſee the moſt trifling avocations are able to draw off their attention from the public utility, yet nothing is ſufficient to divert a ſteady purſuit of their private emolument.

Ver. 28. Our poet here artfully inſinuates the dignity of the combat he is about to celebrate, by its being able to prevail on a highwayman to lay aſide his buſineſs, to become a ſpectator of it—and as, on this occaſion, he makes him forſake his daily bread, while the ſenator only neglects the buſineſs of the nation, it may be obſerved, how ſatirically he gives the preference, in point of diſintereſtedneſs, to the highwayman.

Ver. 37. The unwary reader may, from this paſſage, be apt to conclude, that an amphitheatre is little better than a nurſery for the gallows, and that there is a ſort of phyſical connection between boxing and thieving; but although boxing may be a uſeful ingredient in a thief, yet it does not neceſſarily make him one. Boxing is the effect, not the cauſe; and men are not thieves becauſe they are boxers, but boxers becauſe they are thieves. Thus tricking, lying, evaſion, with ſeveral other ſuch like cardinal virtues, are a ſort of properties pertaining to the practice of the law, as well as to the mercurial profeſſion. But would any one therefore infer, that every lawyer muſt be a thief?

Scholiaſt.

Ver. 44. Our author, in this deſcription, alludes to the Luſus Trojæ of Virgil,

"Incedunt Pueri ———
"——— Trojæ Juventus
"—— Pugnæque ciunt ſimulachra ſub armis."

Ver. 51. Two famous athletic ſeminaries.

Ver. 57. Here we are preſented with a laudable imitation of the ancient ſimplicity of manners; for, as Cincinnatus diſdained not the homely employment of a ploughman, ſo we ſee our hero condeſcending to the humble occupation of a clogmaker; and this is the more to be admired, as it is one characteriſtic of modern heroiſm, to be either above or below any occupation at all.

Nor leaſt thy praiſe, whoſe artificial light
In Dian's abſence gilds the clouds of night.
While theſe the combat's direful arts diſplay,
And ſhare the bloody fortunes of the day,
Each hero ſat, revolving in his ſoul
The various means that might his foe controul;
Conqueſt and glory each proud boſom warms,
When, lo! the herald ſummons them to arms.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

STEPHENSON enters the liſts; a deſcription of his figure; an encomium on his abilities, with reſpect to the character of coachman. Broughton advances; his reverend form deſcribed; his ſuperior ſkill in the management of the lighter and wherry diſplayed; his triumph of the badge celebrated; his ſpeech; his former victories recounted; the preparation for the combat, and the horror of the ſpectators *.

FIRST to the fight advanc'd the charioteer:
High hopes of glory on his brow appear,
Terror vindictive flaſhes from his eye
(To one the fates the viſual ray deny);
Fierce glow'd his looks, which ſpoke his inward rage;
He leaps the bar, and bounds upon the ſtage.
The roofs re-echo with exulting cries,
And all behold him with admiring eyes.
Ill-fated youth! what raſh deſires could warm
Thy manly heart, to dare the Triton's arm?
Ah! too unequal to theſe martial deeds,
Though none more ſkill'd to rule the foaming ſteeds.
The courſers, ſtill obedient to thy rein,
Now urge their flight, or now their flight reſtrain.
Had mighty Diomed provok'd the race,
Thou far hadſt left the Grecian in diſgrace.

Where'er you drove, each inn confeſs'd your ſway,
Maids brought the dram, and oſtlers flew with hay.
But know, though ſkill'd to guide the rapid car,
None wages like thy foe the manual war.
Now Neptune's offspring dreadfully ſerene,
Of ſize gigantic, and tremendous mien,
Steps forth, and 'midſt the fated liſts appears;
Rev'rend his form, but yet not worn with years.
To him none equal, in his youthful day,
With feather'd oar to ſkim the liquid way; [ear,
Or through thoſe ſtreights whoſe waters ſtun the
The loaded lighter's bulky weight to ſteer.
Soon as the ring their ancient warrior view'd,
Joy fill'd their hearts, and thund'ring ſhouts enſu'd;
Loud as when o'er Thameſis' gentle flood,
Superior with the Triton youths he row'd;
While far a-head his winged wherry flew, [due.
Touch'd the glad ſhore, and claim'd the badge its
Then thus indignant he accoſts the foe,
(While high diſdain ſat prideful on his brow):
Long has the laurel-wreath victorious ſpread
Its ſacred honours round this hoary head;
The prize of conqueſt in each doubtful fray,
And dear reward of many a dire-fought day.
Now youth's cold wane the vig'rous pulſe has chas'd,
Froze all my blood, and ev'ry nerve unbrac'd;
Now, from theſe temples ſhall the ſpoils be torn,
In ſcornful triumph by my foe be worn?
What then avail my various deeds in arms,
If this proud creſt thy feeble force diſarms?
Loſt be my glories to recording fame,
When, foil'd by thee, the coward blaſts my name!
I who, e'er manhood my young joints had knit,
Firſt taught the fierce Grettonius to ſubmit;

Ver. 58. Various and violent have been the controverſies, whether our author here intended to celebrate a lamp-lighter or a link-boy; but as there are heroes of both capacities at preſent in the ſchool of honour, it is difficult to determine whether the poet alludes to a Wells or a Buckhorſe.

* It was doubtleſs in obedience to cuſtom, and the example of other great poets, that our author has thought proper to prefix an argument to each book, being minded that nothing ſhould be wanting in the uſual paraphernalia of works of this kind.—For my own part, I am at a loſs to account for the uſe of them, unleſs it be to ſwell a volume, or, like bills of fare, to advertiſe the reader what he is to expect; that, if it contains nothing likely to ſuit his taſte, he may preſerve his appetite for the next courſe.

Ver. 6, 7. See the deſcriptions of Dares in Virgil.

" Nec mora, continuo vaſtis cum viribus effert
" Ora Dares, magnoque virûm ſe murmure tollit."

Ver. 19. Here our author inculcates a fine moral, by ſhowing how apt men are to miſtake their talents; but were men only to act in their proper ſpheres, how often ſhould we ſee the parſon in the pew of the peaſant, the author in the character of his hawker, or a beau in the livery of his footman! &c.

Ver. 34. A prize given by Mr. Dogget, to be annually conteſted on the firſt of Auguſt.—As, among the ancients, games and ſports were celebrated on mournful as well as joyful events, there has been ſome controverſy, whether our loyal comedian meant the compliment to the ſetting or riſing monarch of that day; but, as the plate has a horſe for its device, I am induced to impute it to the latter; and, doubtleſs, he prudently conſidered, that, as a living dog is better than a dead lion, the living horſe had at leaſt an equal title to the fame preference.

Ver. 42. See Virgil.

" —— Sed enim gelidus tardante ſenecta
" Sanguis hebet, frigentque effœtæ in corpore vires."

Ver. 50. Gretton, the moſt famous Athleta in his days, over whom our hero obtained his maiden prize.

While, drench'd in blood, he proſtrate preſs'd the floor,
And inly groan'd the fatal words—no more.
Allenius too, who ev'ry heart diſmay'd, [head;
Whoſe blows, like hail, flew rattling round the
Him oft the ring beheld with weeping eyes,
Stretch'd on the ground, reluctant yield the prize.
Then fell the ſwain, with whom none e'er could vie.
Where Harrow's ſteeple darts into the ſky.
Next the bold youth a bleeding victim lay,
Whoſe waving curls the barber's art diſplay. 60
You too this arm's tremendous proweſs know;
Raſh man, to make this arm again thy foe!
This ſaid—the heroes for the fight prepare,
Brace their big limbs, and brawny bodies bare.
The ſturdy ſinews all aghaſt behold,
And ample ſhoulders of Atlean mould;
Like Titan's offspring, who 'gainſt heaven ſtrove,
So each, though mortal, ſeem'd a match for Jove.
Now round the ring a ſilent horror reigns,
Speechleſs each tongue, and bloodleſs all their veins; 70
When, lo! the champions give the dreadful ſign,
And hand in hand in friendly token join;
Thoſe iron hands, which ſoon upon the foe
With giant force muſt deal the deathful blow.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

A DESCRIPTION of the battle; Stephenſon is vanquiſhed; the manner of his body being carried off by his friends; Broughton claims the prize, and takes his final leave of the ſtage.

FULL in the centre now they fix in form,
Eye meeting eye, and arm oppos'd to arm;
With wily feints each other now provoke,
And cautious meditate th' impending ſtroke.
Th' impatient youth, inſpir'd by hopes of fame,
Firſt ſped his arm, unfaithful to its aim;
The wary warrior, watchful of his foe,
Bends back, and 'ſcapes the death-deſigning blow;
With erring glance it founded by his ear,
And whizzing, ſpent its idle force in air. 10
Then quick advancing on th' unguarded head,
A dreadful ſhow'r of thunderbolts he ſhed:
As when a whirlwind, from ſome cavern broke,
With furious blaſts aſſaults the monarch oak,
This way and that its lofty top it bends,
And the fierce ſtorm the crackling branches rends;
So wav'd the head, and now to left and right
Rebounding flies, and craſh'd beneath the weight.
Like the young lion wounded by a dart,
Whoſe fury kindles at the galling ſmart; 20
The hero rouſes with redoubled rage,
Flies on the foe, and foams upon the ſtage.
Now grappling, both in cloſe contention join,
Legs lock in legs, and arms in arms entwine:
They ſweat, they heave, each tugging nerve they ſtrain;
Both, fix'd as oaks, their ſturdy trunks ſuſtain.
At length the chief his wily art diſplay'd,
Poiz'd on his hip the hapleſs youth he laid;
Aloft in air his quiv'ring limbs he throw'd,
Then on the ground down daſh'd the pond'rous load. 30
So ſome vaſt ruin on a mountain's brow,
Which tott'ring hangs, and dreadful nods below,
When the fierce tempeſt the foundation rends,
Whirl'd through the air with horrid cruſh deſcends.
Bold and undaunted up the hero roſe,
Fiercer his boſom for the combat glows;
Shame ſtung his manly heart, and fiery rage
New ſteel'd each nerve, redoubled war to wage.

Ver. 53. Vulgarly known by the Plebeian name of Pipes, which a learned critic will have to be derived from the art and myſtery of pipe-making, in which it is affirmed this hero was an adept.—As he was the *delicium pugnacis generis*, our author, with marvellous judgment, repreſents the ring weeping at his defeat.

Ver. 54. Virgil.

" ——— quam multa grandine nimbi
" Culminibus crepitant."———

Ver. 57. Jeoffrey Birch, who in ſeveral encounters ſerved only to augment the number of our hero's triumphs.

Ver. 59. As this champion is ſtill living, and even diſputes the palm of manhood with our hero himſelf, I ſhall leave him to be the ſubject of immortality in ſome future Gymnaſiad, ſhould the ſuperiority of his proweſs ever juſtify his title to the *corona pugnea*.

Ver. 63. Virgil.

" Hæc fatus, duplicem ex humeris rejecit amictum;
" Et magnos membrorum artus, magna oſſa lacertoſque
" Exuit."

Ver. 7, 8. Virgil.

" ——— ille ictum venientem a vertice velox
" Prævidit, celerique elapſus corpore ceſſit."

Ver. 10. Idem.

" ——— vires in ventum effudit."———

Ver. 19. It may be obſerved, that our author has treated the reader but with one ſimile throughout the two foregoing books; but, in order to make him ample amends, has given him no leſs than ſix in this. Doubtleſs this was in imitation of Homer, and artfully intended to heighten the dignity of the main action, as well as our admiration, towards the concluſion of his work.—*Finis coronat opus*.

Ver. 24. Virgil.

" Immiſcentque manus manibus, pugnamque laceſſunt."

Ver. 35. Virgil.

" At non tardatus caſu, neque territus heros,
" Acrior ad pugnam redit, et vim ſuſcitat ira.
" Tum pudor incendit vires———."

Swift to revenge the dire disgrace he flies,
Again suspended on the hip he lies;
Dash'd on the ground, again had fatal fell,
Haply the barrier caught his flying heel;
There fast it hung, th' imprison'd head gave way,
And the strong arm defrauded of its prey.
Vain strove the chief to whirl the mountain o'er;
It slipt—he headlong rattles on the floor.
Around the ring loud peals of thunder rise,
And shouts exultant echo to the skies.
Uplifted now inanimate he seems,
Forth from his nostrils gush the purple streams;
Gasping for breath, and impotent of hand,
The youth beheld his rival stagg'ring stand:
But he, alas! had felt th' unnerving blow,
And gaz'd, unable to assault the foe.
As when two monarchs of the brindled breed
Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
They fight, they foam, then weary'd in the fray,
Aloof retreat, and low'ring stand at bay;
So stood the heroes, and indignant glar'd,
While grim with blood their rueful fronts were smear'd;
Till with returning strength new rage returns,
Again their arms are steel'd, again each bosom burns.
Incessant now their hollow sides they pound,
Loud on each breast the bounding bangs resound;
Their flying fists around the temples glow,
And the jaws crackle with the massy blow.
The raging combat ev'ry eye appals,
Strokes following strokes, and falls succeeding falls.
Now droop'd the youth, yet, urging all his might,
With feeble arm still vindicates the fight,
Till on the part where heav'd the panting breath,
A fatal blow impress'd the seal of death.
Down dropt the hero, welt'ring in his gore,
And his stretch'd limbs lay quiv'ring on the floor.
So, when a falcon skims the airy way,
Stoops from the clouds, and pounces on his prey,
Dash'd on the earth the feather'd victim lies,
Expands its feeble wings, and, flutt'ring, dies.
His faithful friends their dying hero rear'd,
O'er his broad shoulders dangling hung his head;
Dragging its limbs, they bear the body forth,
Mash'd teeth and clotted blood came issuing from his mouth.
Thus then the victor—O celestial pow'r!
Who gave this arm to boast one triumph more;
Now grey in glory, let my labours cease,
My blood-stain'd laurel wed the branch of peace;
Lur'd by the lustre of the golden prize,
No more in combat this proud crest shall rise;
To future heroes future deeds belong,
Be mine the theme of some immortal song.
This said—he seiz'd the prize, while round the
High soar'd applause on acclamation's wing.

HONOUR.

A SATIRE, 1747.

" Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;
" Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis."
HOR.

" Load, load the pallet, boy!" hark! Hogarth cries,
" Fast as I paint, fresh swarms of fools arise!
" Groups rise on groups, and mock the pencil's pow'r,
" To catch each new-blown folly of the hour."
While hum'rous Hogarth paints each folly dead,
Shall vice triumphant rear its hydra head?
At satire's sov'reign nod disdain to shrink?
New reams of paper, and fresh floods of ink!
On then, my muse! Herculean labours dare,
And wage with virtue's foes eternal war;
Range through the town in search of ev'ry ill,
And cleanse th' Augean stable with thy quill.
" But what avails the poignance of the song,
" Since all, you cry, still persevere in wrong?
" Would courtly crimes to Mulgrave's * muse submit?
" Or blush'd the monarch though a Wilmot† writ?

Ver. 42. Our author, like Homer himself, is no less to be admired in the character of an historian than in that of a poet; we see him here faithfully reciting the most minute incidents of the battle, and informing us, that the youthful hero, being on the lock, must again inevitably have come to the ground, had not his heel catched the bar; and that his antagonist, by the violence of his straining, slipt his arm over his head, and by that means received the fall he intended the enemy.—I thought it incumbent on me as a commentator to say thus much, to illustrate the meaning of our author, which might seem a little obscure to those who are unacquainted with conflicts of this kind.

Ver. 48. Virgil.

" It clamor cœlo————."

The learned reader will perceive our author's frequent allusions to Virgil; and whether he intended them as translations or imitations of the Roman poet, must give us pause: but as, in our modern productions, we find imitations are generally nothing more than bad translations, and translations nothing more than bad imitations; it would equally, I suppose, satisfy the gall of the critic, should these unluckily fall within either description.

Ver. 63. Virgil.

" Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant:
" Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos
" Dant sonitus, erratque aures et tempora circum
" Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

Ver. 79. Virgil.

" Aft illum fidi æquales, genua ægra trahentem,
" Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
" Ore rejectantem, mistosque in sanguine dentes,
" Ducunt ad naves."————

Ver. 88. Idem.

" —— hic victor cæstus, artemque repono."

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* *Translator of Horace's Art of Poetry, and afterwards Duke of Buckingham.*

† *Earl of Rochester.*

" Still pandar peers disgrac'd the rooms of state,
" Still Cæsar's bed sustain'd a foreign weight;
" Slaves worshipp'd still the golden calf of pow'r,
" And bishops, bowing, bless'd the scarlet whore.
" Shall then thy verse the guilty great reclaim,
" Though fraught with Dryden's heav'n-descend-
" ed flame? [store,
" Will happy Heathcote, from his mould'ring
" Drag forth one cheering drachma to the poor?
" Or Harrington, unfaithful to the seal,
" Throw in one suffrage for the public weal?
" Pointless all satire, and misplac'd its aim,
" To wound the bosom, that's obdur'd to shame:
" The callous heart ne'er feels the goad within;
" Few dread the censure, who can dare the sin."
Though on the culprit's cheek no blush should glow,
Still let me mark him to mankind a foe:
Strike but the deer, however slight the wound,
It serves at least to drive him from the sound.
Shall reptile sinners frowning justice fear,
And pageant titles privilege the peer?
So falls the humbler game in common fields,
While the branch'd beast the royal forest shields.
On, satire, then! pursue thy gen'rous plan,
And wind the vice, regardless of the man.
Rouse, rouse! th' ennobled herd for public sport,
And hunt them through the covert of a court.

Just as the play'r the mimic portrait draws,
All claim a right of censure or applause:
What guards the place-man from an equal fate,
Who mounts but actor on the stage of state?
Subject alike to each man's praise and blame,
Each critic voice the fiat of his fame;
Though to the private some respect we pay,
All public characters are public prey.
Pelham and Garrick, let the verse forbear
What sanctifies the treasurer or play'r.

Great in her laurell'd sages Athens see,
Free flow'd her satire while her sons were free:
Then purpled guilt was dragg'd to public shame,
And each offence stood flagrant with a name;
Polluted ermine no respect could win,
No hallow'd lawn could sanctify a sin;
'Till tyrant pow'r usurp'd a lawless rule:
Then sacred grew the titled knave and fool;
Then penal statutes aw'd the poignant song,
And slaves were taught, that kings could do no wrong.

Guilt still is guilt, to me, in slave or king,
Fetter'd in cells, or garter'd in the ring:
And yet behold how various the reward,
Wild falls a felon, Walpole* mounts a lord!
The little knave the law's last tribute pays,
While crowns around the great one's chariot blaze.
Blaze, meteors, blaze! to me is still the same
The cart of justice, or the coach of shame.
Say, what's nobility, ye gilded train!
Does nature give it, or can guilt sustain?
Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high?
Or takes the vital stream a richer dye?

What! though a long patrician line ye claim,
Are noble souls entail'd upon a name?
Ancestis may ermine out the lordly earth,
Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.
Hence mark the radiance of a Stanhope's star,
And glow-worm glitter of thine, D***r:
Ignoble splendour! that but shines to all,
The humble badge of a court hospital.
Let lofty L**r wave his nodding plume,
Boast all the blushing honours of the loom,
Resplendant bondage no regard can bring;
'Tis Methuen's heart must dignify the string.
Vice levels all, however high or low;
And all the difference but consists in show.
Who asks an alms, or supplicates a place,
Alike is beggar, though in rags or lace:
Alike his country's scandal and its curse,
Who vends a vote, or who purloins a purse.
Thy gamblers, Bridewell, and St. James's bites,
The rooks of Mordington's, and sharks at White's.
Why will you urge, Eugenio cries, your fate?
" Affords the town no sins but sins of state?
" Perches vice only on the court's high hill?
" Or yields life's vale no quarry for the quill?"
Manners, like fashions, still from courts descend,
And what the great begin, the vulgar end:
If vicious, then the mode, correct it here:
He saves the peasant, who reforms the peer.
What Hounslow knight would stray from honour's path,
If guided by a brother of the Bath?

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue;
Yet most mistake the false one for the true:
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the idol for the saint.
Courted by all, by few the fair is won;
Those lose, who seek her, and those gain who shun.
Naked she flies to merit in distress,
And leaves to courts the garnish of her dress.

The million'd merchant seeks her in his gold;
In schools the pedant, and in camps the bold:
The courtier views her, with admiring eyes,
Flutter in ribbons, or in titles rise:
Sir Epicene enjoys her in his plume;
Mead, in the learned wainscot of a room:
By various ways all woo the modest maid;
Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.

Who, smiling, sees not with what various strife
Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life?
To the same end still different means employs;
This builds a church, a temple that destroys;
Both anxious to obtain a deathless name,
Yet, erring, both mistake report for fame.

Repute, though vulture-like the name it bear,
Drags but the carrion carcass through the air;
While fame, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,
And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.
So Richard's‡ name to distant ages borne,
Unhappy Richard still is Britain's scorn:
Be Edward's waited on fame's eagle wing,
Each patriot mourns the long-departed king;
Yet thine, O Edward! shall to George's† yield,
And Dettingen eclipse a Cressy's field.

* *Though the person here meant has indeed paid the debt of nature, yet, as he left that of justice unsatisfied, the author apprehends that the public are indisputably entitled to the effects of his reputation.*

‡ *Richard the Second.* † *George the Second.*

Through life's wild ocean, who would safely roam,
And bring the golden fleece of glory home,
Muſt, heedful, ſhun the barking Scylla's roar,
And tell Charybdis' all-devouring ſhore;
With ſteady helm an equal courſe ſupport,
'Twixt faction's rocks, and quickſands of a court;
By virtue's beacon ſtill direct his aim,
Through honour's channel, to the port of fame.

Yet, on this ſea, how all mankind are toſt!
For one that's ſav'd, what multitudes are loſt!
Miſguided by ambition's treach'rous light,
Through want of ſkill, few make the harbour right. [fame,

Hence mark what wrecks of virtue, friendſhip,
For four dead letters added to a name!
Whence dwells ſuch fyren muſic in a word,
Or ſounds not Brutus noble as my lord.
Though coronets, Pultney, blazon on thy plate,
Adds the baſe mark one ſcruple to its weight?
Though ſounds patrician ſwell thy name, O Sandys!
Stretches one acre thy Plebeian lands?
Say, the proud title meant to plume the ſon,
Why gain by guilt, what virtue might have won?
Vain ſhall the ſon his herald honours trace,
Whoſe parent peers but patriot in diſgrace.

Vain, on the ſolemn head of hoary age,
Totters the mitre, if ambition's rage
To mammon pow'r the hallow'd heart incline,
And titles only mark the prieſt divine.
Bleſt race! to whom the golden age remains,
Eaſe without care, and plenty without pains:
For you the earth unlabour'd treaſure yields,
And the rich ſheaves ſpontaneous crown the fields;
No toilſome dews pollute the rev'rend brow,
Each holy hand unharden'd by the plough;
Still burſt the ſacred garners with their ſtore,
And flails, unceaſing, thunder on the floor:

O bounteous heav'n! yet heav'n how ſeldom ſhares
The tithefub tribute of the prelate's pray'rs!
Loſt to the ſtall, in ſenates ſtill they nod,
And all the monarch ſteals them from the god:
Thy praiſes, Brunſwick, every breaſt inſpire,
The throne their altar, and the court their choir;
Here earlieſt incenſe they devoutly bring,
Here everlaſting hallelujahs ſing:
Thou! only thou! almighty to—tranſlate,
Thou their great golden deity of ſtate.

Who ſeeks on merit's ſtock to graft ſucceſs,
In vain invokes the ray of pow'r to bleſs:
The ſtem, too ſtubborn for the courtly ſoil,
With barren branches mocks the virtuous toil.
More pliant plants the royal regions ſuit,
Where knowledge ſtill is held forbidden fruit;
'Tis theſe alone the kindly nurture ſhare,
And all Heſperia's golden treaſures bear.

Let folly ſtill be fortune's fondling heir,
And ſcience meet a ſtep-dame in the fair.
Let courts, like fortune, diſinherit ſenſe,
And take the idiot charge from Providence.
The idiot head the cap and bells may fit,
But how diſguiſe a Lyttleton and Pitt! [hope,

O! once lov'd youths! Britannia's blooming
Fair freedom's twins, and once the theme of Pope;
What wond'ring ſenates on your accents hung,
Ere flatt'ry's poiſon chill'd the patriot tongue!
Rome's ſacred thunder awes no more the ear;
But Pelham ſmiles, who trembled once to hear.

Say, whence this change? leſs galling is the chain,
Though Walpole, Carteret, or a Pelham reign?
If ſenates ſtill the pois'nous bane imbibe,
And every palm grows callous with the bribe;
If ſev'n long years mature the venal voice,
While freedom mourns her long-defrauded choice;
If juſtice waves o'er fraud a lenient hand,
And the red locuſt rages through the land.

Sunk in theſe bonds, to Britain what avails,
Who wields her ſword, or balances her ſcales?
Veer round the compaſs, change to change ſucceed,
By every ſon the mother now muſt bleed:
Vain all her hoſts, on foreign ſhores array'd,
Though loſt by Wentworth, or preſerv'd by Wade.
Fleets, once which ſpread through diſtant worlds her name!
Now ride inglorious trophies of her ſhame*;
While fading laurels ſhade her drooping head,
And mark her Burleighs, Blakes, and Marlbro's dead!

Such were thy ſons, O happy iſle! of old,
In counſel prudent, and in action bold:
Now view a Pelham puzzling o'er thy fate,
Loſt in the maze of a perplex'd debate:
And ſage Newcaſtle, with fraternal ſkill,
Guard the nice conduct of a nation's quill:
See truncheons trembling in the coward hand,
Though bold rebellion half ſubdue the land;
While ocean's God, indignant, wreſts again
The long-deputed trident of the main†.

Sleep our laſt heroes in the ſilent tomb?
Why ſpring no future worthies from the womb?
Not nature ſure, ſince nature's ſtill the ſame,
But education bars the road to fame.
Who hopes for wiſdom's crop, muſt till the ſoil,
And virtue's early leſſon ſhould controul:
To the young breaſt who valour would impart,
Muſt plant it by example in the heart.

Ere Britain fell to mimic modes a prey,
And took the foreign poliſh of our day,
Train'd to the martial labours of the field,
Our youth were taught the maſſy ſpear to wield;
In halcyon peace, beneath whoſe downy wings
The merchant ſmiles, and lab'ring peaſant ſings,
With civil arts to guard their country's cauſe,
Direct her counſels, and defend her laws:
Hence a long race of ancient worthies roſe,
Adorn'd the land, and triumph'd o'er our foes.

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* *Alluding to the ever memorable No-fight in the Mediterranean: As the nation was unluckily the only victim on that occaſion, the lenity of our Aquarian Judicature has, I think, evidently proved, that a court-martial and a martial-court are by no means ſynonymous terms.*

† *The reader will readily conclude theſe lines were written before our worthy Admirals Anſon and Warren had ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the ſervice of their country.*

Ye sacred shades! who through th' Elysian grove,
With Rome's fam'd chiefs, and Grecian sages rove,
Blush to behold what arts your offspring grace!
Each fopling heir now marks his sire's disgrace;
An embryo breed! of such a doubtful frame,
You scarce could know the sex but by the name:
Fraught with the native follies of his home,
Torn from the nurse, the babe of mirth must roam;
Through foreign climes exotic vice explore,
And cull each weed, regardless of the flow'r,
Proud of thy spoils, O Italy and France!
The soft enervate strain, and cap'ring dance:
From Sequan's streams, and winding banks of Po,
He comes, ye gods! an all accomplish'd beau!
Unhumaniz'd in dress, with cheek so wan!
He mocks God's image in the mimic man;
Great judge of arts! o'er toilettes now presides,
Corrects our fashions, or an opera guides;
From tyrant Handel rends th' imperial bay,
And guards the Magna Charta of—*Sol-fa*.
Sick of a land where virtue dwells no more,
See liberty prepar'd to quit our shore!
Pruning her pinions, on yon beacon'd height
The goddess stands, and meditates her flight;
Now spreads her wings, unwilling yet to fly,
Again o'er Britain casts a pitying eye:
Lothe to depart, methinks I hear her say,
"Why urge me thus, ungrateful isle, away!
"For you, I left Achaia's happy plains,
"For you, resign'd my Romans to their chains;
"Here fondly fix'd my last lov'd favourite seat,
"And 'midst the mighty nations made thee great:
"Why urge me then, ungrateful isle, away!"
Again she, sighing, says, or seems to say.
O Stanhope *! skill'd in ev'ry moving art,
That charms the ear, or captivates the heart!
Be your's the task, the goddess to retain,
And call her parent virtue back again;
Improve your pow'r a sinking land to save,
And vindicate the servant from the slave:
O! teach the vassal courtier how to share
The royal favour with the public pray'r:
Like Latium's genius † stem thy country's doom,
And, though a Cæsar smile, remember Rome;
With all the patriot dignify the place,
And prove at least one statesman may have grace.

AN EPISTLE
TO DOCTOR THOMPSON, 1755.

"Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,
"Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,
"Fidis offendar medicis."——— HOR.

PREFACE.

The reader will perceive, from two or three passages in the following epistle, that it was written some time since; nor indeed would the whole of it have now been thought interesting enough to the public, to have passed the press, had not the physical persecution, carried on against the gentleman * to whom it is addressed, provoked the publication. When a body of men, too proud to own their errors, and too prudent to part with their fees, shall (with their legions of understrappers) enter into a conspiracy against a brother-practitioner, only for honestly endeavouring to moderate the one, and rectify the other; such a body, our author apprehends, becomes a justifiable object of satire; and only wishes his pen had, on this occasion, a like killing efficacy with theirs.

Why do you ask, "that in this courtly dance,
"Of in and out, it ne'er was yet my chance,
"To bask beneath a statesman's fost'ring smile,
"And share the plunder of the public spoil?"
E'er wants my table the health-cheering meal,
With Banstead mutton crown'd, or Essex veal?
Smokes not from Lincoln meads the stately loin,
Or rosy gammon of Hantonian swine?
From Darkin's roosts the feather'd victims bleed,
And Thames still wafts me ocean's scaly breed.
Though Gallia's vines their costly juice deny,
Still Tajo's † banks the jocund glass supply;
Still distant worlds nectareous treasures roll,
And either India sparkles in my bowl;
Or Devon's boughs, or Dorset's bearded fields,
To Britain's arms a British beverage yields.
Rich in these gifts, why should I wish for more?
Why barter conscience for superfluous store?
Or haunt the levee of a purse-proud peer,
To rob poor Fielding of the curule chair ‡?
Let the lean bard, whose belly, void of bread,
Puffs up pierian vapours to his head,

* *The celebrated Dr. Thompson was one of the physicians to Frederick Prince of Wales, in that disorder which ended his life. Upon that occasion, the doctor differed from all the physicians that attended his Highness, which brought upon him their most virulent rage and indignation; for the Prince dying, the world was inclined to favour Doctor Thompson's recommendations. He was an intimate friend of P. Whitehead, and a favourite with him at the Prince's court. He was a man of a peculiar character; but learned, singular, and ingenuous.*

† *The Tagus—a principal river of Portugal, famous for golden sands.*

"Qua Tagus auriferis pallet turbatus arenis."
SIL. xvi. 559.

‡ *It is reported, that during the time Mr. Addison was secretary of state, when his old friend and ally Ambrose Phillips applied to him for some preferment, the great man very coolly answered, that "He thought he "had already provided for him, by making him justice "for Westminster." To which the bard, with some indignation, replied, "Though poetry was a trade he "could not live by, yet he scorned to owe his subsistence "to another, which he ought not to live by."—However great men, in our days, may practise the secretary's prudence, certain it is, the person here pointed at was very far from making a precedent of his brother poet's principles.*

* *Earl of Chesterfield.* † *Brutus.*

In birth-day odes his flimsy fustian vent,
And torture truth into a compliment;
Wear out the knocker of a great-man's door,
Be pimp and poet, furnish rhyme or whore;
Or fetch and carry for some foolish lord,
To sneak—a fitting footman at his board.
If such the arts that captivate the great,
Be yours, ye bards! the sun-shine of a state;
For place or pension prostitute each line;
Make gods of kings, and ministers divine;
Swear St. John's self could neither read nor write,
And Cumberland * out bravoes Mars in fight;
Call Dorset patriot, Willes † a legal tool,
Horace ‡ a wit, and Dodington a fool.
Such be your venal task; whilst, blest with ease,
'Tis mine, to scribble when, and what I please.
" Hold! what you please? (Sir Dudley cries)
" my friend,
" Say, must my labours never, never end?
" Still doom'd 'gainst wicked wit my pen to draw,
" Correct each bard by critic rules of law;
" 'Twixt guilt and shame the legal buckler place,
" And guard each courtly culprit from disgrace?
" Hard task! should future jurymen inherit
" The city-twelve's self-judging British spirit §."
While you, my Thompson! spite of med'cine save,
Mark how the college peoples every grave!
See Mead transfer estates from sire to son,
And * * bar succession to a throne ‖!

See Shaw scarce leave the passing-bell a fee,
And N**'s set the captive husband free!
Though widow'd Julia giggles in her weed,
Yet who arraigns the doctor for the deed?
O'er life and death all absolute his will,
Right the prescription, whether cure or kill.
Not so,—whose practice is the mind's disease;
His potion must not only cure, but please;
Apply the caustic to the callous heart,
Undone's the doctor, if the patient smart;
Superior pow'rs his mental bill controul,
And law corrects the physic of the soul *.
Shall Galen's sons with privilege destroy,
And I not one sound alt'rative employ,
To drive the rank distemper from within?
Or is man's life less precious than his sin?
With palsied hand should justice hold the scale,
And o'er a judge court-complaisance prevail,
Satire's strong dose the malady requires:
I write—when, lo! the bench indignant fires;
Each hoary head erects its load of hair;
Their furs all bristle, and their eye-balls glare;
In rage they roar, "With rev'rend ermine sport!
" Seize! seize him, Tipstaff!—'Tis contempt of
" court."
Led by the meteor of a mitre's ray,
If Sion's sons through paths unhallow'd stray,
For courtly rites neglect each rubric rule,
Quit all the saint, and truckle all the tool;
Their Maker only in the monarch see,
Nor e'er omit, at Brunswick's name, the knee;
To cure this loyal lethargy of grace,
And rouse to heav'n again its recreant race,
Say! should the muse, with one irrev'rend line,
Probe but the mortal part of the divine;
'Tis blasphemy, by ev'ry priest decreed!
No benefit of clergy may I plead;
With every cannon † pointed at my head,
Alive I'm censur'd, and I'm damn'd when dead.
Lawyer and priest, like doctors, still agree;
'Tis theirs to give advice, 'tis ours, the fee:
To them alone all earthly rule is giv'n,
Diploma'd from St. James's, and from heav'n.
Yet ills there are, nor bench, nor pulpit reach;
In vain may Ryder charge, or Sherlock preach;
For law too mighty, and too proud for grace,
Lurk in the star, or lord it in a place;
Brood in the sacred circle of a crown, [town:
While fashion wafts their poison through the

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* *It is apprehended, our modern campaigns cannot fail of furnishing the reader with a proper supply for this passage.*

† *Lord High Admiral Willes—a title, by which this excellent chief magistrate is often distinguished among our marine, for his spirited vindication of the supremacy of the civil flag, and rectifying the martial mistakes of some late naval tribunals.*

‡ *A certain modern of that name, whose sole pretension to this character (except a little arch buffoonery) consists in a truly poetical negligence of his person.*

§ *Alluding to the constitutional verdict given on the trial of William Owen, for publishing "The case of the Honourable Alexander Murray, Esq."—a pamphlet written by P. Whitehead.*

‖ *This line furnishes a melancholy memento of the most fatal catastrophe that perhaps ever befel this nation. Among the various tributary verses which flowed on that occasion, our author wrote the following; and which he here takes the liberty to insert, being willing to seize every opportunity, to perpetuate his sense of our public loss, in the death of that truly patriot prince, Frederick.*

When Jove, late revolving the state of mankind,
Mong Britons no traces of virtue could find,
O'er the island, indignant, he stretch'd forth his
rod; [God ¶
Earth trembled, and ocean acknowledg'd the
Still provok'd by our crimes, Heav'ns vengeance
to show, [blow;
Ammon, grasping his bolts, aim'd at Britain the
But pausing---more dreadful, his wrath to evince,
Threw the thunder aside, and sent fate for the
prince

¶ *Alluding to the preceding earthquakes, in 1750.*

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* *A like correction, with regard to the physic of the body, might prove no bad security for the life and property of the patient, as the faculty are at present accountable to no other power but that of Heaven, for the rectitude of their conduct.—And perhaps no civilized nation can afford such an instance of physical anarchy as ours, where the surgeon is permitted to usurp the province of the physician, and the apothecary plumes himself in the purloining and plunder of both professions.—In a public spirited endeavour to cure this anarchy, and restore a proper discipline in practice, consists a Thompson's empiricism.—" Hinc illæ lachrymæ."——.*

† *A certain piece of spiritual ordnance, which was formerly played off with great execution by our church-militant; but at present no otherwise terrible, than in its fulminating explosion.*

Hence o'er each village the contagion wings,
And peasants catch the maladies of kings.
When purpled vice shall humble justice awe,
And fashion make it current, spite of law;
What sovereign med'cine can its course reclaim?
What, but the poet's panacea—shame!
Thus wit's great Esculapius * once prevail'd,
And satire triumph'd, where the sat'ces fail'd:
No consul's wreath could lurking folly hide,
No vestal looks secure the guilty bride: [guise,
The poignant verse pierc'd through each fair dis-
And made Rome's matrons modest, statesmen wise.
Search all your statutes, serjeant! where's the balm
Can cure the itching of a courtier's palm?
Where the chaste canon, say, thou hallow'd sage,
The virgin's glowing wishes can assuage?
Let but the star his longing lordship see,
What pow'r can set the captive conscience free?
Hang but the sparkling pendant at her ears,
What trembling maid the gen'rous lover fears?
When lawless passion seiz'd th' imperial dame †,
Brothels ‡ were only found, to quench the flame;
No routs, or balls, the kind convenience gave,
To lose her virtue, yet her honour save,
In Cupid's rites, now, so improv'd our skill,
Mode finds the means, when nature finds the will.
Each rev'rend relict keeps a private pack,
And sturdy stallion with Atlean back;
Where British dames to mystic rites repair.
Nor fail to meet a lurking Clodio there;
In amorous stealths defraud the public stews,
And rob the Drury vestal of her dues;
Who hapless mourns her last, long-mortgag'd gown, [Brown.
While Douglass § damns the drums of Lady
By names celestial, mortal females call;
Angels they are, but angels in their fall.
One royal Phœnix ‖ yet redeems the race,
And proves, in Britain, beauty may have grace.
Vain shall the muse the various symptoms find,
When every doctor's of a diff'rent mind.
In **'s palm, be foul corruption found,
Each court-empiric holds, his grace is sound;
In Sackville's ¶ breast let public spirit reign,
Blisters (they cry)! the cause is in his brain;
So, Talbot's want of place is want of sense,
And Dashwood's** stubborn virtue, downright insolence.
When ills are thus just what the doctors please,
And the soul's health is held the mind's disease;

Not all thy art, O Horace! had prevail'd;
Here, all thy Roman recipes * had fail'd.
Had fate to Flaccus but our days decreed,
What Pollio would admire? what Cæsar read?
Great Maro's † self had dy'd an humble swain,
And Terence sought a Lælius now in vain.
Science no more employs the courtier's care,
No muse's voice can charm Northumberland's ear.
The solid vote aërial verse outweighs,
And wins all courtly favour from the bays;
Hence flow alone the sacred gifts of kings,
Staves, truncheons, feathers, mitres, stars, and strings.
Hence cradles, see! with lisping statesmen spawn,
And infant limbs beswaddled in the lawn;
While honest Boyle ‡, too impotent for place,
Sets, in meridian glory of disgrace:
Nor all the patriot music of Malone
Can charm a court, like Sackville, or like Stone;
Blest twins of fate! whom love and pow'r conjoin,
Like Leda's offspring, made by Jove divine;
Fix'd in Hibernia's hemisphere to rule,
And shed your influence o'er each knave and fool ‖.
Whilst the sad summons of the mortar's knell.
The rival deeds of each diploma tell;
And death's increasing muster-rolls declare,
That health and Thompson are no longer here;
How shall the muse this salutation send?
What place enjoys thee? or what happier friend?
Say, if in Eastbury's § majestic towers,
Or wrapt in Ashley's ¶ amarantine bowers,
By friendship favour'd, and unaw'd by state,
You barter science with the wise and great;
O'er Pelham's politics in judgment sit,
Reform the laws of nations, or of wit;
With Attic zest enrich the social bowl,
Crack joke on joke, and mingle soul with soul;
On laughter's wanton wing now frolic sport,
Nor envy Fox** the closet of a court.
Lost in this darling luxury of ease,
Alike regardless both of fame and fees,
"Let Shaw (you cry) o'er physic sov'reign reign,
"Or W** boast his hecatombs of slain:
"Be mine, to stay some friend's departing breath,
"And Child's †† may take the drudgery of "death."

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* *Horatius Flaccus.*

† *Pompeia, consort to Julius Cæsar, whom the young Claudius took an opportunity of seducing at a solemn sacrifice of the Bona Dea.*

‡ "Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar."
Juv.

§ *An infamous, famous bawd.*

‖ *Princess of Wales, mother of his present majesty George III.*

¶ *See a proposal for a militia, published by Lord Middlesex*

** *Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despenser, the patron and protector of our author.*

* *Satires.* † *Virgil.* ‡ *Lord Orrery.*

‖ *As our author lamented the occasion of these lines, so no one more sincerely rejoices to find, that the beam of public spirit is likely to dispel the clouds which had interposed between loyalty and patriotism—A new political Star in our days, and which some more Eastern Magi would do well to follow.*

§ *A seat belonging to the Right Honourable George Dodington.*

¶ *Another belonging to Lord Middlesex.*

** *Lord Holland.*

†† *A coffee-house noted for the resort of our modern Esculapics, where they ply for those patients the apothecary is pleased to consign over to them; and where another appendage to physic (called the undertakers) never fails to attend the physical levee, in order to receive the lucrative news of their joint-endeavours.*

Yet, Thompſon! ſay (whoſe gift it is to ſave,
Make ſickneſs ſmile, and reſcue from the grave)
Say, to what end this healing pow'r was meant?
Nor hide the talent, which by Heav'n is lent.
Though envy all her hiſſing ſerpents raiſe,
And join with harpy fraud to blaſt thy bays;
Shall wan diſeaſe in vain demand thy ſkill,
While health but waits the ſummons of your quill?
Shall Egypt's plague * the virgin cheek invade,
And beauty's wreck not win thee to its aid?
O! ſtretch a ſaving hand, and let the fair
Owe all her future triumphs to thy care;
Reſume the pen! and be thyſelf, once more,
What Ratcliff, Friend, and Syd'nham were before.
Yet, when reviving patients ſet you free,
Let Vaughan† yield one ſocial hour to me.
Come then, my friend! if friendſhip's name can woo,
Come! bring me all I want, that all in you.
If rural ſcenes have ſtill the pow'r to pleaſe,
Flocks, vallies, hills, ſtreams, villas, cots, and trees;
Here all in one harmonious proſpect blend,
And landſcapes riſe, ſcarce Lambert's‡ art can mend.
Thames, made immortal by her Denham's ſtrains,
Meand'ring glides through Twick'nham's flow'ry plains;
While royal Richmond's cloud-aſpiring wood
Pours all its pendent pomp upon the flood.
By Rome's proud dames let ſtoried Tiber flow,
And all Palladio grace the banks of Po;
Here nature's charms in purer luſtre riſe,
Nor ſeek from wanton art her vain ſupplies.
Lo! Windſor rev'rend in a length of years,
Like Cybele, her tow'r-crown'd ſummit rears;
And Hampton's turrets, with majeſtic pride,
Reflect their glories in the paſſing tide:
There Britiſh Henreys gave to Gallia law;
Here bloom'd the laurels of a great Naſſau §.
O! could theſe ſcenes one monarch more but pleaſe.
No frozen climates, no tempeſtuous ſeas,
For Brunſwick's weal alarming fears ſhould bring,
Nor Britain envy meaner courts her king.
Here Campbell's ‖ varied ſhades with wonder ſee,
Like Heav'n's own Eden, ſtor'd with every tree;
Each plant with plant in verdant glory vies;
High-tow'ring pines, like Titans, ſcale the ſkies;
And Lebanon's rich groves on Hounſlow's deſerts riſe.
But chief—with awful ſtep, O! let us ſtray,
Where Britain's Orpheus tun'd his ſacred lay,
Whoſe grove enchanted from his numbers grew,
And proves, what once was fabled, now is true.

Here oft the bard with Arbuthnot retir'd;
Here flow'd the verſe his healing art inſpir'd *:
Alike thy merit like thy fame ſhould riſe,
Could friendſhip give, what feeble art denies:
Though Pope's immortal verſe the gods refuſe,
Accept this off'ring from an humbler muſe.
Weak though her flight, yet honeſt ſtill her ſtrain,
And what no miniſter could ever gain;
Pleas'd if the grateful tribute of her ſong,
Thy merit, Thompſon! ſhall one day prolong.
In marſhall'd ſlaves let hungry princes trade,
And Britain's bullion bribe their venal aid †;
Let brave Boſcawen trophied honours gain,
And Anſon wield the trident of the main.
Safe, in the harbour of my Twick'nam ‡ bower;
From all the wrecks of ſtate, or ſtorms of power;
No wreaths I court, no ſubſidies I claim,
Too rich for want, too indolent for fame.
Whilſt here with vice a bloodleſs war I wage,
Or laſh the follies of a trifling age,
Each gay-plum'd hour, upon its downy wings,
The Hybla freight of rich contentment brings;
Health, roſy handmaid, at my table waits,
And halcyon peace broods watchful o'er my gates.
Here oft, on contemplation's pinion bore,
To heav'n I mount, and nature's works explore;
Or, led by reaſon's intellectual clue,
Through error's maze, truth's ſecret ſteps purſue;
View ages paſt in ſtory's mirror ſhown,
And make time's mould'ring treaſures all my own;
Or here the muſe now ſteals me from the throng,
And wraps me in th' enchantment of her ſong.
Thus flow, and thus for ever flow! my days,
Unaw'd by cenſure, or unbrib'd by praiſe;
No friend to faction, and no dupe to zeal;
Foe to all party, but the public weal.
Why then, from every venal bondage free,
Courts have no glitt'ring ſhackles left for me:
My reaſons, Thompſon! prithee aſk no more;
Take them, as Oxford's Flaccus ſung before §.
" My eaſe and freedom if for aught I vend,
" Would not you cry, to Bedlam, Bedlam, friend!
" But to ſpeak out—ſhall what could ne'er engage
" My frailer youth, now captivate in age?
" What cares can vex, what terrors frightful be,
" To him whoſe ſhield is hoary ſixty-three ‖?

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* *The ſmall-pox, ſaid to have firſt appeared at Alexandria. See the Doctor's treatiſe on this diſtemper.*

† *Owen Evan Vaughan, Eſq. of Bodidris caſtle; a gentleman, in whoſe friendſhip the doctor and our author more particularly pride themſelves, as he has never polluted his ancient Britiſh pedigree with any modern Anti-Britiſh principles.*

‡ *A landſcape-painter, much celebrated.*

§ *William the Third.*

‖ *Duke of Argyle, celebrated as a warrior and a ſtateſman.*

* *Pope's epiſtle to Arbuthnot.*

† *Alluding to a modern kind of military traffic, which conſiſts in the exchange of Britiſh gold for German valour, and by which means, it is preſumed, our politicians intend the native wants of either party ſhall be reciprocally ſupplied.*

‡ *He had a neat villa, in the ſtyle of a chateau, on the north ſide of Twickenham Common, ſacred to the muſes. It was afterwards inhabited by the Lady Bridget Tollmache, daughter of the late Lord Northington.*

§ *See concluſion of Dr. King's Apology.*

‖ *Though the tranſlator's virtue is not yet ſecured by this palladium of his grand climacteric, yet he flatters himſelf he ſhall at leaſt be able to rival our truly Roman author, in the practice of his heroic indifference, however ſhort he may fall of him in his elegant deſcription of it.*

" When life itſelf ſo little worth appears,
" That miniſters can give no hopes, or fears;
" Although grown gray within my humbler gate,
" I ne'er kiſs'd hands, or trod the rooms of ſtate;
" Yet not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and bleſt
" With rich convenience, careleſs of the reſt;
" What boon more grateful can the gods beſtow;
" On thoſe avow'd their favourite ſons below * ?"

AN OCCASIONAL SONG,

As performed by Mr. Beard, in the Character of a Recruiting Serjeant, at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, in the Entertainment of "The Fair."

In ſtory we're told
How our monarchs of old
O'er France ſpread their royal domain;
But no annals ſhall ſhow
Her pride laid ſo low,
As when brave George the Second did reign,
Brave boys!
As when brave, &c.

Of Roman and Greek
Let fame no more ſpeak;
Though their arms did the old world ſubdue,
Through the nations around
Let her trumpet now ſound,
How Britons have conquer'd the new,
Brave boys!
How Britons have, &c.

Eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth,
Our cannons loud mouth
Shall the rights of our monarch maintain;
On America's ſtrand
Amherſt limits the land,
Boſcawen gives law on the main,
Brave boys!
Boſcawen gives, &c.

Each fort and each town,
We ſtill make our own,
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar;
Guardelupe, Senegal,
And Quebec's mighty fall,
Shall prove we've no equal in war,
Brave boys!
Shall prove we've, &c.

Though Conflans did boaſt
He would conquer our coaſt,
Our thunder ſoon made Monſieur mute;
Brave Hawke wing'd his way,
Then pounc'd on his prey,
And gave him an Engliſh ſalute,
Brave boys!
And gave him, &c.

At Minden you know
How we frighten'd the foe,
While homeward their army now ſteals,
" Though," they cry, " Britiſh bands
" Are too hard for our hands,
" Begar! we can beat them in heels,
Parbleu!
Begar! we, &c.

Whilſt our heroes from home
For laurels thus roam,
Should the flat-bottom'd boats but appear,
Our militia ſhall ſhow
No wooden-ſhoed foe
Can with freemen in battle compare,
Brave boys!
Can with freemen, &c.

Your fortunes and lives,
Your children and wives,
To defend, 'tis the time now or never:
Then let each volunteer
To the drum-head repair—
King George and old England for ever!
Brave boys!
King George, &c.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Beard in the Entertainment of Apollo and Daphne.

The ſun from the eaſt tips the mountains with gold;
The meadows all ſplangled with dew-drops be-hold!
Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful ſummons rebukes our de-lay.

CHORUS.

With the ſports of the field there's no plea-ſure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport;
The ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of a court:
No care and ambition our paſtime annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.
With the ſports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The prieſt hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chaſe.
With the ſports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the ſoldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;

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* " Libera ſi pretio quantôvis otia vendam,
" Cui non inſanus videar? Sed apertius audi:
" Quæ juvenem, infirmumque animi captare ne-
" quibant,
" Illa ſenem capiant? aut quæ terrere perîcla
" Poſſe putes hominem, cui climactericus annus
" Præſidio eſt omni majus? cui vita videtur
" Haud equidem tanti eſſe, ut quid caveatve
" petatve
" A regni ſatrapis, ullaque ſit anxius horâ.
" Si mihi non dextram tetigiſſe, aut limina regum
" Contigit, & lare ſub tenui mea canuit ætas:
" Attamen æquo animo, non ullis rebus egenus,
" Non in honoratus vixi: Neque gratius uſquam
" Dii munus dederunt, cui ſi laviſſe fatentur."

And the practis'd coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the wood-lands to roam,
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we sellow our hounds in full cry.

SONG.

Sung By Mr. Beard at the Annual Meeting of the President, Vice-Presidents, Governors, &c. of the London Hospital.

Of trophies and laurels I mean not to sing,
Of Prussia's brave prince, or of Britain's good king;
Here the poor claim my song; then the art I'll display,
How you all shall be gainers—by giving away.
Derry down.

The cruise of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow:
So here with your purse the like wonder you'll find; [hind.
The more you draw out, still—the more left be-
Derry down.

The prodigal here without danger may spend;
That ne'er can be lavish'd, to Heaven we lend;
And the miser his purse-strings may draw without pain,
For what miser won't give—when giving is gain?
Derry down.

The gamester, who sits up whole days and whole nights,
To hazard his health and his fortune at White's;
Much more to advantage his betts he may make,
Here, set what he will, he will double his stake.
Derry down.

The fair one, whose heart the four aces controul,
Who sighs for *sans-prendre*, and dreams of a vole,
Let her here send a tithe of her gains at quadrille,
And she'll ne'er want a friend—in victorious spadille.
Derry down.

Let the merchant, who trades on the perilous sea,
Come here, and insure, if from loss he'd be free;
A policy here from all danger secures,
For safe is the venture—which Heaven insures.
Derry down.

The stock-jobber too may subscribe without fear,
In a fund which for ever a premium must bear;
Where the stock still must rise, and where scrip will prevail, [fail.
Though South-Sea, and India, and Omnium should
Derry down.

* The churchman likewise his advantage may draw,
And here buy a living, in spite of the law---
In Heaven I mean; then, without any fear,
Let him purchase away---there's no simony here.
Derry down.

† Ye rakes, who the joys of Hymen disclaim,
And seek, in the ruin of virtue, a fame;
You may here boast a triumph consistent with duty,
And keep, without guilt, a seraglio of beauty.
Derry down.

If from charity then such advantages flow,
That you still gain the more—the more you bestow; [ease:
Here's the place will afford you rich profit with
When the bason comes round—be as rich as you please.
Derry down.

Then a health to that ‡ Patron, whose grandeur and store
Yield aid and defence to the sick and the poor;
Who no courtier can flatter, no patriot can blame:
But, our president's here—or I'd tell you his name.
Derry down.

BALLAD.

Long, Roger in vain
Strove Cic'ley to gain,
And that something he wanted she knew;
Yet still she reply'd,
First make me your bride,
Or—I wish I may die if I do.

Quoth Roger, next fair
I'll deck out your hair
With a top-knot, green, yellow, or blue.
No top-knot, pray, bring
Without the gold ring,
Or—I wish I may die if I do.

Together one day,
When making of hay,
Pretty Cis on a haycock he threw;
His hand did intrude;
She cry'd, don't be rude,
For—I wish I may die if I do.

But Roger still prest
Her lips and her breast,
Until kinder and kinder she grew:
A glance from her eye
He saw gave the lie
To—"I wish I may die if I do."

He knew what it meant,
Took looks for consent;
Then—a fairing presented to view,
Which Cis so amaz'd,
She sigh'd while she gaz'd—
Oh! I surely shall die—if I do.

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* *Additional stanza for the annual feast of the sons of the clergy.*

† *Ditto for the Magdalen Hospital.*

‡ *The late Duke of Devonshire.*

What lovers conceal
No muſe ſhould reveal;
You muſt fancy then what did enſue:
But ſhe no more cry'd,
Firſt make me your bride,
Or—I wiſh I may die if I do

Ah! Roger! ſays Cis,
A fairing like this
Cannot fail a young maid to ſubdue:
No knot you need bring;
Ne'er mind the gold ring,
For—I wiſh I may die if I do.

A FRAGMENT.

When Bacchus, jolly god, invites
To revel in his ev'ning rites,
In vain his altars I ſurround,
Though with Burgundian incenſe crown'd:
No charm has wine without the laſs;
'Tis love gives reliſh to the glaſs.

Whilſt all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toaſt their fav'rite ſhe;
Though ev'ry nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart ſtill whiſpers Chloe's name;
And thus with me, by am'rous ſtealth,
Still ev'ry glaſs is Chloe's health.

VERSES

Occaſioned by Lady Pomfret's Preſent of ſome Antique Statues to Oxford; the ſtreets whereof were fooliſhly ſaid to be paved with Jacobites.

If Oxford's ſtones, as Blaco writes,
And Pitt affirms, are Jacobites,
That bid the court defiance;
How muſt the danger now increaſe,
When ſtones are come from Rome and Greece,
To form a grand alliance!

Yet, ſprung from lands of liberty,
Theſe ſtones can ſure no Tories be,
Or friends to the Pretender;
And Pitt himſelf can ne'er deviſe,
That Whiggiſh ſtones ſhould ever riſe
Againſt our faith's Defender.

TO DR. KING.

Oft have I heard, with clam'rous note,
A yelping cur exalt his throat
At Cynthia's ſilver rays;
So, with the blaze of learning's light,
When you, O King, offend his ſight,
The ſpaniel Blaco bays.

THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

TO FLAVIA.

See! Flavia, ſee! that flutt'ring thing,
Skim round yon' flower with ſportive wing,
Yet ne'er its ſweet explore;
While, wiſer, the induſtrious bee
Extracts the honey from the tree,
And hives the precious ſtore.

So you, with coy, coquettiſh art,
Play wanton round your lover's heart,
Inſenſible and free:
Love's balmy bleſſing would you try,
No longer ſport a butterfly,
But imitate the bee.

VERSES,

Dropt in Mr. Garrick's Temple of Shakſpeare.

While here to Shakſpeare * Garrick pays
His tributary thanks and praiſe;
Invokes the animated ſtone,
To make the poet's mind his own;
That he each character may trace
With humour, dignity, and grace;
And mark, unerring mark, to men,
The rich creation of his pen;
Preferr'd the pray'r—the marble god
Methinks I ſee, aſſenting, nod,
And, pointing to his laurell'd brow,
Cry—"Half this wreath to you I owe:
"Loſt to the ſtage, and loſt to fame;
"Murder'd my ſcenes, ſcarce known my name;
"Sunk in oblivion and diſgrace
"Among the common, ſcribbling race,
"Unnotic'd long thy Shakſpeare lay,
"To dullneſs, and to time, a prey:
"But now I riſe, I breathe, I live
"In you—my repreſentative!
"Again the hero's breaſt I fire,
"Again the tender ſigh inſpire;
"Each ſide, again, with laughter ſhake,
"And teach the villain-heart to quake;
"All this, my ſon! again I do—
"I?—No, my ſon!—'Tis I, and you."
While thus the grateful ſtatue ſpeaks,
A bluſh o'erſpreads the ſuppliant's cheeks—
"What!—Half this wreath, wit's mighty chief?—
"O grant," he cries, "one ſingle leaf;
"That far o'erpays his humble merit,
"Who's but the organ of thy ſpirit."
Phœbus the gen'rous conteſt heard—
When thus the god addreſs'd the bard:
"Here, take this laurel from my brow,
"On him your mortal wreath beſtow:—
"Each matchleſs, each the palm ſhall bear,
"In heav'n the bard, on earth the play'r.

CUPID BAFFLED.

Diana, hunting on a day,
Beheld where Cupid ſleeping lay,
His quiver by his head:
One of his darts ſhe ſtole away,
And one of her's did cloſe convey
Into the other's ſtead.

When next the archer through the grove,
In ſearch of prey, did wanton rove,

* *The ſtatue of Shakſpeare, in the temple dedicated to the bard by Mr. Garrick, in his delightful garden at Hampton, was the work of that able and ingenious maſter, Roubiliac.*

Aurelia fair he ſpy'd;
Aurelia, who to Damon's pray'r
Diſdain'd to lend a tender ear,
And Cupid's pow'r defy'd.

Soon as he ey'd the rebel maid;
" Now know my pow'r!" enrag'd, he ſaid;
Then levell'd at her heart:
Full to the head the ſhaft he drew;
But harmleſs to her breaſt it flew,
For, lo!—'twas Dian's dart.

Exulting, then the fair-one cry'd,
" Fond urchin lay your bow aſide;
" Your quiver be unbound:
" Would you Aurelia's heart ſubdue,
" Thy plaything arrows ne'er will do;
" Bid Damon give the wound."

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

'Twixt death and Schomberg, t' other day,
A conteſt did ariſe;
Death ſwore his prize he'd bear away;
The doctor, death defies.

Enrag'd to hear his pow'r defy'd,
Death drew his keeneſt dart;
But wond'ring ſaw it glance aſide,
And miſs the vital part.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Powell, at the opening of the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden, on Monday, September 14. 1767.

As when the merchant, to increaſe his ſtore,
For dubious ſeas, advent'rous quits the ſhore;
Still anxious for its freight, he trembling ſees
Rocks in each buoy, and tempeſts in each breeze;
The curling wave to mountain billows ſwells,
And ev'ry cloud a fancied ſtorm foretells:
Thus raſhly launch'd on this theatric main,
Our all on board, each phantom gives us pain;
The catcall's note ſeems thunder in our ears,
And ev'ry hiſs a hurricane appears;
In journal ſquibs we lightning's blaſt eſpy,
And meteors blaze in every critic's eye.
Spite of theſe terrors, ſtill ſome hopes we view,
Hopes, ne'er can fail us—ſince they're plac'd—in you.
Your breath the gale, our voyage is ſecure,
And ſafe the venture which your ſmiles enſure;
Though weak his ſkill, th' advent'rer muſt ſucceed,
Where candour takes th' endeavour for the deed.
For Brentford's ſtate, two kings could once ſuffice;
In ours, behold! four kings of Brentford riſe;
All ſmelling to one noſegay's od'rous ſavour,
The balmy noſegay of—the public favour.
From hence alone, our royal funds we draw,
Your pleaſure our ſupport, your will our law.
While ſuch our government, we hope you'll own us;
But ſhould we ever tyrant prove—dethrone us.
Like brother monarchs, who, to coax the nation,
Began their reign, with ſome fair proclamation,
We too ſhould talk at leaſt—of reformation;
Declare, that during our imperial ſway,
No bard ſhall mourn his long-neglected play;
But then the play muſt have ſome wit, ſome ſpirit,
And we allow'd ſole umpires of its merit.
For thoſe deep ſages of the judging pit,
Whoſe taſte is too refin'd for modern wit,
From Rome's great theatre we'll cull the piece,
And plant, on Britain's ſtage, the flow'rs of Greece.
If ſome there are, our Britiſh bards can pleaſe,
Who taſte the ancient wit of ancient days,
Be ours to ſave, from time's devouring womb,
Their works, and ſnatch their laurels from the tomb.
For you, ye fair, who ſprightlier ſcenes may chooſe,
Where muſic decks in all her airs the muſe,
Gay opera ſhall all its charm diſpenſe,
Yet boaſt no tuneful triumph over ſenſe;
The nobler bard ſhall ſtill aſſert his right,
Nor Handel rob a Shakſpeare of his night.
To greet their mortal brethren of our ſkies,
Here all the gods of pantomime ſhall riſe:
Yet 'midſt the pomp and magic of machines,
Some plot may mark the meaning of our ſcenes;
Scenes which were held, in good King Rich's days,
By ſages, no bad epilogues to plays.
If terms like theſe your ſuffrage can engage,
To fix our mimic empire of the ſtage;
Confirm our title in your fair opinions,
And crowd each night to people our dominions.

VERSES

On converting the Chapel to a Kitchen, at the Seat of the Lord Donnerayle, called "The Grove, in Hertfordſhire."

By Ovid, among other wonders, we're told
What chanc'd to Philemon and Baucis of old;
How their cot to a temple was conjur'd by Jove,
So a chapel was chang'd to a kitchen at Grove.

The lord of the manſion moſt rightly conceiting,
His gueſts lov'd good pray'rs much leſs than good eating;
And poſſeſs'd by the devil, as ſome folks will tell ye,
What was meant for the ſoul, he aſſign'd to the belly.

The word was ſcarce given—when down dropp'd the clock,
And ſtraight was ſeen fix'd in the form of a jack;
And, ſhameful to tell! pulpit, benches, and pews,
Form'd, cupboards and ſhelves, for plates, faucepans, and ſtews.

Pray'r-books turn'd into platters; nor think it a fable,
A dreſſer ſprung out of the communion-table;
Which, inſtead of the uſual repaſt, bread and wine,
Is ſtor'd with rich ſoups, and good Engliſh ſirloin.

No fire, but what pure devotion could raiſe,
I'll now had been known in this temple to blaze:
But, good lord! how the neighbours around did admire,
When a chimney roſe up in the room of a ſpire!

For a Jew many people the maſter miſtook,
Whoſe Levites were ſcullions, his high-prieſt a cook;
And though he deſign'd our religion to alter,
When they ſaw the burnt-offering ſmoke at the altar.

The bell's ſolemn ſound, that was heard far and near,
And oft rous'd the chaplain unwilling to pray'r,
No more to good ſermons now ſummons the ſinner,
But blaſphemous rings in—the country to dinner.

When my good lord the biſhop had heard the ſtrange ſtory,
How the place was profan'd, that was built to G—'s glory; [deed,
Full of zeal he cried out, "Oh, how impious the
"To cram Chriſtians with pudding, inſtead of
"the creed!"

Then away to the grove hied the church's protector,
Reſolving to give his lay-brother a lecture;
But he ſcarce had begun, when he ſaw, plac'd before 'em,
A haunch piping hot from the *ſanctum ſanctorum*.

"Troth!" quoth he, "I find no great ſin in the
"plan,
"What was uſeleſs to God—to make uſeful to man:
"Beſides, 'tis a true Chriſtian duty, we read,
"The poor and the hungry with good things to
"feed."

Then again on the walls he beſtow'd conſecration,
But reſerv'd the full rights of a free viſitation:
Thus, 'tis ſtill the Lord's houſe—only varied the treat,
Now, there's meat without grace—where was grace without meat.

VERSES

On the Duke of Cumberland's Victory at Culloden, in the Year 1746.

As his worm-eaten volumes old time tumbled o'er
To review the great actions that happen'd of yore;
When the names of young Ammon and Cæſar he ſaw,
He to one oppos'd Churchill—to th' other Naſſau;
Then ſaid, with a ſigh, "What! has Britain no
"friend? [end?"
"With theſe muſt her long race of heroes have
When ſtraight a loud blaſt on her trumpet fame blew,
Which ſo long had been ſilent, the ſound he ſcarce knew;
But ſoon in his ſight the ſwift goddeſs appear'd,
And, half out of breath, cry'd—"News, news!
"have you heard?—
"I have yet one hero to add to your ſtore,
"Brave William has conquer'd—Rebellion's no
"more."
Well pleas'd, in his annals time ſet down the name,
Made the record authentic—and gave it to fame.

VERSES

Inſcribed on a Monument, called The Tomb of Care *in the Garden of the late John Rich, Eſq. at Cowley, in Middleſex; whereon three beautiful Boys are covering a Funeral Urn with a Veil of Flowers.*

WHY, buſy boys, why thus entwine
The flowery veil around this ſhrine?
As if, for halcyon days like theſe,
The ſight too ſolemn were to pleaſe:
Miſtaken boys, what ſight's ſo fair—
To mortals, as the Tomb of Care?
Here let the gloomy tyrant lie;
His urn an altar ſhall ſupply,
Sacred to eaſe, and ſocial mirth;
For Care's deceaſe—is Pleaſure's birth.

THE EPITAPH

(*In Letters of Braſs, inſerted by a Female Figure repreſenting Hiſtory*) *on a Marble Pyramid of the Monument of John Duke of Argyll.*

BRITON, behold, if patriot worth be dear,
A ſhrine that claims thy tributary tear!
Silent that tongue admiring ſenates heard,
Nerveleſs that arm oppoſing legions fear'd!
Nor leſs, O Campbell! thine the pow'r to pleaſe,
And give to grandeur all the grace of eaſe.
Long, from thy life, let kindred heroes trace
Arts which ennoble ſtill the nobleſt race.—
Others may owe their future fame to me;
I borrow immortality from thee.
Weſtminſter Abbey. P. WHITEHEAD.

VERSES

On the Name, P. Whitehead, ſubſcribed to the above Inſcription, being removed thence ſome time after the Monument was erected.

O'ER the tombs as pale envy was hov'ring around,
The manes of each hallow'd hero to wound;
On Argyll's, when ſhe ſaw only truth was related
Of him, whom alive ſhe moſt mortally hated,
And finding the record adopted by fame,
In revenge to the poet—ſhe gnaw'd out his name.

VERSES

To Mr. Brooke, on the Refuſal of a Licence to his Play of Guſtavus Vaſa.

WHILE Athens glory'd in her free-born race,
And ſcience flouriſh'd round her ſav'rite place,
The muſe unfetter'd trod the Grecian ſtage;
Free were her pinions, unreſtrain'd her rage:
Bold and ſecure ſhe aim'd the pointed dart,
And pour'd the precept poignant to the heart,
Till dire dominion ſtretch'd her lawleſs ſway,
And Athens' ſons were deſtin'd to obey:
Then, firſt, the ſtage a licens'd bondage knew,
And tyrants quaſh'd the ſcene they fear'd to view:
Fair freedom's voice no more was heard to charm,
Or liberty the Attic audience warm.
Then fled the muſe, indignant, from the ſhore,
Nor deign'd to dwell where freedom was no more;

Vain then, alas! ſhe fought Britannia's iſle,
Charm'd with her voice, and cheer'd us with her ſmile.
If Gallic laws her gen'rous flight reſtrain,
And bind her captive with th' ignoble chain;
Bold and unlicens'd, in Eliza's days,
Free flow'd her numbers, flouriſh'd fair her bays;
O'er Britain's ſtage majeſtic, unconfin'd,
She tun'd her patriot leſſons to mankind;
For mighty heroes ranſack'd ev'ry age, [page.
Then beam'd them glorious in her Shakſpeare's
Shakſpeare's no more!—loſt was the poet's name,
Till thou, my friend, my genius, ſprung to fame;
Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,
You boldly ſnatch'd the trophy from his tomb,
Taught the declining muſe again to ſoar,
And to Britannia gave one poet more.
Pleas'd, in thy lays we ſee Guſtavus live;
But, O Guſtavus! if thou canſt, forgive.
Britons, more ſavage than the tyrant Dane,
Beneath whoſe yoke you drew the galling chain,
Degen'rate Britons, by thy worth diſmay'd,
Profane thy glories, and proſcribe thy ſhade.

SONG.

As Granville's ſoft numbers tune Myra's juſt praiſe,
And Chloe ſhines lovely in Prior's ſweet lays;
So, would Daphne but ſmile, their example I'd follow,
And, as ſhe looks like Venus, I'd ſing like Apollo:
But, alas! while no ſmiles from the fair one inſpire, [lyre!
How languid my ſtrains, and how tuneleſs my

Go, zephyrs, ſalute in ſoft accents her ear,
And tell how I languiſh, ſigh, pine, and deſpair;
In gentleſt murmurs my paſſion commend,
But whiſper it ſoftly, for fear you offend:
For ſure, O ye winds, you may tell her my pain;
'Tis Strephon's to ſuffer, but not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
Still ſomething preſents the fair nymph to my view.
If I traverſe the garden, the garden ſtill ſhows
Me her neck in the lily, her lip in the roſe:
But with her neither lily nor roſe can compare;
Far ſweeter's her lip, and her boſom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguiſh, I ſteal to the grove,
The ſpring there preſents the freſh bloom of my love;
The nightingale too, with impertinent noiſe,
Pours forth her ſweet ſtrains in my ſyren's ſweet voice: [brings;
Thus the grove and its muſic her image ſtill
For like the ſpring ſhe looks fair, like the nightingale ſings.

If, forſaking the groves, I fly to the court,
Where beauty and ſplendour united reſort,
Some glimpſe of my fair in each charmer I ſpy,
In Richmond's fair form, or in Brudenel's bright eye; [appear?
But, alas! what would Brudenel or Richmond
Unheeded they'd paſs, were my Daphne but there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
And dwell over Horace, or Ovid's ſweet ſtrain;
In Lydia, or Chloe, my Daphne I find;
But Chloe was courteous, and Lydia was kind:
Like Lydia, or Chloe, would Daphne but prove,
Like Horace, or Ovid, I'd ſing and I'd love.

TO DR. SCHOMBERG, OF BATH.

To Schomberg quoth Death, "I your patient will
"have:" [ſave."
To Death replied Schomberg, "My patient I'll
Then Death ſeiz'd his arrow, the Doctor his pen,
And each wound the one gave, t' other heal'd it again;
Till Death ſwore he never had met ſuch defiance,
Since he and the college had been in alliance.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN BROWN, D. D.

Containing

ESSAY ON SATIRE, ‖ HONOUR,
CURE OF SAUL, ‖ INSCRIPTION,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Do thou fair TRUTH deſcend,
And watchful guard him in an honeſt end;
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct his equal line,
To court no friend, nor own a foe but thine.
But if his giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the muſe of wit;
If his apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine,
Urge, urge thy power; the black attempt confound,
And daſh the ſmoking cenſor to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear inſtructed bards may ſee,
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in infamy.

ESSAY ON SATIRE, PART III.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF BROWN.

JOHN BROWN was born at Rothbury, in the county of Northumberland, November 5. 1715. He was deſcended from the family of Brown of Coalſton in Haddingtonſhire. His father, the Rev. John Brown, was a native of Dunſe in Berwickſhire; and, at the time of his ſon's birth, was curate to Dr. Thomlinſon rector of Rothbury. He was collated by Dr. Nicolſon Biſhop of Carliſle, to the vicarage of Wigton in Cumberland, in the latter end of 1715. His mother's maiden name was Potts.

He received the firſt part of his education at the grammar ſchool of Wigton. From thence he was removed to the Univerſity of Cambridge, where he was entered of St. John's College, December 18. 1732, under the tuition of Dr. Tonſtall.

He took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1735, with great reputation, being at the head of the wranglers, and returned to Wigton, where he was ordained by Dr. Fleming biſhop of Carliſle. His firſt preferment was to a minor canonry and lecturerſhip of the cathedral church of Carliſle. He remained in obſcurity in that city till 1739, when he went to Cambridge, to take his degree of Maſter of Arts.

In 1745, he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his zeal for government; and acted as a volunteer at the ſiege of Carliſle, during which he behaved with great intrepidity.

After the defeat of the rebels, when ſeveral of them were to be tried at the aſſizes held at Carliſle in 1746, he preached *Two Sermons* on the mutual connection between religious truth and civil freedom, and between ſuperſtition, tyranny, irreligion, and atheiſm.

His attachment to Whig principles procured him the friendſhip of Dr. Oſbaldeſton, who contributed to his obtaining from the Dean and Chapter of Carliſle the living of Morland, in the county of Weſtmoreland; and, on the death of Dr. Fleming, being advanced to that ſee, appointed him one of his chaplains. He reſigned his preferment in the cathedral of Carliſle in diſguſt.

In the early part of his life, and probably during his reſidence at Carliſle, he wrote his poem intituled *Honour*, inſcribed to Lord Viſcount Lonſdale.

His next poetical performance, though not immediately publiſhed, was his *Eſſay on Satire*, in three parts, addreſſed to Warburton, who immediately introduced him to his friend Ralph Allen, Eſq. of Prior Parks, near Bath, to whoſe generoſity he was indebted, at a time when his circumſtances had not raiſed him above pecuniary obligations.

On the 22d of April 1750, he preached a ſermon at the Abbey-Church at Bath, for the benefit of the General Hoſpital, *On the Purſuit of Falſe Pleaſure, and the Miſchiefs of Immoderate Gaming*, which was attended by the ſuppreſſion of the public gaming-tables in that city; an effect which did honour to the preacher's eloquence.

In 1751, his *Eſſay on Satire* was given to the world in the ſecond volume of Warburton's edition of Pope's Works, with which it ſtill continues to be printed, as well as in the third volume of "Dodſley's Collection."

The ſame year, he publiſhed, what may be ſtill regarded as his capital production, his *Eſſays on the Characteriſtics of the Earl of Shafteſbury.* I. *On Ridicule, conſidered as the Teſt of Truth.* II *On the Motives to Virtue, and the Neceſſity of Religious Principle.* III. *On Revealed Religion and Chriſtianity.* The work was dedicated to Mr. Allen, and received by the public with a high degree of applauſe. In the laſt *Eſſay*, he is ſaid to have received conſiderable aſſiſtance from his father. The fifth edition was printed in 1764. Mr. Charles Bulkeley, a Diſſenting Miniſter, publiſhed two pamphlets in vindication of Shafteſbury, in 1751 and 1752, written with ability and ſpirit.

He had a principal hand in the compoſition of an "Eſſay on Muſical Expreſſion," by Mr. Charles Aviſon, which came out in that year, and was well received. To the ſecond edition, which appeared in 1753, was added an ingenious and learned letter to the author concerning the muſic of the ancients, by the late Dr. Jortin, though publiſhed without his name.

In 1754, he printed a ſermon *On the Uſe and Abuſe of Externals in Religion*; in which, while he allows and contends for the great expediency of ceremonials in worſhip, he does not ſeem attached to any particular mode as deſigned to diſtinguiſh particular ſects, but vindicates the outward forms of devotion only ſo far as they are calculated to promote the purpoſes of religion, and the general union of all the profeſſions of Chriſtianity.

About this time, he was promoted by the Earl of Hardwicke to the living of Great Horkeſley in Eſſex, upon the ſolicitation of his ſon the Hon. Charles Yorke, to whom he had been recommended by Warburton.

In 1755, his *Barbaroſſa*, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane. The deſign ſeems borrowed from "Merope." *Zaphira's* diſtreſs and her reſolutions greatly reſemble *Merope's*; and the character of *Barbaroſſa* ſeems to be drawn after *Poliphontes*, with ſome few ſtrokes of *Bajazet*, and the bluſtering monarch in the "Mourning Bride." It met with great ſucceſs in the repreſentation; and, being a play of buſtle and buſineſs, ſtill keeps poſſeſſion of the ſtage. Garrick furniſhed the prologue and epilogue.

The ſame year, he took the degree of Doctor of Divinity at Cambridge.

In 1756, his *Athelſtan*, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Drury-Lane, and was well received by the public, but did not become ſo popular a play as *Barbaroſſa*; and though much the more original and better executed piece of the two, has been ſcarcely heard or thought of ſince its firſt run. It is founded on the Britiſh hiſtory, and has great merit. The ſtruggles and conflicts of various paſſion, which *Athelſtan* is made to undergo, before his paternal and domeſtic affections get the better of a reſentment which had led him into an act of treaſon againſt his prince and country, are finely ſupported, and perhaps ſcarcely excelled in any of our modern tragedies. He did not give his name to the world either with *Barbaroſſa* or *Athelſtan*.

In 1757, he publiſhed his famous *Eſtimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times*, which had a very rapid ſale, ſeven editions of it having been printed in little more than a year. It came out when the minds of the people were extremely depreſſed by ſome unproſperous events, and when, conſequently, they were more ready to liſten to the melancholy, and perhaps too juſt repreſentation of the manners and principles of the nation. The chief deſign of the *Eſtimate* was to ſhow that a vain, luxurious, and ſelfiſh effeminacy, in the higher ranks of life, marked the character of the age; and to point out the effects and ſources of this effeminacy. In the proſecution of his deſign, he certainly diſplayed much ſagacity and ingenuity of obſervation. His characters are ſtrongly marked; and the ſtyle elegant, pointed, and lively; though it muſt likewiſe be acknowledged, that his remarks are ſometimes too minute, and that he writes with too great an air of ſelf-importance. The work, which at firſt met with far more applauſe than cenſure, was in a ſhort time run down by popular clamour: but not anſwered. Several antagoniſts roſe up againſt him, ſome of whom were of very little conſequence. Ralph, in his "Caſe of Authors," was a formidable adverſary. One of the beſt anſwers to the *Eſtimate* was "The Characteriſtics of the Preſent State of Great Britain," written by Dr. Wallace of Edinburgh.

In the ſummer after the *Eſtimate* was publiſhed, as he was one night ſitting alone in Vauxhall Gardens, the following *Impromptu*, with which he was much pleaſed, was ſent him by an unknown hand:

O ſay, thou gracious cenſor of the age,
What can thy ſolitary thoughts engage;
What lures thee thus to pleaſure's golden reign;
Cam'ſt thou like Cato, to go out again:
No! ſent like Raphael from the heavenly powers,
To meet the inhabitants of Eden's bowers,
Welcome, O ſeer! purſue the glorious plan,
To mark the manners, and reform the man.

Cantab.

The teſtimony given by Voltaire, to the effect which the *Eſtimate* had on the conduct of the nation, is very honourable to Brown. " At this time (1756) there appeared a book intitled " An " Eſtimate of the Manners of the Times," of which there was no leſs then five editions printed off in London in the ſpace of three months. In this treatiſe the author proves that the Engliſh nation was entirely degenerated; that it was near its ruin; that its inhabitants were no longer ſo robuſt and hardy as in former times; and that its ſoldiers had loſt their courage. This work rouſed the ſenſibility of the Engliſh nation, and produced the following conſequences: They attacked almoſt at one and the ſame time; all the ſea coaſts of France, and her poſſeſſions in Aſia, Africa, and America."

In 1758, he publiſhed the ſecond volume of his *Eſtimate*, &c. containing ſome additional remarks on the ruling manners and principles, which manifeſted his uſual ingenuity. The ſketches of a great miniſter, and of a political writer, deſigned for Mr. Pitt and himſelf, are very maſterly. But his vanity, which is too conſpicuous in this volume, expoſed him to general cenſure and diſlike; and the prejudices againſt him occaſioned the real excellencies of the work to be very much overlooked. The periodical critics treated him with uncommon ſeverity; and ſuch a multitude of antagoniſts roſe againſt him, ſo many objections were urged upon him by friends as well as enemies, that he ſeems to have been deeply impreſſed, and to have retired for a while into the country, from whence he wrote *An Explanatory Defence of the Eſtimate*, &c. in a ſeries of letters to a noble friend, which ended on his part the affair of the *Eſtimate*, that at firſt gained him an extravagant applauſe, and at length expoſed him to as extravagant cenſure; to the latter of which, though the uprightneſs of his intentions cannot be reaſonably doubted, it muſt be allowed that he contributed by his own indiſcretion.

Between the appearance of the ſecond volume of the *Eſtimate* and *Explanatory Defence*, he republiſhed Walker's " Narrative of the Siege of Londonderry," 8vo, " as an uſeful leſſon to the preſent times, with a prefatory addreſs to the public."

About this time, his friend Dr. Oſbaldeſton preſented him to the vicarage of Newcaſtle upon Tyne, which enabled him to reſign the living of Great Horkeſley to Lord Hardwicke, between whom, as well as Warburton and him, there had ſome time before been a coolneſs. It was probably owing to the influence of the ſame prelate, that he was appointed one of the chaplains in ordinary to his preſent Majeſty. He received no higher preferment, which muſt have been a great mortification to him, as he undoubtedly eſteemed himſelf qualified for the higheſt offices in the church; and his abilities, under proper direction, would have rendered him equal to any ſtation.

In 1760, he publiſhed an *Additional Dialogue of the Dead*, between Pericles and Ariſtides, deſigned to vindicate the political character and conduct of Mr Pitt, againſt ſome hints of diſapprobation thrown out with regard to his meaſures, by Lyttleton, in his " Dialogue between Pericles and Coſmo."

His next publication was *The Cure of Saul, a Sacred Ode*, 4to, 1763, afterwards ſet to muſic, and performed as an oratorio. It was followed, in the ſame year, by *A Diſſertation on the Riſe, Union, and Power, the Progreſſions, Separations, and Corruptions, of Poetry and Muſic*, 4to, one of the moſt pleaſing of his performances. It diſplays great ingenuity, and abounds with critical diſcuſſions, ſome more, ſome leſs happily conducted. But it muſt be confeſſed that he has given free indulgence to fancy and conjecture, and has formed a round and compact ſyſtem out of very ſlender materials. The anonymous writer of " Some Obſervations on Dr. Brown's Diſſertation on the Riſe, Union, &c. of Poetry and Muſic," 4to, pointed out ſeveral of his miſtakes with great critical ſagacity, depth of learning, and ſtrength of judgment, which produced *Remarks on the Obſervations*, &c. 8vo, 1764.

The ſame year, he publiſhed *The Hiſtory of the Riſe and Progreſs of Poetry, through its ſeveral Species*, 8vo, which is no more than the ſubſtance of what was given on the ſame ſubject in the *Diſſertation*, but diveſted of what related ſpecifically to muſic.

It was followed, in the ſame year, by a volume of *Sermons*, dedicated to his patron, Dr. Oſbaldeſton biſhop of London, moſt of which had before been ſeparately printed, and are amongſt the moſt valuable and leaſt exceptionable of his writings. In the three ſermons on education, he has unan-

ſwerably refuted ſome of the poſitions of Rouſſeau and other ſpeculatiſts, and has proved, beyond reaſonable contradiction, the importance, and indeed the neceſſity, of forming the minds of children to early habits of piety and virtue.

In the beginning of 1765, he again reverted to politics, and publiſhed *Thoughts on Civil Liberty, Licentiouſneſs, and Faction*, 8vo, a work which, though drawn up with great parade, and aſſuming a ſcientific form, was in fact little more than a party pamphlet, intended to cenſure the perſons who at that time oppoſed the meaſures of adminiſtration.

His next publication was a *Sermon on the Female Character and Education*, preached May 16. 1765, before the Guardians of the Aſylum for Deſerted Female Orphans. It was intended as a ſequel to the three before publiſhed on the general ſubject of education. His ſentiments on the religious opinions proper to be inſtilled into the minds of children, appear to be liberal. With regard to moral and political principles, he is for having ſuch only inculcated as are clearly built on the precepts of Chriſtianity and the laws of freedom. To the queſtion, "Whether there be any opinions or principles which ought *not* to be tolerated (or ſuffered to be taught) in a well ordered free community?" he replies, that in his judgment there are many opinions or principles tending evidently to the deſtruction of ſociety or freedom, and which therefore ought *not* to be tolerated in a well ordered free community. He gives an inſtance in each of the three capital ſpecies, religious, moral, and political. The inſtances are taken from Locke, and ſupported by that great man's authority; but it may now be obſerved, that a deeper inveſtigation of the ſubject, and a more enlarged experience, have convinced the enlightened part of mankind that toleration may ſafely be extended farther than even Locke imagined.

His laſt publication was *A Letter to the Rev. Dr. Lowth, occaſioned by his Letter to the Right Rev. Author of the Divine Legation of Moſes*, 8vo, 1766, intended to vindicate himſelf againſt the inſinuations of his being one of the extravagant adulators and defenders of Warburton.

At the end of ſeveral of his later writings, he announced a work, intituled, *Principles of Chriſtian Legiſlation*; but he was prevented from publiſhing it by his death.

In 1765, Dr. Dumareſque, who had been invited, in the preceding year, to Ruſſia, by the preſent Empreſs, to give his aſſiſtance in regulating the public ſchools, deſired his advice with regard to the proſecution of the object for which he had been invited to that country. His anſwer, from the ſketch inſerted in the "Biographia," ſtrongly diſplays the greatneſs and extent of his ideas; though, inſtead of confining himſelf to the eſtabliſhment of ſchools, which was all that was required of him, he ſeemed to conſider himſelf as called out to compile a code of laws, and to be the civilizer, and indeed the legiſlator, of the whole Ruſſian empire.

The Empreſs, however, was ſo much pleaſed with it, that ſhe invited him to her court, and ordered him 1000 l. for his expences. He accepted the offer, and actually prepared for his journey; but finding his health in too precarious a ſtate to admit of his fulfilling his intention, he was obliged to relinquiſh it. He therefore returned 200 l. that had been advanced, deducting only 97 l. 6 s. for ſome extraordinary expences, and wrote a long letter to the Empreſs, which does great honour to his abilities, and in which he confines himſelf chiefly to the ſubject of education.

This diſappointment, concurring with his ſtate of health in general, and accompanied perhaps with the recollection of the other failures that had happened to him in his expectations and wiſhes, was followed by a dejection of ſpirits, which he had been often ſubject to. In an interval of deprivation of reaſon, he was prompted to do violence to himſelf; and, on the 23d of September, cut his throat with a razor, ſo effectually, that death ſpeedily enſued, in the 51ſt year of his age.

His unhappy end, when ſome previous circumſtances of his life are conſidered, will caſt no ſtain on his character. He had a tendency to inſanity in his conſtitution, and from his early life had been ſubject at times to ſome diſorder in his brain, at leaſt to melancholy in its exceſs. Mrs. Gilpin of Carliſle, ſoon after his death, wrote in the following terms, in a letter to a friend: "His diſtemper was a frenzy, to which he had by fits been long ſubject, to my own knowledge above thirty years. Had it not been for Mr. Fariſh (a worthy clergyman of Carliſle), frequently, and once myſelf, the ſame event would have happened to him long ago. It was no premeditated purpoſe in him; for he abhorred the thought of ſelf-murder, and in bitterneſs of ſoul expreſſed his

fears to me, that one time or other ſome ready miſchief might preſent itſelf to him at a time when he was wholly deprived of his reaſon."

Beſides the works which have been mentioned, Brown publiſhed a poem on *Liberty*, in folio, 1758, which the diligence of the preſent writer has not been able to procure; two or three anonymous pamphlets; *A Deſcription of Keſwick*, in a letter to Lyttleton, and a ſhort paper, intituled, *The Jeſuits*, preſerved in the "Biographia."

In his will, he requeſts that the Rev. Nathaniel Clayton of St. John's Church, Newcaſtle, the Rev. Mr. Darrel, Percival Clennel, Eſq. and Joſeph Airey, Eſq. would reviſe and correct the manuſcript intituled *Principles of Legiſlation*; and, as the copy of it was in ſome places interlined and obſcure, he deſires that they will make it out according to the beſt of their judgment, and the tenor of the argument. He ordered likewiſe, in his will, that all his writings already publiſhed ſhould be republiſhed, together with the addition of ſuch manuſcripts and copies as were mentioned in a particular paper, and that they ſhould be publiſhed in ſeven volumes, in the order and manner deſcribed in that paper. The reviſion and ſuperintendence of the publication he recommended to the four gentlemen above mentioned. The property of his works, thus publiſhed, he bequeathed to the Rev. William Hall, ſon to the Rev. Mark Hall, upon condition that he aſſiſted the aforeſaid gentlemen, by taking the principal part of the trouble upon himſelf, and by acting according to their opinion and directions, and upon condition that he employed Mr. Lockyer Davis in Holburn, London, as the bookſeller for the ſale of the firſt edition, and allowed him one half of the clear profits of that edition. The reaſons why the orders of his will have not been carried into execution, are not aſſigned. The *Principles of Chriſtian Legiſlation*, at leaſt, might have appeared, without any danger of loſs to the proprietor.

His *Poems*, diſperſed up and down in the "Miſcellanies," are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

With regard to the general character of Brown, it will be eaſily diſcerned that he was a man of uncommon ingenuity, and that it was unfortunately tinctured with an undue degree of ſelf-opinion. Perhaps the bias of his mind to inſanity will aſſign the beſt cauſe, as well as form the beſt excuſe for the errors he has been charged with in this reſpect. His genius was extenſive; for, beſides his being ſo elegant a proſe writer in various kinds of compoſition, he was a poet, a muſician, and a painter. He bequeathed, by his will, the pictures of his father and mother, painted in crayons by himſelf. He played well on ſeveral inſtruments. His learning does not appear to have been equal to his genius. His invention was indeed inexhauſtible; which led him to form magnificent plans, which required a greater extent of erudition than he was poſſeſſed of, fully to execute. In divinity, properly ſo called, as including an extenſive knowledge of the controverted points of theology, and a critical acquaintance with the ſcriptures, he was not deeply converſant. However, it appears from his *Sermons*, that his ideas of this kind were liberal, and that he did not lay much ſtreſs on the diſputed doctrines of Chriſtianity. His temper, it is ſaid, was ſuſpicious, and ſometimes threw him into diſagreeable altercations with his friends. But this aroſe in a great meaſure, if not entirely, from his conſtitutional diſorder; for it has been obſerved, that a very ſuſpicious turn of mind is one of the ſureſt prognoſtics of lunacy. He has been charged with ſhifting about too ſpeedily with a view to preferment; and it muſt be acknowledged, that his *Thoughts on Civil Liberty, Licentiouſneſs, and Faction*, ſeemed to have ſomething of that appearance. He has, however, in that performance, endeavoured to remove any charge of that nature, by obſerving, that if he had indirectly cenſured thoſe whom he had formerly applauded, he never was attached to *men* but *meaſures*. At the concluſion, likewiſe, of his *Letter to Dr. Lowth*, he ſays, "I am, and ever have been, conſcious of the *independence* of my mind, and I hope I may without vanity add, the *integrity* of my heart" Such, too, is the teſtimony given of him by his ſurviving friends. Upon the whole, his defects, which chiefly aroſe from too ſanguine a temperament of conſtitution, were compenſated by many excellencies and virtues.

With reſpect to his proſe writings, they are all of them elegant. Even thoſe which are of a more temporary nature, may moſt of them continue to be read with pleaſure, as containing a variety of curious obſervation; and others of his works, being calculated for a more laſting duration, will tranſmit his name with conſiderable reputation to future times.

As a poet, his compositions are chiefly characterised by elegance of diction, manliness of sentiment, facility of expression, and harmony of numbers. The design of his poem intituled *Honour* is to show that true honour can only be found in virtue; and, in support of so just a doctrine, he advances many excellent sentiments, delivered in elegant and accurate versification. His *Essay on Satire* is very properly printed with Pope's works, as it is written, in many parts, with an elegance, correctness, spirit, and harmony, which rival the best productions of that celebrated poet. In the third part of the *Essay*, in which he celebrates the most eminent satirists, he has drawn Pope's poetical character to great advantage.

But see, at length, the British genius smile,
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd isle:
Behold for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
And centres every poet's power in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing guilt and dullness lothe the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here vice, dragg'd forth by truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While self-seen virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind!
Who yonder stars effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god, unless the god inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope; to make thy genius known.
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her bard majestic wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At fancy's call, who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore,
And bless mankind with virtue's sacred store
A nobler joy than wit can give, impart;
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But genius, fir'd by truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits and exalts the mind;
Mildly dispels each wintery passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given.
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heaven.
Hail, bard unequall'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze.
Did friendship e'er mislead thy wandering muse?
That friendship sure may plead the great excuse:

That ſacred friendſhip which inſpir'd thy ſong,
Fair in deſect, and amiably wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt virtue, when it flows from love.

In his *Cure of Saul*, he has attempted to expreſs the various powers of that muſic whereby the Iſraelitiſh ſhepherd charmed his unhappy prince If this ſacred ode does not ariſe to the poetry and harmony of Dryden's "St. Cecilia," it has, nevertheleſs, allowance being made for a few exceptions, no ſmall degree of beauty and merit, and ranks with the moſt diſtinguiſhed lyric compoſitions. In the ſtanza beginning, *By ſleepleſs terror Saul poſſeſs'd*, the dreadful images of terror and diſtraction are well ſuſtained, and the meaſure of the verſe happily correſponds with the imagery. The laſt line is incorrect and inflated. In the ſtanza beginning *Sunk on his couch, and lothing day*, we are pleaſed to find the divine muſician ſo affected with the miſeries of the monarch, as to *drop a generous tear*, and his ready addreſs to the Almighty is well conceived. The ſtanza beginning *Hark, loud diſcord breaks her c ain*, is adequately expreſſed, except the laſt line, which is too feeble The harmony and imagery of the following paſſages are equally beautiful, and appear, to the preſent writer, to be faultleſs throughout.

Lead the ſoothing verſe along:
He feels, he feels the power of ſong.
Ocean haſtens to his bed:
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head:
Down his ſteep and ſhaggy ſide
The torrent rolls his thundering tide;
Then ſmooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majeſtic waters to the diſtant main.
Flocks and herds the hills adorn;
The lark high-ſoaring, hails the morn.
And while along yon crimſon-clouded ſteep
The flow ſun ſteals into the golden deep,
Hark! the ſolemn nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale.
See deſcending angels ſhower
Heaven's own bliſs on Eden's bower:
Peace on nature's lap repoſes;
Pleaſure ſtrews her guiltleſs roſes;
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with innocence and love.
Hail, happy l ve, with innocence combin'd!
All hail ye ſinleſs parents of mankind!

The paſſage that follows this, and, for the inſtruction of the monarch, repreſents the miſeries of our firſt parents as the conſequence of their guilt, has likewiſe many beauties. The unhappy king could not but apply this part of the ſong to himſelf.

—With pride, and ſhame, and anguiſh torn,
Shot fury from his eyes, and ſcorn.
The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,
(So ſtill ſhould virtue guilty power engage)
With brow undaun'ed met his rage.
See, his cheek kindles into generous fire:
Stern he bends him o'e· his lyre;
And, while the doom of guilt he ſings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd ſtrings.

Nothing can be more happily expreſſive than the laſt line: we almoſt tremble while we read it. Some exceptionable paſſages might be pointed out; but they are excuſable, *ubi plura nitent*

"The muſic to the *Cure of Saul*," Sir John Hawkins obſerves "when it was performed as an oratorio, was partly ſelected by Brown, from ſuch favourite movements in the works of the moſt celebrated compoſers as would beſt expreſs the ſenſe of the words. He took, in particular, for a ſolo air, the ſaraband in the eighth ſonata of Purcell's ſecond opera; and, for the chorus, that moſt admirable movement in Purcell's "O give thanks," "Remember me, O Lord;" and any ſtranger would have thought that the muſic had been originally compoſed for the ode."

THE WORKS OF BROWN.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WARBURTON.

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PART I.

FATE gave the word: the cruel arrow sped;
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead!
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
That quench'd its rage in yours and Britain's heart:
You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in rest profound,
(Unconscious Britain)! slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the signal, guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With unextinguishable rage they burn; 11
And snake-hung envy hisses o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.
But you, O Warburton! whose eye refin'd
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a pure delight;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there;
You trace the chain that links his deep design, 21
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence his and satire's generous end.
In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory, or the dread of shame: 30
The passion one, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And only fly, that glory may pursue:

She, power reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly ſhade,
And ſways alike the ſceptre and the ſpade.
Thus Heaven in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the manna ſent him from the ſkies:
With raptures hears corrupted paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd ſubſtance quits the true;
Eager to catch the viſionary prize,
In queſt of glory plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praiſe he pants to gain.
Thus ſtill imperious nature plies her part;
And ſtill her dictates work in every heart.
Each power that ſovereign nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er deſtroy.
Like mighty rivers with reſiſtleſs force
The paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe virtues which they fed before.
And ſure, the deadlieſt foe to virtue's flame,
Our worſt of evils, is perverted ſhame.
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled ſlaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakneſs, intereſt, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Tir'd in the treacherous chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The demon ſhame paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "The world will call you 'fool'"
Behold yon wretch, by impious faſhion driven,
Believes and trembles, while he ſcoffs at Heaven.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path Spinoza trod;
To man a coward, and a brave to God.
Faith, juſtice, Heaven itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe fame the captive heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs Cato dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaſte Lucretia's innocence betray'd
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When paſſions born her friends revolt her foes.
Hence ſatire's power: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad ambition to be wiſe:
In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes towering pride and lawleſs rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on virtue's awful head.
Nor boaſts the muſe a vain imagin'd power,
Though oft ſhe mourns thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding fops reſign the clouded cane:
Huſh'd at her voice, pert folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From poiſonous vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades ſecurely wrapp'd in wiles!
And force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The ſtream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for power too ſtrong.
Ev'n fair religion, native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, ſeek refuge with the wiſe;
The crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And mercy courts, and juſtice frowns in vain.
But ſatire's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a ruling paſſion on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the battery of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd people's groan,
Bold ſatire ſhakes the tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as death, defies the ſordid train,
And ſlaves and ſycophants ſurround in vain
But with the friends of vice, the foes of ſatire,
All truth is ſpleen; all juſt reproof, ill-nature.
Well may they dread the muſe's fatal ſkill:
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids vice and folly take their natural ſhapes,
Turns ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whiſperer from his dark abode,
Till all the demon ſtarts up from the toad.
O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of virtue wakes her ſcorn of vice:
Where juſtice calls, 'tis cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the law's good nature hangs the knave.
Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of ſatire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than ſatire's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as that to bleſs was giv'n;
Alike the faithful miniſters of heaven
Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Though ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are pain'd, who merit ſatire moſt;
Folly the Laureat's, vice was Charteris' boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft ſatire acts the faithful ſurgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Though folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.

Then ſure no fault impartial ſatire knows.
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to virtue's foes.
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs;
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

Dare nobly then: but conſcious of your truſt,
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degenerate days:
The villan's cenſure is extorted praiſe.
But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhow mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As ſoplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame!
Fell raviſher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poiſon in thy heart.
With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon aſks an eagle's eye:
Let ſatire then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind ridicule conceives a jeſt:
Before whoſe altar virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led:
Lo Shafteſbury rears her high on reaſon's throne,
And loads the ſlave with honours not her own:
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Profaneneſs ſpawns, pert dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And own the idiot guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' muſty rule,
Who therefore ſmil'd, becauſe they ſaw a fool;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We therefore ſee a fool, becauſe we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each ſurly academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work Herculean wonders through the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, ſhall rage in vain,
In vain the trackleſs maze of truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man:
No more ſhall reaſon boaſt her power divine,
Her baſe eternal ſhook by folly's mine!
Truth's ſacred fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win;
And coxcombs vanquiſh Berkely by a grin.
But you more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is ne'er explor'd by ridicule;
On truth, on falſehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad adventurer: bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide;
Then mirth may urge, when reaſon can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to ſhore.
Though diſtant times may riſe in ſatire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the preſent age:
With wiſdom's luſtre, folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning manners by the paſt:
Bid Britain's heroes (awful ſhades)! ariſe,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the ſons bluſh at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
When low-born ſharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falſify'd the card, or cogg'd the dye;
Ere lewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of honour wore,
Or chaſtity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom dreſs'd;
Or public ſpirit was the public jeſt.
Be ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair ſatire to a ſcold:
Let no unworthy mien her form debaſe,
But let her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
In mirth be temperate, temperate in her ſpleen;
Nor, while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
Nor call his Lordſhip ——, her Grace a ——:
The muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
When wrapp'd in irony's tranſparent veil:
Her beauties half-conceal'd, the more ſurpriſe,
And keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Style Clodius honourable, Buſa chaſte.
Dart not on folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er diſcharg'd artillery on a fly?
Deride not vice: abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When folly feels her ſmile, and vice her frown.
Know next what meaſures to each theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the ſkies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious peer,
That mounts the box, and ſhines a charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of camps and ſenates diſciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades,
And carries off the captive king—of ſpades!

Let satire here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line;
Bid courtly passion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.
Not so when virtue by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the muse's aid;
When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd chastity with tears retires;
When rank adultery on the genial bed
Hot from Cocytus rears her baleful head;
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state;
When giant vice and irreligion rise
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies;
Then warmer numbers glow through satire's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle wing she gains Parnassus' height,
Not lofty epic soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
Yet satire oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on virtue's friends a smile serene!
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief, when virtue, learning, arts decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine;
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
With joys she sees the stream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart;
Sees Yorke to fame, ere yet to manhood known,
And just to every virtue but his own;
Hears unstain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
A sage's, critic's, and a poet's name;
Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend;
To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view,
And culls each flower, to form a wreath for you.
But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round;
Truth be your guide, disdain ambition's call,
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis virtue's native lustre that must shine;
The poet can but set it in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?
Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.
Nor think the muse by satire's law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man.
And great the toil the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolsey or a Cromwell rise;
Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.
Here sweet or strong may every colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

Through ages thus has satire keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
This muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
First on the sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next avenging satire flew:
The flaming faulchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntless warmth in virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
Politely fly, cajol'd the foes of sense;
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But, while he sported, drove it to the heart.
In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Enflame bold Juvenal's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.
But, lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln luxury!—pale ruin stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring, and ravage every flower,
So barbarous millions spread contagious death:
The sickening laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer genius woo'd the nine to love,
But dullness nodded in the muse's grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.
At length again fair science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant folly in her cell!
(In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.

'Twas then plain Donne in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was proſe:
He 'midſt an age of puns and pedants wrote,
With genuine ſenſe, and Roman ſtrength of thought.
Yet ſcarce had ſatire well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the muſe records her country's ſhame)
Ere Britain ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous wit began her war with ſenſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinſel beauty ſhine:
Wit's ſhatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the ſight.
Dry morals the court-poet bluſh'd to ſing;
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay "the oddeſt thing."
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a patron's nod,
To martyr virtue, or blaſpheme his God.
Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in thee?
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low creeping in the putrid ſink of vice:
A muſe whom wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of power, the proſtitute to gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair virtue's form alone,
To ſtrumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrivall'd parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And genius riſe, a monument of ſhame!
More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported genius with a ſage's care:
Him with her love propitious ſatire bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and ſenſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs judgment guides the pureſt fire.
But ſee at length the Britiſh genius ſmile,
And ſhower her bounties o'er her favour'd iſle:
Behold for Pope ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centres every poet's power in one:
Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.
Deſpairing guilt and dullneſs lothe the ſight,
As ſpectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here vice, dragg'd forth by truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While ſelf-ſeen virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joys ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers, ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the poet's mind!
Who yonder ſtars effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god, unleſs the god inſpire?
What catch the lightning, but the ſpeed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her bard majeſtic wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and triſle in the gale:
Sublimer views thy daring ſpirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs mankind with virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than wit can give impart,
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But genius, fir'd by truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wintery paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal Pope, to thee be given,
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heaven.
Hail, bard unequall'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did friendſhip e'er miſlead thy wandering muſe?
That friendſhip ſure may plead the great excuſe:
That ſacred friendſhip which inſpir'd thy ſong,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt virtue when it flows from love.
Ye deathleſs names, ye ſons of endleſs praiſe,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, ſhall an artleſs muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton, inſpir'd by you,
The daring muſe a nobler path purſue,
By you inſpir'd, on trembling pinions ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page;
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair truth, deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe but thine.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound;
And daſh the ſmoking cenſor to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed bards may ſee
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in infamy.

THE CURE OF SAUL.

A SACRED ODE.

"VENGEANCE, ariſe from thy infernal bed;
"And pour thy tempeſt on his guilty head!"
Thus Heaven's decree, in thunder's ſound,
Shook the dark abyſs profound.——
The unchain'd furies come!
Pale melancholy ſtalks from hell:
Th' abortive offſpring of her womb,
Deſpair and anguiſh round her yell.
By ſleepleſs terror Saul poſſeſs'd,
Deep feels the fiend within his tortur'd breaſt;

Midnight ſpectres round him howl:
Before his eyes
In troops they riſe;
And ſeas of horror overwhelm his ſoul.

Haſte! to Jeſſe's ſon repair;
He beſt can ſweep the lyre,
Wake the ſolemn-ſounding air,
And lead the vocal choir:
On every ſtring ſoft-breathing raptures dwell,
To ſooth the throbbings of the troubled breaſt:
Whoſe magic voice can bid the tides of paſſion ſwell,
Or lull the raging ſtorm to reſt.

Sunk on his couch, and loathing day,
The heaven-forſaken monarch lay:
To the ſad couch the ſhepherd now drew near;
And, while th' obedient choir ſtood round,
Prepar'd to catch the ſoul-commanding ſound,
He dropp'd a generous tear.——
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart!
For lo, thy poiſon'd arrows drink his heart!

The mighty ſong from chaos roſe.—
Around his throne the formleſs atoms ſleep,
And drowzy darkneſs broods upon the deep.—
Confuſion, wake!
Bid the realms of chaos ſhake!
Rouſe him from his dread repoſe!
Hark! loud diſcord breaks her chain:
The hoſtile atoms claſh with deaf'ning roar:
Her hoarſe voice thunders through the drear domain;
And kindles every element to war.—
"Tumult ceaſe!
"Sink to peace!
"Let there be light!"—th' Almighty ſaid:
And lo, the radiant ſun,
Flaming from his orient bed,
His endleſs courſe begun,
See, the twinkling pleiads riſe:
Thy ſtar, Orion, reddens in the ſkies:
While flow around the northern plain
Arcturus wheels his nightly wane.

Thy glories, too, refulgent moon, he ſung;
Thy myſtic mazes, and thy changeful ray;
O faireſt of the ſtarry throng!
Thy ſolemn orb of light
Guides the triumphant car of night
O'er ſilver clouds, and ſheds a ſofter day!

Ye planets, and each circling conſtellation,
In ſongs harmonious tell your generation!
Oh, while yon radiant ſeraph turns the ſpheres,
And on the ſtedfaſt pole-ſtar ſtands ſublime;
Wheel your rounds
To heavenly ſounds;
And ſooth his ſong-enchanted ears
With your celeſtial chime.

In dumb ſurpriſe the liſt'ning monarch lay;
(His woe ſuſpended by ſweet muſic's ſway)!
And awe ſtruck, with upliſted eye
Mus'd on the new-born wonders of the ſky.

Lead the ſoothing verſe along:
He feels, he feels the power of ſong—
Ocean haſtens to his bed:
The lab'ring mountain rears his rock-encumber'd head:
Down his ſteep and ſhaggy ſide
The torrent rolls his thundering tide;
Then ſmooth and clear, along the fertile plain
Winds his majeſtic waters to the diſtant main.
Flocks and herds the hills adorn:
The lark, high-ſoaring, hails the morn.
And while along yon crimſon-clouded ſteep
The ſlow ſun ſteals into the golden deep,
Hark! the ſolemn nightingale
Warbles to the woodland dale.
See, deſcending angels ſhower
Heaven's own bliſs on Eden's bower:
Peace on nature's lap repoſes;
Pleaſure ſtrews her guiltleſs roſes:
Joys divine in circles move,
Link'd with innocence and love.
Hail, happy love, with innocence combin'd!
All hail, ye ſinleſs parents of mankind!

They paus'd;—the monarch, proſtrate on his bed,
Submiſſive, bow'd his head;
Ador'd the works of boundleſs power divine:
Then, anguiſh-ſtruck, he cry'd (and ſmote his breaſt)
Why, why is peace the welcome gueſt
Of every heart but mine!

Now let the ſolemn numbers flow,
Till he feel that guilt is woe.
Heavenly harp, in mournful ſtrain
O'er yon weeping bower complain:
What ſounds of bitter pangs I hear!
What lamentations wound mine ear!
In vain, devoted pair, theſe tears ye ſhed:
Peace with innocence is fled.
The meſſengers of grace depart:
Death glares, and ſhakes the dreadful dart!
Ah, whither fly ye, by yourſelves abhorr'd,
To ſhun that frowning cherub's fiery ſword!—
Lo!
Hapleſs, hapleſs pair,
Goaded by deſpair,
Forlorn, through deſert climes they go!
Wake, my lyre! can pity ſleep
When heaven is mov'd, and angels weep!
Flow, ye melting numbers, flow,
Till he feel that guilt is woe.—

The king, with pride, and ſhame, and anguiſh torn,
Shot fury from his eyes and ſcorn.
The glowing youth,
Bold in truth,
(So ſtill ſhould virtue guilty power engage)
With brow undaunted met his rage.
See, his cheek kindles into generous fire:
Stern he bends him o'er his lyre;
And, while the doom of guilt he ſings,
Shakes horror from the tortur'd ſtrings.

What ſounds of terror and diſtreſs
Rend yon howling wilderneſs!
The dreadful thunders ſound;
The forked lightnings flaſh along the ground.

Why yawns that deep'ning gulf below?—
'Tis for heaven's rebellious foe:—
Fly, ye sons of Israel, fly,
Who dwells in Korah's guilty tents must die!
They sink!—Have mercy, Lord!—Their cries
In dreadful tumult rise!
Hark, from the deep their loud laments I hear!
They lessen now, and lessen on the ear!
Now destruction's strife is o'er!
The countless host
For ever lost! [more!—
The gulf is clos'd!—Their cries are heard no

But oh, my lyre, what accents can relate
Sinful man's appointed fate!
He comes, he comes! th' avenging God!
Clouds and darkness round him roll:
Tremble, earth! ye mountains, nod!
He bows the skies, and shakes the pole.
The gloomy banners of his wrath unfurl'd,
He calls the floods, to drown a guilty world:
"Ruin, lift thy baleful head;
"Rouse the guilty world from sleep:
"Lead up thy billows from their cavern'd bed, [deep."—
"And burst the rocks that chain thee in the
Now, th' impetuous torrents rise;
The hoarse-ascending deluge roars:
Down rush the cataracts from the skies;
The swelling waves o'erwhelms the shores.
Just, O God, is thy decree!
Shall guilty man contend with thee!
Lo, hate and envy, sea-entomb'd,
And rage with lust in ruin sleep;
And scoffing luxury is doom'd,
To glut the vast and ravenous deep!—
In vain from fate th' astonish'd remnant flies:—
"Shrink, ye rocks! ye oceans, rise!"—
The tottering cliffs no more the floods controul;
Sea following sea ingulfs the ball:
O'er the sunk hills the wat'ry mountains roll,
And wide destruction swallows all:
Now fiercer let th' impassi n'd numbers glow:
Swell the song, ye mighty choir!
Wing your dreadful darts with fire!
Hear me, monarch!—Guilt is woe!

Thus while the frowning shepherd pour'd along
The deep impetuous torrent of his song;
Saul, stung by dire despair,
Gnash'd his teeth, and tore his hair:
From his blood, by horror chill'd,
A cold and agonizing sweat distill'd:
Then, foaming with unutterable smart,
He aim'd a dagger at his heart.
His watchful train prevent the blow;
And call each lenient balm to sooth his frantic woe:
But pleas'd, the shepherd now beheld
His pride by Heaven's own terrors quell'd,
Then bade his potent lyre controul
The mighty storm that rent his soul.

Cease your cares: the body's pain
A sweet relief may find
But gums and lenient balms are vain,
To heal the wounded mind.

Come, fair repentance, from the skies,
O fainted maid, with upcast eyes!
Descend, in thy celestial shroud,
Vested in a weeping cloud!
Holy guide, descend, and bring
Mercy from th' Eternal King!
To his soul your beams impart,
And whisper comfort to his heart!—

They come: O king, thine ear incline!
Listen to their voice divine:
Their voice shall every pang compose,
To gentle sorrow sooth thy woes;
Till each pure with to heaven shall soar,
And peace return, to part no more!

Behold, obedient to their great command,
The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand:
Smooth'd is his brow, where sullen care
And furrow'd horror couch'd with fell despair:
No more his eyes with fury glow;
But heavenly grief succeeds to hell-born woe.—
See, the signs of grace appear:
See the soft relenting tear,
Trickling at sweet mercy's call!
Catch it, angels, ere it fall!
And let the heart-sent offering rise,
Heaven's best-accepted sacrifice!—

Yet, yet again?—Ah see, the pang returns!
Again with inward fire his heaving bosom burns!
Now, shepherd, wake a mightier strain;
Search the deep, heart-rending pain;
Till the large floods of sorrow roll,
And quench the tortures of his soul.
Almighty Lord, accept his pang sincere!
Let heavenly hope dispel each dark temptation!
And, while he pours the penetential tear,
O visit him with thy salvation.——

Stoop from heaven, ye raptur'd throng:
Sink, ye swelling tides of song!
For lo! dissolv'd by music's melting power,
Celestial sorrow rolls her plenteous shower,
O'er his wan cheek the colours rise;
And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
Happy king, thy woes are o'er!
Thy God shall wound thy soul no more!
The pitying Father of mankind
Meets the pure returning mind.

No more shall black despair afflict his soul:
Each gentler sound, ye shepherds, now combine:
Sweetly let the numbers roll:
Sooth him into hope divine.
Now lowly let the rustic measure glide.
To quell the dark remains of self-consuming pride,
Till nature's home-sprung blessings he confess,
And own that calm content is happiness.——
Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains!
Haunted grots, and living fountains!
Listen to your shepherd's lay,
Whose artless carols close the day.
Bounding kids around him throng;
The steep rock echoes back his song:
While all unseen to mortal eye,
Sliding down the evening sky,

Holy peace, though born above,
Daughter of innocence and love,
Quits her throne and manſion bright,
Her crown of ſtars, and robe of light,
Serene, in gentle ſmiles array'd,
To dwell beneath his palm-tree ſhade.
Hail, meek angel! awful gueſt!
Still pour thy radiance o'er my breaſt!
Pride and hate in courts may ſhine:
The ſhepherd's calm and blameleſs tent is thine!---

Softly, ſoftly breathe your numbers;
And wrap his weary'd ſoul in ſlumbers;
Gentle ſleep, becalm his breaſt,
And cloſe his eyes in healing reſt!
Deſcend, celeſtial viſions, ye who wait,
God's miniſtring powers, at Heaven's eternal gate!
Ye, who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the ſilent realms of ſleep,
Exalt the juſt to joys refin'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind;
Deſcend!---Oh, waft him to the ſkies,
And open all heaven's glories to his eyes!
Beyond yon ſtarry roof, by ſeraphs trod,
Where light's unclouded fountains blaze;
Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
Entranc'd in eccſtaſy of ceaſeleſs praiſe.
Angels, heal his anguiſh!
Your harps and voices join!
His grief to bliſs ſhall languiſh,
When ſooth'd by ſounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy, each feature glows!
See the bliſsful tear o'erflows!
The fiend is fled!---Let muſic's rapture riſe:
Now harmony, thy every nerve employ:
Shake the dome, and pierce the ſkies:
Wake him, wake him into joy.---

What power can every paſſion's throne controul?
What power can boaſt the charm divine,
To ſtill the tempeſt of the ſoul?
Celeſtial harmony, that mighty charm is thine!
She, heavenly-born, came down to viſit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all-creative wiſdom ſhone,
And ſpake fair order into birth.
At wiſdom's call ſhe rob'd yon glittering ſkies,
Attun'd the ſpheres, and taught conſenting orbs to riſe.
Angels wrapt in wonder ſtood,
And ſaw that all was fair, and all was good.
'Twas then, ye ſons of God, in bright array
Ye ſhouted o'er creation's day;
Then kindling into joy,
The morning ſtars together ſung;
And through the vaſt ethereal ſky
Seraphic hymns and loud hoſannahs rung.

ON HONOUR.

TO THE LORD VISCOUNT LONSDALE.

Hic manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera paſſi;
Quique ſacerdotes caſti dum vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
Quique ſui memores alios facere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur tempora vita. VIRG.

——— Who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? SHAKSP.

Yes: all, my lord, uſurp fair honour's fame,
Though falſe as various be the boaſted claim:
Th' ambitious miſer ſwells his boundleſs ſtore,
And dreads that higheſt ſcandal to be poor;
His wiſer heir derides the dotard's aim,
And bids profuſion bribe him into fame.
Oft honour, perching on the ribbon'd breaſt,
Sneers at weak juſtice, and defies th' arreſt:
She dwells exulting on the tongues of kings;
She wakes the muſe to flight, and plumes her wings;
The ſoldier views it on the ſhining blade;
The pedant 'midſt the lumber in his head.
She to ſell treaſon the diſguiſe can lend,
And ſheath her ſword remorſeleſs in a friend:
Her throne's fantaſtic pride, we often ſee,
Rear'd on the tombs of truth and honeſty;
Fops, templars courtiers, ſlaves, cheats, patriots, all
Pretend to hear, and to obey her call.
Where fix, we then?---Each boaſting thus his own.
Say, does *true* honour dwell with all or none?
The truth, my lord, is clear: though impious pride
Be ever ſelf-ador'd, ſelf-deify'd;
Though fools by paſſion or ſelf-love betray'd,
Fall down and worſhip what themſelves have made;
Still does the goddeſs, in her form divine,
O'er each grim idol eminently ſhine;
Array'd in laſting majeſty, is known [one.
Through every clime and age, unchang'd, and
But how explor'd?---Take reaſon for your guide,
Diſcard ſelf-love; ſet paſſion's glaſs aſide;
Nor view her with the jaundic'd eye of pride.

Ver. 1. In this and the ſucceeding verſes, the various pretences of mankind to honour and fame are enumerated.---The lines themſelves are imitated from the following, in the 11th Satire of Boileau:

Oui, l' honneur, Valincour, eſt chéri dans le monde---
L' Ambitieux le met ſouvent à tout brûler;
L' Avare, à voir chez le pactole rouler;
Un faux brave, à vanter ſa proueſſe frivole.

Ver. 21. Though they be thus inconſtant and contradictory, yet true honour is a thing fixed and determinate.

Un vrai fourbe, à jamais ne gârder ſa parole;
Ce poëte, à noircir d' inſipides papiers;
Ce Marquis, à ſavoir frauder ſes créanciers.---
Interrogeons marchands, financiers, gens de guerre,
Courtiſans, magiſtrats: chez eux, ſi je les croi;
L'intérêt ne peut rien, l' honneur ſeul fait la loi.

Yet judge not rashly from a partial view
Of what is wrong or right, or false or true;
Objects too near deceive th' observer's eye;
Examine those which at a distance lie.
Scarce is the structure's harmony descry'd
'Midst the tall column's, and gay order's pride;
But tow'rd the destin'd point your sight remove,
And this shall lessen still, and that improve,
New beauties gain upon your wond'ring eyes,
And the fair whole in just proportion rise.
Thus honour's true proportions best are seen,
Where the due length of ages lie between:
This separates pride from greatness, show from worth,
Detects false beauty, real grace calls forth;
Points out what merits praise, what merits blame,
Sinks in disgrace, or rises into fame.
Come then, from past examples, let us prove,
What raises hate, contempt, esteem, or love.
Can greatness give true honour? can expence?
Can luxury? or can magnificence?
Wild is the purpose, and the fruitless aim,
Like a vile prostitute to bribe fair fame;
Persuasive splendour vainly tempts her ear,
And e'en all potent gold is baffled here.
Ye pyramids, that once could threat the skies,
Aspiring tow'rs, and cloud-wrapt wonders rise!
To latest age your founder's pride proclaim;
Record the tyrant's greatness; tell his name;
No more:—The treacherous brick and mould'ring stone
Are sunk in dust: the boasting title gone;
Pride's trophies swept by time's devouring flood;
Th' inscription want, to tell where once they stood.
But could they rival nature, time defy,
Yet what record but vice or vanity?
His the true glory, though his name unknown,
Who taught the arch to swell: to rise, the stone;
Not his, whose wild command fair art obey'd,
Whilst folly dictated, or passion sway'd.
No: spite of greatness, pride and vice are seen,
Shameful in pomp, conspicuously mean.
In vain, O Studley, thy proud forests spread;
In vain each gilded turret rears its head;
In vain thy lord commands the stream to fall,
Extends the view, or spreads the smooth canal,
While guilt's black train each conscious walk invade,
And cries of orphans haunt him in the shade.
Mistaken man! by crimes to hope for fame!
Thy imag'd glory leads to real shame:
Is villany self-hated? thus to raise
Upbraiding monuments of foul disgrace?
Succeeding times, and ages yet unborn,
Shall view the guilty scenes with honest scorn;
Disdain each beauty thy proud folly plann'd,
And curse the labours of oppression's hand.
Next view the hero in th' embattled field;
True honour's fruit can conquest's laurel yield?
Him only honour'd, only lov'd we find,
Who fights not to destroy, but save mankind:
Pelides' fury may our wonder move,
But godlike Hector is the man we love.
See William's sword a tyrant's pride disarm;
See Lewis trembling under Marlb'ro's arm:
Say, which to human kind are friends or foes;
And who detests not these, and loves not those?
Conquest unjust can ne'er command applause;
'Tis not the victory charms you, but the cause:
Not Cæsar's self can feign the patriot's part,
Nor his false virtues hide his poison'd heart;
But round thy brows the willing laurels twine,
Whose voice wak'd freedom in the savage mine!
Yes: truly glorious, only great is he,
Who conquers, or who bleeds for libery.
"Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
"From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."
Like baleful comets flaming in the skies,
At destin'd times th' appointed scourges rise;
Awhile in streaming lustre sweep along,
And fix in wonder's gaze th' admiring throng;
But reason's eye detects the spurious ray,
And the false blaze of glory dies away.
Now all th' aërial cells of wit explore;
The mazy rounds of science travel o'er;
Search all the deep recesses of the mind;
And see, if there true honour sit enshrin'd.
Alas, nor wit nor science this can boast,
Oft dash'd with error, oft in caprice lost!
Transient as bright the short-liv'd bubbles fly!
And modes of wit, and modes of science die.
See Rab'lais once the idol of the age;
Yet now neglected lies the smutty page!

Ver. 29. If we would form an impartial judgment of what is truly honourable, we must abstract all considerations which regard ourselves.

Ver. 32. Not only so, but we must remove ourselves to a proper distance from the object we examine, lest some part should predominate in our eye, and occasion a false judgment of the whole.

Ver. 48. Therefore the surest method is, to prove by past examples what commands our love and esteem.

Ver. 50. Expence and grandeur cannot give true honour: Their most splendid monument vanish; and even should they last for ever, could not bestow real glory, if only the records of pride, tyranny, and vice.

Ver. 72, 73. Much less if purchased by oppression and guilt. [Studley in Yorkshire, the seat of the Aislabies, one of whom was deeply concerned in the dark transaction of the year 1720].

Ver. 86. True honour is not to be repeat from unjust conquest: It is not victory, but a just cause, that can engage our esteem.

Ver. 98.

Du premier Césars on vante les exploits;
Mais dans quel tribunal, jugé suivant les loix,
Eût-il pu disculper son injuste manie?

Ver. 101. Gustavus Vasa.

Ver. 116. Neither is true glory to be obtained by wit or science: They are chimerical: Sometimes attended with folly, or weakness: often stained with vice, and so render their possessors mischievous and infamous.

Of once renown'd Des Cartes how low the fall,—
His glory with his whirlpools vanish all!
See folly, wit—and weakness, wisdom stain—
And Villars witty—Bacon wise in vain!
Oft vice corrupts what sense and parts refine,
And clouds the splendour of the brighter line,
Sullies what Congreve, and what Dryden writ,—
This, fashion's slave: as that, the slave of wit.
In vain fair genius bids the laurel shoot,
The deadly worm thus eating at the root;
Corroded thus, the greenest wreaths decay,
And all the poet's honours fall away;
Quick as autumnal leaves, the laurels fade,
And drop on Rochester's and Otway's head.
Where then is found true honour, heavenly fair,
Ask Lonsdale, ask your heart—she dictates there.
Yes:—'tis in virtue—That alone can give
The lasting honour, and bid glory live;
On virtue's basis only fame can rise,
To stand the storms of age, and reach the skies:
Arts, conquests, greatness, feel the stroke of fate,
Shrink sudden, and betray th' incumbent weight;
Time with contempt the faithless props surveys,
"And buries madmen in the heaps they raise."
'Tis virtue only can the bard inspire,
And fill his raptur'd breast with lasting fire:
Touch'd by th' ethereal ray, each kindled line
Beams strong: still virtue feeds the flame divine,
Where'er she treads she leaves her footsteps bright
In radiant tracts of never-dying light;
These shed the lustre o'er each sacred name,
Give Spenser's clear, and Shakspeare's noble flame;
Blaze to the skies in Milton's ardent song,
And kindle the brisk-sallying fire of Young;
These gild each humble verse in modest Gay;
These give to Swift the keen soul-piercing ray;
Mildly through Addison's chaste page they shine,
And glow and warm in Pope's immortal line.
Nor less the sage must live by virtue's aid;
Truth must support him, or his glories fade;
And truth and virtue differ but in name:
Like light and heat—distinguish'd, yet the same.
To truth and virtue the ascent is sure;
The wholesome stream implies the fountain pure;
To taste the spring we oft essay in vain:
Deep lies the source, too short in reason's chain;
But those the issues of pure truth we know,
Which in clear strength through virtue's channel flow:
Error in vain attempts the foul disguise,
Still tasted in the bitter wave of vice;
Drawn from the springs of falsehood all confess
Each baneful drop that poisons happiness:
Gordon's thin shallows, Tindal's muddy page,
And Morgan's gall, and Woolston's furious rage;
Th' envenom'd stream that flows from Toland's quill,
And the rank dregs of Hobbes and Mandeville.
Detested names! yet sentenc'd ne'er to die:
Snatch'd from oblivion's grave by infamy!
Insect-opinions, hatch'd by folly's ray,
Bask in the beam that wing'd them for a day:
Truth, phœnix-like immortal, though she dies,
With strength renew'd shall from her ashes rise.
See how the lustre of th' Athenian sage
Shines through the lengthen'd gloom of many an [age!

Ver. 126.

Je ne puis estimer ces dangereux auteurs
Qui de l'honneur, en vers, infâmes déserteurs,
Trahissant la vertu sur un papier coupable,
Aux yeux de leur lecteurs rendent le vice aimable.—
En vain l'esprit est plein d'une noble vigueur;
Le vers se sent toujours des bassesses de coeure.
BOILEAU, l' Art Poet. Ch. 4.

Ver. 138. The foundation of true honour is virtue only.

Ver. 153. It is virtue only that gives the poet lasting glory: this proved by instances.

Ver. 164. The philosopher can only hope for true glory from the same source; because truth is his object, and nothing can be truth that tends to destroy virtue and happiness. Hence appears the madness, infamy, and falsehood of those destructive schemes set on foot by the sect called Free-thinkers.

Ver. 174. Gordon's thin shallows. The work here characterized is intituled, "The Independent Whig, or a Defence of our Ecclesiastical Establishment;" yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one institution of the Church of England, but what is here misrepresented, and ridiculed with the lowest and most despicable scurrility.

Ver. 174. Alluding to the confusion of ideas, which that dull writer labours under.

Ver. 175. His character is thus drawn by an excellent writer—"Who by the peculiar felicity "of a good choice, having learned his morality "of our Tindal, and his philosophy of your "[the Jews] Spinosa, calls himself by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher." WARB. Div. Leg. of Moses, dem. Vol. II. Ded. p. 20.

Ver. 176. A noted advocate for that species of atheism, commonly called Pantheism.

Ver. 177. It is confessed he was a man of genius and learning: Yet, through a ridiculous affectation of being regarded as the founder of new systems, he has advanced many things even below confutation.

Ver. 177. The author of that monstrous heap of contradiction and absurdity, "The Fable of "the Bees, or private Vices public Benefits." The reader who is acquainted with the writings of these gentlemen, will probably observe a kind of climax in this place; ascending from those who have attempted to destroy the several fences of virtue, to the wild boars of the wood that root it up.

Ver. 180. Falsehood short-lived; truth eternal.

Ver. 184. Socrates and Newton.

Examples of the two most eminent philosophers that ever adorned the world; the one excellent in moral, the other in natural knowledge.

Virtue alone so wide the beam could spread,
And throw the lasting glory round his head.
See Newton, chaste conjecture's twilight ray,
And light up nature into certain day!
He wide creation's trackless mazes trod;
And in each atom found the ruling God.
Unrivall'd pair! with truth and virtue fraught!
Whose lives confirm'd whate'er their reason taught;
Whose far-stretch'd views, and bright examples join'd
At once t' enlighten and persuade mankind!
Hail names rever'd! which time and truth proclaim
The first and fairest in the list of fame.
Kings, statesmen, patriots, thus to glory rise;
On virtue grows the fame, or soon it dies;
But grafted on the vigorous stock, 'tis seen
Brighten'd by age, and springs in endless green:
Pride, folly, vice, may blossom for an hour,
Fed by court sunshine, and poetic show'r;
But the pale tendrils, nurs'd by flattery's hand,
Unwearied tendance fresh supplies demand;
By heats unnatural push'd to sudden growth,
They sicken at th' inclement blasts of truth;
Shook by the weakest breath that passes by,
Their colours fade, they wither, droop, and die.

* * * * *

'Tis virtue only that shall grow with time,
Live through each age, and spread through every clime.
See godlike patriots, gen'rous, wise, and good,
Stand in the breach, and stem corruption's flood!
See martyr-bishops at the stake expire,
Smile on the faggot, and defy its fire!
How great in exile Hyde and Tully shone!
How Alfred's virtues brighten'd all his throne;
From worth like this unbidden glories stream;
Nor borrow'd blaze it asks, nor fortune's beam;
Affliction's gloom but makes it still more bright,
As the clear lamp shines clearest in the night.
Thus various honours various states adorn,
As different stars with different glories burn;
Their orbs too wider, as their sphere is higher;
Yet all partake the same celestial fire.
See then Heav'n's endless bounty, and confess,
Which gives in virtue, fame, and happiness;
See mankind's folly, who the boon despise,
And grasp at pain and infamy in vice!

Not so the man who mov'd by virtue's laws,
Reveres himself—and gains, not seeks applause;
Whose views concenter'd all to virtue tend;
Who makes true glory but his second end:
Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
Who gives to all whate'er to all is due;
When parties mad sedition's garb put on,
Snatches the highest praise—and is of none:
Whilst round and round the veering patriots roll,
Unshaken points to truth as to his pole
Contemns alike what factions praise or blame;
O'er rumour's narrow orbit soars to fame
Unmov'd whilst malice barks, or envy howls,
Walks firm to virtue through the scoffs of fools;
No minion flatters; gains no selfish end;
His own—his king's—his country's—mankind's friend;—
Him virtue crowns with wreaths that ne'er decay;
And glory circles him with endless day
Such he who deep in virtue roots his fame;
And such through ages shall be Lonsdale's name.

FRAGMENT OF A RHAPSODY,

WRITTEN AT THE LAKES IN WESTMORELAND.

Now sunk the sun, now twilight sunk, and night
Rode in her zenith; nor a passing breeze
Sigh'd to the groves, which in the midnight air
Stood motionless; and in the peaceful floods
Inverted hung; for now the billow slept
Along the shore, nor heav'd the deep, but spread
A shining mirror to the moon's pale orb,
Which, dim and waning o'er the shadowy cliffs,
The solemn woods and spiry mountain-tops
Her glimmering faintness threw. Now every eye
Oppress'd with toil, was drown'd in deep repose,
Save that the unseen shepherd in his watch,
Propt on his crook, stood listening by the fold,
And gaz'd the starry vault and pendant moon.
Nor voice nor sound broke on the deep serene,
But the soft murmur of swift gushing rills,
Forth issuing from the mountain's distant steep
(Unheard till now, and now scarce heard) proclaim'd
All things at rest, and imag'd the still voice
Of quiet whispering to the ear of night.

INSCRIPTION.

———*Finemque tueri,*
———*Naturamque sequi.*

What though no glittering turret rise,
Nor splendour gild these mild retreats,
Yet Nature *here* in modest guise
Displays her unambitious sweets.

Along each gently-swelling lawn
She strays, with rustic garlands crown'd;
And wakes the flowers at early dawn,
To fling their bosom'd fragrance round.

Ver. 198. Must build their fame on virtue.

Ver. 201. Flattery cannot raise folly or vice into true glory

Ver. 214. The catalogue of these heroes, through the several ages of Christianity, is too large to be inserted in a work of this nature: Those of our country were Ridley, Latimer, and the good (though less fortunate) Cranmer.

Ver. 216 Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

Ver. 222 Thus it appears that every one has the power of obtaining true honour, promoting the happiness of mankind in his proper station.

Ver. 226. And thus the love of fame, though often perverted to bad ends, is naturally conducive of virtue and happiness.

Ver. 230, 231. True honour characterized and exemplified.

Here teach thy vot'ry, blameleſs guide,
To trace thy ſtep ſerene and free,
To ſhun the toilſome heights of pride,
Through theſe calm ſcenes to follow THEE.

His ſilent walks do thou adorn,
O'er theſe green ſlopes from tumult far:
Whether he greet the bluſhing morn,
Or welcome up yon evening ſtar.

Intent, while through theſe tufted bowers,
Thy generous whiſpers charm his ear,
To hail from Heaven thy kindred powers,
And meet fair *Peace* and *Freedom* here.

Yet prompt to ſtay his country's fall,
The city's ſtormy war he'll join,
When *Thou*, and *Truth*, and *Freedom* call,
For *Freedom's* voice and *Truth's* are *thine*.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

Containing

THE SUGAR CANE, || ODE ON SOLITUDE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

What foil the cane affects; what care demands;
Beneath what ſigns to plant; what ills await;
How the hot nectar beſt to chriſtallize,
And Afric's fable progeny to treat:
A muſe, that long hath wander'd in the groves
Of myrtle-indolence, attempts to ſing.

SUGAR CANE, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER was born at Dunſe in Berwickſhire, in 1724. He was the ſon of John Grainger, Eſq. of Houghton-Hall, in the county of Cumberland; who, in conſequence of ſome unſucceſsful ſpeculations in mining, was obliged to ſell his eſtate; and having obtained an appointment in the Exciſe, ſettled at Dunſe.

His father dying while he was young, the care of his education was kindly undertaken by his elder brother, by a former marriage, Mr. William Grainger of Wariſton, a writing-maſter in Edinburgh, and afterwards a clerk in the office of the Comptroller of Exciſe, who placed him at the ſchool of North Berwick, under the tuition of Mr James Rae, formerly one of the maſters of the High School in Edinburgh, a teacher of eminent learning and abilities.

In a copy of his tranſlation of *Tibullus*, now lying before the preſent writer, by the favour of Mrs. Grainger, his brother's relict, is the following acknowledgment of his gratitude, in his own hand-writing: "To Mr. Grainger of Wariſton (to whom the public is chiefly indebted for aught that can be found praiſe-worthy in the following tranſlation of Tibullus), from his affectionate brother, and humble ſervant, &c."

After the ordinary courſe of education, he was put apprentice to Mr. George Lauder, ſurgeon in Edinburgh, and afterwards attended the medical claſſes in the Univerſity.

He then went into the army, and was ſurgeon in Pulteney's Regiment, at the battle of Falkirk, in 1745, and afterwards ſerved on the continent.

A military man, even in the moſt active campaign, has many hours of leiſure; and as theſe cannot be ſpent more rationally than in ſome literary purſuit, he employed that part of his time, which was not devoted to his profeſſion, in peruſing the claſſics.

Upon his quitting the army, after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Phyſic, and ſettled as a Phyſician in London; where his taſte for polite literature procured him the acquaintance of Dr. Johnſon, Dr. Percy, Shenſtone, Dodſley, Armſtrong, and other men of wit and learning.

His firſt publication was his fine *Ode on Solitude*, printed in the 4th volume of Dodſley's "Collection," 1755, which completely eſtabliſhed his poetical reputation.

Some time afterwards, he became tutor to John Bourryau, Eſq. with a ſalary of 200l. a year.

In 1759, he publiſhed his *Poetical tranſlation of the Elegies of Tibullus, and of the Poems of Sulpicia, with the original text, and notes critical and explanatory*, in 2 vols. 12mo., which was begun and completed, ſeveral years before, when he was in the army.

In the *Dedication* to his pupil, he obſerves, "that it ſerved to make many of his hours paſs agreeably, which otherwiſe would have been extremely irkſome, amid the din of arms and hurry of a camp life."

"A pleaſing employment," he obſerves in the *Advertiſement*, "is ſeldom neglected. Thoſe elegies which particularly touched him, were firſt rendered into Engliſh; and as theſe make the greater part of Tibullus's Poems, he was contented afterwards to complete the work, by finiſhing as a taſk what was begun as an amuſement."

"A favourite author," he adds, "on whom some labour has been bestowed, is not easily forgotten; the version therefore was retouched as often as opportunity served. All this while, indeed, the translator had no intention of making the public acquainted with his poetical amusements; he knew his poet too well, and admired him too much, to think he had done him justice; yet when Mr. Dart's translation of Tibullus was sent him, he was resolved to publish his own, that those who did not understand the original, might not form an idea of the most exact, elegant, and harmonious of the Roman elegiac poets, from the most inaccurate, harsh, and inelegant version of the present century."

In the beginning of the year following, he published *A Letter to Tobias Smollet, M. D. occasioned by his criticism upon a late translation of Tibullus, by Dr. Grainger*, 8vo.

The criticism imputed by his letter to Smollet, is in the "Critical Review" for December 1758. He observes, that the Editors of the "Critical Review," in the plan of their work, solemnly promised the public, "that they would revive the true spirit of criticism; that they would never condemn or extol without having first carefully perused the performance; that they would never act under the influence of connection or prejudice; that they would not venture to criticise a translation without understanding the original; that they would never invidiously wrest the sense, or misinterpret the meaning of any author; that they would never, without reluctance, disapprove even of a bad writer, who had the least title to indulgence; and they would not exhibit a partial and unfair assemblage of the blemishes of any production". These promises he proves to have been broken in every particular, by several examples, principally taken from the criticism on his version of *Tibullus*.

The same year, according to the information of Mrs. Grainger, he accompanied his pupil to the West-Indies, and settled at Basseterre in the island of St. Christopher, where he married Miss Burt, sister of William Matthew Burt, Esq. governor of that island, and practised physic with great reputation and success.

Here he began and finished his poem on the culture of the *Sugar Cane*, which he published in four books, with notes, 4to. 1764.

Sometime before the publication of his Poem, he revisited England, and submitted the manuscript to the correction of his literary friends Dr. Johnson, Dr. Percy, &c. whose names are affectionately commemorated in the work.

Mr. Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, relates, that the *Sugar Cane*, when read in manuscript at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, made all the assembled wits burst into a laugh, when, after much blank verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus:

Now, muse, let's sing of *rats*.

And what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, who slily overlooked the reader, perceived that the word had been originally *mice*, and had been altered to rats as more dignified.

Of this little laughable incident, which has been often related, and for which there is no foundation in the printed poem, Dr. Percy, the present bishop of Dromore, who was his intimate friend, and has a particular regard to his memory, communicated to Mr. Boswell the following explanation.

"The passage in question was originally not liable to such a perversion; for the author having occasion in that part of his work to mention the havock made by rats and mice, had introduced the subject in a kind of mock heroic, and a parody of Homer's battle of the Frogs and Mice, invoking the muse of the old Grecian bard, in an elegant and well turned manner. In that state, I had seen it; but afterwards, unknown to me, and other friends, he had been persuaded, contrary to his own better judgment, to alter it, so as to produce the unlucky effect abovementioned."

To the friendship of Grainger, Dr. Percy acknowledges that he owed the beautiful ballad of *Bryan and Pereene*, founded on a real fact that happened in the island of St. Christopher, printed in the first volume of his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," 1764.

He did not long survive the publication of *The Sugar Cane*; but died at Basseterre in the island of St. Christopher, much honoured and lamented, December 16. 1767, in the 43d year of his age.

By his wife, who, it is believed, is yet living, he left two daughters, Agnes and Helen, one of whom is since dead.

His *Translation of Tibullus* and *The Sugar Cane*, have not been reprinted, though highly deserving of republication.

The Sugar Cane, *Ode on Solitude*, and *Bryan and Pereene*, are now, for the firſt time, received into a Collection of Claſſical Engliſh Poetry.

Dr. Percy gives this character of Grainger: "He was not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues, being one of the moſt generous, friendly, and benevolent men I ever knew."

According to Mr. Boſwell, "Dr. Johnſon ſaid, that Grainger was an agreeable man; a man who would do any good that was in his power. His *Tranſlation of Tibullus* he thought was very well done; but the *Sugar Cane* did not pleaſe him; for he ſaid, what could he make of a ſugar cane? one might as well write the "Parſley Bed," a poem, or the Cabbage-Garden," a poem."

As a poet, his *Sugar Cane*, notwithſtanding the ridicule thrown upon the ſubject of it by Dr. Johnſon, entitles him to rank with Philips, Dyer, and other diſtinguiſhed writers of didactic poetry in our language. In this uſeful and entertaining poem, the moſt languid reader will find his paſſions excited, and the imagination indulged to the higheſt pitch of luxury. A new creation is offered, of which an European has ſcarce any conception; the hurricane, the burning winds, a ripe cane-piece on fire at midnight, an Indian proſpect after a finiſhed crop, and nature in all the extremes of tropic exuberance.

The *firſt book* of this original performance treats of the cultivation of the ſugar cane, and of the genus and qualities of the different ſoils in which the plant will generally grow. In propoſing the ſubject, and throughout the whole poem, he keeps Virgil in his eye; nor ſhould this be objected to him as a fault, ſince it was not an eaſy taſk to reconcile the wild imagery of an Indian picture to the ſtrict rules of critical exactneſs. This, notwithſtanding the difficulty of the undertaking, he has happily effected; and though he treads upon unclaſſic ground, yet maintains a claſſical regularity. After deſcribing the ſoils proper for the cultivation of the canes, he finds an eaſy opportunity of introducing a deſcription of St. Chriſtopher, the place of his reſidence; which, in Shakſpeare's words, may be juſtly ſtyled

"A precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver ſea."

On mentioning Jamaica, he naturally falls into a panegyric on *Columbus—boaſt of Science, boaſt of man!* The deſcription of a Caribbean ſhower is extremely poetical; excepting an image at the beginning, which is rather low. The character of a good planter is beautifully deſcribed, and reminds us of Virgil's deſcription of the pleaſures of an huſbandman, *O felices nimium bona ſi ſua norint agricolæ.*

The *ſecond book* treats of thoſe external evils to which the cane is ſubject, ſuch as the depredations of monkies, rats, and other vermin; of weeds, of the different ſpecies of flies that infeſt it; of blaſts and hurricanes. The laſt are dreadful even in imagination. The deſcription of an earthquake is no leſs dreadfully juſt. The book concludes with a very tender ſtory of two lovers, which may be more acceptable to the generality of readers, than any precepts of cultivation contained in the poem.

The cane-harveſt, and the proceſs of ſugar-boiling, make the ſubject of the *third book*. Every poetical circumſtance that attends theſe is artfully introduced; and much philoſophical, chemical, and medical knowledge is diſplayed. The lovers of good liquor will not be diſpleaſed with the digreſſion in praiſe of *heart-recruiting Rum*, which is formed of the ſkimmings of ſugar. The Weſt-Indian proſpect, after the crop is finiſhed, is perfectly poetical and pictureſque. The whole paſſage is delightfully melodious, and not a little recommended by the novelty of the ſcenery.

The ſubject of the *fourth book* is the management of negroes; in treating of which, he gives no leſs agreeable proofs of his humanity than his poetry. In the paſſage beginning *Yet, planter, let humanity prevail*, he pathetically pleads in favour of theſe poor wretches, and the LIBERTIES OF MANKIND.

Oh, did the tender muſe poſſeſs the power
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuſe,
'Twould be the fond ambition of her ſoul
To quell tyrannic ſway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debaſing ſlavery; give to man,

Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which ſtamps him image of his God.
Then laws, oppreſſion's ſcourge, fair virtue's prop,
Offſpring of wiſdom! ſhould impartial reign,
To knit the whole in well-accorded ſtrife:
Servants, not ſlaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The blacks ſhould cultivate the cane-land iſles.

The deſcription of a negro dance is well wrought; and there is much local propriety in the concluding lines of the addreſs to the *Thames*, towards the end of the book.

The Sugar Cane is one of thoſe performances in which the exertion of a poet's genius may be very great, and yet his ſucceſs but moderate. Indeed, the novelty of the ſubject, a manufacture unknown to the European world, loaded it with many difficulties. Terms of art, to which the ear has never been accuſtomed, have a peculiar uncouthneſs in poetry; and the Indian names of trees, herbs, and fruits, are unpleaſing, even to the eye. The botanical names of vegetables would at leaſt have appeared more claſſical, and are certainly more harmonious; but probably there might be ſome local reaſon againſt this. Yet the merit of this performance is not to be eſtimated from its reception, or its aptitude to catch the attention of a common European reader. The preceptive part has not merely the merit of ſerious utility. Grainger knew that he was writing to an age not leſs luxurious or refined than that of Rome in the days of Virgil. Like the elegant imitator of Heſiod, he has embelliſhed his precepts with all the flowers of imagery. The attention is not long exerciſed by the gravity of didactic precepts, before it is relieved by ſome beautiful deſcription, or ſome well-connected epiſode. In one particular, namely, that of extending the bounds of natural hiſtory, while he ſeems only to addreſs the imagination, it may be ſafely aſſerted that Grainger has the advantage of many poets; and it is very probable, that the ſame turn of thinking which addicts a ſcholar to one, may incline him to the other. Much praiſe is due to him for the liberal and diffuſive pains he has taken in his *Notes* to enlarge the knowledge of the Weſt-Indian botany. They may indeed be conſidered, both in their medical and botanical capacity, as a very valuable part of the work; and poſſibly there are few parts of it more entertaining.

The *Ode on Solitude*, if he had written nothing elſe, is ſufficient to entitle him to the diſtinction of a poet. In this exquiſite performance are aſſembled ſome of the ſublimeſt images in nature. In the preſent edition, the two laſt lines of the firſt ſtanza are altered from the copy in "Dodſley's Collection," upon the authority of Dr. Percy.

Or Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey,
Or in yon rooſleſs cloyſter ſtray;

Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey,

alluding to the account of Palmyra, publiſhed by Meſſrs. Dawkins and Wood, and the manner in which they were ſtruck at the firſt ſight of theſe magnificent ruins by break of day.

"Dr. Johnſon," ſays Mr. Boſwell, "praiſed Grainger's *Ode on Solitude*, and repeated with great energy his exordium,

O ſolitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the deſert's trackleſs gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted ſide,
Or by the Nile's coy ſource abide,
Or, ſtarting from your half-year's ſleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey,

obſerving, "This, Sir, is very fine."

The ballad of *Bryan and Pereene* is one of the moſt beautiful productions of the kind in our language.

THE WORKS OF GRAINGER.

PREFACE TO THE SUGAR CANE.

Soon after my arrival in the Weſt-Indies, I conceived the deſign of writing a poem on the cultivation of the Sugar Cane. My inducements to this arduous undertaking, were, not only the importance and novelty of the ſubject, but more eſpecially this conſideration; that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of Europe; ſo whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images.

I cannot, indeed, ſay I have ſatisfied my own ideas in this particular: yet I muſt be permitted to recommend the precepts contained in this poem. They are the children of truth, not of genius; the reſult of experience, not the productions of fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to pleaſe, I ſhall ſtand ſome chance of inſtructing the reader; which, as it is the nobler end of all poetry, ſo ſhould it be the principal aim of every writer who wiſhes to be thought a good man.

It muſt, however, be obſerved, that, though the general precepts are ſuited to every climate where the Cane will grow, yet, the more minute rules are chiefly drawn from the practice of St. Chriſtopher. Some ſelection was neceſſary; and I could adopt no modes of planting, with ſuch propriety, as thoſe I had ſeen practiſed in that iſland, where it has been my good fortune chiefly to reſide ſince I came to the Weſt-Indies.

I have often been aſtoniſhed, that ſo little has been publiſhed on the cultivation of the Sugar-Cane, while the preſs has groaned under folios on every other branch of rural economy. It were unjuſt to ſuppoſe planters were not ſolicitous for the improvement of their art, and injurious to aſſert they were incapable of obliging mankind with the improvements.

And yet, except ſome ſcattered hints in Pere Labat, and other French travellers in America; an eſſay by Colonel Martyn of Antigua, is the only piece on planterſhip I have ſeen deſerving a peruſal. That gentleman's pamphlet, is, indeed, an excellent performance; and to it I own myſelf indebted.

It muſt be confeſſed, that terms of art look awkward in poetry; yet didactic compoſitions cannot wholly diſpenſe with them. Accordingly we find that Heſiod and Virgil, among the ancients, with Philips and Dyer (not to mention ſome other poets now living in our own country), have been obliged to inſert them in their poems. Their example is a ſufficient apology for me; for in their ſteps I ſhall always be proud to tread.

Vos ſequor, ô Graiæ gentis decus, inque veſtris
nunc
Fixa pedum pono preſſis veſtigia ſignis;
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod vos imitari aveo.———

Yet, like them too, I have generally preferred the way of deſcription, wherever that could be done without hurting the ſubject.

Such words as are not common in Europe, I have briefly explained: becauſe, an obſcure poem affords both leſs pleaſure and profit to the reader. For the ſame reaſon ſome notes have been added, which, it is preſumed, will not be diſagreeable to thoſe who have never been in the Weſt-Indies.

In a Weſt-India georgic, the mention of many indigenous remedies, as well as diſeaſes, was unavoidable. The truth is, I have rather courted opportunities of this nature, than avoided them. Medicines of ſuch amazing efficacy, as I have had occaſion to make trials of in theſe iſlands, deſerve to be univerſally known. And wherever, in the following poem, I recommend any ſuch, I beg leave to be underſtood as a phyſician, and not as a poet.

Basseterre, *Jan.* 1763.

THE SUGAR CANE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

" Agredior primuſque novis Helicona movere
" Cantibus, et viridi nutantes vertice ſylvas;
" Hoſpita ſacra ferens, nulli memorata priorum." MANIL.

ARGUMENT.

Subject propoſed. Invocation and addreſs. What ſoils the cane grows beſt in. The gray light earth. Praiſe of St. Chriſtopher. The red brick mould. Praiſe of Jamaica, and of Chriſtopher Columbus. The black ſoil mixed with clay and gravel. Praiſe of Barbadoes, Nevis, and Montſerrat. Compoſts may improve other ſoils. Advantages and diſadvantages of a level plantation. Of a mountain eſtate. Of a mid-land one. Advantages of proper cultivation. Of fallowing. Of compoſt. Of leaving the Woura, and penning cattle on the diſtant cane-pieces. Whether yams improve the ſoil. Whether dung ſhould be buried in each hole, or ſcattered over the piece. Cane-lands may be holed at any time. The ridges ſhould be open to the trade-wind. The beauty of holing regularly by a line. Alternate holing, and the wheel-plough recommended to trial. When to plant. Wet weather the beſt. Rain often falls in the Weſt-Indies, almoſt without any previous ſigns. The ſigns of rainy weather. Of fogs round the high mountains. Planting deſcribed. Begin to plant mountain-land in July: the low ground in November, and the ſubſequent months, till May. The advantage of changing tops in planting. Whether the moon has any influence over the cane plant. What quantity of mountain and of low cane land may be annually planted. The laſt cane-piece ſhould be cut off before the end of July. Of hedges. Of ſtone encloſures. Myrtle hedges recommended. Whether trees breed the blaſt. The character of a good planter. Of weeding. Of moulding. Of ſtripping.

WHAT ſoil the cane affects; what care demands;
Beneath what ſigns to plant; what ills await;
How the hot nectar beſt to cryſtallize;
And Afric's ſable progeny to treat:
A muſe, that long hath wander'd in the groves
Of myrtle-indolence, attempts to ſing.
Spirit of inſpiration, that didſt lead
Th' Aſcrean poet to the ſacred mount,
And taught'ſt him all the precepts of the ſwain;
Deſcend from Heaven, and guide my trembling ſteps
To fame's eternal dome, where Maro reigns;
Where paſtoral Dyer, where Pomona's bard,
And Smart and Sommerville in varying ſtrains,
Their ſylvan lore convey: O may I join
This choral band, and from their precepts learn
To deck my theme, which though to ſong unknown,
Is moſt momentous to my country's weal!
So ſhall my numbers win the public ear;
And not diſpleaſe Aurelius; him to whom,
Imperial George, the monarch of the main,
Hath given to wield the ſceptre of thoſe iſles,
Where firſt the muſe beheld the ſpiry cane,
Supreme of plants, rich ſubject of my ſong.

Ver. 22. The botanical name of the cane is *Saccharum*. The Greeks and Romans ſeem to have known very little of this moſt uſeful and beautiful plant. Lucan and Pliny are the only authors among the former who mention it; and, ſo far as I can find, Arrian is the only Greek. The firſt of theſe writers, in enumerating Pompey's eaſtern auxiliaries, deſcribes a nation who made uſe of the cane-juice as a drink.

Dulces bibebant ex arundine ſuccos.

The induſtrious naturaliſt ſays, " Saccharum et Arabia fert, ſed laudatius India;" and the Greek hiſtorian, in his περιπλους of the Red-ſea, tells us of a neighbouring nation who drank it alſo; his words are, μελι το καλαμινον το λεγομενον σακχαρι. The cane, however, as it was a native of the eaſt, ſo has it been probably cultivated there time im-

Where'er the clouds relent in frequent rains,
And the ſun fiercely darts his tropic beam,

The cane will joint, ungenial though the ſoil.
But would'ſt thou ſee huge caſks in order due,
Roll'd numerous on the bay, all fully fraught
With ſtrong-grain'd muſcovado, ſilvery gray,
Joy of the planter; and if happy fate
Permit a choice: avoid the rocky ſlope,
The clay-cold bottom, and the ſandy beach.
But let thy biting ax with ceaſeleſs ſtroke
The wild red cedar, the tough locuſt fell:

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memorial. The raw juice was, doubtleſs, firſt made uſe of; they afterwards boiled it into a ſyrup; and, in proceſs of time, an inebriating ſpirit was prepared therefrom by fermentation. This conjecture is confirmed by the etymology, for the Arabic word סכר is evidently derived from the Hebrew שכר, which ſignifies an *intoxicating liquor*. When the Indians began to make the cane-juice into ſugar, I cannot diſcover; probably, it ſoon found its way into Europe in that form, firſt by the Red-ſea, and afterwards through Perſia by the Black-ſea and Caſpian; but the plant itſelf was not known to Europe, till the Arabians introduced it into the ſouthern parts of Spain, Sicily, and thoſe provinces of France which border on the Pyrenean mountains. It was alſo ſucceſsfully cultivated in Egypt, and in many places on the Barbary coaſt. From the Mediterranean, the Spaniards and Portugueſe tranſported the cane to the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canary and the Cape-Verd iſlands, ſoon after they had been diſcovered in the fifteenth century: and, in the moſt of theſe, particularly Madeira, it throve exceedingly. Whether the cane is a native of either the Great or Leſs Antilles cannot now be determined; for, their diſcoverers were ſo wholly employed in ſearching after imaginary gold mines, that they took little or no notice of the natural productions. Indeed the wars, wherein they wantonly engaged themſelves with the natives, was another hindrance to phyſical inveſtigation. But whether the cane was a production of the Weſt Indies or not, it is probable the Spaniards and Portugueſe did not begin to cultivate it either there or in South America (where it certainly was found), till ſome years after their diſcovery. It is alſo equally uncertain whether ſugar was firſt made in the iſland, or on the continent; and whether the Spaniards or Portugueſe were the firſt planters in the new world. It is indeed moſt likely, that the latter erected the firſt ſugar works in Brazil, as they are more lively and enterpriſing than the Spaniards. However, they had not long the ſtart of the latter; for, in 1506, Ferdinand the Catholic, ordered the cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo, in which iſland one Pedro de Atenca ſoon after built an *Ingenio de açucar*, for ſo the Spaniards call a ſugar work. But, though they began thus early to turn their thoughts to ſugar, the Portugueſe far outſtripped them in that trade. for Liſbon ſoon ſupplied moſt of Europe with that commodity, and, notwithſtanding the Engliſh then paid the Portugueſe at the rate of 4l. per cwt. for muſcovado, yet that price, great as it may now appear, was probably much leſs than what the ſugar from the Eaſt-Indies had commonly been ſold for. Indeed, ſo intent was the Crown of Portugal on extending their Brazil trade, that that of the Eaſt-Indies began to be neglected, and ſoon after ſuffered a manifeſt decay. However, their ſugar made them ample amends, in which trade they continued almoſt without a rival for upwards of a century. At laſt the Dutch, in 1623, drove the Portugueſe out of all the northern part of Brazil; and, during the one and twenty years they kept that conqueſt, thoſe induſtrious republicans learned the art of making ſugar. This, probably, inſpired the Engliſh with a deſire of coming in for a ſhare of the ſugar-trade: accordingly, they, renouncing their chimerical ſearch after gold mines in Florida and Guiana, ſettled themſelves ſoon after at the mouth of the river Surinam, where they cultivated the cane with ſuch ſucceſs, that when the colony was ceded to the Dutch by the treaty of Breda, it maintained not leſs than 40,000 whites, half that number of ſlaves, and employed one year with another 15,000 ton of ſhipping. This ceſſion was a ſevere blow to the Engliſh trade, which it did not recover for ſeveral years, though many of the Surinam planters carried their art and negroes to the Leeward Iſlands and Jamaica, which then began to be the object of political conſideration in England.

Sugar is twice mentioned by Chaucer, who flouriſhed in the fourteenth century; and ſucceeding poets, down to the middle of the laſt, uſe the epithet *Sugar'd*, whenever they would expreſs any thing uncommonly pleaſing: ſince that time, the more elegant writers ſeldom admit of that adjective in a metaphorical ſenſe; but herein, perhaps, they are affectedly ſqueamiſh.

Ver. 29. The cane-juice being brought to the conſiſtence of ſyrup, and, by ſubſequent coction, granulated, is then called *muſcovado* (a Spaniſh word probably, though not to be found in Pineda) vulgarly brown ſugar; the French term it *ſucre brut*.

Ver. 34. There are two ſpecies of cedar commonly to be met with in the Weſt-Indies, the white and red, which differ from the cedars cultivated in the Bermudas: both are lofty, ſhady, and of quick growth. The white ſucceeds in any ſoil, and produces a flower which, infuſed like tea, is uſeful againſt fiſh poiſon. The red requires a better mould, and always emits a diſagreeable ſmell before rain. The wood of both are highly uſeful for many mechanical purpoſes, and but too little planted.

Ibid. This is alſo a lofty tree. It is of quick growth and handſome, and produces a not diſagreeable fruit, in a flat pod or legumen, about three inches long. It is a ſerviceable wood. In botanical books, I find three different names for the locuſt tree; that meant here is the *Siliqua edulis*.

Nor let his nectar, nor his silken pods,
The sweet-smell'd cassia, or vast ceiba save.
Yet spare the guava, yet the guaiac spare;
A wholesome food the ripened guava yields,
Boast of the housewife; while the guaiac grows
A sovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum,
To cause the lame his useless crutch forego,
And dry the sources of corrupted love.
Nor let thy bright impatient flames destroy
The golden shaddoc, the forbidden fruit,
The white acajou, and rich sabbaca:
For, where these trees their leafy banners raise
Aloft in air, a gray deep earth abounds,
Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
Rising in clods, which ripening suns and rain
Resolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize:
In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
Pleas'd at the planter's call, to burst on day.
Thrice happy he, to whom such fields are given!
For him the cane with little labour grows;
'Spite of the dog-star, shoots long yellow joins;
Concocts rich juice, though deluges descend.
What if an after-offspring it reject?
This land, for many a crop, will feed his mills;
Disdain supplies, nor ask from compost aid.
Such, green St. Christopher, thy happy soil!—

Ver. 36. Canoes have been scooped out of this tree, capable of holding upwards of a hundred people; and many hundreds, as authors relate, have been at once sheltered by its shade. Its pods contain a very soft short cotton, like silk: hence the English call the tree the silk-cotton-tree; and the Spaniards name its cotton *Lana de ceiba*. It has been wrought into stockings; but its commonest use is to stuff pillows and matrasses. It might be made an article of commerce, as the tree grows without trouble, and is yearly covered with pods. An infusion of the leaves is a gentle diaphoretic, and much recommended in the small-pox. The botanical name of the ceiba is *Bombax*; and the French call it *Fromager*. There are two species; the stem of the one being prickly, and that of the other smooth.

Ver. 37. The Spaniards call this tree *guayava*. It bears a fruit as large, and of much the same shape as a golden pippen. This is of three species, the yellow, the amazon, and the white; the last is the most delicate, but the second sort the largest. All are equally wholesome when stewed or made into jelly or marmalede. When raw, they are supposed to generate worms. Strangers do not always at first like their flavour, which is peculiarly strong. This, however, goes off by use, and they become exceedingly agreeable. Acosta says the Peruvian guavas surpass those of any other part of America. The bark of the tree is an astringent, and tans leather as well as that of oak. The French call the tree *Goyavier*.

Ver. 37. The lignumvitæ, or pockwood-tree. The virtues of every part of this truly medical tree are too well known to be enumerated here. The hardness and incorruptibility of its timber make abundant amends for the great slowness of its growth, for of it are formed the best posts for houses against hurricanes; and it is no less usefully employed in building wind-mills and cattle-mills.

Ver. 44. This is the largest and finest kind of orange. It is not a native of America, but was brought to the islands from the East-Indies, by an Englishman, whose name it bears. It is of three kinds; the sweet, the sour, and the bitter; the juice of all of them is wholesome, and the rind medical. In flavour and wholesomeness, the sweet shaddoc excels the other two, and, indeed every other kind of orange, except the forbidden fruit, which scarce yields to any known fruit in the four quarters of the world.

Ver. 45. This is the Indian name of the avocato, avocado, avigato, or, as the English corruptly call it, alligator-pear. The Spaniards in South-America, name it *aguacate*; and, under that name it is described by Ulloa. However, in Peru and Mexico, it is better known by the appellation of *palta* or *palto*. It is a sightly tree, of two species; the one bearing a green fruit, which is the most delicate, and the other a red, which is less esteemed, and grows chiefly in Mexico. When ripe, the skin peels easily off, and discovers a butyraceous, or rather a marrowy like substance, with greenish veins interspersed. Being eat with salt and pepper, or sugar and lime-juice, it is not only agreeable, but highly nourishing; hence Sir Hans Sloane used to style it vegetable marrow. The fruit is of the size and shape of the pear named Lady's-thighs, and contains a large stone, from whence the tree is propagated. These trees bear fruit but once a year. Few strangers care for it; but, by use, soon become fond of it. The juice of the kernel marks linen with a violet-colour. Its wood is soft, and consequently of little use. The French call it *Bois d' anise*, and the tree *Avocat*: the botanical name is *Persea*.

Ver. 60. This beautiful and fertile island, and which, in Shakspeare's words, may justly be styled

A precious stone set in the silver sea,

lies in seventh degree N. L. It was discovered by the great Christopher Columbus, in his second voyage, 1493, who was so pleased with its appearance, that he honoured it with his Christian name. Though others pretend, that appellation was given it from an imaginary resemblance between a high mountain in its centre, now called Mount Misery, to the fabulous legend of the Devil's carrying St. Christopher on his shouldres. But, be this as it will, the Spaniards soon after settled in it, and lived in tolerable harmony with the natives for many years; and, as their fleets commonly called in there to and from America for provision and water, the settlers, no doubt, reaped some advantage from their situation. By Templeman's Survey, it contains eighty square miles, and is about seventy miles in circumference. It is

Not Grecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan,
Knit with the Graces, tun'd his ſilvan pipe,
While mute attention huſh'd each charmed rill;
Not purple Enna, whoſe irriguous lap,

Strow'd with each fruit of taſte, each flower of
Sicilian Proſerpine, delighted, ſought; [ſmell,
Can vie, bleſt iſle, with thee.—Though no ſoft ſound
Of paſtoral ſtop thine echoes e'er awak'd;
Nor ruptured poet, loſt in holy trance,
Thy ſtreams arreſted with enchanting ſong:
Yet virgins, far more beautiful than ſhe
Whom Pluto raviſh'd, and more chaſte, are thine;
Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
Actuates thy ſons, bold, hoſpitable, free:
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes denied, adorns thy hills;
Thy vales, thy dells adorns.—O might my ſtrain
As far tranſcend the immortal ſongs of Greece,
As thou the partial ſubject of their praiſe!
Thy fame ſhould float familiar through the world;
Each plant ſhould own thy cane her lawful lord;
Nor ſhould old time, ſong ſtops the flight of time,
Obſcure thy luſtre with his ſhadowy wing.
Scarce leſs impregnated, with every power
Of vegetation, is the red brick-mould,
That lies on marly beds.—The renter, this
Can ſcarce exhauſt; how happy for the heir!
Such the glad ſoil, from whence Jamaica's ſons
Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,
" The pride, the glory of the ſea-girt iſles,
" Which, like to rich and various gems inlay
" The unadorned boſom of the deep,"
Which firſt Columbus' daring keel explor'd.
Daughters of Heaven, with reverential awe,
Pauſe at that godlike name; for not your flights
Of happieſt fancy can out-ſoar his fame.
Columbus, boaſt of ſcience, boaſt of man;
Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wiſe,
Long held a viſionary; who, like thee,
Could brook their ſcorn; wait ſeven long years at court,
A felfiſh, ſullen, dilatory court;
Yet never from thy purpos'd plan decline?
No god, no hero of poetic times,
In truth's fair annals may compare with thee!

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of an irregular oblong figure, and has a chain of mountains, that run ſouth and north almoſt from the one end of it to the other, formerly covered with wood; but now the cane-plantations reach almoſt to their ſummits, and extend all the way, down their eaſy declining ſides, to the ſea. From theſe mountains, ſome rivers take their riſe, which never dry up; and there are many others which, after rain, run into the ſea, but which, at other times, are loſt before they reach it. Hence, as this iſland conſiſts of mountain-land and valley, it muſt always make a middling crop; for when the low grounds fail, the uplands ſupply that deficiency; and, when the mountain canes are lodged (or become watery from too much rain), thoſe in the plains yield ſurpriſingly. Nor are the plantations here only ſeaſonable; their ſugar ſells for more than the ſugar of any other of his Majeſty's iſlands; as their produce cannot be refined to the beſt advantage, without a mixture of St. Kitts muſcovado. In the barren part of the iſland, which runs out towards Nevis, are ſeveral ponds, which, in dry weather, cryſtallize into good ſalt; and below Mount Miſery is a ſmall ſolfaterre and collection of freſh water, where fugitive negroes often take ſhelter, and eſcape their purſuers. Not far below, is a large plain which affords good paſture, water, and wood; and, if the approaches thereto were fortified, which might be done at a moderate expence, it would be rendered inacceſſible. The Engliſh, repulſing the few natives and Spaniards, who oppoſed them, began to plant tobacco here, A. D. 1623. Two years after, the French landed in St. Chriſtopher on the ſame day that the Engliſh ſettlers received a conſiderable reinforcement from their mother-country; and, the chiefs of both nations, being men of ſound policy, entered into an agreement to divide the iſland between them: the French retaining both extremities, and the Engliſh poſſeſſing themſelves of the middle parts of the iſland. Some time after, both nations erected ſugar works, but there were more tobacco, indigo, coffee, and cotton-plantations, than ſugar ones, as theſe require a much greater fund to carry them on than thoſe other. All the planters, however, lived eaſy in their circumſtances; for, though the Spaniards, who could not bear to be ſpectators of their thriving condition, did repoſſeſs themſelves of the iſland, yet they were ſoon obliged to retire, and the colony ſucceeded better than ever. One reaſon for this was, that it had been agreed between the two nations, that they ſhould here remain neutral whatever wars their mother-countries might wage againſt each other in Europe. This was a wiſe regulation for an infant ſettlement; but, when King James abdicated the Britiſh throne, the French ſuddenly roſe, and drove out the unprepared Engliſh by force of arms. The French coloniſts of Saint Chriſtopher had ſoon reaſon, however, to repent their impolitic breach of faith; for, the expelled planters, being aſſiſted by their countrymen from the neighbouring iſles, and ſupported by a formidable fleet, ſoon recovered, not only their loſt plantations, but obliged the French totally to abandon the iſland. After the treaty of Ryſwick, indeed, ſome few of thoſe among them, who had not obtained ſettlements in Martinico and Hiſpaniola, returned to Saint Chriſtopher; but the war of the partition ſoon after breaking out, they were finally expelled, and the whole iſland was ceded in ſovereignty to the crown of Great Britain, by the treaty of Utrecht. Since that time, St. Chriſtopher has gradually improved, and it is now at the height of perfection. The Indian name of St. Chriſtopher is *Liamuiga*, or the Fertile Iſland.

Ver. 71. The inhabitants of St. Chriſtopher look whiter, are leſs ſallow, and enjoy finer complexions, than any of the dwellers on the other iſlands. *Sloane.*

Each paſſion, weakneſs of mankind, thou knew'ſt,
Thine own concealing; firmeſt baſe of power;
Rich in expedients; what moſt adverſe ſeem'd
And leaſt expected, moſt advanc'd thine aim.
What ſtorms, what monſters, what new forms of death,
In a vaſt ocean, never cut by keel,
And where the magnet firſt its aid declin'd;
Alone, unterrified, didſt thou not view!
Wiſe legiſlator, had the Iberian king
Thy plan adopted, murder had not drench'd
In blood vaſt kingdoms; nor had hell-born zeal,
And hell-born avarice, his arms diſgrac'd,
Yet, for a world, diſcover'd and ſubdu'd, [out,
What meed had'ſt thou? With toil, diſeaſe, worn
Thine age was ſpent ſoliciting the prince,
To whom thou gav'ſt the ſceptre of that world,
Yet, bleſſed ſpirit, where enthron'd thou ſitt'ſt,
Chief 'mid the friends of man, repine not thou:
Dear to the nine, thy glory ſhall remain
While winged commerce either ocean ploughs;
While its lov'd pole the magnet coyly ſhuns;
While weeps the guaiac, and while joints the cane.
Shall the muſe celebrate the dark deep mould,
With clay or gravel mix'd?---This ſoil the cane
With partial fondneſs loves; and oft ſurveys
Its progeny with wonder.---Such rich veins
Are plenteous ſcatter'd o'er the ſugar-iſles:
But chief that land, to which the bearded fig,
Prince of the foreſt, gave Barbadoes name:

Ver. 111. The declenſion of the needle was diſcovered, A. D. 1492, by Columbus, in his firſt voyage to America; and would have been highly alarming to any, but one of his undaunted and philoſophical turn of mind.

This century will always make a diſtinguiſhed figure in the hiſtory of the human mind; for, during that period, printing was invented, Greek learning took refuge in Italy, the Reformation began, and America was diſcovered.

The iſland of Jamaica was beſtowed on Columbus, for his diſcovery of the new world. Accordingly, his ſon James ſettled and planted it, early [A. D. 1509] the following century. What improvements the Spaniards made therein is no where mentioned; but, had their induſtry been equal to their opportunities, their improvements ſhould have been conſiderable; for they continued in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of it till the year 1596, when Sir Anthony Shirley, with a ſingle man of war, took and plundered St. Jago de la Vega, which then conſiſted of 2000 houſes. In the year 1635, St. Jago de la Vega was a ſecond time plundered by 500 Engliſh from the Leeward iſlands, though that capital, and the fort (which they alſo took) were defended by four times their number of Spaniards. One and twenty years afterwards, the whole iſland was reduced by the forces ſent thither by Oliver Cromwell, and has ever ſince belonged to England. It is by far the largeſt iſland poſſeſſed by the Engliſh in the Weſt Indies. Sir Thomas Modyford, a rich and eminent planter of Barbadoes, removed to Jamaica, A. D. 1660, to the great advantage of that iſland; for he inſtructed the young Engliſh ſettlers to cultivate the ſugar-cane; for which, and other great improvements which he then made them acquainted with, King Charles, three years afterwards, appointed him governor thereof, in which honourable employment he continued till the year 1669.

Ver. 132. This wonderful tree, by the Indians called the Banian-tree; and by the botaniſts *Ficus Indica*, or *Bengalienſis*, is exactly deſcribed by Q. Curtius, and beautifully by Milton in the following lines:

" The fig-tree, not that kind renown'd for fruit,
" But ſuch as at this day to Indians known,
" In Malabar and Decan ſpreads her arms;
" Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground,
" The bended twigs take root, and daughters
" grow
" About the mother-tree, a pillar'd ſhade,
" High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
" There oft the Indian herdſman, ſhunning heat,
" Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
" At loop-holes cut through thickeſt ſhade."—

What year the Spaniards firſt diſcovered Barbadoes is not certainly known; this, however, is certain, that they never ſettled there, but only made uſe of it as a ſtock-iſland in their voyages to and from South America, and the iſlands; accordingly, we are told, when the Engliſh firſt landed there, which was about the end of the ſixteenth or beginning of the ſeventeenth century, they found in it an excellent breed of wild hogs, but no inhabitants. In the year 1627, Barbadoes, with moſt of the other Caribbee-iſlands, were granted by Charles I. to the Earl of Carliſle, that nobleman agreeing to pay to the Earl of Marlborough, and his heirs, a perpetual annuity of 300l. *per ann.* for his waving his claim to Barbadoes, which he had obtained by patent, in the preceding reign. The adventurers to whom that nobleman parcelled out this iſland, at firſt cultivated tobacco; but that not turning out to their advantage, they applied with better ſucceſs, to cotton, indigo, and ginger. At laſt, ſome cavaliers of good fortune, tranſporting themſelves thither, and introducing the ſugar-cane [A. D. 1647], probably from Brazil, in ten years time the iſland was peopled with upwards of 30,000 whites, and twice that number of negroes, and ſent yearly very conſiderable quantities of ſugar to the mother-country. At the Reſtoration, King Charles II. bought off the claim of the Carliſle family; and, in conſideration of its then becoming a royal inſtead of a proprietary government, the planters gave the crown four and a half *per cent.* on their ſugars; which duty ſtill continues, although the iſland is ſaid to be leſs able to pay it now than it was a hundred years ago. It is upwards of 20 miles long, and in ſome places almoſt 14 broad.

Chief Nevis, juſtly for its hot baths fam'd:
And breezy Mountſerrat, whoſe wonderous ſprings
Change, like Meduſa's head, whate'er they touch,
To ſtonny hardneſs; boaſt this fertile glebe.
Though ſuch the ſoils the Antillean cane
Supremely loves; yet other ſoils abound,
Which art may tutor to obtain its ſmile.
Say, ſhall the experienc'd muſe that art recite?
How ſand will fertilize ſtiff barren clay?
How clay unites the light, the porous mould,
Sport of each breeze? And how the torpid nymph
Of the rank pool, ſo noiſome to the ſmell,
May be ſolicited, by wily ways,
To draw her humid train, and, prattling, run
Down the reviving ſlopes? Or ſhall ſhe ſay
What glebes ungrateful to each other art,
Their genial treaſures ope to fire alone?
Reccord the different compoſts; which the cold
To plaſtic gladneſs warm? The torrid which
By ſoothing coolneſs win? The ſharp ſaline,
Which beſt ſubdue? Which mollify the ſour?
To thee, if fate low level land aſſign,
Slightly cohering, and of ſable hue,
Far from the hill; be parſimony thine.
For though this year, when conſtant ſhowers deſcend,
The ſpeeding gale, thy ſturdy numerous ſtock,
Scarcely ſuffice to grind thy mighty canes;
Yet thou, with rueful eye, for many a year,
Shalt view thy plants burnt by the torch of day;
Hear their parch'd wan blades ruſtle in the air;
While their black ſugars, doughy to the feel,
Will not ev'n pay the labour of thy ſwains.
Or, if the mountain be thy happier lot,
Let prudent foreſight ſtill thy coffers guard.
For though the clouds relent in nightly rain,
Though thy rank canes wave lofty in the gale;
Yet will the arrow, ornament of woe,
(Such monarchs oft times give) their jointing ſtint;
Yet will winds lodge them, ravening rats deſtroy,
Or troops of monkeys thy rich harveſt ſteal.
The earth muſt alſo wheel around the ſun,
And half perform that circuit; ere the bill
Mow down thy ſugars: and though all thy mills,
Crackling, o'erflow with a redundant juice,
Poor taſtes the liquor; coction long demands,
And higheſt temper, ere it ſaccharize;
A meagre produce. Such is virtue's meed,
Alas! too oft in theſe degenerate days.
Thy cattle likewiſe, as they drag the wain,
Charg'd from the beach, in ſpite of whips and ſhouts,
Will ſtop, will pant, will ſink beneath the load;
A better fate deſerving.——
Beſides, thy land itſelf is inſecure:
For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
Will journey, forc'd off by the mining rain;
And, with its faithleſs burden, diſarrange
Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old,
As ſung thy bard Pomona (in theſe iſles
Yet unador'd), with all its ſpreading trees,
Full fraught with apples, chang'd its lofty ſite.
But, as in life, the golden mean is beſt;
So happieſt he whoſe green plantation lies
Nor from the hill too far, nor from the ſhore.
Planter, if thou with wonder wouldſt ſurvey
Redundant harveſts load thy willing ſoil;
Let ſun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,
And old fat dung co-operate with theſe.

Ver. 134. This iſland, which does not contain many fewer ſquare miles than St. Chriſtopher, is more rocky, and almoſt of a circular figure. It is ſeparated from that iſland by a channel not above one mile and a half over, and lies to windward. Its warm bath poſſeſſes all the medical properties of the hot well at Briſtol, and its water, being properly bottled, keeps as well at ſea, and is no leſs agreeable to the palate. It was for many years the capital of the Leeward iſland government: and, at that period, contained more whites and blacks than it does at preſent, often muſtering 3000 men. The Engliſh firſt ſettled there, A. D. 1628. Sixty-two years afterwards, the chief town was almoſt wholly deſtroyed by an earthquake; and, in 1706, the planters were well-nigh ruined by the French, who carried off their ſlaves contrary to capitulation. It muſt have been diſcovered in Columbus's ſecond voyage, A. D. 1493.

Ver. 135. This iſland, which lies about 30 miles to the ſouth-weſt of Antigua, is not leſs famous for its ſolfaterre (or volcano), and hot petrifying ſpring, than for the goodneſs of its ſugars. Being almoſt circular in its ſhape, it cannot contain much leſs land than either Nevis or St. Chriſtopher. It is naturally ſtrong, ſo that when the French made deſcents thereon, in King William and Queen Anne's time, they were always repulſed with conſiderable loſs. It was ſettled by that great adventurer Sir Thomas Warner, A. D. 1632, who ſent thither ſome of his people from St. Chriſtopher, for that purpoſe. In the beginning of the reign of Charles II. the French took it, but it was reſtored, A. D. 1667, by the treaty of Breda. In this iſland, the Roman catholics, who behaved well when our enemies attempted to conquer it, have many privileges, and of courſe are more numerous there, than in any other of the Engliſh Caribbee-iſlands. Its capital is called Plymouth. Columbus diſcovered it in his ſecond voyage.

Ver. 170, That part of the cane which ſhoots up into the fructification, is called by planters its arrow, having been probably uſed for that purpoſe by the Indians. Till the arrow drops, all additional jointing in the cane is ſuppoſed to be ſtopped.

Ver. 179. Shell, or rather marble quick-lime, is ſo called by the planters: without this, the juice of the cane cannot be concreted into ſugar, at leaſt to advantage. See Book III. With quick-lime the French join aſhes as a temper, and this mixture they call *Enyvrage*. It is hoped the reader will pardon the introduction of the verb *faccharize*, as no other ſo emphatically expreſſed the author's

Be this great truth ſtill preſent to thy mind;
The half well cultur'd far exceeds the whole,
Which luſt of gain, unconſcious of its end,
Ungrateful vexes with unceaſing toil.
As, not indulg'd, the richeſt lands grow poor;
And Liamuiga may, in future times,
If too much urg'd, her barrenneſs bewail:
So cultivation, on the ſhalloweſt ſoil,
O'erſpread with rocky cliffs, will bid the cane,
With ſpiry pomp, all bountifully riſe.
Thus Britain's flag, ſhould diſcipline relent,
Spite of the native courage of her ſons,
Would to the lily ſtrike: ah! very far,
Far be that woful day: the lily then
Will rule wide ocean with reſiſtleſs ſway;
And to old Gallia's haughty ſhore tranſport
The leſſening crops of theſe delicious iſles.
Of compoſts ſhall the muſe deſcend to ſing,
Nor ſoil her heavenly plumes? The ſacred muſe
Nought ſordid deems, but what is baſe; nought fair
Unleſs true virtue ſtamp it with her ſeal.
Then, planter, wouldſt thou double thine eſtate,
Never, ah! never be aſham'd to tread
Thy dung-heaps, where the refuſe of thy mills,
With all the aſhes all thy coppers yield, [form,
With weeds, mould, dung, and ſtale, a compoſt
Of force to fertilize the pooreſt ſoil.
But, planter, if thy lands lie far remote,
And of acceſs are difficult: on theſe
Leave the cane's ſapleſs foliage; and with pens
Wattled (like thoſe the muſe hath oft times ſeen,
When frolic fancy led her youthful ſteps
In green Dorcheſteria's plains), the whole encloſe:
There well thy ſtock with provender ſupply;
The well-fed ſtock will ſoon that food repay.
Some of the ſkilful teach, and ſome deny,
That yams improve the ſoil. In meagre lands,
'Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigneſs ſwell;
And from each mould the vegetable tribes,
However frugal, nutriment derive:
Yet may their ſheltering vines, their drooping leaves,
Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe,
More than refund the ſuſtenance they draw.
Whether the fattening compoſt in each hole
'Tis beſt to throw, or on the ſurface ſpread,
Is undetermin'd: trials muſt decide.
Unleſs kind rains and foſtering dews deſcend,
To melt the compoſt's fertilizing ſalts,
A ſtinted plant, deceitful of thy hopes,
Will from thoſe beds flow ſpring where hot dung lies:
But, if 'tis ſcatter'd generouſly o'er all,
The cane will better bear the ſolar blaze;
Leſs rain demand; and, by repeated crops
Thy land improv'd, its gratitude will ſhow.
Enough of compoſts, muſe; of ſoils enough:
When beſt to dig, and when inhume the cane;
A taſk how arduous! next demands thy ſong.
It not imports beneath what ſign thy hoes
The deep trough ſink, and ridge alternate raiſe:
If this from waſhes guard thy gemmy tops,
And that arreſt the moiſture theſe require.
Yet ſhould the ſite of thine eſtate permit,
Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate;
So ſhall a greener, loftier cane ariſe,
And richeſt nectar in thy coppers foam.
As art transforms the ſavage face of things,
And order captivates the harmonious mind,
Let not thy blacks irregularly hoe
But, aided by the line, conſult the ſite
Of thy demeſnes, and beautify the whole.
So when a monarch ruſhes to the war,
To drive invaſion from his frighted realm;
Some delegated chief the frontier views,
And to each ſquadron and brigade aſſigns
Their order'd ſtation: Soon the tented field
Brigade and ſquadron whiten on the ſight,
And fill ſpectators with an awful joy.
Planter, improvement is the child of time;
What your ſires knew not, ye their offſpring know:
But hath your art receiv'd perfection's ſtamp? 280
Thou canſt not ſay.---Unprejudic'd, then learn
Of ancient modes to doubt, and new to try:
And if philoſophy, with wiſdom, deign
Thee to enlighten with their uſeful lore,
Fair fame and riches will reward thy toil.
Then ſay, ye ſwains, whom wealth and fame inſpire,
Might not the plough, that rolls on rapid wheels,
Save no ſmall labour to the hoe-arm'd gang?
Might not the culture taught the Britiſh hinds,
By Ceres' ſon, unfailing crops ſecure,
Though neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid?
The cultur'd land recals the devious muſe;
Propitious to the planter be the call:

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meaning; for ſome chemiſts define ſugar to be a native ſalt, and others a ſoap.

Ver. 206. The Caribbean name of St. Chriſtopher.

Ver. 237. The botanical name of this plant is *Dioſcoria*. Its leaves, like thoſe of the water-melon, or gourd, ſoon mantle over the ground where it is planted. It takes about eight months to come to perfection, and then is a wholeſome root, either boiled or roaſted. They will ſometimes weigh one and an half, or two pounds; but their commoneſt ſize is from ſix ounces to nine. They cannot be kept good above half a year. They are a native of South-America, the Weſt-Indies, and of moſt parts of Guinea.

Ver. 260. The ſummit of the cane being ſmaller jointed, as well as ſofter, and conſequently having more gems, from whence the young ſprouts ſhoot, is properer for planting than any other part of it. From one to four junks, each about a foot long, are put in every hole. Where too many junks are planted in one hole, the canes may be numerous, but can neither become vigorous, nor yield ſuch a quantity of rich liquor as they otherwiſe would. In caſe the young ſhoots do not appear above ground in four or five weeks, the deficiencies muſt be ſupplied with new tops.

Ver. 290. Jethro Tull, Eſq. the greateſt improver in modern huſbandry.

For much, my friend, it thee imports to know
The meeteſt ſeaſon to commit thy tops,
With beſt advantage, to the well-dug mould.
The taſk how difficult, to cull the beſt
From thwarting ſentiments, and beſt adorn
What wiſdom chooſes in poetic garb!
Yet, inſpiration, come: the theme unſung,
Whence never poet cropt one bloomy wreath;
Its vaſt importance to my native land,
Whoſe ſweet idea ruſhes on my mind,
And makes me 'mid this paradiſe repine,
Urge me to pluck, from fancy's ſoaring wing,
A plume to deck experience' hoary brow.
Attend! The ſon of time and truth declares,
Unleſs the low-hung clouds drop fatneſs down,
No bunching plants of vivid green will ſpring,
In goodly ranks, to fill the planter's eye.
Let then ſagacity, with curious ken,
Remark the various ſigns of future rain.
The ſigns of rain, the Mantuan bard hath ſung
In loftieſt numbers; friendly to thy ſwains,
Once fertile Italy: but other marks
Portend the approaching ſhower, in theſe hot climes.
Short ſudden rains, from ocean's ruffled bed,
Driven by ſome momentary ſqualls, will oft
With frequent heavy bubbling drops, downfal;
While yet the ſun, in cloudleſs luſtre, ſhines:
And draw their humid train o'er half the iſle.
Unhappy he! who journeys then from home,
No ſhade to ſcreen him. His untimely fate
His wife, his babes, his friends, will ſoon deplore;
Unleſs hot wines, dry clothes, and friction's aid,
His fleeting ſpirits ſtay. Yet not even theſe,
Nor all Apollo's arts, will always bribe
The inſidious tyrant death, thrice tyrant here!
Elſe good Amyntor, him the Graces lov'd,
Wiſdom careſs'd, and Themis call'd her own,
Had liv'd by all admir'd, had now perus'd
" Theſe lines, with all the malice of a friend."
Yet future rains the careful may foretel:
Moſquitos, ſand-flies, ſeek the ſhelter'd roof,
And with fell rage the ſtranger gueſt aſſail,
Nor ſpare the ſportive child; from their retreats
Cockroaches crawl diſpleaſingly abroad:
Theſe, without pity, let thy ſlaves deſtroy;
(Like harpies, they defile whate'er they touch):
While thoſe, the ſmother of combuſtion quells.
The ſpeckled lizard to its hole retreats,
And black crabs travel from the mountain down;

Ver. 334. *Muſquitos.* This is a Spaniſh word, ſignifying a gnat, or fly. They are very troubleſome, eſpecially to ſtrangers, whom they bite unmercifully, cauſing a yellow coloured tumour, attended with exceſſive itching. Ugly ulcers have often been occaſioned by ſcratching thoſe ſwellings, in perſons of a bad habit of body. Though natives of the Weſt-Indies, they are not leſs common in the coldeſt regions; for Mr. Maupertius takes notice how troubleſome they were to him and his attendants on the ſnowy ſummit of certain mountains within the arctic circle. They, however, chiefly love ſhady, moiſt, and warm places. Accordingly they are commoneſt to be met with in the corners of rooms, towards evening, and before rain. They are ſo light as not to be felt when they pitch on the ſkin; and, as ſoon as they have darted in their probolcis, fly off, ſo that the firſt intimation one has of being bit by them, is the itching tumour. Warm lime juice is its remedy. The moſquito makes a humming noiſe, eſpecially in the night-time.

Ver. 334. *Sand-flies.* This inſect the Spaniards call *Moſquitilla*, being much ſmaller than the moſquito. Its bite is like a ſpark of fire falling on the ſkin, which it raiſes into a ſmall tumour, accompanied with itching. But if the ſand-fly cauſes a ſharper and more ſudden pain than the moſquito, yet it is a more honourable enemy, for remaining upon the ſkin after the puncture, it may eaſily be killed. Its colour is gray and black, ſtriped. Lemon juice or firſt runnings cures its bite.

Ver. 337. This is a large ſpecies of the chafer, or ſcaribæus, and is a moſt diſagreeable as well as deſtructive inſect. There is ſcarce any thing which it will not devour; and wherever it has remained for any time, it leaves a naufeous ſmell behind it. Though better than an inch long, their thickneſs is no ways correſpondent, ſo that they can inſinuate themſelves almoſt through any creviee, &c. into cabinets, drawers, &c. The ſmell of cedar is ſaid to frighten them away: but this is a popular miſtake; for, I have often killed them in preſſes of that wood. There is a ſpecies of cockroach, which, on account of a beating noiſe which it makes, eſpecially in the night, is called the Drummer. Though larger, it is neither of ſo burniſhed a colour, nor ſo quick in its motions as the common ſort, than which it is alſo leſs frequent, and not ſo pernicious; yet both will nibble peoples toe-ends, eſpecially if not well waſhed, and have ſometimes occaſioned uneaſy ſores there. They are natives of a warm climate. The French call them *Ravats.*

Ver. 341. This is meant of the ground lizard, and not of the tree lizard, which is of a fine green colour. There are many kinds of ground lizards, which, as they are common in the hot parts of Europe, I ſhall not deſcribe. All of them are perfectly innocent. The Caribbeans uſed to eat them; they are not inferior to ſnakes as a medicated food. Snuff forced into their mouth ſoon convulſes them. They change colour, and become torpid; but, in a few hours recover. The guana, or rather Iguana, is the largeſt ſort of lizard. This, when irritated, will fly at one. It lives moſtly upon fruit. It has a ſaw-like appearance, which ranges from its head all along its back, to its tail. The fleſh of it is eſteemed a great delicacy. The firſt writers on the Lues Venerea, forbid its uſe to thoſe who labour under that diſeaſe. It is a very ugly animal. In ſome parts of South-America, the alligator is called *Iguana.*

Ver. 342. Black land-crabs are excellent eating; but as they ſometimes will occaſion a moſt violent *cholera morbus* (owing, ſay planters, to their feeding on the mahoe-berry), they ſhould never be

Thy ducks their feathers prune; thy doves return,
In faithful flocks, and, on the neighbouring roof,
Perch frequent; where, with pleas'd attention, they
Behold the deepening congregated clouds,
With sadness, blot the azure vault of Heaven.
Now, while the shower depends, and rattle loud
Your doors and windows, haste ye housewives, place
Your spouts and pails; ye negroes, seek the shade,
Save those who open with the ready hoe
The enriching water-course: for, see, the drops,
Which fell with slight aspersion, now descend
In streams continuous on the laughing land.
The coyest Naiads quit their rocky caves,
And, with delight, run brawling to the main;
While those, who love still visible to glad
The thirsty plains from never-ceasing urns,
Assume more awful majesty, and pour,
With force resistless, down the channel'd rocks.
The rocks, or split, or hurried from their base,
With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the sea:
Fluctuates the forest; the torn mountains roar:
The main itself recoils for many a league,
While its green face is chang'd to sordid brown.
A grateful freshness every sense pervades;
While beats the heart with unaccustom'd joy:
Her stores fugacious memory now recals;
And fancy prunes her wings for loftiest flights.
The mute creation share the enlivening hour;
Bounds the brisk kid, and wanton plays the lamb.
The drooping plants revive; ten thousand blooms,
Which, with their fragrant scents, perfume the air,
Burst into being; while the canes put on
Glad nature's liveliest robe, the vivid green.
But chief, let fix'd attention cast his eye
On the capt mountain, whose high rocky verge
The wild fig canopies (vast woodland king,
Beneath thy branching shade a banner'd host
May lie in ambush)! and whose shaggy sides,
Trees shade, of endless green, enormous size,
Wondrous in shape, to botany unknown,
Old as the deluge.—There, in secret haunts,
The watery spirits ope their liquid court;
There, with the wood-nymphs, link'd in festal band,
(Soft airs and Phœbus wing them to their arms)
Hold amorous dalliance. Ah, may none profane,
With fire, or steel, their mystic privacy:
For there their fluent offspring first see day,
Coy infants sporting; silver-footed dew
To bathe by night thy sprouts in genial balm;
The green-stol'd Naiad of the tinkling rill,
Whose brow the fern-tree shades; the power of rain
To glad the thirsty soil, on which, arrang'd,
The gemmy summits of the cane await
Thy negroe-train (in linen lightly wrapt),
Who now that painted Iris girds the sky,
(Aërial arch, which fancy loves to stride)!
Disperse, all-jocund, o'er the long-hoed land.
The bundles some untie; the withered leaves,
Others strip artful off, and careful lay,
Twice one junk, distant in the ampleſt bed:
O'er these, with hasty hoe, some lightly spread
The mounded interval; and smooth the trench:
Well pleas'd, the master swain reviews their toil;
And rolls, in fancy, many a full-fraught cask.
So, when the shield was forg'd for Peleus' son,
The swarthy Cyclops shar'd the important task:
With bellows, some reviv'd the seeds of fire;
Some gold and brass, and steel, together fus'd
In the vast furnace; while a chosen few,
In equal measures lifting their bare arms,
Inform the mass; and, hissing in the wave,
Temper the glowing orb: their fire beholds,
Amaz'd, the wonders of his fusile art.
While Procyon reigns yet fervid in the sky;
While yet the fiery sun in Leo rides;
And the sun's child, the mail'd anana, yields
His regal apple to the ravish'd taste;
And thou green avocato, charm of sense,
Thy ripened marrow liberally bestow'st;
Begin the distant mountain-land to plant:
So shall thy canes defy November's cold,
Ungenial to the upland young; so best,
Unstinted by the arrow's deadening power,
Long yellow joints shall flow with generous juice.
But, till the lemon, orange, and the lime,
Amid their verdant umbrage, countless glow
With fragrant fruit of vegetable gold;
Till yellow plantanes bend the unstain'd bough
With crooked clusters, prodigally full;
Till Capricorn command the cloudy sky;
And moist Aquarius melt in daily showers,
Friend to the cane isles; trust not thou thy tops,
Thy future riches, to the lowland plain:

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dressed till they have fed for some weeks in a crab-house, after being caught by the negroes. When they moult, they are most delicate; and then, it is believed, never poison. This, however, is certain, that at that time they have no gall, but, in its stead, the petrifaction called a Crab's-eye is found. As I have frequently observed their great claws (with which they severely bite the unwary) of very unequal sizes, it is probable, these regenerate when broke off by accident, or otherwise.

Ver 393. This only grows in mountainous situations. Its stem shoots up to a considerable height, but it does not divide into branches till near the summit, where it shoots out horizontally, like an umbrella, into leaves, which resemble those of the common fern. I know of no medical uses whereto this singularly beautiful tree has been applied; and, indeed, its wood being spongy, is seldom used to economical purposes. It however, serves well enough for building mountain-huts, and temporary fences for cattle.

Ver. 418. This is the pine-apple, and needs no description; the cherimoya, a South-American fruit, is by all, who have tasted both, allowed to surpass the pine, and is even said to be more wholesome. The botanical name of the pine-apple is *bromelia*. Of the wild pine-apple, or ananas bravo, hedges are made in South-America. It produces an inferior sort of fruit.

And if kind Heaven, in pity to thy prayers,
Shed genial influence; as the earth abſolves
Her annual circuit, thy rich ripened canes
Shall load thy waggons, mules, and negroe-train.
But chief thee, planter, it imports to mark
(Whether thou breathe the mountain's humid air,
Or pant with heat continual on the plain);
What months relent, and which from rain are free.
In different iſlands of the ocean ſtream,
Even in the different parts of the ſame iſle,
The ſeaſons vary; yet attention ſoon
Will give thee each variety to know.
This once obſerv'd; at ſuch a time inhume
Thy plants, that, when they joint (important age,
Like youth juſt ſtepping into life), the clouds
May conſtantly bedew them: ſo ſhall they
Avoid thoſe ails, which elſe their manhood kill.
Six times the changeful moon muſt blunt her horns,
And fill with borrowed light her ſilvery urn;
Ere thy tops, truſted to the mountain-land,
Commence their jointing: but four moons ſuffice
To bring to puberty the lowland cane.
In plants, in beaſts, in man's imperial race,
An alien mixture meliorates the breed;
Hence canes, that ſickened dwarfiſh on the plain,
Will ſhoot with giant-vigour on the hill.
Thus all depends on all; ſo God ordains.
Then let not man for little ſelfiſh ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth);
Preſume the principle to counteract
Of univerſal love; for God is love,
And wide creation ſhares alike his care.
'Tis ſaid by ſome, and not unletter'd they,
That chief the planter, if he wealth deſire,
Should note the phaſes of the fickle moon.
On thee, ſweet empreſs of the night, depend
The tides; ſtern Neptune pays his court to thee;
The winds, obedient at thy bidding ſhift,
And tempeſts riſe or fall; even lordly man,
Thine energy controuls.—Not ſo the cane;
The cane its independency may boaſt,
Though ſome leſs noble plants thine influence own.
Of mountain-lands economy permits
A third, in canes of mighty growth to riſe:
But, in the lowland plain, the half will yield
Though not ſo lofty, yet a richer cane,
For many a crop; if ſeaſons glad the ſoil.
While rolls the ſun from Aries to the Bull,
And till the virgin his hot beams enflame;
The cane, with richeſt, moſt redundant juice,
Thy ſpacious coppers fills. Then manage ſo,
By planting in ſucceſſion; that thy crops
The wondering daughters of the main may waft
To Britain's ſhore, ere Libra weigh the year:
So ſhall thy merchant cheerful credit grant,
And well-earn'd opulence thy cares repay.
Thy fields thus planted; to ſecure the canes
From the goat's baneful tooth; the churning boar;
From thieves; from fire or caſual or deſign'd;
Unfailing herbage to thy toiling herds
Would'ſt thou afford; and the ſpectators charm
With beauteous proſpects: let the frequent hedge
Thy green plantation, regular, divide.
With limes, with lemons, let thy fences glow,
Grateful to ſenſe; now children of this clime:
And here and there let oranges erect
Their ſhapely beauties, and perfume the ſky.
Nor leſs delightful blooms the logwood hedge,
Whoſe wood to coction yields a precious balm,
Specific in the flux: Endemial ail,
Much cauſe have I to weep thy fatal ſway.
But God is juſt, and man muſt not repine,
Nor ſhall the ricinus unnoted paſs;
Yet, if the cholic's deathful pangs thou dread'ſt,
Taſte not its luſcious nut. The acaſſee,
With which the ſons of Jewry, ſtiff-neck'd race,
Conjecture ſays, our God-Meſſiah crown'd;
Soon ſhoots a thick impenetrable fence,

Ver. 482. Long continued and violent rains, are called Seaſons, in the Weſt-Indies.

Ver. 500. It is ſuppoſed that oranges, lemons, and limes were introduced into America by the Spaniards; but I am more inclined to believe they are natural to the climate. The Spaniards themſelves probably had the two firſt from the Saracens; for the Spaniſh noun *Naranja*, whence the Engliſh word Orange, is plainly Arabic.

Ver. 503. Linnæus's name for this uſeful tree is *Hæmotoxylon*, but it is better known to phyſicians by that of *Lignum campechenſe*. Its virtues, as a medicine, and properties as an ingredient in dying, need not to be enumerated in this place. It makes a no leſs ſtrong than beautiful hedge in the Weſt-Indies, where it riſes to a conſiderable height.

Ver. 508. This ſhrub is commonly called the phyſic-nut. It is generally divided into three kinds; the common, the French, and the Spaniſh, which differ from each other in their leaves and flowers, if not in their fruit or ſeeds. The plant from which the caſtor-oil is extracted, is alſo called *Ricinus*, though it has no reſemblance to any of the former, in leaves, flowers, or ſeeds. In one particular they all agree, viz. in their yielding to coction or expreſſion, a purgative or emetic oil. The Spaniards name theſe nuts *Avellanas purgativas*; hence Ray terms them *Avellanæ purgatrices novi orbis*. By roaſting they are ſuppoſed to loſe part of their virulency, which is wholly deſtroyed, ſay ſome people, by taking out a leaf-like ſubſtance that is to be found between the lobes. The nut exceeds a walnut, or even an almond, in ſweetneſs, and yet three or four of them will operate briſkly both up and down. The French call this uſeful ſhrub *Medecinier*. That ſpecies of it which bears red coral, like flowers, is named *Bellyach* by the Barbadians; and its ripe ſeeds are ſuppoſed to be ſpecific againſt melancholy.

Ver. 510. *Acacia*. This is a ſpecies of thorn; the juice of the root is ſuppoſed to be poiſonous. Its ſeeds are contained in a pod or ligumen. It is of the claſs of the ſyngeneſia. No aſtringent juice is extracted from it. Its trivial name is *Caſhaw*. Tourneſort deſcribes it in his voyage to the Le-

Whose scent perfumes the night and morning sky,
Though baneful be its root. The privet too,
Whose white flowers rival the first drifts of snow
On Grampia's piny hills; (O might the muse
Tread, flush'd with health, the Grampian hills again)!
Emblem of innocence shall grace my song.
Boast of the shrubby tribe, carnation fair,
Nor thou repine, though late the muse record
Thy bloomy honours. Tipt with burnish'd gold,
And with imperial purple crested high,
More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
Thy bloomy honours oft the curious muse
Hath seen transported: seen the humming bird,
Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with verdant gold;
Least of the winged vagrants of the sky,
Yet dauntless as the strong-pounc'd bird of Jove;
With fluttering vehemence attack thy cups,
To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.
But if with stones thy meagre lands are spread;
Be these collected, they will pay thy toil:
And let Vitruvius, aided by the line,
Fence thy plantations with a thick-built wall.

On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear;
They soon a formidable fence will shoot:
Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to hang,
Whilst scandent blossoms, yellow, purple, blue,
Unhurt, wind round its shield-like leaf and spears.
Nor is its fruit inelegant of taste,
Though more its colour charms the ravish'd eye;
Vermeil, as youthful beauty's roseat hue;
As thine, fair Christobelle: ah, when will fate,
That long hath scowl'd relentless on the bard,
Give him some small plantation to enclose,
Which he may call his own? Not wealth he craves,
But independence: yet, if thou, sweet maid,
In health and virtue bloom; though worse betide,
Thy smile will smooth adversity's rough brow.
In Italy's green bounds the myrtle shoots
A fragrant fence, and blossoms in the sun.
Here, on the rockiest verge of these blest isles,
With little care, the plant of love would grow.
Then to the citron join the plant of love,
And with their scent and shade enrich your isles.
Yet some pretend, and not unspecious they,
The wood-nymphs foster the contagious blast.
Foes to the dryads, they remorseless fell

vant. Some call it the Holy Thorn, and others Sweet Briar. The half ripe pod affords a strong cement; and the main stem, being wounded, produces a transparent gum, like the Arabic, to which tree this bears a strong resemblance.

Ver. 515. *Liguſtrum.* This shrub is sufficiently known. Its leaves and flowers make a good gargle in the aphthæ and ulcerated throat.

Ver. 520. This is indeed a most beautiful flowering shrub. It is a native of the West-Indies, and called, from a French governor, named Depoinci, *Poinciana.* If permitted, it will grow twenty feet high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it should be kept low. It is always in blossom. Though not purgative, it is of the senna kind. Its leaves and flowers are stomachic, carminative, and emmenagogue. Some authors name it *Couda pavonis*, on account of its inimitable beauty; the flowers have a physicky smell. How it came to be called *Doodle-doo* I know not; the Barbadians more properly term it *Flower Fence.* This plant grows also in Guinea.

Ver. 526. The humming bird is called *Picaflore* by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering over flowers, and sucking their juices, without lacerating, or even so much as discomposing their petals. Its Indian name, says Ulloa, is *Guinde*, though it is also known by the appellation of *Rabilargo* and *Lizongero.* By the Caribbeans it was called *Collobree.* It is common in all the warm parts of America. There are various species of them, all exceeding small, beautiful and bold. The crested one, though not so frequent, is yet more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be found in the woody parts of the mountains. Edwards has described a very beautiful humming bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Surinam, but which I never saw in these islands. They are easily caught in rainy weather.

Ver. 536. The botanical name of this plant is *Opuntia;* it will grow in the barreneſt soils, and on the tops of walls, if a small portion of earth be added. There are two sorts of it, one whose fruit is roundish and sweet, the other, which has more the shape of a fig, is sour. The former is sometimes eaten, but the other seldom. The French call them *Pomme de Raquette.* Both fruit and leaves are guarded with sharp prickles; and, even in the interior part of the fruit, there is one which must be removed before it is eaten. The leaves, which are half an inch thick, having a sort of pulp interposed between their surfaces, being deprived of their spines, and softened by the fire, make no bad poultice for inflammations. The juice of the fruit is an innocent fucus, and is often used to tinge guava jellies. The opuntia, upon which the cochineal insect breeds, has no spines, and is cultivated with care in South-America, where it also grows wild. The prickly pear makes a strong fence, and is easily trimmed with a scymitar. It grows naturally in some parts of Spain.

Ver. 538. This is a scandent plant, from which the negroes gather what they call *Jumbee Beeds.* These are about the size of pigeon-peas, almost round, of a red colour, with a black speck on one extremity. They act as an emetic; but, being violent in their operation, great caution should be observed in using them. The leaves make a good pectoral drink in disorders of the breast. By the French it is named *Petit Panacoco*, to distinguish it from a large tree, which bears seeds of the same colours, only much bigger. This tree is a species of black ebony.

Ver. 559. So a particular species of blight is called in the West-Indies. See its description in the second book.

Each ſhrub of ſhade, each tree of ſpreading root,
That woo the firſt glad fannings of the breeze.
Far from the muſe be ſuch inhuman thoughts;
Far better recks ſhe of the woodland tribes,
Earth's eldeſt birth, and earth's beſt ornament.
Aſk him, whom rude neceſſity compels
To dare the noontide fervour, in this clime,
Ah, moſt intenſely hot; how much he longs
For cooling vaſt impenetrable ſhade?
The muſe, alas, th' inexperienc'd muſe can tell:
Oft hath ſhe travell'd, while ſolſtitial beams,
Shot yellow deaths on the devoted land;
Oft, oft hath ſhe their ill-judg'd avarice blam'd,
Who, to the ſtranger, to their ſlaves and herds,
Denied this beſt of joys, the breezy ſhade.
And are there none, whom generous pity warms,
Friends to the woodland reign; whom ſhades delight? [trees;
Who, round their green domains, plant hedge-row
And with cool cedars ſcreen the public way?
Yes, good Montano; friend of man was he:
Him perſecution, virtue's deadlieſt foe,
Drove a lorn exile from his native ſhore;
From his green hills, where many a fleecy flock,
Where many a heifer crept their wholeſome food;
And many a ſwain, obedient to his rule,
Him their lov'd maſter, their protector own'd.
Yet, from that paradiſe, to Indian wilds,
To tropic ſuns, to fell barbaric hinds,
A poor outcaſt, an alien, did he roam;
His wife, the partner of his better hours,
And one ſweet infant cheer'd his diſmal way.
Unus'd to labour; yet the orient ſun,
Yet weſtern Phœbus, ſaw him wield the hoe.
At firſt a garden all his wants ſupplied,
(For temperance ſat cheerful at his board),
With yams, caſſada, and the food of ſtrength,
Thrice-wholeſome tanies: while a neighbouring dell,
(Which nature to the fourſop had reſigu'd),
With ginger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
Gave wealth; and gold bought better land and ſlaves,
Heaven bleſs'd his labour: now the cotton-ſhrub,

Ver. 572. The yellow fever, to which Europeans of a ſanguine habit of body, and who exceed in drinking or exerciſe, are liable on their arrival in the Weſt-Indies. The French call it *Maladie de Siame*, or more properly, *La Fievre des Matelots*. Thoſe who have lived any time in the iſlands are no more ſubject to this diſeaſe than the Creoles, whence, however, ſome phyſicians have too haſtily concluded that it was of foreign extraction.

Ver. 596. Caſſavi, caſſava, is called *Jatropha* by botaniſts. Its meal makes a wholeſome and well-taſted bread, although its juice be poiſonous. There is a ſpecies of caſſada which may be eat with ſafety, without expreſſing the juice; this the French call *camagnoc*. The colour of its root is white, like a parſnip; that of the common kind is of a browniſh red, before it is ſcraped. By coction the caſſada-juice becomes an excellent ſauce for fiſh; and the Indians prepare many wholeſome diſhes from it. I have given it internally mixed with flour, without any bad conſequences; it did not, however, produce any of the ſalutary effects I expected. A good ſtarch is made from it. The ſtem is knotty, and, being cut into ſmall junks and planted, young ſprouts ſhoot up from each knob. Horſes have been poiſoned by eating its leaves. The French name it *Manihot*, *Magnoc*, and *Manioc*, and the Spaniards *Mandiocha*. It is pretended that all creatures but man eat the raw root of the caſſada with impunity; and, when dried, that it is a ſovereign antidote againſt venomous bites. A wholeſome drink is prepared from this root by the Indians, Spaniards, and Portugueſe, according to Pineda. There is one ſpecies of this plant which the Indians only uſe, and is by them called *Baccacoua*.

Ver. 597. This wholeſome root, in ſome of the iſlands, is called *Edda*: Its botanical name is *Arum maximum Ægyptiacum*. There are three ſpecies of tanies, the blue, the ſcratching, and that which is commonly roaſted. The bloſſoms of all three are very fragrant, in a morning or evening. The young leaves, as well as the ſpiral ſtalks which ſupport the flower, are eaten by negroes as a ſallad. The root makes a good broth in dyſenteric complaints. They are ſeldom ſo large as the yam, but moſt people think them preferable in point of taſte.

Ver. 598. The true Indian name of this tree is *Suirſaak*. It grows in the barreneſt places to a conſiderable height. Its fruit will often weigh two pounds. Its ſkin is green, and ſomewhat prickly. The pulp is not diſagreeable to the palate, being cool, and having its ſweetneſs tempered with ſome degree of an acid. It is one of the *Ananas*, as are alſo the cuſtard, ſtar, and ſugar-apples. The leaves of the ſourſop are very ſhining and green. The fruit is wholeſome, but ſeldom admitted to the tables of the elegant. The ſeeds are diſperſed through the pulp like the guava. It has a peculiar flavour. It grows in the Eaſt as well as the Weſt Indies. The botanical name is *Guanabanus*. The French call it *Petit Coroſal*, or *Cœur de Bœuf*, to which the fruit bears a reſemblance. The root, being reduced to a powder, and ſnuffed up the noſe, produces the ſame effect as tobacco. Taken by the mouth, the Indians pretend it is a ſpecific in the epilepſy.

Ver. 601. The fine down, which this ſhrub produces to envelope its ſeeds, is ſufficiently known. The Engliſh, Italian, and French names, evidently are derived from the Arabic *Algodon*, as the Spaniards at this day call it. It was firſt brought by the Arabians into the Levant, where it is now cultivated with great ſucceſs. Authors mention four ſpecies of cotton; but they confound the ſilk-cotton tree, or *Ceiba*, among them. The flower of the Weſt-India cotton ſhrub is yellow, and campanulated. It produces twice every year. That of Cayenne is the beſt of any that comes from America. This plant is very apt to be deſtroyed by a grub within a ſhort time; hating that, it is a profitable production. Pliny mentions *Goſſipium*,

Grac'd with broad yellow flowers, unhurt by worms,
O'er many an acre ſhed its whiteſt down:
The power of rain, in genial moiſture bath'd
His cacao-walk, which teem'd with marrowy pods;
His coffee bath'd, that glow'd with berries, red
As Danæ's lip, or, Theodoſia, thine,
Yet countleſs as the pebbles on the ſhore;
Oft, while drought kill'd his impious neighbour's grove.
In time, a numerous gang of ſturdy ſlaves,
Well-fed, well-cloth'd, all emulous to gain
Their maſter's ſmile, who treated them like men;
Blacken'd his cane lands: which with vaſt increaſe,
Beyond the wiſh of avarice paid his toil.
No cramps, with ſudden death, ſurpris'd his mules;
No glander-peſt his airy ſtables thinn'd:
And, if diſorder ſeiz'd his negro train,
Celſus was call'd, and pining illneſs flew.
His gate ſtood wide to all; but chief the poor,
The unfriended ſtranger, and the ſickly, ſhar'd
His prompt munificence: No ſurly dog,
Nor ſurlier Ethiop, their approach debarr'd.
The muſe, that pays this tribute to his fame,
Oft hath eſcap'd the ſun's meridian blaze,
Beneath yon tamarind-viſta, which his hands
Planted; and which, impervious to the ſun,
His latter days beheld.—One noon he ſat
Beneath its breezy ſhade, what time the ſun
His ſultry vengeance from the Lion pour'd?
And calmly thus his eldeſt hope addreſt.
" Be pious, be induſtrious, be humane;
" From proud oppreſſion guard the labouring hind.
" Whate'er their creed, God is the ſire of man,
" His image they; then dare not thou, my ſon,
" To bar the gates of mercy on mankind.
" Your foes forgive, for merit muſt make foes;

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which is the common botanical name of cotton. It is likewiſe called *Zylon*. Martinus, in his Philological Lexicon, derives cotton from the Hebrew word קטן *Katon*, (or, as pronounced by the German Jews, *Kotoun*).

Ver. 605. It is alſo called *Cocoa* and *Coci*. It is a native of ſome of the provinces of South America, and a drink made from it was the common food of the Indians before the Spaniards came among them, who were ſome time in thoſe countries ere they could be prevailed upon to taſte it; and it muſt be confeſſed, that the Indian chocolate had not a tempting aſpect; yet I much doubt whether the Europeans have greatly improved its wholeſomeneſs, by the addition of vanellas and other hot ingredients. The tree often grows fifteen or twenty feet high, and is ſtreight and handſome. The pods, which ſeldom contain leſs than thirty nuts of the ſize of a flatted olive, grow upon the ſtem and principal branches. The tree loves a moiſt, rich, and ſhaded ſoil: Hence thoſe who plant cacao-walks, ſometimes ſcreen them by a hardier tree, which the Spaniards aptly term *Madre de Cacoa*. They may be planted fifteen or twenty feet diſtant, though ſome adviſe to plant them much nearer, and perhaps wiſely; for it is an eaſy matter to thin them, when they are paſt the danger of being deſtroyed by dry weather, &c. Some recommend planting caſſada, or bananas, in the intervals, when the cacao-trees are young, to deſtroy weeds, from which the walks cannot be kept too free. It is generally three years before they produce good pods; but, in ſix years, they are in higheſt perfection. The pods are commonly of the ſize and ſhape of a large cucumber. There are three or four ſorts of cacao, which differ from one another in the colour and goodneſs of their nuts. That from the Caraccas is certainly the beſt. None of the ſpecies grow in Peru. Its alimentary, as well as phyſical properties, are ſufficiently known. This word is Indian.

Ver. 606. This is certainly of Arabic derivation; and has been uſed in the Eaſt, as a drink, time immemorial. The inhabitants about the mouth of the Red-ſea were taught the uſe of it by the Perſians, ſay authors, in the fifteenth century; and the coffee-ſhrub was gradually introduced into Arabia Felix, whence it paſſed into Egypt, Syria, and laſtly Conſtantinople. The Turks, though ſo exceſſively fond of coffee, have not known it much above one hundred and fifty years; whereas the Engliſh have been acquainted therewith for upwards of an hundred, one Paſqua, a Greek, having opened a coffee-houſe in London about the middle of the laſt century. The famous traveller, Thevenot, introduced coffee into France. This plant is cultivated in the Weſt Indies, particularly by the French, with great ſucceſs; but the berry from thence is not equal to that from Mocha. It is a ſpecies of Arabian jaſmine; the flower is particularly redolent, and from it a pleaſant cordial water is diſtilled. It produces fruit twice every year; but the ſhrub muſt be three years old before any can be gathered. It ſhould not be allowed to grow above ſix foot high. It is very apt to be deſtroyed by a large fly, which the French call *Mouche a'caffe*; as well as by the white grub, which they name *Puceron*. Its medical and alimentary qualities are as generally known as thoſe of tea.

Ver. 625. This large, ſhady, and beautiful tree grows faſt even in the drieſt ſoils, and laſts long; and yet its wood is hard, and very fit for mechanical uſes. The leaves are ſmaller than thoſe of ſenna, and pennated: they taſte ſouriſh, as does the pulp, which is contained in pods four or five inches long. They bear once a year. An excellent vinegar may be made from the fruit; but the Creoles chiefly preſerve it with ſugar, as the Spaniards with ſalt. A pleaſant ſyrup may be made from it. The name is, in Arabic, *Tamara*. The ancients were not acquainted therewith; for the Arabians firſt introduced tamarinds into phyſic; it is a native of the Eaſt as well as of the Weſt Indies and South America, where different provinces call it by different names. Its cathartic qualities are well known It is good in ſeaſickneſs. The botanical name is *Tamarindus*.

" And in each virtue far ſurpaſs your ſire.
" Your means are ample. Heaven a heart beſtow!
" So health and peace ſhall be your portion here;
" And yon bright ſky, to which my ſoul aſpires,
" Shall bleſs you with eternity of joy." 641
He ſpoke, and ere the ſwift-wing'd zumbadore
The mountain deſert ſtartl'd with his hum;
Ere fire-flies trimm'd their vital lamps; and ere
Dun evening trod on rapid twilight's heel:
His knell was rung;——
And all the cane lands wept their father loſt.
Muſe, yet a while indulge my rapid courſe;
And I'll unharneſs ſoon the foaming ſteeds.
If Jove deſcend, propitious to thy vows, 650
In frequent floods of rain; ſucceſſive crops
Of weeds will ſpring. Nor venture to repine,
Though oft their toil thy little gang renew;
Their toil tenfold the melting heavens repay:
For ſoon thy plants will magnitude acquire,
To cruſh all undergrowth; before the ſun,
The planets thus withdraw their puny fires.
And though untutor'd, then, thy canes will ſhoot:
Care meliorates their growth. The trenches fill
With their collateral mould; as in a town 660
Which foes have long beleaguer'd, unawares
A ſtrong detachment ſallies from each gate,
And levels all the labours of the plain.
And now thy cane's firſt blades their verdure loſe,
And hang their idle heads. Be theſe ſtript off;
So ſhall freſh ſportive airs their joints embrace,
And by their alliance give the ſap to riſe.
But, O beware, let no unſkilful hand
The vivid foliage tear: Their channell'd ſpouts,
Well pleas'd, the watery nutriment convey, 670
With filial duty, to the thirſty ſtem;
And, ſpreading wide their reverential arms,
Defend their parent from ſolſtitial ſkies.

BOOK II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following book having been originally addreſſed to William Shenſtone, Eſq. and by him approved of; the author ſhould deem it a kind of poetical ſacrilege now to addreſs it to any other. To his memory, therefore, be it ſacred; as a ſmall but ſincere teſtimony of the high opinion the author entertained of that gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make, for friendſhip wherewith Mr. Shenſtone had condeſcended to honour him.

ARGUMENT.

Subject propoſed. Addreſſed to William Shenſtone, Eſq. Of monkies. Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds. Of the yellow fly. Of the greaſy fly. Of the blaſt. A hurricane deſcribed. Of calms and earthquakes. A tale.

ENOUGH of culture.—A leſs pleaſing theme,
What ills await the ripening cane, demands
My ſerious numbers: theſe, the thoughtful muſe
Hath oft beheld, deep-pierc'd with generous woe.
For ſhe, poor exile! boaſts no waving crops;
For her no circling mules preſs dulcet ſtreams;
No negro-band huge foaming coppers ſkim;
Nor fermentation (wine's dread fire) for her,
With Vulcan's aid, from cane a ſpirit draws,
Potent to quell the madneſs of deſpair. 10
Yet oft the range ſhe walks, at ſhut of eve;
Oft ſees red lightning at the midnight hour,
When nod the watches, ſtream along the ſky;
Not innocent, as what the learned call
The Boreal morn, which, through the azure air,
Flaſhes its tremulous rays, in painted ſtreaks,
While o'er night's veil her lucid treſſes flow:
Nor quits the muſe her walk, immers'd in thought,
How ſhe the planter haply may adviſe;
Till tardy morn unbar the gates of light, 20
And, opening on the main with ſultry beam,
To burniſh'd ſilver turns the blue-green wave.
Say, will my Shenſtone lend a patient ear,
And weep at woes unknown to Britain's iſle?
Yes, thou wilt weep! for pity choſe thy breaſt,
With taſte and ſcience, for their ſoft abode;
Yes, thou wilt weep: thine own diſtreſs thou bear'ſt
Undaunted; but another's melts thy ſoul.
" O were my pipe as ſoft, my dittied ſong"
As ſmooth as thine, my too too diſtant friend, 30
Shenſtone; my ſoft pipe, and my dittied ſong
Should huſh the hurricanes tremendous roar,
And from each evil guard the ripening cane!
Deſtructive on the upland ſugar-groves
The monkey nation preys: from rocky heights,
In ſilent parties, they deſcend by night,
And poſting watchful ſentinels, to warn
When hoſtile ſteps approach; with gambols they
Pour o'er the cane grove. Luckleſs he to whom
That land pertains! in evil hour, perhaps, 40
And thoughtleſs of to-morrow, on a die
He hazards millions; or, perhaps, reclines
On luxury's ſoft lap, the peſt of wealth;
And, inconſiderate, deems his Indian crops
Will amply her inſatiate wants ſupply.
From theſe inſidious drolls (peculiar peſt
Of Liamuiga's hills) wouldſt thou defend

Ver. 642. This bird, which is one of the largeſt and ſwifteſt known, is only ſeen at night, or rather heard; for it makes a hideous humming noiſe (whence its name) on the deſert tops of the Andes. See Ulloa's Voyage to South America. It is alſo called *Condor*. Its wings, when expanded, have been known to exceed ſixteen feet from tip to tip. See *Phil. Tranſ.* No. 208.

Ver. 644. This ſurpriſing inſect is frequent in Gaudaloupe, &c. and all the warmer parts of America. There are none of them in the Engliſh Caribbee, or Virgin-iſlands.

Ver. 645. There is little or no twilight in the Weſt Indies. All the year round it is dark before eight at night. The dawn is equally ſhort.

Ver. 46. The monkies which are now ſo numerous in the mountainous parts of St. Chriſto-

Thy waving wealth; in traps put not thy truſt,
However baited: Treble every watch,
And well with arms provide them; faithful dogs,
Of noſe ſagacious, on their footſteps wait.
With theſe attack the predatory bands;
Quickly the unequal conflict they decline,
And chattering fling their ill-got ſpoils away.
So when, of late, innumerous Gallic hoſts
Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by ſtealth invade
The peaceable American's domains,
While deſolation mark'd their faithleſs rout;
No ſooner Albion's martial ſons advanc'd,
Than the gay daſtards to their foreſts fled
And left their ſpoils and tomahawks behind.
Nor with leſs waſte the whiſker'd vermin-race,
A countleſs clan, deſpoil the low-land cane.
These to deſtroy, while commerce hoiſts the ſail,
Looſe rocks abound, or tangling buſhes bloom,
What planter knows?—Yet prudence may reduce.
Encourage then the breed of ſavage cats,
Nor kill the winding ſnake, thy foes they eat.
Thus, on the mangrove-banks of Guayaquil,
Child of the rocky deſert, ſea-like ſtream,
With ſtudious care the American preſerves
The gallinazo, elſe that ſea-like ſtream
(Whence traffic pours her bounties on mankind)
Dread alligators would alone poſſeſs.
Thy foes the teeth-fil'd Ibbos alſo love:
Nor thou their wayward appetite reſtrain.
Some place decoys, nor will they not avail,
Replete with roaſted crabs, in every grove
Theſe fell marauders gnaw; and pay their ſlaves
Some ſmall reward for every captive foe.
So practice Gallia's ſons; but Britons truſt
In other wiles, and ſurer their ſucceſs.
With Miſnian arſenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe caſſada's well-raſp'd root,
And form in pellets; theſe profuſely ſpread
Round the cane-groves, where ſkulk the vermin-breed:
They greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the inviting cates, and ſwift devour
Their palatable death; for ſoon they ſeek
The neighbouring ſpring, and drink, and ſwell, and die.
But dare not thou, if life deſerve thy care,
The infected rivulet taſte; nor let thy herds
Graze its polluted brinks, till rolling time
Have fin'd the water, and deſtroyed the bane.
'Tis ſafer then to mingle nightſhade's juice
With flour, and throw it lib'ral 'mong thy canes:
They touch not this; its deadly ſcent they fly,

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pher, were brought thither by the French when they poſſeſſed half that iſland. This circumſtance we learn from *Pere Labat*, who farther tells us, that they are a moſt delicate food. The Engliſh negroes are very fond of them, but the white inhabitants do not eat them. They do a great deal of miſchief in St. Kitts, deſtroying many thouſand pounds Sterling's worth of canes every year.

Ver. 64. Rats, &c. are not natives of America, but came by ſhipping from Europe. They breed in the ground, under looſe rocks and buſhes. Durante, a Roman, who was phyſician to Pope Sixtus Quintus, and who wrote a Latin poem on the preſervation of health, enumerates domeſtic rats among animals that may be eaten with ſafety. But if theſe are wholeſome, cane-rats muſt be much more delicate, as well as more nouriſhing. Accordingly we find moſt field negroes fond of them, and I have heard that ſtraps of cane-rats are publicly ſold in the markets of Jamaica.

Ver. 69. This tree, which botaniſts call *Rizophora*, grows in marſhy ſoils, and on the ſides of rivers; and, as the branches take root, they frequently render narrow ſtreams impaſſable to boats. Oyſters often adhere to their roots, &c. The French name of this ſtrange water-ſhrub is *Paltuvier*. The ſpecies meant here is the red mangrove.

Ver. 74. This dreadful animal is amphibious, and ſeldom lays fewer than 100 eggs. Theſe ſhe carefully covers with ſand. But, notwithſtanding this precaution, the gallinazo (a large ſpecies of carrion-crow) conceals itſelf among the thick boughs of the neighbouring trees, and thus often diſcovers the hoard of the alligator; which ſhe no ſooner leaves, than the gallinazo ſouſes down upon it, and, greedily ſcraping off the ſand, regales on its contents. Nor is the male alligator leſs an enemy to the increaſe of his own horrid brood than theſe uſeful birds; for, when inſtinct prompts the female to let her young fry out by breaking the eggs, he never fails to accompany her, and to devour as many of them as he can; ſo that the mother ſcarce ever eſcapes into the river with more than five out of all her hundred. Thus Providence doubly prevents the otherwiſe immenſe propagation of that voracious animal on the banks of the river Guayaquil; for the gallinazo is not always found where alligators are. *Ulloa.*

Ver. 75. *Ibbos*, or *Ebbos*, as they are more commonly called, are a numerous nation. Many of them have their teeth filed, and blackened in an extraordinary manner. They make good ſlaves when bought young; but are, in general, foul feeders, many of them greedily devouring the raw guts of fowls: They alſo feed on dead mules and horſes; whoſe carcaſes, therefore, ſhould be buried deep, that the negroes may not come at them. But the ſureſt way is to burn them; otherwiſe they will be apt, privily, to kill thoſe uſeful animals, in order to feaſt on them.

Ver. 76. Pere Labat ſays that cane-rats give thoſe negroes who eat them pulmonic diſorders; but the good Jeſuit was no phyſician. I have been told by thoſe who have eat them, that they are very delicate food.

Ver. 95. See the article *Solanum* in Newman's Chemiſtry, publiſhed by Dr. Lewis. There is a ſpecies of Eaſt-India animal, called a *Mungoes*, which bears a natural antipathy to rats. Its introduction into the ſugar-iſlands would probably effectuate the extirpation of this deſtructive vermin

And ſudden colonize ſome diſtant vale.
Shall the muſe deign to ſing of humble weeds,
That check the progreſs of the imperial cane? 100
In every ſoil unnumber'd weeds will ſpring;
Nor feweſt in the beſt: (thus oft we find
Enormous vices taint the nobleſt ſouls)!
Theſe let thy little gang, with ſkilful hand,
Oft as they ſpread abroad, and oft they ſpread,
Careful pluck up, to ſwell thy growing heap
Of rich manure. And yet ſome weeds ariſe,
Of aſpect mean, with wondrous virtues fraught;
(And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell
In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air)? 110
Such, planter, be not thou aſham'd to ſave
From foul pollution, and unſeemly rot;
Much will they benefit thy houſe and thee.
But chief the yellow thiſtle thou ſelect,
Whoſe ſeed the ſtomach frees from nauſeous loads;
And if the muſic of the mountain-dove
Delight thy penſive ear, ſweet friend to thought!
This prompts their cooing, and enflames their love.
Nor let rude hands the knotted graſs profane,
Whoſe juice worms fly: Ah, dire endemial ill!
How many fathers, fathers now no more, 121
How many orphans, now lament thy rage?
The cow-itch alſo ſave; but let thick gloves
Thine hands defend, or thou wilt ſadly rue
Thy raſh imprudence, when ten thouſand darts,
Sharp as the bee-ſting, faſten in thy fleſh,
And give thee up to torture. But unhurt,
Planter, thou may'ſt the humble chickweed cull,
And that which coily flies the aſtoniſh'd graſp.
Not the confection nam'd from Pontus' king, 130
Not the bleſs'd apple Median climes produce,
Though lofty Maro (whoſe immortal muſe
Diſtant I follow, and ſubmiſs adore)
Hath ſung its properties, to counteract
Dire ſpells, ſlow-mutter'd o'er the baneful bowl,
Where cruel ſtepdames poiſonous drugs have brew'd;
Can vie with theſe low tenants of the vale,
In driving poiſons from the infected frame:
For here, alas! (ye ſons of luxury mark)!
The ſea, though on its boſom Halcyons ſleep, 140
Abounds with poiſon'd fiſh; whoſe crimſon fins,
Whoſe eyes, whoſe ſcales, bedropt with azure, gold,
Purple, and green, in all gay ſummer's pride,
Amuſe the ſight; whoſe taſte the palate charms;
Yet death in ambuſh on the banquet waits,
Unleſs theſe antidotes be timely given.
But, ſay what ſtrains, what numbers can recite,
Thy praiſes, vervain; or wild liquorice, thine?
For not the coſtly root, the gift of God,
Gather'd by thoſe who drink the Volga's wave,
(Prince of Europa's ſtreams, itſelf a ſea) 151
Equals your potency! Did planters know
But half your virtues, not the cane itſelf
Would they with greater, fonder pains preſerve!
Still other maladies infeſt the cane,
And worſe to be ſubdu'd. The inſect-tribe,
That, flutt'ring, ſpread their pinions to the ſun,
Recal the muſe: nor ſhall their many eyes,
Though edg'd with gold, their many-colour'd down, 159
From death preſerve them. In what diſtant clime,

Ver. 114. The ſeeds of this plant are an excellent emetic; and almoſt as uſeful in dyſenteric complaints as ipecacuan. It grows every where.

Ver. 119. This is truly a powerful vermifuge; but, uncautiouſly adminiſtered, has often proved mortal. The juice of it clarified is ſometimes given; but a decoction of it is greatly preferable. Its botanical name is *Spigelia*.

Ver. 123. This extraordinary vine ſhould not be permitted to grow in a cane-piece; for negroes have been known to fire the canes, to ſave themſelves from the torture which attends working in grounds where it has abounded. Mixed with molaſſes, it is a ſafe and excellent vermifuge. Its ſeeds, which reſemble blackiſh ſmall beans, are purgative. Its flower is purple; and its pods, on which the ſtinging brown *Setæ* are found, are as large as a full-grown Engliſh field-pea.

Ver. 128. There are two kinds of chickweed, which grow ſpontaneouſly in the Caribbees, and both poſſeſs very conſiderable virtues, particularly that which botaniſts call *Cajacia*, and which the Spaniards emphatically name *Erudos Cobres*, or ſnakeweed, on account of its remarkable qualities againſt poiſonous bites. It is really of uſe againſt ſiſh-poiſon; as is alſo the ſenſitive plant, which the Spaniards prettily call the *Vergonzoza*, the Baſhful, and *La Donzella*, or the Maiden. There are many kinds of this extraordinary plant, which grow every where in the iſlands and South America. The botanical name of the former is *Aſine*, and that of the latter *Mimoſa*.

Ver. 130. This medicine is called *Mithridatium*, in honour of Mithridates king of Pontus; who, by uſing it conſtantly, had ſecured himſelf from the effects of poiſon, in ſuch a manner, that when he actually attempted to put an end to his life, by that means he failed in his purpoſe: So at leaſt Pliny informs us. But we happily are not obliged to believe implicitly whatever that elaborate compiler has told us. When poiſons immediately operate on the nervous ſyſtem, and their effects are to be expelled by the ſkin, this electuary is no contemptible antidote. But how many poiſons do we know at preſent which produce their effects in a different manner? and, from the accounts of authors, we have reaſon to be perſuaded that the ancients were not much behind us in their variety of poiſons. If, therefere, the king of Pontus had really intended to have deſtroyed himſelf, he could have been at no loſs for the means, notwithſtanding the daily uſe of this antidote.

Ver. 131. Authors are not agreed what the apple is, to which Virgil attributes ſuch remarkable virtues, nor is it indeed poſſible they ever ſhould. However, we have this comfort on our ſide, that our not knowing it is of no detriment to us; for, as ſpells cannot affect us, we are at no loſs for antidotes to guard againſt them.

Ver. 149. Some medical writers have beſtowed the high appellation of *Donum Dei* on rhubarb.

In what receſſes are the plunderers hatch'd?
Say, are they waſted in the living gale
From diſtant iſlands? Thus the locuſt-breed,
In winged caravans, that blot the ſky,
Deſcend from far, and, ere bright morning dawn,
Aſtoniſh'd Afric ſees her crop devour'd.
Or, doth the cane a proper neſt afford,
And food adapted to the yellow fly?—
The ſkill'd in nature's myſtic lore obſerve
Each tree, each plant, that drinks the golden day,
Some reptile life ſuſtains: Thus cochinille
Feeds on the Indian fig; and, ſhould it harm
The foſter plant, its worth that harm repays:
But ye, baſe inſects! no bright ſcarlet yield,
To deck the Britiſh Wolfe; who now, perhaps,
(So Heaven and George ordain) in triumph mounts
Some ſtrong-built fortreſs, won from haughty Gaul!
And though no plant ſuch luſcious nectar yields
As yields the cane-plant, yet, vile parricides!
Ungrateful ye! the parent-cane deſtroy.

Muſe, ſay what remedy hath ſkill devis'd
To quell this noxious foe? Thy blacks ſend forth,
A ſtrong detachment, ere the increaſing peſt
Have made too firm a lodgment; and with care
Wipe every tainted blade, and liberal lave
With ſacred Neptune's purifying ſtream.
But this Augæan toil long time demands,
Which thou to more advantage may'ſt employ:
If vows for rain thou ever didſt prefer,
Planter, prefer them now: the rattling ſhower,
Pour'd down in conſtant ſtreams for days and nights,
Not only ſwells, with nectar ſweet, thy canes,
But in the deluge drowns thy plundering foe.

When may the planter idly fold his arms,
And ſay, "My ſoul take reſt?" Superior ills,
Ills which no care nor wiſdom can avert,
In black ſucceſſion riſe. Ye men of Kent,
When nipping Eurus, with the brutal force
Of Boreas, join'd in ruffian league, aſſail
Your ripen'd hop-grounds; tell me what you feel,
And pity the poor planter, when the blaſt,
Fell plague of Heaven! perdition of the iſles!
Attacks his waving gold. Though well manur'd,
A richneſs though thy fields from nature boaſt,
Though ſeaſons pour, this peſtilence invades:
Too oft it ſeizes the glad infant-throng,
Nor pities their green nonage: Their broad blades,
Of which the graceful wood-nymphs erſt compos'd
The greeneſt garlands to adorn their brows,
Firſt pallid, ſickly, dry, and withered ſhow;
Unſeemly ſtains ſucceed; which, nearer view'd
By microſcopic arts, ſmall eggs appear,
Dire fraught with reptile life; alas, too ſoon
They burſt their filmy jail, and crawl abroad,
Bugs of uncommon ſhape; thrice hideous ſhow!
Innumerous as the painted ſhells that load
The wave-worn margin of the Virgin-iſles!
Innumerous as the leaves the plumb-tree ſheds,
When, proud of her fecundity, ſhe ſhows
Naked her gold fruit to the god of noon.
Remorſeleſs to its youth, what pity, ſay,
Can the cane's age expect? In vain its pith
With juice nectareous flows; to pungent four,
Foe to the bowels, ſoon its nectar turns:
Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears,
Alternate rang'd; from theſe no filial young
Shall grateful ſpring, to bleſs the planter's eye.—
With bugs confederate, in deſtructive league,
The ants' republic joins; a villain crew,
As the waves, countleſs, that plough up the deep,
(Where Eurus reigns vicegerent of the ſky,
Whom Rhea bore to the bright god of day)
When furious Auſter dire commotions ſtirs:
Theſe wind, by ſubtle ſap, their ſecret way,
Pernicious pioneers! while thoſe inveſt,
More firmly daring, in the face of heaven,
And win, by regular approach, the cane.
'Gainſt ſuch ferocious, ſuch unnumber'd bands,
What arts, what arms ſhall ſage experience uſe?

Some bid the planter load the favouring gale,
With pitch, and ſulphur's ſuffocating ſteam:—
Uſeleſs the vapour o'er the cane-grove flies,
In curling volumes loſt; ſuch feeble arms,
To man though fatal, not the blaſt ſubdue.
Others again, and better their ſucceſs,
Command their ſlaves each tainted blade to pick
With care, and burn them in vindictive flames.
Labour immenſe! and yet, if ſmall the peſt,
If numerous, if induſtrious be thy gang,
At length, thou may'ſt the victory obtain.
But, if the living taint be far diffus'd,
Bootleſs this toil; nor will it then avail
(Though aſhes lend their ſuffocating aid)
To bare the broad roots, and the mining ſwarms
Expoſe, remorſeleſs, to the burning noon.
Ah! muſt then ruin deſolate the plain!
Muſt the loſt planter other climes explore?

Ver. 171. This is a Spaniſh word. For the manner of propagating this uſeful inſect, ſee Sir Hans Sloane's Natural Hiſtory of Jamaica. It was long believed in Europe to be a ſeed or vegetable production. The botanical name of the plant on which the cochinille feeds is *Opuntia maxima, folio oblongo, majore, ſpinulis obtuſis, mollibus et innocentibus obſito, flore, friis rubris variegato.* Sloane.

Ver. 205. Without a rainy ſeaſon the ſugar cane could not be cultivated to any advantage: For what Pliny the Elder writes of another plant may be applied to this, *Gaudet irriguis, et toto anno bibere amat.*

Ver. 205. It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that the blaſt is leſs frequent in lands naturally rich, or ſuch as are made ſo by well-rotted manure.

Ver. 218. This is the Jamaica plumb-tree. When covered with fruit, it has no leaves upon it. The fruit is wholeſome. In like manner, the panſpan is deſtitute of foliage when covered with flowers. The latter is a ſpecies of jeſſamine, and grows as large as an apple-tree.

Ver. 231. The eaſt is the centre of the trade-wind in the Weſt-Indies, which veers a few points to the north or ſouth. What Homer ſays of the weſt wind, in his iſlands of the bleſſed, may more aptly be applied to the trade winds.

Howe'er reluctant, let the hoe uproot
The infected cane-piece; and, with eager flames,
The hoftile myriads thou to embers turn:
Far better, thus, a mighty loſs ſuſtain,
Which happier years and prudence may retrieve;
Than riſk thine all. As when an adverſe ſtorm,
Impetuous, thunders on ſome luckleſs ſhip,
From green St. Chriſtopher, or Cathäy bound:
Each nautic art the reeling ſeamen try:
The ſtorm redoubles: death rides every wave:
Down by the board the cracking maſts they hew;
And heave their precious cargo in the main.
Say, can the muſe, the pencil in her hand,
The all-waſting hurricane obſervant ride?
Can ſhe, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
That fires the welkin? Can ſhe, unappall'd,
When all the flood-gates of the ſky are ope,
The ſhoreleſs deluge ſtem? The muſe hath ſeen
The pillar'd flame, whoſe top hath reach'd the ſtars;
Seen rocky, molten fragments, flung in air
From Ætna's vext abyſs; ſeen burning ſtreams
Pour down its channell'd ſides; tremendous ſcenes!——
Yet not vext Ætna's pillar'd flames, that ſtrike
The ſtars; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high;
Nor ponderous rapid deluges, that burn
Its deeply-channell'd ſides; cauſe ſuch diſmay,
Such deſolation. Hurricane! as thou;
When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
And all the battles of thy winds engage.
Soon as the Virgin's charms ingroſs the ſun;
And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels;
But, chief, while Libra weighs the unſteady year:
Planter, with mighty props thy dome ſupport;
Each flaw repair; and well, with maſſy bars,
Thy doors and windows guard; ſecurely lodge
Thy ſtocks and mill-points.——Then, or calms obtain;
Breathleſs the royal palm-tree's aïrieſt van;
While, o'er the panting iſle, the demon heat
High hurls his flaming brand; vaſt, diſtant waves
The main drives furious in, and heaps the ſhore
With ſtrange productions: Or, the blue ſerene
Aſſumes a louring aſpect, as the clouds
Fly, wild-careering, through the vault of heaven;
Then tranſient birds, of various kinds, frequent
Each ſtagnant pool; ſome hover o'er thy roof;
Then Eurus reigns no more; but each bold wind,
By turns, uſurps the empire of the air
With quick inconſtancy;
Thy herds, as ſapient of the coming ſtorm,
(For beaſts partake ſome portion of the ſky),
In troops aſſociate; and, in cold ſweats bath'd,
Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye ſeamen, now,
Ply to the ſouthward, if the changeful moon,
Or, in her interlunar palace hid,
Shuns night; or, full-orb'd, in night's forehead
For, ſee! the miſts, that late involv'd the hill,
Diſperſe; the mid-day ſun looks red; ſtrange burs
Surround the ſtars, which vaſter fill the eye.
A horrid ſtench the pools, the main emits;
Fearful the genius of the foreſt ſighs;
The mountains moan; deep groans the cavern'd cliff.
A night of vapour, cloſing faſt around,
Snatches the golden noon.——Each wind appeas'd,
The north flies forth, and hurls the frighted air:
Not all the brazen engineries of man,
At once exploded, the wild burſt ſurpaſs.
Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increaſe the infernal din:
Canes, ſhrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in air——
The wind is ſpent; and "all the iſle below
"Is huſh as death."
Soon iſſues forth the weſt, with ſudden burſt;
And blaſts more rapid, more reſiſtleſs drives:
Ruſhes the headlong ſky; the city rocks;
The good man throws him on the trembling ground:
And dies the murderer in his inmoſt ſoul—
Sullen the weſt withdraws his eager ſtorms.——
Will not the tempeſt now his furies chain?
Ah, no! as when in Indian foreſts, wild,
Barbaric armies ſuddenly retire
After ſome furious onſet, and, behind
Vaſt rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
Brooding on ſlaughter, not repuls'd; for ſoon
Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends,
And bloodier carnage mows th' enfanguin'd plain:
So the ſouth, ſallying from his iron caves
With mightier force, renews the aërial war;
Sleep, frighted, flies; and, ſee! yon lofty palm,
Fair nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
Cleft by the ſulphurous bolt! See yonder dome,
Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
And Theodorus with devotion dwelt;
Involv'd in ſmouldering flames.---From every rock,
Daſhes the turbid torrent; through each ſtreet
A river foams, which ſweeps, with untam'd might,
Men, oxen, cane-lands to the billowy main.—
Fauſes the wind.—Anon the ſavage eaſt
Bids his wing'd tempeſts more relentleſs rave;
Now brighter, vaſter corruſcations flaſh;
Deepens the deluge; nearer thunders roll;
Earth trembles; ocean reels; and, in her fangs,
Grim deſolation tears the ſhrieking iſle,
Ere roſy morn poſſeſs the ethereal plain,
To pour on darkneſs the full flood of day—
Nor does the hurricane's all-waſting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its ſounding wing:
Even calms are dreadful, and the fiery ſouth
Oft reigns a tyrant in theſe fervid iſles:

Ver. 265. An old name for China.

Ver. 293. The ſails are faſtened to the mill-points, as thoſe are to the ſtocks. They ſhould always be taken down before the hurricane ſeaſon.

Ver. 314. Theſe are aſtral halos. Columbus ſoon made himſelf maſter of the ſigns that precede a hurricane in the Weſt-Indies, by which means he ſaved his own ſquadron; while another large fleet, whoſe commander deſpiſed his prognoſtics, put to ſea, and was wrecked.

For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Aſia's vegetable ſons,
Touch'd by its tainting vapour, ſhrivel'd, die.
The hardieſt children of the rocks repine:
And all the upland Tropic-plants hang down
Their drooping heads; ſhow arid, coil'd, aduſt.——
The main itſelf ſeems parted into ſtreams,
Clear as a mirror; and, with deadly ſcents,
Annoys the rower; who, heart-fainting, eyes
The ſails hang idly, noiſeleſs, from the maſt.
Thrice hapleſs he, whom thus the hand of fate
Compels to riſk the unſufferable beam!
A fiend, the worſt the angry ſkies ordain
To puniſh ſinful man, ſhall fatal ſeize
His wretched life, and to the tomb conſign.

When ſuch the ravage of the burning calm,
On the ſtout, ſunny children of the hill;
What muſt thy cane-lands feel? Thy late green ſprouts
Nor bunch nor joint; but, ſapleſs, arid, pine:
Thoſe, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,
(Symptom of health and ſtrength) ſoon ruddy ſhow;
While the rich juice that circled in their veins,
Aceſcent, watery poor, unwholeſome taſtes.
Nor only, planter, are thy cane-groves burnt;
Thy life is threatened. Muſe, the manner ſing.

Then earthquakes, nature's agonizing pangs,
Oft ſhake the aſtonied iſles: The ſolfaterre
Or ſends forth thick, blue, ſuffocating ſteams;
Or ſhoots to temporary flame. A din, [caves,
Wild through the mountain's quivering rocky
Like the dread craſh of tumbling planets, roars.
When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,
Like the tall coco by the fierce north blown;
Can the poor, brittle, tenements of man
Withſtand the dread convulſion? Their dear homes,
(Which ſhaking, tottering, craſhing, burſting, fall),
The boldeſt fly; and, on the open plain
Appal'd, in agony the moment wait,
When, with diſrupture vaſt, the waving earth
Shall whelm them in her ſea-diſgorging womb.

Nor leſs affrighted are the beſtial kind.
The bold ſteed quivers in each panting vein,
And ſtaggers, bath'd in deluges of ſweat:
Thy lowing herds forſake their graſſy food,
And ſend forth frighted, woeful, hollow ſounds:
The dog, thy truſty centinel of night,
Deſerts his poſt aſſign'd; and, piteous, howls.——
Wide ocean feels.—— [bounds,
The mountain-waves, paſſing their cuſtom'd
Make direful, loud incurſions on the land,
All-overwhelming: Sudden they retreat,
With their whole troubled waters; but, anon,
Sudden return, with louder, mightier force;
(The black rocks whiten, the vext ſhores reſound);
And yet, more rapid, diſtant they retire.
Vaſt coruſcations lighten all the ſky,
With volum'd flames; while thunder's awful voice,
From forth his ſhrine, by night and horror girt,
Aſtounds the guilty, and appals the good:
For oft the beſt, ſmote by the bolt of heaven,
Wrapt in ethereal flame, forget to live;
Elſe, fair Theana.—Muſe her fate deplore.

Soon as young reaſon dawn'd in Junio's breaſt,
His father ſent him from theſe genial iſles,
To where old Thames with conſcious pride ſurveys
Green Eton, ſoft abode of every muſe.
Each claſſic beauty ſoon he made his own;
And ſoon fam'd Iſis ſaw him woo the nine,
On her inſpiring banks: Love tun'd his ſong;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acaſto's daughter, whom, in early youth,
He oft diſtinguiſh'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending coco's airy height,

Ver. 392. Volcanos are called *ſulphurs*, or *ſolfaterres*, in the Weſt-Indies. There are few mountainous iſlands in that part of the globe without them, and thoſe probably will deſtroy them in time. I ſaw much ſulphur and alum in the ſolfaterre at Mountſerrat. The ſtream that runs through it, is almoſt as hot as boiling water, and its ſteams ſoon blacken ſilver, &c.

Ver. 438. The coco-nut tree is of the palm genus; there are ſeveral ſpecies of them which grow naturally in the Torrid Zone. The coco-nut tree is by no means ſo uſeful as travellers have repreſented it. The wood is of little or no ſervice, being ſpongy; and the brown covering of the nuts is of too rough a texture to ſerve as apparel. The ſhell of the nut receives a good poliſh; and, having a handle put to it, is commonly uſed to drink water out of. The milk, or water of the nut, is cooling and pleaſant; but, if drunk too freely, will frequently occaſion a pain in the ſtomach. A ſalutary oil may be extracted from the kernel; which, if old, and eaten too plentifully, is apt to produce a ſhortneſs of breathing. A ſpecies of arrack is made from this tree in the Eaſt-Indies. The largeſt coco-nut trees grow on the banks of the river Oronoko. They thrive beſt near the ſea, and look beautiful at a diſtance. They afford no great ſhade. Ripe nuts have been produced from them in three years after planting. The nuts ſhould be macerated in water before they are put in the ground. Coco is an Indian name; the Spaniards call it alſo *palmas de las Indias*; as the ſmalleſt kind, whoſe nuts are leſs than walnuts, is termed by them *Coquillo*. This grows in Chili, and the nuts are eſteemed more delicate than thoſe of a larger ſize. In the Maldivy iſlands, it is pretended, they not only build houſes of the coco-nut tree, but alſo veſſels, with all their rigging; nay, and load them too with wine, oil, vinegar, black ſugar, fruit, and ſtrong water, from the ſame tree. If this be true, the Maldivian coco-nut trees muſt differ widely from thoſe that grow in the Weſt-Indies. The coco muſt not be confounded with the coco-nut tree. That ſhrub grows in the hotteſt and moiſteſt vales of the Andes. Its leaf, which is gathered two or three times a year, is much coveted by the natives of South-America, who will travel great journeys upon a

To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he preſented, more nectareous deem'd.
The ſweeteſt ſappadillas oft he brought;
From him more ſweet ripe ſappadillas ſeem'd.
Nor had long abſence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms ſtill triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, ſweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taſte mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expreſſion, and in grace,
She ſhone all-perfect; while each pleaſing art,
And each ſoft virtue that the ſex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect ſtrain,
Which Percy's happier pencil would demand,
Can ill deſcribe the tranſports Juno felt
At this diſcovery: He declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
And ſhall not Hymen light his brighteſt torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Juno knew,
His fire deteſted his Theana's houſe!—
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conſpir'd
To check their happy union. He reſolv'd
(And many a ſigh that reſolution coſt)
To paſs the time, till death his ſire remov'd,
In viſiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While ſhe (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native iſle.
Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to ſerve; no joys he found.—
Yet ſprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the ſeat of every muſe,
Of freedom, courage; yet Auſonia's clime,
His ſteps explor'd; where painting, muſic's ſtrains,
Where arts, where laws, (philoſophy's beſt child),
With rival beauties his attention claim'd.
To his juſt-judging, his inſtructed eye,
The all-perfect Medicean Venus ſeem'd
A perfect ſemblance of his Indian fair:
But when ſhe ſpoke of love, her voice ſurpaſs'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian ſong.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven reſign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as ſoon embark'd,
Eager to claſp the object of his love.
Blow, proſperous breezes; ſwiftly ſail, thou Po:
Swift ſail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biſcay's ſtormy ſeas, an armed ſhip,
Of force ſuperior, from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours ſtrike; when dauntleſs Junio, ſir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt ſlaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with ſhame, with emulation ſtung,
So plied their cannon, plied their miſſil fires,
That ſoon in air the hapleſs thunderer blew.
Blow proſperous breezes, ſwiftly ſail thou Po,
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!
Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they ſpy,
Like clouds dim riſing in the diſtant air.
Glad Eurus whiſtles; laugh the ſportive crew;
Each ſail is ſet to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner ſits,
Strikes the boneta, or the ſhark enſnares.
The fring'd urtica ſpreads her purple form
To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves:
Small winged fiſhes on the ſhrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently played around.

ſingle handful of the leaves, which they do not ſwallow, but only chew. It is of an unpleaſant taſte; but, by uſe, ſoon grows agreeable. Some authors have alſo confounded the coco-nut palm with the coco, or chocolate tree. The French call the coco-nut tree, *Cocotier*. Its ſtem, which is very lofty, is always bent; for which reaſon it looks better in an orchard than in a regular garden. As one limb fades, ano her ſhoots up in the centre like a pike. The botanical name is *Palma indica, coccifera, angulosa*.

Ver. 441 This is a pleaſant taſted fruit, ſomewhat reſembling a bergamot pear in ſhape and colour. The tree which produces it is large and ſhady. Its leaves are of a ſhining green; but the flowers which are monopetalous, are of a paliſh white The fruit is coronated when ripe, and contains in its pulp ſeveral longiſh black ſeeds. It is wholeſome. Antigua produces the beſt ſappadillas I ever taſted. The trivial name is Spaniſh. Botaniſts call it *Calnito*.

Ver. 499. This is one of the Madeira iſlands, and of courſe ſubject to the King of Portugal. It lies in 32, 33 degrees of N. latitude. It is neither ſo fruitful nor ſo large as Madeira Proper, and is chiefly peopled by convicts, &c.

Ver. 504. This fiſh, which is equal in ſize to the largeſt ſalmon, is only to be found in the warm latitudes. It is not a delicate food; but thoſe who have lived for any length of time on ſalt meats at ſea, do not diſlike it. Sir Hans Sloane, in his voyage to Jamaica, deſcribes the method of ſtriking them.

Ver. 504. This voracious fiſh needs no deſcription; I have ſeen them from 15 to 20 feet long. Some naturaliſts call it *Canis Carbarias*. They have been known to follow a ſlave-ſhip from Guinea to the Weſt Indies. They ſwim with incredible celerity, and are found in ſome of the warmer ſeas of Europe, as well as between the tropics.

Ver. 505. This fiſh the ſeamen call a Portugueſe man of war. It makes a moſt beautiful appearance on the water.

Ver. 507. This extraordinary ſpecies of fiſh is only found in the warm latitudes. Being purſued in the water by a fiſh of prey called Albacores, they betake themſelves in ſhoals to flight, and in the air are often ſnapt up by the Garavio, a ſea-fowl. They ſometimes fall on the ſhrouds or decks of ſhips. They are well taſted, and commonly ſold at Barbadoes.

Ver 508. This is a moſt beautiful fiſh when firſt taken out of the ſea; but its beauty vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon as it is dead.

Though faſter than the Tropic bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, ah! when ſhall we ſee land? 510
Soon land they made: and now in thought he claſpt
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no leſs amorous, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's veſſel to deſcry.
One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd),
The winged demons of the tempeſt roſe;
Thunder and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt, 520
That ſtretch'd her ſpeechleſs, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.
Meanwhile, impatient Junio leapt aſhore,
Regardleſs of the demons of the ſtorm.
Ah youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burſt on thee? Urge not ſo
Thy flying courſer. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him: at his ſight, the ancient ſlaves
Affrighted ſhriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He entered haſty——— 531
Ah! what a ſight for one who lov'd ſo well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpſe of joy [voice,
Played on her face, while with faint, faultering
She thus addreſt the youth, whom yet ſhe knew.
"Welcome, my Junio, to thy native ſhore!
"Thy ſight repays this ſummons of my fate:
"Live, and live happy; ſometimes think of me:
"By night, by day, you ſtill engag'd my care; 540
"And next to God, you now my thoughts em-
ploy:
"Accept of this—My little all I give;
"Would it were larger."—Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.
But ſay, what ſtrains, what language can expreſs
The thouſand pangs, which tore the lover's breaſt?
Upon her breathleſs corſe himſelf he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haſte,
Ten thouſand kiſſes gave. He ſtrove to ſpeak;
Nor words he found: he claſpt her in his arms;
He ſigh'd, he ſwoon'd, look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapleſs, faithful pair;
And ſtill the cane iſles tell their matchleſs love!

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Hymn to the month of January, when crop begins. Addreſs. Planters have employment all the year round. Planters ſhould be pious. A ripe cane-piece on fire at midnight. Crop begun. Cane-cutting deſcribed. Effects of muſic. Great care requiſite in feeding the mill. Humanity towards the maimed recommended. The tainted canes ſhould not be ground. Their uſe. How to preſerve the laths and mill-points from ſudden ſqualls. Addreſs to the ſun, and praiſe of Antigua. A cattle-mill deſcribed. Care of mules, &c. Diſeaſes to which they are ſubject. A water-mill the leaſt liable to interruption. Common in Guadaloupe and Martinico. Praiſe of Lord Romney. The neceſſity of a ſtrong, clear fire, in boiling. Planters ſhould always have a ſpare ſet of veſſels, becauſe the iron furnaces are apt to crack, and copper veſſels to melt. The danger of throwing cold water into a thorough heated furnace. Cleanlineſs and ſkimming well recommended. A boiling-houſe ſhould be lofty, and open at top, to the leeward. Conſtituent parts of vegetables. Sugar an eſſential ſalt. What retards its granulation. How to forward it. Dumb cane. Effects of it. Briſtol lime the beſt temper. Various uſes of Briſtol lime. Good muſcovado deſcribed. Bermudas lime recommended. The negroes ſhould not be hindered from drinking the hot liquor. The cheerfulneſs and healthineſs of the negroes in crop time. Boilers to be encouraged. They ſhould neither boil the ſugar too little, nor too much. When the ſugar is of too looſe a grain, and about to boil over the teache, or laſt copper, a little greaſe ſettles it, and makes it boil cloſer. The French often mix ſand with their ſugars. This practice not followed by the Engliſh. A character. Of the ſkimmings their various uſes. Of rum. Its praiſe. A Weſt-India proſpect, when crop is finiſhed. An addreſs to the Creoles, to live more upon their eſtates than they do. The reaſons.

From ſcenes of deep diſtreſs, the heavenly muſe,
Emerging joyous, claps her dewy wings.
As when a pilgrim, in the howling waſte,
Hath long time wandered, fearful at each ſtep,
Of tumbling cliffs, fell ſerpents, whelming bogs;
At laſt, from ſome long eminence, deſcries
Fair haunts of ſocial life; wide-cultur'd plains,
O'er which glad reapers pour; he cheerly ſings:
So ſhe to ſprightlier notes her pipe attunes,
Than e'er theſe mountains heard; to gratulate,
With duteous carols, the beginning year.
Hail, eldeſt birth of time! in other climes,
In the old world, with tempeſts uſher'd in;
While riſled nature thine appearance wails,
And ſavage winter wields his iron mace:
But not the rockieſt verge of theſe green iſles,
Though mountains heapt on mountains brave the ſky,
Dares winter, by his reſidence, profane.

Ver. 509. The French call this bird Fregate, on account of its ſwift flying. It is only to be met within the warm latitudes.

Ver. 17. This more particularly alludes to St. Kitts, where one of the higheſt ridges of that chain of mountains, which runs through its centre from one end of it to the other, bears upon it another mountain, which, ſomewhat reſembling the legendary prints of the devil's carrying on his ſhoulders St. Chriſtopher; or, as others write, of a giant of that appellation, carrying our Saviour in the form of a child in the ſame manner through a deep ſea, gave name to this iſland.

At times the ruffian, wrapt in murky ſtate,
Inroads will ſly attempt; but ſoon the ſun,
Benign protector of the cane-land iſles,
Repells the invader, and his rude mace breaks.
Here, every mountain, every winding dell,
(Haunt of the dryads; where, beneath the ſhade
Of broad-leaf'd china, idly they repoſe,
Charm'd with the murmur of the tinkling rill;
Charm'd with the hummings of the neighbouring hive);
Welcome thy glad approach: but chief the cane,
Whoſe juice now longs to murmur down the ſpout,
Hails thy lov'd coming; January, hail!
O M ***! thou, whoſe poliſh'd mind contains
Each ſcience uſeful to thy native iſle!
Philoſopher, without the hermit's ſpleen!
Polite, yet learned; and, though ſolid, gay!
Critic, whoſe head each beauty, fond, admires;
Whoſe heart each error flings in friendly ſhade!
Planter, whoſe youth ſage cultivation taught
Each ſecret leſſon of her ſylvan ſchool:
To thee the muſe a greatful tribute pays;
She owes to thee the precepts of her ſong;
Nor wilt thou, ſour, refuſe; though other cares,
The public claim thy buſy hour;
With her to roam (thrice pleaſing devious walk)
The ripened cane-piece; and with her, to taſte
(Delicious draught)! the nectar of the mill!
The planter's labour in a round revolves;
Ends with the year, and with the year begins.
Ye ſwains, to Heaven bend low in grateful prayer,
Worſhip the Almighty; whoſe kind ſoftering hand
Hath bleſt your labour, and hath given the cane
To riſe ſuperior to each menac'd ill.
Nor leſs, ye planters, in devotion ſue,
That nor the heavenly bolt, nor cafual ſpark,
Nor hand of malice may the crop deſtroy.
Ah me! what numerous, deaf'ning bells reſound?
What cries of horror ſtartle the dull ſleep? [day?
What gleaming brightneſs makes, at midnight,
By its portentous glare, too well I ſee
Palemon's fate; the virtuous, and the wiſe!
Where were ye, watches, when the flame burſt forth?
A little care had then the hydra quell'd: [ſky
But, now, what clouds of white ſmoke load the
How ſtrong, how rapid the combuſtion pours!
Aid not, ye winds! with your deſtroying breath,
The ſpreading vengeance.—They contemn my prayer. [blaze;
Rous'd by the deaf'ning bells, the cries, the
From every quarter, in tumultuous bands,
The negroes ruſh; and, 'mid the crackling flames,
Plunge, demon-like! All, all, urge every nerve:
This way, tear up thoſe canes; dath the fire out,
Which ſweeps, with ſerpent error o'er the ground.
There, hew theſe down; their topmoſt branches burn:
And here bid all thy watery engines play;
For here the wind the burning deluge drives.
In vain.—More wide the blazing torrent rolls!
More loud it roars, more bright it fires the pole;
And toward thy manſion, ſee, it bends its way.
Haſte! far, O far your infant-throng remove:
Quick from your ſtables drag your ſteeds and mules:
With well wet blankets guard your cypreſs roofs;
And where thy dried canes in large ſtacks are pil'd.—
Efforts but ſerve to irritate the flames:
Naught but thy ruin can their wrath appeaſe.
Ah, my Palemon! what avail'd thy care,
Oft to prevent the earlieſt dawn of day,
And walk thy ranges at the noon of night?
What though no ills aſſail'd thy bunching ſprouts,
And ſeaſons pour'd obedient to thy will:
All, all muſt periſh; nor ſhalt thou preſerve
Wherewith to feed thy little orphan throng.
Oh may the cane iſles know few nights like this!
For now the fail-clad points, impatient wait
The hour of ſweet releaſe, to court the gale.
The late hung coppers wiſh to feel the warmth
Which well dried fuel from the cane imparts:
The negro train, with placid looks, ſurvey
Thy fields which full perfection have attain'd,
And pant to wield the bill: (no ſurly watch
Dare now deprive them of the luſcious cane):
Nor thou, my friend, their willing ardour check;
Encourage rather; cheerful toil is light.
So from no field ſhall ſlow-pac'd oxen draw
More frequent loaded wanes; which many a day,
And many a night ſhall feed thy crackling mills
With richeſt offerings: while thy far ſeen flames,
Burſting through many a chimney, bright emblaze
The Æthiop brow of night. And ſee, they pour
(Ere Pholphor his pale circlet yet withdraws,
What time gray dawn ſtands tip-toe on the hill),
O'er the rich cane grove: Muſe, their labour ſing.
Some bending, of their ſapleſs burden eaſe
The yellow jointed canes, (whoſe height exceeds
A mounted trooper, and whoſe clammy round
Meaſures two inches full); and near the root

Ver. 25. The leaves of this medicinal tree are ſo large, that the negroes commonly uſe them to cover the water, which they bring in pails from the mountain, where it chiefly grows. The roots of this tree were introduced into European practice ſoon after the venereal diſeaſe; but, unleſs they are freſh, it muſt be confeſſed they poſſeſs fewer virtues than either ſarſaparilla or lignum vitæ. It alſo grows in China, and many parts of the Eaſt-Indies, where it is greatly recommended in the gout, palſy, ſciatica, obſtructions, and obſtinate headachs: but it can ſurely not effect the removal of theſe terrible diſorders; ſince, in China the people eat the freſh root boiled with their meat as we do turnips; and the better ſort there uſe a water diſtilled from it. The Spaniards call it *Palo de China*. The botanical name is *Smilax*.

Ver. 81. The cane ſtalks which have been ground are called *Magoſs*; probably a corruption of the French word *Bagaſſe*, which ſignifies the ſame thing. They make an excellent fuel.

Lop the ſtem off, which quivers in their hand
With fond impatience: ſoon its branchy ſpires,
(Food to thy cattle) it reſigns, and ſoon
Its tender prickly tops with eyes thick ſet,
To load with future crops thy long-hoed land.
Theſe with their green their pliant branches bound,
(For not a part of this amazing plant
But ſerves ſome uſeful purpoſe charge the young:
Not lazineſs declines this eaſy toil;
Even lameneſs from its leaſy pallet crawls,
To join the favoured gang. What of the cane
Remains, and much the largeſt part remains,
Cut into junks a yard in length, and tied
In ſmall light bundles; load the broad-wheel'd wane,
The mules crook-harneſt, and the ſturdier crew,
With ſweet abundance. As on Lincoln plains,
(Ye plains of Lincoln ſound your Dyer's praiſe)!
When the lav'd ſnow-white flocks are numerous penn'd;
The ſenior ſwains with ſharpen'd ſhears cut off
The fleecy veſtment; others ſtir the tar;
And ſome impreſs, upon their captives ſides,
Their maſter's cypher; while the infant throng
Strive by the horns to hold the ſtruggling ram,
Proud of their proweſs. Nor meanwhile the jeſt
Light-bandied round, but innocent of ill;
Nor choral ſong are wanting: echo rings.
Nor need the driver, Æthiop authoris'd,
Thence more inhuman crack his horrid whip;
From ſuch dire ſounds the indignant muſe averts
Her virgin ear, where muſic loves to dwell:
'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonneſs of power
To laſh the laughing, labouring, ſinging throng.
What cannot ſong? all nature feels its power:
The hind's blithe whiſtle, as through ſtubborn ſoils
He drives the ſhining ſhare; more than the goad,
His tardy ſteers impells — The muſe hath ſeen,
When health danc'd frolic in her youthful veins,
And vacant gambols wing'd the laughing hours;
The muſe hath ſeen on Annan's paſtoral hills,
Of theft and ſlaughter erſt the fell retreat,
But now the ſhepherd's beſt beloved walk:
Hath ſeen the ſhepherd with his ſylvan pipe,
Lead on his flock o'er crags, through begs and ſtreams,
A tedious journey; yet not weary they,
Drawn by the enchantment of his artleſs ſong.
What cannot muſic?—When brown Ceres aſks
The reaper's ſickle; what like magic ſound,
Puff'd from ſonorous bellows by the ſqueeze
Of tuneful artiſt, can the rage diſarm
Of the ſwart Dog ſtar, and make harveſt light?
And now thy mills dance eager in the gale;
Feed well their eagerneſs: but, O beware;
Nor truſt between the ſteel-cas'd cylinders,
The hand incautious: off the member ſnapt
Thou'lt ever rue; ſad ſpectacle of woe!
Are there, the muſe can ſcarce believe the tale;
Are there, who loſt to every feeling ſenſe,
To reaſon intereſt loſt; their ſlaves deſert,
And manumit them, generous boon! to ſtarve
Maim'd by imprudence, or the hand of Heaven?
The good man feeds his blind, his aged ſteed,
That in his ſervice ſpent his vigorous prime:
And dares a mortal to his fellow man,
(For ſpite of vanity thy ſlaves are men)
Deny protection? Muſe ſuppreſs the tale.
Ye! who in bundles bind the lopt-off canes;
But chiefly ye who feed the tight-brac'd mill;
In ſeparate parcels far the infected fling:
Of bad cane juice the leaſt admixture ſpoils
The richeſt, ſoundeſt; thus in paſtoral walks
One tainted ſheep contaminates the fold.
Nor yet to dung-heaps thou reſign the canes,
Which or the ſun hath burnt, or rats have gnaw'd.
Theſe to ſmall junks reduc'd, and in huge caſks
Steept, where no cool winds blow; do thou ferment:—
Then, when from his entanglements enlarg'd
Th' evaſive ſpirit mounts; by Vulcan's aid,
(Nor Amphitryte will her help deny),
Do thou through all his winding ways purſue
The runaway; till in thy ſparkling bowl
Confin'd he dances; more a friend to life
And joy, than that Nepenthe fam'd of yore,
Which Polydamna, Thone's imperial queen,
Taught Jove-born Helen on the banks of Nile.
As on old ocean when the wind blows high,
The cautious mariner contracts his ſail;
So here, when ſqualy burſts the ſpeeding gale,
If thou from ruin would'ſt thy points preſerve,
Leſs-bellying canvas to the ſtorm oppoſe.
Yet the faint breeze oft flags on liſtleſs wings,
Nor tremulates the coco's aireſt arch,
While the red ſun darts deluges of fire;
And ſoon (if on the gale thy crop depend),

Ver. 168. This accident will ſometimes happen, eſpecially in the night; and the unfortunate wretch muſt fall a victim to his imprudence or ſleepineſs, if a hatchet do not immediately ſtrike off the entangled member; or the mill be not inſtantly put out of the wind.

Pere Labet ſays, he was informed the Engliſh were wont, as a puniſhment, thus to grind their negroes to death. But one may venture to affirm this puniſhment never had the ſanction of law; and, if any Engliſhman ever did grind his negroes to death, I will take upon me to aver, he was univerſally deteſted by his countrymen.

Indeed the bare ſuſpicion of ſuch a piece of barbarity leaves a ſtain; and, therefore, authors cannot be too cautious of admitting into their writings any inſinuation that bears hard on the humanity of a people.

Daily obſervation affords but too many proofs, where domeſtic ſlavery does not obtain of the fatal conſequences of indulged paſſion and revenge; but where one man is the abſolute property of another, thoſe paſſions may perhaps receive additional activity: planters, therefore, cannot be too much on their guard againſt the firſt ſallies of paſſion; as by indulgence, paſſion like a favourite, will, at laſt, grow independently powerful

Ver. 192. A mixture of ſea water is a real improvement in the diſtillation of rum.

Will all thy hopes of opulence defeat.
" Informer of the planetary train!"
Source undiminiſhed of all-cheering light,
Of roſeat beauty, and heart-gladd'ning joy!
Fountain of being, on whoſe water broods
The organic ſpirit, principle of life!
Lord of the ſeaſons! who in courtly pomp
Lacquey thy preſence, and with glad diſpatch,
Pour at thy bidding o'er the land and ſea!
Parent of vegetation, whoſe fond graſp
The ſugar cane diſplays; and whoſe green ear
Soft ſtealing dews, with liquid pearls adorn'd,
Fat foſtering rains, and buxom genial airs
Attend triumphant! Why, ah, why ſo oft,
Why hath Antigua, ſweetly ſocial iſle,
Nurſe of each art, where ſcience yet finds friends
Amid this waſte of waters, wept thy rage?
Then truſt not, to the unſteady gale;
But in Tobago's endleſs foreſts fell
The tall tough hiccory or calaba.
Of this be forc'd two pillars in the ground,
Four paces diſtant, and two cubits high:
Other two pillars raiſe; the wood the ſame,
Of equal ſize and height. The calaba
Than ſteel more durable contemns the rain,
And ſun's intenſeſt beam; the worm, that peſt
Of mariners, which winds its fatal way
Through heart of Britiſh oak, reluctant leaves
The cloſer calaba. By tranſverſe beams
Secure the whole; and in the pillar'd frame,
Sink, artiſt, the vaſt bridge-tree's mortis'd form
Of ponderous hiccory; hiccory time defies:
To this be nail'd three poliſh'd iron plates
Whereon three ſteel capouces turn with eaſe;
Of three long rollers, twice nine inches round,
With iron cas'd, and jagg'd with many a cogg.
The central cylinder exceeds the reſt
In portly ſize, thence aptly captain nam'd.
To this be rivetted th' extended ſweeps;
And harneſs to each ſweep two ſeaſoned mules:
They pacing round give motion to the whole.
The cloſe brac'd cylinders with eaſe revolve
On their greas'd axle; and with eaſe reduce
To traſh the canes thy negroes throw between.
Faſt flows the liquor through the lead-lin'd ſpouts;
And depurated by oppoſing wires,
In the receiver floats a limpid ſtream.
So twice five caſks with muſcovado fill'd,
Shall from thy ſtaunchious drip, ere day's bright god
Hath in the Atlantic ſix times cool'd his wheels.
Would'ſt thou againſt calamity provide?
Let a well ſhingled roof from Raleigh's land,
Defend thy ſtock from noon's inclement blaze,
And from night-dews; for night no reſpite knows.
Nor, when their deſtin'd labour is perform'd,
Be thou aſham'd to lead the parting mules
(The muſe, ſoft parent of each ſocial grace,
With eyes of love God's whole creation views)
To the warm pen; where copious forage ſtrowed,
And ſtrenuous rubbing, renovate their ſtrength.
So, fewer ails, (alas, how prone to ails!)
Their days ſhall ſhorten; ah, too ſhort at beſt!
For not, even then, my friend, art thou ſecure
From fortune: ſpite of all thy ſteady care,
What ills, that laugh to ſcorn Machaon's art,
Await thy cattle! farcy's tabid form,
Joint-racking ſpaſms, and cholic's pungeant pang,
Need the muſe tell? which, in one luckleſs moon,
Thy ſheds diſpeople; when perhaps thy groves,
To full perfection ſhot, by day, by night,
Indefinent demand their vigorous toil.
Then happieſt he, for whom the Naiads pour,
From rocky urns, the never-ceaſing ſtream,
To turn his rollers with unbought diſpatch.
In Karukera's rich well-water'd iſle!
In Matanina! boaſt of Albion's arms,

Ver. 222. This beautiful iſland lies in 16 degrees, and 14 min. N. lat. It was long uninhabited on account of its wanting freſh water rivers; but is now more fully peopled, and as well cultivated as any of the leeward iſlands. In a ſeaſonable year, it has made 20,000 hogſheads of ſugar. It has no very high mountains. The ſoil is in general clayey. The water of the body-ponds may be uſed for every purpoſe of life. Antigua is well fortified, and has a good militia.

Ver. 227. *Hiccory* is a lofty ſpreading tree, of very hard wood, excellently adapted to the purpoſes of the mill-wright. The nut, whoſe ſhell is thick, hard, and roughiſh, contains an agreeable and wholeſome kernel. It grows in great abundance in St Croix, Crab iſland, and Tobago.

Ver. 227. *Calaba*. This lofty tree is commonly called Maſtic. It is a hard wood, and is found in the places where the hiccory grows. The flowers are yellow, and are ſucceeded by a fruit which bears a diſtant reſemblance to ſhrub.

Ver. 259. Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name of Virginia, in honour of Queen Elizabeth, to the whole of the north-eaſt of North America, which Sebaſtian Cabot, a native of Briſtol, (though others call him a Venetian), firſt diſcovered, A. D. 1497, in the time of King Henry VII by whom he was employed; but no advantages could be reaped from this diſcovery, on account of the various diſturbances that enſued in England during the ſucceeding reigns, till about the year 1584, Queen Elizabeth gave Sir Walter Raleigh a patent for all ſuch land, from 33 to 40 N. lat. as he ſhould chooſe to ſettle with Engliſh, reſerving only to the Crown a fifth part of all the gold and ſilver which ſhould therein be diſcovered, in lieu of all ſervices. Accordingly ſeveral embarkations were fitted out from England, but all to no purpoſe. Some farther attempts, however, were made to ſettle this part of the country in the ſucceeding reign; but it was not till the year 1620, that a regular form of government took place. Then was tobacco planted, and negroes imported into Virginia. Since that time it has gradually improved, and does not now contain fewer than 100,000 white people of better condition, beſides twice as many ſervants and ſlaves. The beſt ſhingles come from Egg Harbour.

Ver 282 The Indian name of Guadaloupe.

Ver 283. The Caribbean name of Martinico. The Havannah had not then been taken.

The brawling Naiads for the planters toil,
Howe'er unworthy; and, through ſolemn ſcenes
Romantic, cool, with rocks and woods between,
Enchant the ſenſes! but, among thy ſwains,
Sweet Liamuiga! who ſuch bliſs can boaſt?
Yes. Romney, thou may'ſt boaſt; of Britiſh heart,
Of courtly manners, join'd to ancient worth:
Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right,
From tyrants wrung, the many or the few.
By wealth, by titles, by ambition's lure,
Not to be tempted from fair honour's path:
While others, falſely flattering their prince,
Bold diſapprov'd, or by oblique ſurmiſe
Their terror hinted, of the people arm'd;
Indignant, in the ſenate, he uproſe,
And, with the well-urg'd energy of zeal,
Their ſpecious, ſubtle ſophiſtry diſprov'd;
The importance, the neceſſity diſplay'd,
Of civil armies, freedom's ſureſt guard!
Nor in the ſenate didſt thou only win
The palm of eloquence, ſecurely bold;
But rear'd'ſt thy banners, fluttering in the wind:
Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marſhall'd ſwains,
To hurl defiance on the threatening Gaul.
Thy ſoaming coppers well with fuel feed;
For a clear, ſtrong, continued fire improves
Thy muſcovado's colour, and its grain.—
Yet vehement heat, protracted, will conſume
Thy veſſels, whether from the martial mine,
Or from thine ore, bright Venus, they are drawn;
Or hammer, or hot fuſion, give them form.
If prudence guides thee then, thy ſtores ſhall hold
Of well-ſiz'd veſſels a complete ſupply:
For every hour, thy boilers ceaſe to ſkim,
(Now Cancer reddens with the ſolar ray),
Defeats thy honeſt purpoſes of gain.
Nor ſmall the riſk (when piety, or chance,
Force thee from boiling to deſiſt) to lave
Thy heated furnace, with the gelid ſtream.
The chemiſt knows, when all-diſſolving fire
Bids the metalline ore abruptly flow;
What dread exploſions, and what dire effects,
A few cold drops of water will produce,
Uncautious, on the novel fluid thrown.
For grain and colour, wouldſt thou win, my friend,
At every curious mart, the conſtant palm?
O'er all thy works let cleanlineſs preſide,
Child of frugality; and, as the ſcum
Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou
The ſcum that mantles carefully remove.
From bloating dropſy, from pulmonic ails,
Would'ſt thou defend thy boilers (prime of ſlaves),
For days, for nights, for weeks, for months, involv'd
In the warm vapour's all-relaxing ſteam;
Thy boiling-houſe be loſty: all atop
Open, and perious to the tropic breeze;
Whoſe cool perflation, wooed through many a grate,
Diſpels the ſteam, and gives the lungs to play.
The ſkill'd in chemia, boaſt of modern arts,
Know from experiment, the fire of truth,
In many a plant that oil, and acid juice,
And ropy mucilage, by nature live:
Theſe, envious, ſtop the much-deſir'd embrace
Of the eſſential ſalts, though coction bid
The aqueous particles to mount in air.
'Mong ſalts eſſential, ſugar wins the palm,
For taſte, for colour, and for various uſe:
And, in the nectar of the yelloweſt cane,
Much acor, oil, and mucilage abound:
But in the leſs mature, from mountain-land,
Theſe harſh intruders ſo redundant float,
Muſter ſo ſtrong, as ſcarce to be ſubdued.
Muſe, ſing the ways to quell them. Some uſe
That cane, whoſe juices to the tongue apply'd,

Ver. 312. The veſſels, wherein the cane-juice is reduced to ſugar by coction, are either made of iron or of copper. Each ſort hath its advantages and diſadvantages. The teache, or ſmalleſt veſſel from whence the ſugar is laved into the cooler, is generally copper. When it melts, it can be patched; but, when the large ſort of veſſels, called iron-furnaces, crack, which they are too apt to do, no further uſe can be made of them.

Ver. 339. This alſo aſſiſts the chriſtallization of the ſugar.

Ver. 350. It were impoſſible, in the ſhort limits of a note, to enumerate the various uſes of ſugar; and, indeed, as theſe are in general ſo well known, it is needleſs. A few properties of it, however, wherewith the learned are not commonly acquainted, I ſhall mention. In ſome places of the Eaſt Indies, an excellent arrack is made from the ſugar cane; and, in South America, ſugar is uſed as an antidote againſt one of the moſt ſudden, as well as fatal poiſons in the world. Taken by mouth, *pocula morte carent*, this poiſon is quite innocent; but the ſlighteſt wound made by an arrow, whoſe point is tinged therewith, proves immediate death; for, by driving all the blood of the body immediately to the heart, it forthwith burſts it. The fiſh and birds killed by theſe poiſoned arrows (in the uſe of which the Indians are aſtoniſhingly expert) are perfectly wholeſome to feed on. See Ulloa and de la Condamine's account of the great river of Amazon. It is a vegetable preparation.

Ver. 357. This, by the natives, is emphatically called the *Dumb Cane*; for a ſmall quantity of its juice being rubbed on the brim of a drinking veſſel, whoever drinks out of it, ſoon after will have his lips and tongue enormouſly ſwelled. A phyſician, however, who wrote a ſhort account of the diſeaſes of Jamaica, in Charles II's time, recommends it both by the mouth and externally, in dropſical and other caſes: But I cannot ſay, I have had any experience of its efficacy in theſe diſorders. It grows wild in the mountains; and, by its uſe in ſugar making, ſhould ſeem to be ſomewhat of an alcaleſcent nature. It grows to four feet high, having, at the top, two green ſhining leaves, about nine inches long; and, between theſe, a ſmall ſpire emerges.

In ſilence lock it, ſudden, and conſtrain'd
(Death to Xantippe), with diſtorting pain.
Nor is it not effectual: But wouldſt thou
Have rival brokers for thy cades contend;
Superior arts remain.—Small caſks provide,
Replete with lime-ſtone thoroughly calcin'd,
And from the air ſecur'd: This Briſtol ſends,
Briſtol, Britannia's ſecond mart and eye!
Nor "to thy waters only truſt for fame,"
Briſtol; nor to thy beamy diamonds truſt:
Though theſe oft deck Britannia's lovely fair;
And thoſe oft ſave the guardians of her realm.
Thy marble quarries claim the voice of praiſe,
Which rich incruſts thy Avon's banks, ſweet banks! [child,
Though not to you young Shakſpeare, fancy's
All-rudely warbled his firſt woodland notes;
Though not your caves, while terror ſtalk'd around,
Saw him eſſay to clutch the ideal ſword,
With drops of blood diſtain'd: yet, lovely banks,
On you reclin'd, another tun'd his pipe;
Whom all the muſes emulouſly love,
And in whoſe ſtrains your praiſes ſhall endure,
While to Sabrina ſpeeds your healing ſtream.
Briſtol, without thy marble, by the flame
Calcin'd to whiteneſs, vain the ſtately reed
Would ſwell with juice melliſluent; heat would ſoon
The ſtrongeſt, beſt hung furnaces, conſume.
Without its aid the cool-impriſon'd ſtream,
Seldom allow'd to view the face of day,
Though late it roam'd a denizen of air;
Would ſteal from its involuntary bounds,
And, by ſly windings, ſet itſelf at large.
But chief thy lime the experienc'd boiler loves,
Nor loves ill-founded; when no other art
Can bribe to union the coy floating ſalts,
A proper portion of this precious duſt,
Caſt in the wave (ſo ſhowers alone of gold
Could win fair Danae to the god's embrace);
With nectar'd muſcovado ſoon will charge
Thy ſhelving coolers, which, ſeverely preſs'd
Between the fingers, not reſolves; and which
Rings in the caſk; and or a light-brown hue,
Or thine, more precious ſilvery grey, aſſumes.
The fam'd Bermuda's ever-healthy iſles,
More fam'd by gentle Waller's deathleſs ſtrains,
Than for their cedars, which, inſulting, fly
O'er the wide ocean; 'mid their rocks contain
A ſtone, which, when calcin'd (experience ſays),
Is only ſecond to Sabrina's lime.
While flows the juice melliſluent from the cane,
Grudge not, my friend, to let thy ſlaves, each morn,
But chief the ſick and young, at ſetting day,
Themſelves regale with oft repeated draughts
Of tepid nectar; ſo ſhall health and ſtrength
Confirm thy negroes, and make labour light.
While flame thy chimneys, while thy coppers foam,
How blithe, how jocund, the plantation ſmiles!
By day, by night, reſounds the choral ſong
Of glad barbarity; ſerene, the ſun
Shines not intenſely hot; the trade-wind blows:
How ſweet, how ſilken, is its noontide breath?
While to far climes the fell deſtroyer, death,
Wings his dark flight. Then ſeldom pray for rain:
Rather for cloudleſs days thy prayers prefer;
For, if the ſkies too frequently relent,
Crude flows the cane-juice, and will long elude
The boiler's warieſt ſkill: thy canes will ſpring
To an unthrifty loftineſs; or, weigh'd
Down by their load (ambition's curſe), decay.
Encourage thou thy boilers; much depends
On their ſkill'd efforts. If too ſoon they ſtrike,
E'er all the watery particles have fled;
Or lime ſufficient granulate the juice:
In vain the thick'ning liquor is effus'd;
An heterogeneous, an uncertain maſs,
And never in thy coolers to condenſe.
Or, planter, if the coction they prolong
Beyond its ſtated time; the viſcous wave
Will in huge flinty maſſes chryſtalize,
Which forceful fingers ſcarce can crumble down;
And which with its melaſſes ne'er will part:
Yet this, faſt-dripping in nectarous drops,
Not only betters what remains, but when
With art fermented, yields a noble wine,
Than which nor Gallia, nor the Indian clime,
Where rolls the Ganges, can a nobler ſhow.
So miſers in their coffers lock that gold;
Which, if allowed at liberty to roam,
Would better them, and benefit mankind.
In the laſt coppers, when the embrowning wave
With ſudden fury ſwells; ſome greaſe immix'd,
The foaming tumult ſudden will compoſe,
And force to union the divided grain.
So when two ſwarms in airy battle join,
The winged heroes heap the bloody field;
Until ſome duſt, thrown upward in the ſky,
Quell the wild conflict, and ſweet peace reſtore.
Falſe Gallia's ſons, that hoe the ocean-iſles,
Mix with their ſugar, loads of worthleſs ſand,
Fraudful, their weight of ſugar to increaſe.
Far be ſuch guile from Britain's honeſt ſwains.
Such arts, awhile, the unwary may ſurpriſe,
And benefit the impoſtor; but, ere long,
The ſkilful buyer will the fraud detect,
And, with abhorrence, reprobate the name.

Ver. 428. When the cane juice is granulated ſufficiently, which is known by the ſugar's ſticking to the ladle, and roping like a ſyrup, but breaking off from its edges, it is poured into a cooler, where, its ſurface being ſmoothed, the chriſtallization is ſoon completed. This is called *ſtriking*. The general precept is to temper high, and ſtrike low. When the muſcovado is of a proper conſiſtence, it is dug out of the cooler, and put into hogſheads; this is called *potting*. The caſks being placed upon ſtaunchions, the melaſſes drips from them into a ciſtern, made on purpoſe, below them, to receive it. The ſugar is ſufficiently cured, when the hogſhead rings upon being ſtruck with a ſtick; and when the two canes, which are put into every caſk, ſhow no melaſſes upon them when drawn out of it.

Fortune had crown'd Avaro's younger years,
With a vaſt tract of land, on which the cane
Delighted grew, nor aſk'd the toil of art.
The ſugar-bakers deem'd themſelves ſecure,
Of mighty profit, could they buy his cades;
For, whiteneſs, hardneſs, to the leeward-crop,
His muſcovado gave. But, not content
With this pre-eminence of honeſt gain,
He baſer ſugars ſtarted in his caſks;
His own, by mixing ſordid things, debas'd.
One year the fraud ſucceeded; wealth immenſe
Flowed in upon him, and he bleſt his wiles:
The next, the brokers ſpurn'd the adulterate maſs,
Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame.
Be thrifty, planter, even thy ſkimmings ſave:
For planter, know, the refuſe of the cane
Serves needful purpoſes. Are barbecues
The cates thou lov'ſt? What like rich ſkimmings feed
The grunting, briſtly kind? Your labouring mules
They ſoon invigorate: Give old Baynard theſe,
Untir'd he trudges in his deſtin'd round;
Nor need the driver crack his horrid laſh.
Yet, with ſmall quantities indulge the ſteed,
Whom ſkimmings ne'er have fatten'd: elſe, too fond,
So gluttons uſe, he'll eat intemperate meals;
And, ſtaggering, fall the prey of ravening ſharks.
But ſay, ye boon companions, in what ſtrains,
What grateful ſtrains, ſhall I record the praiſe
Of their beſt produce, heart-recruiting rum?
Thrice wholeſome ſpirit! well-matur'd with age,
Thrice grateful to the palate! when, with thirſt,
With heat, with labour, and wan care oppreſt,
I quaff thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd,
Round, golden fruit; where water from the ſpring,
Which dripping coolneſs ſpreads her umbrage round;
With hardeſt, whiteſt ſugar, thrice refin'd;
Dilates my ſoul with genuine joy; low care
I ſpurn indignant; toil a pleaſure ſeems.
For not Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's green bounds,
Where Ceres with the God of vintage reigns,
In happieſt union; not Vigornian hills,
Pomona's lov'd abode, afford to man
Goblets more priz'd, or laudable of taſte,
To ſlake parch'd thirſt, and mitigate the clime.
Yet, 'mid this bleſt ebriety, ſome tears,
For friends I left in Albion's diſtant iſle,
For Johnſon, Percy, White, eſcape mine eyes:
For her, fair auth'reſs! whom firſt Calpe's rocks
A ſportive infant ſaw; and whoſe green years
True genius bleſt with her benigneſt gifts
Of happieſt fancy. O, were ye all here,
O, were ye here; with him, my Pæon's ſon!
Long-known, of worth approv'd, thrice candid ſoul!
How would your converſe charm the lonely hour?
Your converſe, where mild wiſdom tempers mirth;
And charity, the petulance of wit;
How would your converſe poliſh my rude lays,
With what new, noble images adorn?
Then ſhould I ſcarce regret the banks of Thames,
All as we ſat beneath that ſand-box ſhade;
Whence the delighted eye expatiates wide
O'er the fair landſcape; where in lovelieſt forms,
Green cultivation hath array'd the land.
See! there, what mills, like giants raiſe their arms,
To quell the ſpeeding gale! what ſmoke aſcends
From every boiling houſe! What ſtructures riſe,
Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd!
Nor not delightful are thoſe reed-built huts,
On yonder hill, that front the riſing ſun;
With plantanes, with banana's boſom'd-deep,
That flutter in the wind: where frolic goats,
But the young negroes, while their ſwarthy ſires,
With ardent gladneſs wield the bill; and hark,
The crop is finiſh'd, how they rend the ſky!—
Nor, beauteous only ſhows the cultured ſoil,
From this cool ſtation. No leſs charms the eye
That wild interminable waſte of waves:
While on the horizon's fartheſt verge are ſeen
Iſlands of different ſhape, and different ſize;
While ſail-clad ſhips, with their ſweet produce fraught.
Swell on the ſtraining ſight; while near yon rock,
On which ten thouſand wings with ceaſeleſs clang
Their airies build, a water ſpout deſcends,
And ſhakes mid ocean; and while there below,
That town, embowered in the different ſhade
Of tamarinds, panſpans, and papaws, o'er which

Ver. 501. Two rivers in France, along whoſe banks the beſt Burgundy and Champagne grapes grow.

Ver. 510. Mrs. Lennox.

Ver. 522. So called, from the pericarpium's being often made uſe of for containing ſand; when the ſeeds, which are a violent emetic, are taken out. This is a fine ſhady tree, eſpecially when young; and its leaves are efficaciouſly applied in headachs to the temples, which they ſweat. It grows faſt; but loſes much of its beauty by age. Its wood is brittle, and when cut, emits a milky juice, which is not cauſtic. The ſand-box thrives beſt in warm ſhady places. The ſun often ſplits the pericarpium, which then cracks like a piſtol. It is round, flatted both above and below, and divided into a great number of regular compartments, each of which contains one ſeed flatted ovularly. The botanical name is *Hura*.

Ver. 549. *panſpans.*] See the notes on Book II.

Ibid. *papaws.*] This ſingular tree, whoſe fruits ſurround its ſummit under the branches and leaves, like a necklace; grows quicker than almoſt any other in the Weſt-Indies. The wood is of no uſe, being ſpongy, hollow, and herbacious; however, the bloſſoms and fruit make excellent ſweetmeats; but above all, the juice of the fruit being rubbed upon a ſpit, will tenderate new killed fowls, *&c.* a circumſtance of great conſequence in a climate, where the warmth ſoon renders whatever meats are attempered to be made tender by keeping, unfit for culinary purpoſes. Nor, will it

A double Iris throws her painted arch,
Shows commerce toiling in each crowded ſtreet,
And each throng'd ſtreet with limpid currents lav'd.
What though no bird of ſong, here charms the ſenſe
With her wild minſtrelſy; far, far beyond,
The unnatural quavers of Heſperian throats!
Though the chaſte poet of the vernal woods,
That ſhuns rude folly's din, delight not here
The liſtening eve; and though no herald-lark
Here leave his couch, high-towering to deſcry
The approach of dawn, and hail her with his ſong:
Yet not unmuſical the tinkling lapſe
Of yon cool argent rill, which Phœbus gilds
With his firſt orient rays; yet muſical,
Thoſe buxom airs that through the plantanes play,
And tear with wantonneſs their leafy ſcrolls;
Yet not unmuſical the waves hoarſe ſound,
That daſhes, ſullen, on the diſtant ſhore;
Yet muſical thoſe little inſects hum,
That hover round us, and to reaſon's ear,
Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam
Flings on them tranſient tints, which vary when
They wave their purple plumes; yet muſical
The love-lorn cooing of the mountain-dove,
That woos to pleaſing thoughtfulneſs the ſoul;
But chief the breeze, that murmurs through yon canes,
Enchants the ear with tunable delight.
While ſuch fair ſcenes adorn theſe bliſsful iſles;
Why will their ſons, ungrateful, roam abroad?
Why ſpend their opulence in other climes?
Say, is pre-eminence your partial aim?—
Diſtinction courts you here; the ſenate calls.
Here, crouching ſlaves, attendant wait your nod:
While there, unnoted, but for folly's garb,
For folly's jargon; your dull hours ye paſs,
Eclips'd by titles, and ſuperior wealth.
Does martial ardour fire your generous veins?
Fly to your native iſles: Bellona, there,
Hath long time rear'd her bloody flag; theſe iſles
Your ſtrenuous arms demand; for ye are brave!
Nor longer to the lute and taber's ſound
Weave antic meaſures. O, could my weak ſong,
O could my ſong, like his, heaven-favoured bard,
Who led deſponding Sparta's oft-beat hoſts,
To victory, to glory; fire your ſouls
With Engliſh ardour! for now England's ſwains,
(The Man of Norfolk, ſwains of England, thank;)
All emulous, to freedom's ſtandard fly,
And drive invaſion from their native ſhore:

How would my ſoul exult with conſcious pride;
Nor grudge thoſe wreaths Tyrtæus gain'd of yore.
Or are ye fond of rich luxurious cates?—
Can aught in Europe emulate the pine,
Or fruit forbidden, native of your iſles?
Sons of Apicius, ſay, can Europe's ſeas,
Can aught the edible creation yields,
Compare with turtle, boaſt of land and wave?
Can Europe's ſeas, in all their finny realms,
Aught ſo delicious as the Jew fiſh ſhow?
Tell me what viands, land or ſtreams produce,
The large, black, female, moulting crab excel?
A richer flavour not wild Cambria's hills,
Nor Scotia's rocks with heath and thyme o'erſpread,
Give to their flocks; than, lone Barbuda, you,
Than you, Anguilla, to your ſheep impart.
Even Britain's vintage, here, improv'd, we quaff
Even Luſitanian, even Heſperian wines.
Thoſe from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor Rhine! [blood?
How have thy banks been dyed with brother-
Unnatural warfare)! ſtrength and flavour gain
In this delicious clime. Beſides, the cane
Wafted to every quarter of the globe,
Makes the vaſt produce of the world your own.
Or rather, doth the love of nature charm;
Its mighty love your chief attention claim?
Leave Europe; there, through all her coyeſt ways,
Her ſecret mazes, nature is purſued:
But here, with ſavage lonelineſs, ſhe reigns
On yonder peak, whence giddy fancy looks,
Affrighted, on the labouring main below.
Heavens! what ſtupendous, what unnumbered trees,
"Stage above ſtage, in various verdure dreſt,"
Unprofitable ſhag its airy cliffs! [leſs bloom,
Heavens! what new ſhrubs, what herbs with uſe-
Adorn its channell'd ſides; and, in its caves

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only intenerate freſh meat; but, being boiled with ſalted beef, will render it eaſily digeſtible. Its milky juice is ſometimes uſed to cure ringworms. It is ſaid, that the guts of hogs would in time be lacerated, were they to feed on the ripe, unpeeled fruit. Its ſeed is ſaid to be anthelmintic. The botanical name is *Papaya*.

Ver. 596. The Honourable General George Townſhend

Ver. 608. This, though a very large, is one of the moſt delicate fiſhes that ſwim; being preferable to caramaw, king fiſh or camaree: ſome even chooſe it before turtle. The Jew-fiſh is often met with at Antigua, which enjoys the happineſs of having on its coaſt few, if any, poiſoned fiſhes.

Ver. 613. This is a low, and not large ſtock-iſland, belonging to the Codrington family. Part of this iſland, as alſo two plantations in Barbadoes, were left by Colonel Chriſtopher Codrington, for building a college in Barbadoes, and converting negroes to the Chriſtian religion.

Ver. 614. This iſland is about thirty miles long and ten broad. Though not mountainous, it is rocky, and abounds with ſtrong paſſes; ſo that a few of its inhabitants, who are indeed expert in the uſe of fire-arms, repulſed, with great ſlaughter, a conſiderable detachment of French, who made a deſcent thereon in the war preceding the laſt. Cotton and cattle are its chief commodities. Many of the inhabitants are rich; the captain-general of the Leeward-Iſlands nominates th governor and council. They have no aſſembly.

What ſulphurs, ores, what earths and ſtones abound!
There let philoſophy conduct thy ſteps, [ſearch,
" For naught is uſeleſs made:" With candid
Examine all the properties of things;
Immenſe diſcoveries ſoon will crown your toil,
Your time will ſoon repay. Ah, when will cares,
The cares of fortune, leſs my minutes claim?
Then, with what joy, what energy of ſoul,
Will I not climb yon mountain's airieſt brow!
The dawn, the burning noon, the ſetting ſun,
The midnight-hour, ſhall hear my conſtant vows
To nature; ſee me proſtrate at her ſhrine!
And, O, haply I may aught invent
Of uſe to mortal man, life to prolong,
To ſoften, or adorn; what genuine joy,
What exultation of ſupreme delight,
Will ſwell my raptured boſom. Then, when death
Shall call me hence, I'll unrepining go;
Nor envy conquerors their ſtoried tombs,
Though not a ſtone point out my humble grave.

BOOK. IV.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Addreſs. Negroes when bought ſhould be young, and ſtrong. The Congo-negroes are fitter for the houſe and trades, than for the field. The Gold-Coaſt, but eſpecially the Papaw-negroes, make the beſt field negroes: but even theſe, if advanced in years, ſhould not be purchaſed. The marks of a ſound negroe at a negroe ſale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fiſh or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women; theſe are to be preferred to their huſbands. The Minnahs make good tradeſmen, but addicted to ſuicide. The Mandingos, in particular, ſubject to worms; and the Congas, to dropſical diſorders. How ſalt-water, or new negroes ſhould be ſeaſoned. Some negroes eat dirt. Negroes ſhould be habituated by gentle degrees to field labour. This labour, when compared to that in lead-mines, or of thoſe who work in the gold and ſilver mines of South America, is not only leſs toilſome, but far more healthy. Negroes ſhould always be treated with humanity. Praiſe of freedom. Of the dracunculus, or dragon-worm. Of chigres. Of the yaws. Might not this diſeaſe be imparted by inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform appearance. Praiſe of commerce. Of the imaginary diſorders of negroes, eſpecially thoſe cauſed by their conjurers or Obiamen. The compoſition and ſuppoſed virtues of a magic-phiol. Field-negroes ſhould not begin to work before ſix in the morning, and ſhould leave off between eleven and twelve; and beginning again at two, ſhould finiſh before ſunſet. Of the weekly allowance of negroes. The young, the old, the ſickly, and even the lazy, muſt have their victuals prepared for them. Of negro ground, and its various productions. To be fenced in, and watched. Of an American garden. Of the ſituation of the negro-huts. How beſt defended from fire. The great negro-dance deſcribed. Drumming, and intoxicating ſpirits not to be allowed. Negroes ſhould be made to marry in their maſters plantation. Inconveniences ariſing from the contrary practice. Negroes to be clothed once a year, and before Chriſtmas. Praiſe of Lewis XIV. for the Code Noir. A body of laws of this kind recommended to the Engliſh ſugar colonies. Praiſe of the river Thames. A moon-light landſcape and viſion.

GENIUS of Afric! whether thou beſtrid'ſt
The caſtled elephant; or at the ſource,
(While howls the deſart fearfully around),
Of thine own Niger, ſadly thou reclin'ſt
Thy temples, ſhaded by the tremulous palm,
Or quick papaw, whoſe top is necklac'd round
With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'ſt thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grandê, or black Sanaga?
Where dauntleſs thou the headlong torrent brav'ſt
In ſearch of gold, to braid thy wooly locks,
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms, and ankles: O attend my ſong.
A muſe that pities thy diſtreſsful ſtate;
Who ſees, with grief, thy ſons in fetters bound;
Who wiſhes freedom to the race of man;
Thy nod aſſenting craves: dread genius, come!
Yet vain thy preſence, vain thy favouring nod:
Unleſs once more the muſes, that erewhile
Upheld me fainting in my paſt career,
Through Caribbee's cane-iſles, kind condeſcend
To guide my footſteps through parch'd Libya's wilds;
And bind my ſun-burnt brow with other bays,
Than ever deck'd the Sylvan bard before.
Say, will my Melvill, from the public care,
Withdraw one moment, to the muſes ſhrine?
Who ſmit with thy fair fame, induſtrious cull
An Indian wreath to mingle with thy bays,
And deck the hero, and the ſcholar's brow!
Wilt thou, whoſe mildneſs ſmooths the face of war,
Who round the victor-blade the myrtle twin'ſt,
And mak'ſt ſubjection loyal and ſincere;
O wilt thou gracious hear the unartful ſtrain,
Whoſe mild inſtructions teach, no trivial theme,
What care the jetty African requires?
Yes, thou wilt deign to hear; a man thou art
Who deem'ſt nought foreign that belongs to man.
In mind, and aptitude for uſeful toil,
The negroes differ: muſe that difference ſing.
Whether to wield the hoe, or guide the plane;
Or for domeſtic uſes thou intend'ſt
The ſunny Libyan: from what clime they ſpring,
It not imports; if ſtrength and youth be theirs.
Yet thoſe from Congo's wide-extended plains,
Through which the long Zaire winds with cryſtal ſtream,
Where laviſh nature ſends indulgent forth
Fruits of high flavour, and ſpontaneous ſeeds

Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear
The toilsome field; but boaſt a docile mind,
And happineſs of features. Theſe, with care,
Be taught each nice mechanic art: or train'd
To houſehold offices: their ductile ſouls
Will all thy care, and all thy gold repay.
But, if the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention; and the ambroſial cane
Thou long'ſt to ſee, with ſpiry frequence, ſhade
Many an acre: planter, chooſe the ſlave,
Who ſails from barren climes; where want alone,
Offspring of rude neceſſity, compels
The ſturdy native, or to plant the ſoil,
Or ſtem vaſt rivers for his daily food.
Such are the children of the Golden Coaſt;
Such the Papaws, of negroes far the beſt:
And ſuch the numerous tribes, that ſkirt the ſhore.
From rapid Volta to the diſtant Rey.
But, planter, from what coaſt ſoe'er they ſail,
Buy not the old: they ever ſullen prove;
With heart-felt anguiſh, they lament their home;
They will not, cannot work; they never learn
Thy native language; they are prone to ails;
And oft by ſuicide their being end.—
Muſt thou from Afric reinforce thy gang?—
Let health and youth their every ſinew firm;
Clear roll their ample eye; their tongue be red;
Broad ſwell their cheſt; their ſhoulders wide expand;
Not prominent their belly; clean and ſtrong
Their thighs and legs, in juſt proportion riſe.
Such ſoon will brave the fervours of the clime;
And free from ails, that kill thy negroe-train,
A uſeful ſervitude will long ſupport.
Yet, if thine own, thy childrens life, be dear;
Buy not a Cormantee, though healthy, young.
Of breed too generous for the ſervile field;
They, born to freedom in their native land,
Chooſe death before diſhonourable bonds:
Or, fir'd with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
Sudden they ſeize thine unſuſpecting watch,
And thine own poinard bury in thy breaſt.
At home, the men, in many a ſylvan realm,
Their rank tobacco, charm of ſauntering minds,
From clayey tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat
For prey the foreſt; or, in war's dread ranks,
Their country's foes affront: while, in the field,
Their wives plant rice, or yams, or lofty maize,
Fell hunger to repel. Be theſe thy choice:
They, hardy, with the labours of the cane
Soon grow familiar; while unuſual toil,
And new ſeverities their huſbands kill.
The ſlaves from Minnah are of ſtubborn breed:
But, when the bill, or hammer, they affect;
They ſoon perfection reach. But fly, with care,
The Moco-nation; they themſelves deſtroy.
Worms lurk in all: yet, proneſt they to worms,
Who from Mundingo ſail. When therefore ſuch
Thou buy'ſt, for ſturdy and laborious they,
Straight let ſome learned leach ſtrong medicines give.
Till food and climate both familiar grow.
Thus, though from riſe to ſet, in Phœbus' eye,
They toil, unceaſing; yet, at night, they'll ſleep,
Lap'd in Elyſium; and, each day, at dawn,
Spring from their couch, as blithſome as the ſun.
One precept more, it much imports to know.—
The blacks, who drink the Quanza's lucid ſtream,
Fed by ten thouſand ſprings, are prone to bloat,
Whether at home or in theſe ocean-iſles:
And though nice art the water may ſubdue,
Yet many die; and few, for many a year,
Juſt ſtrength attain to labour for their lord.
Would'ſt thou ſecure thine Ethiop from thoſe ails,
Which change of climate, change of waters breed,
And food unuſual? let Machaon draw
From each ſome blood, as age and ſex require;
And well with vervain, well with ſempre-vive,
Unload their bowels.—Theſe, in every hedge,
Spontaneous grow.—Nor will it not conduce
To give what chemiſts, in myſterious phraſe,
Term the white eagle; deadly foe to worms.
But chief do thou, my friend, with hearty food,
Yet eaſy of digeſtion, likeſt that
Which they at home regal'd on; renovate
Their ſea-worn appetites. Let gentle work,
Or rather playful exerciſe, amuſe
The novel gang: and far be angry words;
Far ponderous chains; and far diſheartening blows.—
From fruits reſtrain their eagerneſs; yet if
The acajou, haply, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries, or of white or purple hue,
Thrice wholeſome fruit in this relaxing clime!
Safely thou may'ſt their appetite indulge.
Their arid ſkins will plump, their features ſhine:
No rheums, no dyſenteric ails torment:
The thirſty hydrops flies.—'Tis even averr'd,
(Ah, did experience ſanctify the fact;
How many Lybians now would dig the ſoil,

Ver. 137. The tree which produces this wholeſome fruit is tall, ſhady, and of quick growth. Its Indian name is *Acajou*; hence corruptly called *Caſhew* by the Engliſh. The fruit has no reſemblance to a cherry, either in ſhape or ſize; and bears, at its lower extremity, a nut (which the Spaniards name *Anacardo*, and phyſicians *Anacardium*) that reſembles a large kidney-bean. Its kernel is as grateful as an almond, and more eaſy of digeſtion. Between its rinds is contained a highly cauſtic oil; which, being held to a candle, emits bright ſalient ſparkles, in which the American fortune-tellers pretended they ſaw ſpirits who gave anſwers to whatever queſtions were put to them by their ignorant followers. This oil is uſed as a coſmetic by the ladies, to remove freckles and ſun-burning; but the pain they neceſſarily ſuffer makes its uſe not very frequent. This tree alſo produces a gum not inferior to Gum-Arabic; and its bark is an approved aſtringent. The juice of the cherry ſtains exceedingly. The long citron or amber-coloured, is the beſt. The caſhew-nuts, when unripe, are of a green colour; but, ripe, they aſſume that of a pale olive. This tree bears fruit but once a year.

Who pine in hourly agonies away!)
This pleasing fruit, if turtle joins its aid,
Removes that worst of ails, disgrace of art,
The loathsome leprosy's infectious bane.
There are, the muse hath oft abhorrent seen,
Who swallow dirt; (so the chlorotic fair
Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates):
Such dropsy blots, and to sure death consigns,
Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food
By soothing words by menaces, by blows:
Nor yet will threats, or blows, or soothing words,
Perfect their cure, unless thou, Pæan, deign'st
By medicine's power their cravings to subdue.
To early labour first inure thy slaves;
Extremes are dangerous. With industrious search
Let them sit grassy provender collect
For thy keen stomach'd herds.—But when the earth
Hath made her annual progress round the sun,
What time the conch or bell resounds, they may
All to the cane ground with thy gang repair.
Nor negro at thy destiny repine,
Though doom'd to toil from dawn to setting sun.
How far more pleasant is thy rural task
Than theirs who sweat, sequester'd from the day,
In dark tartarean caves, sunk far beneath
The earth's dark surface, where sulphureous flames,
Oft from their vapoury prisons bursting wild,
To dire explosion give the cavern'd deep,
And in dread ruin all its inmates whelm?—
Nor fateful only is the bursting flame;
The exhalations of the deep-dug mine,
Though slow, shake from their wings as sure a death.
With what intense severity of pain
Hath the afflicted muse, in Scotia, seen
The miners rack'd, who toil for fatal lead?
What cramps, what palsies, shake their feeble limbs,
Who, on the margin of the rocky Drave,
Trace silver's fluent ore? Yet white men these!
How far more happy ye than these poor slaves,
Who, whilom, under native, gracious chiefs,
Incas and emperors, long time enjoy'd
Mild government, with every sweet of life,
In blissful climates? See them dragg'd in chains,
By proud insulting tyrants, to the mines
Which once they call'd their own, and then despis'd!
See, in the mineral bosom of their land,
How hard they toil! how soon their youthful limbs
Feel the decrepitude of age! how soon
Their teeth desert their sockets! and how soon
Shaking paralysis unstrings their frame!
Yet scarce, even then, are they allow'd to view
The glorious god of day, of whom they beg,
With earnest hourly supplications, death;
Yet death slow comes, to torture them the more!

With these compar'd, ye sons of Afric, say
How far more happy is your lot? Bland health,
Of ardent eye, and limb robust, attends
Your custom'd labour; and, should sickness seize,
With what solicitude are ye not nurs'd!—
Ye negroes, then, your pleasing task pursue,
And by your toil deserve your master's care.
When first your blacks are novel to the hoe,
Study their humours: Some, soft-soothing words;
Some, presents; and some, menaces subdue;
And some I've known, so stubborn is their kind,
Whom blows, alas! could win alone to toil.
Yet, planter, let humanity prevail.—
Perhaps thy negro, in his native land,
Possest large fertile plains, and slaves, and herds:
Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
The richest silks, from where the Indus rolls,
His limbs invested in their gorgeous pleats:
Perhaps he wails his wife, his children, left
To struggle with adversity: Perhaps
Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
Gave him a captive to his deadliest foe:
Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
(On pleasurable scenes his mind intent)
All as he wander'd; from the neighbouring grove
Felt ambush drag'd him to the hated main—
Were they even sold for crimes, ye polish'd say!
Ye, to whom learning opes her ampleſt page!
Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue! Are ye free from crimes?
Ah pity then these uninstructed swains;
And still let mercy soften the decrees
Of rigid justice, with her lenient hand.
Oh, did the tender muse possess the power
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse,
'Twould be the fond ambition of her soul
To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.
Then laws, oppression's scourge, fair virtue's prop,
Offspring of wisdom! should impartial reign,
To knit the whole in well-accorded strife:
Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The blacks should cultivate the cane-land isles.
Say, shall the muse the various ills recount
Which negro nations feel? Shall she describe
The worm that subtly winds into their flesh,
All as they bathe them in their native streams?
There, with fell increment, it soon attains
A direful length of harm. Yet, if due skill
And proper circumspection are employed,
It may be won its volumes to wind round
A leaden cylinder: But, oh, beware,
No rashness practise: else 'twill surely snap,
And, suddenly retreating, dire produce
An annual lameness to the tortured Moor.
Nor only is the dragon worm to dread:
Fell winged insects, which the visual ray

Ver. 163. Plantations that have no bells, assemble their negroes by sounding a conch-shell.

Ver. 181. A river in Hungary, on whose banks are found mines of quicksilver.

Ver. 257. These, by the English, are called *Chigoes* or *Chigres*. They chiefly perforate the toes, and sometimes the fingers; occasioning an itching, which some people think not unpleasin

Scarcely diſcerns, their ſable feet and hands
Oft penetrate, and in the fleſhy neſt
Myriads of young produce, which ſoon deſtroy
The parts they breed in, if aſſiduous care,
With art, extract not the prolific foe.
Or, ſhall ſhe ſing, and not debaſe her lay,
The peſt peculiar to the Æthiop-kind,
The yaw's infectious bane?—The infected far
In huts to leeward lodge, or near the main
With heart'ning food, with turtle, and with conchs,
The flowers of ſulphur, and hard niccars burnt,
The lurking evil from the blood expel,
And throw it on the ſurface: There in ſpots
Which cauſe no pain, and ſcanty ichor yield,
It chiefly breaks about the arms and hips,
A virulent contagion!—When no more
Round knobby ſpots deform, but the diſeaſe
Seems at a pauſe, then let the learned leech
Give, in due doſe, live-ſilver from the mine,
Till copious ſpitting the whole taint exhauſt.—
Nor thou repine, though half-way round the ſun
This globe her annual progreſs ſhall abſolve,
Ere, clear'd, thy ſlave from all infection ſhine.
Nor then be confident; ſucceſſive crops
Of defœdations oft will ſpot the ſkin:
Theſe thou, with turpentine and guaiac pods,
Reduc'd by coction to a wholeſome draught,
Total remove, and give the blood its balm.
Say, as this malady but once infeſts
The ſons of Guinea, might not ſkill ingraft
(Thus the ſmall-pox are happily convey'd)
This ailment early to thy negro-train?
Yet, of the ills which torture Libya's ſons,
Worms tyrannize the worſt. They, Proteus-like,
Each ſymptom of each malady aſſume,
And under every maſk the aſſaſſins kill.
Now, in the guiſe of horrid ſpaſms, they writhe
The tortured body, and all ſenſe o'erpower.
Sometimes, like mania, with her head downcaſt,
They cauſe the wretch in ſolitude to pine;
Or frantic, burſting from the ſtrongeſt chains,
To frown with look terrific, not his own.
Sometimes, like ague, with a ſhivering mien,
The teeth gnaſh fearful, and the blood runs chill:
Anon the ferment maddens in the veins,
And a falſe vigour animates the frame.
Again, the dropſy's blotted maſk they ſteal,
Or, "melt with minings of the hectic fire."
Say, to ſuch various mimic forms of death,
What remedies ſhall puzzled art oppoſe?—
Thanks to the Almighty, in each path-way hedge
Rank cow-itch grows, whoſe ſharp unnumber'd ſtings,
Sheath'd in melaſſes, from their dens expel,
Fell dens of death, the reptile lurking foe.—
A powerful vermifuge, in ſkilful hands,
The worm-graſs proves; yet, even in hands of ſkill,
Sudden I've known it dim the viſual ray
For a whole day and night. There are who uſe
(And ſage experience juſtifies the uſe)
The mineral product of the Corniſh mine;
Which in old times, ere Britain laws enjoyed,
The poliſh'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
In their ſwift ſhips convey'd to foreign realms:
The ſun by day, by night the northern ſtar,
Their courſe conducted—Mighty commerce, hail!
By thee the ſons of Attic's ſterile land,
A ſcanty number, laws impos'd on Greece:
Nor aw'd they Greece alone; vaſt Aſia's king,
Though girt by rich arm'd myriads, at their frown
Felt his heart wither on his fartheſt throne.
Perennial ſource of population thou!
While ſcanty peaſants plough the flowery plains
Of purple Enna; from the Belgian fens,
What ſwarms of uſeful citizens ſpring up,
Hatch'd by thy foſtering wing. Ah, where is flown
That dauntleſs free-born ſpirit, which of old
Taught them to ſhake off the tyrannic yoke
Of Spain's inſulting king; on whoſe wide realms
The ſun ſtill ſhone with undiminiſh'd beam?
Parent of wealth! in vain coy nature hoards
Her gold and diamonds; toil, thy firm compeer,
And induſtry of unremitting nerve,
Scale the cleft mountain, the loud torrent brave,
Plunge to the centre, and through nature's wiles,
(Led on by ſkill of penetrative ſoul)
Her following cloſe, her ſecret treaſures find,

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and are at pains to get, by going to the copper-holes, or mill-round, where chigres moſt abound. They lay their nits in a bag, about the ſize of a ſmall pea, and are partly contained therein themſelves. This the negroes extract without burſting, by means of a needle, and filling up the place with a little ſnuff; it ſoon heals, if the perſon has a good conſtitution. One ſpecies of them is ſuppoſed to be poiſonous, but I believe unjuſtly. When they bury themſelves near a tendon, eſpecially if the perſon is in a bad habit of body, they occaſion troubleſome ſores. The South Americans call them *Naiguas*.

Ver. 268. The botanical name of this medicinal ſhrub is *Guilandina*. The fruit reſembles marbles, though not ſo round. Their ſhell is hard and ſmooth, and contains a farinaceous nut, of admirable uſe in ſeminal weakneſſes. They are alſo given to throw out the yaws.

Ver. 309. See notes in Book II.

Ver. 317. Tin-filings are a better vermifuge than tin in powder. The weſtern parts of Britain, and the neighbouring iſles, have been famous for this uſeful metal from the remoteſt antiquity; for we find from Strabo, that the Phœnicians made frequent voyages to thoſe parts (which they called *Caſſiterides*, from Κασσίτερον, ſtannum) in queſt of that commodity, which turned out ſo beneficial to them, that a pilot of that nation ſtranded his veſſel, rather than ſhow a Roman ſhip that watched him the way to thoſe mines. For this public-ſpirited action he was amply rewarded, ſays that accurate writer, upon his return to his country. The Romans, however, ſoon made themſelves maſters of the ſecret, and ſhared with them in the profit of that merchandiſe.

To pour them plenteous on the laughing world.
On thee, Sylvanus, thee each rural god,
On thee chief Ceres, with unfailing love,
And fond diſtinction, emulouſly gaze.
In vain hath nature pour'd vaſt ſeas between
Far-diſtant kingdoms; endleſs ſtorms in vain
With double night brood o'er them; thou doſt throw,
O'er far-divided nature's realms, a chain
To bind in ſweet ſociety mankind.
By thee white Albion, once a barbarous clime,
Grew fam'd for arms, for wiſdom, and for laws;
By thee ſhe holds the balance of the world,
Acknowledg'd now ſole empreſs of the main.
Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,
There may'ſt thou ever fix thy wandering ſteps;
While Eurus rules the wide Atlantic foam!
By thee, thy favourite, great Columbus found
That world, where now thy praiſes I rehearſe
To the reſounding main and palmy ſhore;
And Luſitania's chiefs thoſe realms explor'd,
Whence negroes ſpring, the ſubject of my ſong.
Nor pine the blacks alone with real ills,
That baffle oft the wiſeſt rules of art;
They likewiſe feel imaginary woes,
Woes no leſs deadly. Luckleſs he who owns
The ſlave, who thinks himſelf bewitch'd; and whom,
In wrath, a conjurer's ſnake-mark'd ſtaff hath ſtruck;
They mope, love ſilence, every friend avoid,
They inly pine, all aliment reject,
Or inſufficient for nutrition take:
Their features droop; a ſickly yellowiſh hue
Their ſkin deforms; their ſtrength and beauty fly.
Then comes the feveriſh fiend, with fiery eyes,
Whom drowth, convulſions, and whom death ſurround,
Fatal attendants! if ſome ſubtle ſlave
(Such Obia-men are ſtyl'd) do not engage
To ſave the wretch by antidote or ſpell.
In magic ſpells, in Obia, all the ſons
Of ſable Afric truſt:—Ye ſacred nine!
(For ye each hidden preparation know)
Tranſpierce the gloom, which ignorance and fraud
Have render'd awful; tell the laughing world
Of what theſe wonder-working charms are made.

Fern-root cut ſmall, and tied with many a knot;
Old teeth extracted from a white man's ſkull:
A lizard's ſkeleton; a ſerpent's head:
Theſe mix'd with ſalt, and water from the ſpring,
Are in a phial pour'd; o'er theſe the leach
Mutters ſtrange jargon, and wild circles forms.
Of this poſſeſt, each negro deems himſelf
Secure from poiſon; for to poiſon they
Are infamouſly prone: and arm'd with this,
Their ſable country demons they defy,
Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
To work them miſchief. This, diſeaſes fly;
Diſeaſes follow: ſuch its wonderous power!
This o'er the threſhold of their cottage hung,
No thieves break in; or, if they dare to ſteal,
Their feet in blotches which admit no cure,
Burſt lothſome out: but ſhould its owner filch,
As ſlaves were ever of the pilfering kind,
This from detection ſcreens;—ſo conjurers ſwear.
Till morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw
His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell
Call forth thy negroes from their ruſhy couch:
And ere the ſun with mid-day fervour glow,
When every broom-buſh opes her yellow flower;
Let thy black labourers from their toil deſiſt:
Nor till the broom her every petal lock,
Let the loud bell recal them to the hoe.
But when the jalap her bright tint diſplays,
When the ſolanum fills her cup with dew,
And crickets, ſnakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;
Let them find ſhelter in their cane-thatch'd huts:
Or, if conſtrain'd unuſual hours to toil,
(For even the beſt muſt ſometimes urge their gang)
With double nutriment reward their pains.
Howe'er infenſate ſome may deem their ſlaves,
Nor 'bove the beſtial rank; far other thoughts
The muſe, ſoft daughter of humanity!
Will ever entertain. The Ethiop knows,
The Ethiop feels, when treated like a man;
Nor grudges, ſhould neceſſity compel,
By day, by night, to labour for his lord.
Not leſs inhuman than unthrifty thoſe,
Who, half the year's rotation round the ſun,
Deny ſubſiſtence to their labouring ſlaves,
But would'ſt thou ſee thy negro-train increaſe,

Ver. 370. The negro-conjurers, or obia-men, as they are called, carry about them a ſtaff, which is marked with frogs, ſnakes, &c. The blacks imagine that its blow, if not mortal, will at leaſt occaſion long and troubleſome diſorders. A belief in magic is inſeparable from human nature; but thoſe nations are moſt addicted thereto, among whom learning, and of courſe philoſophy, have leaſt obtained. As in all other countries, ſo in Guinea, the conjurers, as they have more underſtanding, ſo are they almoſt always more wicked than the common herd of their deluded countrymen; and as the negro magicians can do miſchief, ſo they can alſo do good on a plantation, provided they are kept by the white people in proper ſubordination.

Ver. 410. This ſmall plant which grows in every paſture, may, with propriety, be termed an American clock; for it begins every forenoon at eleven to open its yellow flowers, which, about one, are fully expanded; and at two cloſed. The jalap, or marvel of Peru, unfolds its petals between five and ſix in the evening, which ſhut again as ſoon as night comes on, to open again in the cool of the morning. This plant is called four o'clock by the natives, and bears either a yellow or purple-coloured flower.

Ver. 415. So ſome authors name the fire-weed, which grows every where, and is the *datura* of Linnæus; whoſe virtues Dr. Stork, at Vienna, has greatly extolled in a late publication. It bears a white monopetalous flower, which opens always about ſun-ſet.

Free from diſorders; and thine acres clad
With groves of ſugar: every week diſpenſe
Or Engliſh beans, or Carolinian rice;
Iërne's beef, or Penſylvanian flour;
Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
That howls tempeſtuous round the Scotian iſles!
Yet ſome there are ſo lazily inclin'd,
And ſo neglectful of their food, that thou,
Would'ſt thou preſerve them from the jaws of death,
Daily, their wholeſome viands muſt prepare:
With theſe let all the young, and childleſs old,
And all the morbid ſhare;—ſo Heaven will bleſs,
With manifold increaſe, thy coſtly care.
Suffice not this; to every ſlave aſſign
Some mountain ground: or, if waſte broken land
To thee belong, that broken land divide.
This let them cultivate one day each week;
And there raiſe yams, and there caſſada's root:
From a good demon's ſtaff caſſada ſprang,
Tradition ſays, and Caribbees believe;
Which into three the white-rob'd genius broke,
And bade them plant, their hunger to repel.
There let angola's bloomy buſh ſupply,
For many a year, with wholeſome pulſe their board.
There let the bonaviſt, his fringed pods
Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra bears
Aloft his ſlimy pulp, and help diſdains.
There let potatoes mantle o'er the ground;
Sweet as the cane-juice is the root they bear.
There too let eddas ſpring in order meet,
With Indian cale, and foodful calaloo:
While mint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coyer herbs,
Shoot gladſome forth, nor reprobate the clime.
This tract ſecure, with hedges or of limes,
Or buſhy citrons, or the ſhapely tree
That glows at once with aromatic blooms,
And golden fruit mature. To theſe be join'd,
In comely neighbourhood, the cotton ſhrub;
In this delicious clime the cotton burſts
On rocky ſoils. The coffee alſo plant;
White as the ſkin of Albion's lovely fair,
Are the thick ſnowy fragrant blooms it boaſts:
Nor wilt thou, cocò, thy rich pods refuſe,
Though years and heat, and moiſture they require,
Ere the ſtone grind them to the food of health.
Of thee, perhaps, and of thy various ſorts,
And that kind ſheltering tree, thy mother nam'd,
With crimſon flow'rets prodigally grac'd;
In future times the enraptur'd muſe may ſing:
If public favour crown her preſent lay.
But let ſome ancient faithful ſlave erect
His ſheltered manſion near; and with his dog,
His loaded gun and cutlaſs guard the whole:
Elſe negro fugitives, who ſkulk 'mid rocks
And ſhrubby wilds in bands will ſoon deſtroy
Thy labourer's honeſt wealth; their loſs and yours.
Perhaps, of Indian gardens I could ſing,
Beyond what bloom'd on bleſt Phæacia's iſle,
Or eaſtern climes admir'd in days of yore:
How Europe's foodful, culinary plants;
How gay Pomona's ruby-tinctured births;
And gaudy Flora's various-veſted train;
Might be inſtructed to unlearn their clime,
And by due diſcipline adopt the ſun.

Ver. 449. To an ancient Caribbean bemoaning the ſavage uncomfortable life of his countrymen, a deity clad in white apparel appeared, and told him he would have come ſooner to have taught him the ways of civil life, had he been addreſſed before. He then ſhowed him ſharp cutting ſtones to fell trees and build houſes; and bade him cover them with the palm leaves. Then he broke his ſtaff in three; which, being planted, ſoon after produced caſſada. See Ogilvy's America.

Ver. 454. This is called *Pidgeon-pea*, and grows on a ſturdy ſhrub that will laſt for years. It is juſtly reckoned among the moſt wholeſome legumens. The juice of the leaves dropt into the eye will remove incipient films. The botanic name is *Cytiſus*.

Ver. 456. This is the Spaniſh name of a plant, which produces an excellent bean. It is a paraſitical plant. There are five ſorts of bonaviſt, the green, the white, the moonſhine, the ſmall or common; and, laſtly, the black and red. The flowers of all are white and papilionaceous, except the laſt, whoſe bloſſoms are purple. They commonly bear in ſix weeks. Their pulſe is wholeſome, though ſomewhat flatulent; eſpecially thoſe from the black and red. The pods are flattiſh, two or three inches long; and contain from three to five ſeeds in partitional cells.

Ver. 457. This ſhrub, which will laſt for years, produces a not leſs agreeable than wholeſome pod. It bears all the year round. Being of a ſlimy and balſamic nature, it becomes a truly medicinal aliment in dyſenteric complaints. It is of the *Malva* ſpecies. It riſes to about four or five feet high, bearing on and near the ſummit many yellow flowers; ſucceeded by green, conic, fleſhy pods, channelled into ſeveral groves. There are as many cells filled with ſmall round ſeeds as there are channels.

Ver. 459. I cannot poſitively ſay whether theſe vines are of Indian original or not; but as in their fructification they differ from potatoes at home, they probably are not European. They are ſweet. There are four kinds; the red, the white, the long, and round. The juice of each may be made into a pleaſant cool drink; and, being diſtilled, yield an excellent ſpirit.

Ver. 461. See notes on Book I. The French call this plant *Tayove*. It produces eatable roots every four months for one year only.

Ver. 462. This green, which is a native of the New World, equals any of the greens in the Old.

Ibid. Another ſpecies of Indian pot-herb, no leſs wholeſome than the preceding. Theſe, with mezamby, and the Jamaica prickle weed, yield to no eſculent plants in Europe. This is an Indian name.

Ver. 466. The orange tree.

Ver. 478. See Book I. p. 43.

The muſe might tell what culture will entice
The ripened melon to perfume each mouth;
And with the anana load the fragrant board.
The muſe might tell what trees will beſt exclude
(" Inſuperable height of airieſt ſhade") 500
With their vaſt umbrage the noon's fervent ray.
Thee, verdant mammey, firſt her ſong ſhould praiſe:
Thee, the firſt natives of theſe ocean iſles,
Fell anthropophagi ſtill ſacred held;
And from thy large high-flavour'd fruit abſtain'd,
With pious awe; for thine high-flavour'd fruit,
The airy phantoms of their friends deceas'd
Joy'd to regale on.—Such their ſimple creed.
The tamarind likewiſe ſhould adorn her theme,
With whoſe tart fruit the ſweltering ſever loves
To quench his thirſt. whoſe breezy umbrage ſoon
Shades the pleas'd planter, ſhades his children long.
Nor lofty caſſia, ſhould ſhe not recount 513
Thy woodland honours! See, what yellow flowers
Dance in the gale, and ſcent the ambient air;
While thy long pods, full fraught with nectared ſweets,
Relieve the bowels from their lagging load.
Nor chirimoia, though theſe torrid iſles
Boaſt not thy fruit, to which the anana yields
In taſte and flavour, wilt thou coy refuſe 520
Thy fragrant ſhade to beautify the ſcene.
But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian groves,
Thee, fair palmeto, ſhould her ſong reſound:
What ſwelling columns form'd by Jones or Wren
Or great Palladio may with thee compare?
Not nice proportion'd, but of ſize immenſe,
Swells the wild fig-tree, and ſhould claim her lay:
For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed
A filial train, ſtupendous as their ſire,
In quick ſucceſſion; and o'er many a rood, 530
Extend their uncouth limbs, which not the bolt
Of heaven can ſcathe: nor yet the all-waſting rage
Of Typhon, or of hurricane deſtroy.
Nor ſhould, though ſmall, the anata not be ſung:
Thy purple dye, the ſilk and cotton fleece
Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes
Of Northern Ind, a fierce and wily race,
Carouſe, aſſembled; and with it they paint
Their manly make in many a horrid form,
To add new terrors to the face of war. 540
The muſe might teach to twine the verdant arch,
And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn,
With ponderous granadillas, and the fruit
Call'd water-lemon; grateful to the taſte:
Nor ſhould ſhe not purſue the mountain-ſtreams,

Ver. 502. This is a lofty, ſhady, and beautiful tree. Its fruit is as large as the largeſt melon, and of an exquiſite ſmell, greatly ſuperior to it in point of taſte. Within the fruit are contained one or two large ſtones, which, when diſtilled, give to ſpirits a ratafia flavour; and, therefore, the French call them *Les apricots de St. Domingue:* accordingly, the *l'eau des noiaux*, one of the Weſt-Indian cordials, is made from them. The fruit, eaten raw, is of an aperient quality; and made into ſweetmeats, &c. is truly exquiſite. This tree, contrary to moſt others in the New World, ſhoots up to a pyramidal figure: the leaves are uncommonly green; and it produces fruit but once a year. The name is Indian. The Engliſh commonly call it *Mammey-ſapota*. There are two ſpecies of it: the ſweet and the tart. The botanical name is *Achras*.

Ver. 509. See Book I. p. 4.

Ver. 513. Both this tree and its mild purgative pulp are ſufficiently known.

Ver. 523. This being the moſt beautiful of palms, nay, perhaps ſuperior to any other known tree in the world, has, with propriety, obtained the name of Royal. The botanical name is *Palma Maxima*. It will ſhoot up perpendicularly to an hundred feet and more. The ſtem is perfectly circular; only towards the root, and immediately under the branches at top it bulges out. The bark is ſmooth, and of an aſh-brown colour, except at the top where it is green. It grows very faſt, and the ſeed from whence it ſprings is not bigger than an acorn. In this, as in all the palm genus, what the natives call Cabbage is found; but it reſembles in taſte an almond, and is in fact the pith of the upper or greeniſh part of the ſtem. But it would be the moſt unpardonable luxury to cut down ſo lovely a tree for ſo mean a gratification; eſpecially as the wild or mountain cabbage-tree ſufficiently ſupplies the table with that eſculent. I never ride paſt the charming viſta of royal palms on the Cayon eſtate of Daniel Mathew, Eſq. in St. Chriſtopher, without being put in mind of the pillars of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra. This tree grows on the tops of hills as well as in vallies; its hard cortical part makes very durable laths for houſes. There is a ſmaller ſpecies not quite ſo beautiful.

Ver. 534. Or *Arnotta*, or *Arnotta;* thence corruptly called *Indian Otter* by the Engliſh. The tree is about the ſize of an ordinary apple-tree. The French call it *Rocou;* and ſend the farina home as a paint, &c. for which purpoſe the tree is cultivated by them in their iſlands. The flower is pentapetalous, of a bluiſh and ſpoon-like appearance. The yellow filaments are tipped with purpliſh apices. The ſtyle proves the rudiment of the ſucceeding pod, which is of a conic ſhape, an inch and a half long. This is divided into many cells, which contain a great number of ſmall ſeeds covered with a red farina.

Ver. 543. This is the Spaniſh name, and is a ſpecies of the *paſſiflora*, or paſſion flower, called by Linnæus *Muſa*. The ſeeds and pulp through which the ſeeds are diſperſed, are cooling and grateful to the palate. This as well as the water-lemon, bell apple, or honeyſuckle as it is named, being paraſitical plants, are eaſily formed into cooling arbours, than which nothing can be more grateful in warm climates. Both fruits are wholeſome. The granadilla is commonly eat with ſugar, on account of its tartneſs, and yet the pulp is viſcid. Plumier calls it *Granadilla, latefolia, fructu maliformi*. It grows beſt in ſhady places. The unripe fruit makes an excellent pickle.

But pleas'd decoy them from their ſhady haunts,
In rills, to viſit every tree and herb;
Or fall o'er fern-clad cliff-, with foaming rage;
Or in huge beſons float, a fair expanſe;
Or, bound in chains of artificial force,
Ariſe through ſculptured ſtone, or breathing braſs.
But I'm in haſte to furl my wind-worn ſails,
And anchor my tir'd veſſel on the ſhore.
It much imports to build thy negro-huts,
Or on the ſounding margin of the main,
Or on ſome dry hill's gently ſloping ſides,
In ſtreets, at diſtance due.—When near the beach,
Let frequent coco caſt its wavy ſhade;
'Tis Neptune's tree; and, nouriſh'd by the ſpray,
Soon round the bending ſtem's aërial height,
Cluſters of mighty nuts, with milk and fruit
Delicious fraught, hang clattering in the ſky.
There let the bay-grape, too, its crooked limbs
Project enormous, of impurpled hue
Its frequent cluſters glow. And there, if thou
Wouldſt make the land yield falutary food,
Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,
Like arm'd battalions in array of war.
But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
A wholeſome nutriment bananas yield,
And ſun-burnt labour loves its breezy ſhade.
Their graceful ſcreen let kindred plantanes join,
And with their broad vans ſhiver in the breeze;
So flames deſign'd, or by imprudence caught,
Shall ſpread no ruin to the neighbouring roof.
Yet nor the ſounding margin of the main,
Nor gently ſloping ſide of breezy hill,
Nor ſtreets, at diſtance due, embower'd in trees,
Will half the health, or half the pleaſure yield,
Unleſs ſome pitying naiad deign to lave,
With an unceaſing ſtream thy thirſty bounds.
On feſtal days, or when their work is done,
Permit thy ſlaves to lead the choral dance,
To the wild banſhaw's melancholy ſound.
Reſponſive to the ſound, head, feet, and frame
Move awkwardly harmonious; hand in hand
Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
And friſk and capers with intemperate joy.
Halts the vaſt circle, all clap hands and ſing;
While thoſe diſtinguiſh'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the centre, and fantaſtic twine.
Meanwhile ſome ſtripling, from the choral ring,
Trips forth: and not ungallantly beſtows
On her who nimbleſt hath the greenſward beat,
And whoſe flush'd beauties have enthrall'd his ſoul,
A ſilver token of his fond applauſe.
Anon they form in ranks; not inexpert
A thouſand tuneful intricacies weave,
Shaking their ſable limbs; and oft a kiſs
Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclin'd,
And ſemblant ſcorn, reſent the raviſh'd bliſs
But let not thou the drum their mirth inſpire;
Nor vinous ſpirits: elſe, to madneſs fir'd,
(What will not Bacchanalian frenzy dare)?
Fell acts of blood, and vengeance they purſue.
Compel by threats, or win by ſoothing arts,
Thy ſlaves to wed their fellow ſlaves at home;
So ſhall they not their vigorous prime deſtroy,
By diſtant journies, at untimely hours,
When muffled midnight decks her raven hair
With the white plumage of the prickly vine.
Wouldſt thou from countleſs ails preſerve thy gang;
To every negro, as the candle-weed
Expands his bloſſoms to the cloudy ſky,
And moiſt Aquarius melts in daily ſhowers;
A woolly veſtment give, (this Wiltſhire weaves)
Warm to repel chill night's unwholeſome dews:
While ſtrong coarſe linen from the Scotian loom,
Wards off the fervours of the burning day
The truly great, though from a hoſtile clime,
The ſacred vine embalm; then, muſes, chaunt,
In grateful numbers, Gallic Lewis' praiſe:
For private murder quell'd; for laurell'd arts,
Invented, cheriſh'd in his native realm;

Ver. 563. Or ſea-ſide grape, as it is more commonly called. This is a large, crooked, and ſhady tree, (the leaves being broad, thick, and almoſt circular); and ſucceeds beſt in ſandy places. It bears large cluſters of grapes once a year, which, when ripe, are not diſagreeable. The ſtones ſeeds, or *acini*, contained in them, are large in proportion, and, being reduced to a powder, are an excellent aſtringent. The bark of the tree has the ſame property. The grapes, ſteep'd in water and fermented with ſugar, make an agreeable wine.

Ver. 567. Or maiſe. This is commonly called *Guinea corn*, to diſtinguiſh it from the great or Indian-corn, that grows in the ſouthern parts of North America. It ſoon ſhoots up to a great height, often twenty feet high, and will ratoon like the other; but its blades are not ſo nouriſhing to horſes as thoſe of the great corn, although its ſeeds are more ſo, and rather more agreeable to the taſte. The Indians, negroes, and poor white people, make many (not unſavoury) diſhes with them. It is alſo called *Turkey wheat*. The turpentine tree will alſo grow in the ſand, and is moſt uſeful upon a plantation.

Ver. 584. This is a ſort of rude guitar, invented by the negroes. It produces a wild pleaſing melancholy ſound.

Ver. 611. This beautiful white roſaceous flower is as large as the crown of one's hat, and only blows at midnight. The plant, which is prickly, and attaches itſelf firmly to the ſides of houſes, trees &c. produces a fruit, which ſome call the *Wythe Apple*, and others, with more propriety, *Mountain-ſtrawberry*. But though it reſembles the large Chili ſtrawberry in looks and ſize; yet being inelegant of taſte, it is ſeldom eaten. The botanical name is *Cereus ſcandens minor*. The rind of the fruit is here and there ſtudded with tufts of ſmall ſharp prickles.

Ver. 613. This ſhrub, which produces a yellow flower ſomewhat reſembling a narciſſus, makes a beautiful hedge, and blows about November. It grows wild every where. It is ſaid to be diuretic, but this I do not know from experience.

For rapine puniſh'd; for grim famine fed;
For fly chicane expell'd the wrangling bar:
And rightful Themis ſeated on her throne:
But chief for thoſe mild laws his wiſdom fram'd,
To guard the Ethiop from tyrannic ſway!
Did ſuch, in theſe green iſles which Albion claims,
Did ſuch obtain; the muſe, at midnight hour,
This laſt brain-racking ſtudy had not ply'd:
But, ſunk in ſlumbers of immortal bliſs,
To bards had liſtened on a fancy'd Thames! [far
All hail, old father Thames! though not from
Thy ſpringing waters roll; nor countleſs ſtreams,
Of name conſpicuous, ſwell thy watery ſtore;
Though thou, no Plata, to the ſea devolve
Vaſt humid offerings; thou art king of ſtreams:
Delighted commerce broods upon thy wave;
And every quarter of this ſea-girt globe
To thee due tribute pays; but chief the world
By great Columbus found, where now the muſe
Beholds, tranſported, ſlow vaſt fleecy clouds,
Alps pil'd on Alps, romantically high,
Which charm the ſight with many a pleaſing form.
The moon, in virgin-glory, gilds the pole,
And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon cane-crown'd vale,
With fluent ſilver; while unnumber'd ſtars
Gild the vaſt concave with their lively beams.

Ver. 638. One of the largeſt rivers of South America.

The main, a moving burniſh'd mirror, ſhines;
No noiſe is heard, ſave when the diſtant ſurge
With drowzy murmurings breaks upon the ſhore!
Ah me, what thunders roll! the ſky's on fire!
Now ſudden darkneſs muffles up the pole! [ſenſe,
Heavens! what wild ſcenes, before the affrighted
Imperfect ſwim!—See! in that flaming ſcroll!
What time unfolds, the future germs bud forth,
Of mighty empires! independent realms!—
And muſt Britannia, Neptune's favourite queen,
Protect'reſs of true ſcience, freedom, arts;
Muſt ſhe, ah! muſt ſhe, to her offſpring crouch?
Ah, muſt my Thames, old ocean's favourite ſon,
Reſign his trident to barbaric ſtreams,
His banks neglected, and his waves unfought,
No bards to ſing them, and no fleets to grace?—
Again the fleecy clouds amuſe the eye,
And ſparkling ſtars the vaſt horizon gild—
She ſhall not crouch; if wiſdom guide the helm,
Wiſdom that bade loud fame, with juſteſt praiſe,
Record her triumphs! bade the lacquaying winds
Tranſport, to every quarter of the globe,
Her winged navies! bade the ſcepter'd ſons
Of earth acknowledge her pre-eminence!—
She ſhall not crouch; if theſe cane ocean-iſles,
Iſles which on Britain for their all depend,
And muſt for ever; ſtill indulgent ſhare
Her foſtering ſmile: and other iſles be given,
From vanquiſh'd foes.—And, ſee, another race!
A golden era dazzles my fond ſight!
That other race, that long'd-for era, hail!
The Britiſh George now reigns, the Patriot king!
Britain ſhall ever triumph o'er the main.

POEMS.

SOLITUDE.

AN ODE.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the deſart's trackleſs gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted ſide,
Or by the Nile's coy ſource abide,
Or ſtarting from your half-year's ſleep
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waſtes ſurvey,
You, recluſe, again I woo,
And again your ſteps purſue.

Plum'd conceit himſelf ſurveying,
Folly with her ſhadow playing,
Purſe-proud, elbowing inſolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence,
Noiſe that through a trumpet ſpeaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intruſion with a fopling's face,
(foran of time and place)

Sparks of fire diſſention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred flattery, bowing,
Reſtraint's ſtiff neck, grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd cenſure's artful ſneer,
Ambition's buſkins, ſteep'd in blood,
Fly thy preſence, ſolitude.

Sage reflection bent with years,
Conſcious virtue void of fears,
Muffled ſilence, wood-nymph ſhy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon peace on moſs reclin'd,
Retroſpect that ſcans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing reſvery,
Bluſhing artleſs modeſty,
Health that ſnuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd truth with boſom bare,
Inſpiration, nature's child,
Seek the ſolitary wild.

You with the tragic muſe * retir'd
The wiſe Euripides inſpir'd,

* *In the Iſland Salamis.*

You taught the ſadly-pleaſing air
That † Athens ſav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And ‡ unlock'd the ſprings of woe;
You penn'd what exil'd Naſo thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluſe you ſtray'd,
When death ſnatch'd his § long lov'd maid;
You taught the rocks her loſs to mourn,
Ye ſtrew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in ‖ Hagley you were ſeen,
With bloodſhed eyes, and ſombre mien,
Hymen his yellow veſtment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypreſs wore.
But chief your own the ſolemn lay
That wept Narciſſa young and gay,
Darkneſs clap'd her ſable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful ſtring,
Anguiſh left the pathleſs wild,
Grim-fac'd melancholy ſmil'd,
Drowſy midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The ſtarry hoſt put back the dawn,
Aſide their harps ev'n ſeraphs flung
To hear thy ſweet complaint, O Young.

When all nature's huſh'd aſleep,
Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men,
But when Phoſphor brings the dawn
By her dappled courſers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntſman meet,
Where as you penſive pace along,
You catch the diſtant ſhepherd's ſong,
Or bruſh from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the riſing primroſe view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you ſings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy ſhades you go,
Where never ſunburnt woodman came,
Nor ſportſman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowſy waterfalls behind,
You ſink to reſt.
'Till the tuneful bird of night
From the neighb'ring poplars height
Wake you with her ſolemn ſtrain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.

With you roſes brighter bloom
Sweeter every ſweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let thoſe toil for gold who pleaſe,
Or for fame renounce their eaſe.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a tranſient, ſhining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?

† *See Plutarch in the life of Lyſander.*
‡ *Simonides.*
§ *Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.*
‖ *Menady on the death of Mrs. Lyttelton.*

Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Baſe, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, ſequeſter'd fair,
To your ſibyl grot repair,
On yon hanging cliff it ſtands
Scoop'd by nature's ſalvage hands,
Boſom'd in the gloomy ſhade
Of cypreſs not with age decay'd.
Where the owl ſtill-hooting ſits,
Where the bat inceſſant flits,
There in loftier ſtrains I'll ſing
Whence the changing ſeaſons ſpring,
Tell how ſtorms deform the ſkies,
Whence the waves ſubſide and riſe,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a ſcale;
Bend, great God, before thy ſhrine,
The bournleſs macrocoſm's thine.

Save me! what's yon ſhrouded ſhade?
That wanders in the dark brown glade.
It beckons me!——vain fears adieu,
Myſterious ghoſt, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's firſt friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breaſt it bares! what! ſtain'd with blood?
Quick let me ſtanch the vital flood.
Oh ſpirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortleſs alone?
O ſolitude, on me beſtow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,
Such, ſuch, as on th' Auſonian ſhore,
Sweet * Dorian Moſchus trill'd of yore:
No time ſhould cancel thy deſert,
More, more, than † Bion was, thou wert.

O goddeſs of the tearful eye,
The never-ceaſing ſtream ſupply.
Let us with retirement go
To charnels, and the houſe of woe,
O'er friendſhip's herſe low-drooping mourn,
Where the ſickly tapers burn,
Where death and nun clad ſorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the ſolemn knell.
The gloom diſpels, the charnel ſmiles,
Light flaſhes through the vaulted iſles,
Blow ſilky ſoft, thou weſtern gale,
O goddeſs of the deſert, hail!
She burſts from yon cliff riven cave,
Inſulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her treſſes wanton with the winds,
A lion's ſpoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careleſs thrown;
Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a ſtride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which ſhe oft herſelf beholds.
O goddeſs of the deſert, hail!
And ſofter blow, thou weſtern gale!
Since in each ſcheme of life I've fail'd,
And diſappointment ſeems entail'd;
Since all on earth I valued moſt,
My guide, my ſtay, my friend is loſt;

* *See Idyll.*
† *Alluding to the death of a friend.*

You, only you, can make me bleſt,
And huſh the tempeſt in my breaſt.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden ſeat,
Where I may live at laſt my own,
Where I at laſt may die unknown.
I ſpoke, ſhe turn'd her magic ray,
And thus ſhe ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.
Youth, you're miſtaken, if you think to find
In ſhades a medicine for a troubled mind;
Wan grief will haunt you whereſoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the ſtreamlet flow,
There pale inaction pines his life away,
And, fatiate, curſes the return of day:
There naked frenzy laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
There ſuperſtition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.
But if a hermit you're reſolv'd to dwell,
And bid to ſocial life a laſt farewell;
'Tis impious.——
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jarr the concord of his general plan:
See every part of that ſtupendous whole,
"Whoſe body nature is, and God the ſoul;"
To one great end, the general good, conſpire,
From matter, brute, to man, to ſeraph, fire.
Should man through nature ſolitary roam,
His will his ſovereign, every where his home,
What force wou'd guard him from the lion's jaw!
What ſwiftneſs wing him from the panther's paw?
Or ſhould fate lead him to ſome fafer ſhore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar;
Where liberal nature all her charms beſtows,
Suns ſhine, birds ſing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
Fool, doſt thou think he'd revel on the ſtore,
Abſolve the care of Heaven, nor aſk for more?
Though waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phœbus ſhone,
He'd ſigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the Maker on the human breaſt
A ſenſe of kindred, country, man, impreſt;
And ſocial life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.
Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deſerve inquiry's ſerious care,
The God (whate'er miſanthrophy may ſay)
Shines, beams in man with moſt unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
Hang o'er the ſun, and with the planets roll?
What boots through ſpace's furtheſt bourns to roam?
If thou, O man, a ſtranger art at home.
Then know thyſelf, the human mind ſurvey,
The uſe, the pleaſure will the toil repay.
Hence inſpiration plans his manner'd lays, [bays.
Hence Homer's crown, and Shakſpeare hence thy
Hence he, the pride of Athens and the ſhame,
The beſt and wiſeſt of mankind became
Nor ſtudy only, practiſe what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine:
Thoſe who in ſtudy, thou'd in practice ſhine.
Say, does the learned Lord of Hagley's ſhade,
Charm man ſo much by moſſy fountains laid,
As when arous'd, he ſtems corruption's courſe,
And ſhakes the ſenate with a Tully's force?
When freedom gaſp'd beneath a Cæſar's feet,
Then public virtue might to ſhades retreat:
But where ſhe breathes, the leaſt may uſeful be,
And freedom, Britain, ſtill belong to thee.
Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown,
Is the reward of worth a ſong, or crown?
Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains,
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunſwick reigns.
On each condition diſappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
Nor dare repine, though early friendſhip bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares he's freed.
But know, adverſity's the child of God;
Whom Heaven approves of moſt, moſt feel her rod.
When ſmooth old Ocean and each ſtorm's aſleep,
Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
But when the demons of the tempeſt rave,
Skill muſt conduct the veſſel through the wave.
Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
Who wou'd not wiſh * Anytus for a foe?
Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,
The good can never be unfortunate.
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
The height of virtue is to ſerve mankind.
But when old age has ſilver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then may'ſt thou ſeek the ſtillneſs of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempeſt beat,
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and ſmooth thy grave.

BRYAN AND PEREENE.

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD.

The north-eaſt wind did briſkly blow,
The ſhip was ſafely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew ſlow,
And ſo leapt over board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart did long enthral,
And whoſo his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on Engliſh land,
Nor once in thought would ever ſtray,
Though ladies ſought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and ſtrong,
Right blithſome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he ſung,
He ſcant had twenty ſeen.

But who the countleſs charms can draw,
That grac'd his miſtreſs true;
Such charms the old world never ſaw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

* *One of the accuſers of Socrates.*

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy roſe buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds ſhine.

Soon as his well known ſhip ſhe ſpied,
See caſt her weeds away,
And to the palmy ſhore ſhe hied.
All in her beſt array.

In ſea-green ſilk ſo neatly clad,
She there impatient ſtood;
The crew with wonder ſaw the lad,
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief diſplay'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he ſurvey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the ſtrand;
For now her lover ſwam in call,
And almoſt touch'd the land.

Then through the white ſurf did ſhe haſte,
To claſp her lovely ſwain;
When, ah! a ſhark bit through his waiſt:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He ſhriek'd! his half ſprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And ſoon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was ſeen no more.

Now haſte, now haſte, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the ſpring
She falls, ſhe falls, ſhe dies away.
And ſoon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, freſh flow'rets ſtrew,
So may your lovers 'ſcape his doom,
Her hapleſs fate 'ſcape you,

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D.

Containing

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE,	ODES,
THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,	SONGS,
SATIRES,	ELEGIES,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——— Who dar'd with manly rage
To laſh the vices of an impious age?
Who dar'd to ſeize the bold hiſtoric pen,
Paint living kings and miniſters as men?
Who ſung ſad Scotia's hapleſs ſons forlorn,
Her broken peace, her freſheſt laurels torn?
Or, who, in oaten reed by Leven's ſide,
Sung the fair ſtream, and hail'd the dimpling tide?
Say ye—whoſe lyre to manly numbers ſtrung,
The glorious bliſs of *Independence* ſung?
Who felt that power, and ſtill ador'd his ſhrine?
It was your SMOLLETT!———

RICHARDSON'S PROLOGUE 1784.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1794.

POETICAL WORKS

OF

TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE LIFE OF SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT was born at Dalquhurn, on the banks of the Leven, in Dumbartonſhire, in 1726. His father was the youngeſt ſon of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill; his mother's name was Cunningham, the daughter of a reſpectable family in Renfrewſhire.

After the ordinary courſe of education, he was put apprentice to a ſurgeon in Glaſgow, and afterwards attended the medical claſſes in Edinburgh. He then went to London, and his firſt outſet appears to have been as a ſurgeon's mate in the navy, in which capacity he ſerved at the ſiege of Carthagena.

In his *Roderick Random*, he gives an account of the management of that ill-conducted expedition, which he cenſures in the warmeſt terms, and from circumſtances which fell under his own particular obſervation. He is ſuppoſed to have been the editor of "A Compendium of Authentic Voyages, digeſted in a Chronological Series," 7 vols. 12mo. 1756; amongſt which is inſerted a ſhort narrative of the expedition to Carthagena, 1741, written with great ſpirit, but abounding with acrimony.

It was here he acquired his knowledge of ſea characters, which he has drawn in a manner ſo excellent, and at the ſame time ſo technically true, as to excite general admiration; and they have continued the model for dramatiſts and noveliſts to copy.

He continued only ſhort time in that line; being diſguſted at the ſervice; and having no other employment, betook himſelf to his pen for ſubſiſtence.

It is probable that he wrote ſeveral pieces before he became known to the public by his capital productions.

His firſt publication that is known with certainty, is, *The Advice and Reproof*, two ſatires, printed in 1746 and 1747.

In the former year, he expreſſed his indignation at the ſeverities exerciſed upon the Highlanders by the royal army, after the battle of Culloden, in an ode, intituled, *The Tears of Scotland*.

In 1747, he preſented for performance, at Drury-Lane theatre, a tragedy, written in his eighteenth year, called, *The Regicide*, founded on the aſſaſſination of James I. of Scotland. On this occaſion, he experienced the treatment which young authors generally meet with from theatrical managers and would-be patrons. After being buoyed up and flattered for a conſiderable time, his play was finally neglected. It was publiſhed in 1749, by ſubſcription, very much, it is ſaid, to his emolument, with a *Preface*, in which he exclaims bitterly againſt falſe patrons, and the duplicity of managers; and he reſented the injury by ſevere retaliations in his future writings.

Lyttleton and Garrick were the principal objects of his reſentment. The character of the former he ſatiriſed in his novel of *Peregrine Pickle*; and he added a *Burleſque Ode* on that nobleman's "Monody" on the death of his lady.

Againſt Garrick, he made illiberal, ill-founded criticiſms; and in the novel of *Roderick Random*, gave a very unfair repreſentation of his treatment of him reſpecting this tragedy.

On cool reflection, he afterwards ſeems to have regretted his warmth, and retracted, in handſome terms, the haſty effuſions of his diſappointment.

Desirous " of doing justice, in a work of truth, for wrongs done in a work of fiction," in giving a sketch of the liberal arts, in his *History of England*, he remarked, " the exhibitions of the stage were improved to the most exquisite entertainment, by the talents and management of Garrick, who greatly surpassed all his predecessors of this, and perhaps every other nation, in his genius for acting, in the sweetness and variety of his tones, the irresistible magic of his eye, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitude, and the whole pathos of expression.

" Candidates for literary fame appeared even in the higher sphere of life, embellished by the nervous sense and extensive erudition of a Cocke, by the delicate taste, the polished muse, and tender feelings of a Lyttleton."

Not satisfied with this *public* declaration of his sentiments, he wrote in still stronger terms to Garrick, Jan. 27. 1762. " What I have said of Mr. Garrick in the *History of England* was, I protest, the language of my heart. I shall rejoice if he thinks I have done him barely justice. I am sure the public will think I have done him no more than justice. In giving a short sketch of the liberal arts, I could not, with any propriety, forbear mentioning a gentleman so eminently distinguished by a genius that has no rival. Besides, I thought it incumbent upon me to make a public atonement, in a work of truth, for wrongs done in a work of fiction."

In 1748, he published the *Adventures of Roderick Random*, a novel, modelled upon the plan of Le Sage's " Adventures of Gil Blas," which had a rapid sale, and laid the foundation of his fame.

The success attending this novel encouraged him to proceed in the same line; and, in 1751, he published the *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, in 4 vols. 12mo. in which he introduced the history of the celebrated *Lady Vane*, the materials of which, it is said, she herself furnished. This episode excited much attention, and contributed greatly to its success.

About this time, having obtained the degree of Doctor of Physic, he settled as a Physician at Bath, and with that view, published *An Essay on the External Use of Water, in a Letter to Dr. ———, with particular Remarks upon the present Method of using the Mineral Waters at Bath in Somersetshire, and a Plan for rendering them more Safe, Agreeable, and Efficacious*, 4to. 1752.

Having been unsuccessful, or perhaps too soon discouraged, he relinquished the practice of physic, fixed his residence at Chelsea, and dedicated the whole of his time to literature.

It has been said, that his want of success in a profession where merit cannot always ensure good fortune, was owing to his failing to make himself agreeable to the women; but his figure and address, both of which were excellent, render this highly improbable. It is more likely, that his irritable and impatient temper, and his contempt for the low arts of finesse, servility, and cunning, were the real causes of his failure.

As an author by profession, his genius and industry were equally conspicuous. His *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom*, in one volume, 12mo. appeared in 1751, which was followed by a successful *Translation of Don Quixote*, in 2 vols. 4to. 1755; executed, as it was supposed, with a slight knowledge of the Spanish language; a circumstance that exposed him to much abuse, and in one instance, it is said, to a personal attack.

In 1756, he began the *Critical Review*, a work which he conducted with much ability, till 1763; but with a degree of acrimony, in some instances, that involved him in a variety of disputes. The most serious of these was with Admiral Knowles, who had published a pamphlet in defence of his conduct in the expedition to Rochfort, 1758. On this performance, he was so particularly and unguardedly severe, that the Admiral commenced a prosecution against the printer. In this affair, he behaved both with prudence and with spirit. Desirous of compromising the dispute with the Admiral, in an amicable manner, he applied to his friend Mr. Wilkes, to interpose his good offices with his opponent. The Admiral continued inflexible; and sentence was on the point of being pronounced against the printer, when he gallantly stood forth, avowed himself the author of the criticism, and offered the Admiral any satisfaction he might require. The consequence was, that a prosecution was immediately commenced against him, and he was fined 100 l. and sentenced to three months imprisonment in the King's Bench prison.

His engagements in this publication likewiſe involved him in a diſpute with Grainger, who thought himſelf injuriouſly treated in the review of his "Tranſlation of Tibullus."

On the publication of the "Roſciad," Churchill imagining Smollett the author of the offenſive review of that work, retaliated with great ſpirit in the "Apology to the Critical Reviewers." It appears, however, he was miſtaken in his ſuſpicion; for Smollett hearing that Mr. Colman had alſo accuſed him of having made an attack on his moral character in the Review, he exculpated himſelf from the charge, in a letter to Garrick, April 5. 1761; in which he declares, "that he did not write one word of the article upon the "Roſciad."

In 1757, his comedy of *The Reprifal, or the Tars of Old England*, an after-piece of two acts, was performed at Drury-Lane theatre, and met with ſucceſs; yet not equal to what its merit might have juſtly claimed. His comic genius has ſhown itſelf very conſpicuouſly in this little piece. The characters of a Frenchman, an Iriſhman, a Scotchman, and an Engliſh ſailor, are as highly drawn, and as finely diſtinguiſhed as in any dramatic piece in the Engliſh language. He acknowledged himſelf "highly obliged for the friendly care Mr. Garrick exerted in preparing it for the ſtage; and ſtill more for his acting the part of Luſignan in "Zara" for his benefit, on the ſixth, inſtead of the ninth night, to which he was only entitled by the cuſtom of the theatre."

In 1758, he publiſhed his *Complete Hiſtory of England, deduced from the Deſcent of Julius Cæſar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*, 1748, in 4 vols. 4to. The ſale of this work, by the uncommon arts of publication made uſe of by his bookſellers, was very extenſive; and he is ſaid to have cleared 2000 l. by it and the *Continuation*, in 5 vols. 8vo. 1763 and 1765.

During his confinement in the King's Bench priſon, he is ſaid to have written the *Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves*, in which he has deſcribed ſome remarkable characters, then his fellow priſoners. This work was firſt printed in the *Britiſh Magazine*, which he conducted in 1760 and 1761, and afterwards in 2 vols. 12mo. 1762.

When Lord Bute, in 1762, aſſumed the management of public affairs, he engaged in defence of his meaſures, and publiſhed a weekly paper, called, *The Briton*, in conjunction with other literary retainers to that nobleman. He entered on the employment appointed for him with great ſpirit; but being offended at ſome behaviour in his friends, he relinquiſhed it with diſguſt. The firſt number appeared May 29, 1762, and was ſoon followed, on the other ſide, by the famous "North Briton," written by Mr. Wilkes, which completely defeated its opponent; and the acrimony of theſe papers is ſaid to have diſſolved the friendſhip which had long ſubſiſted between their reſpective authors. *The Briton* was laid down, Feb. 12. 1763. He is ſuppoſed to have written other pieces in ſupport of the cauſe he eſpouſed. The political romance, called, *The Adventures of an Atom*, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1763, is known to be his production.

When Lord Bute reſigned, he is ſaid to have experienced ingratitude from that nobleman, who had, in many inſtances, been found a generous patron to men of inferior importance and ability.

The neglect of his patron made a deep impreſſion on his mind; and this, united to a ſedentary life, and aſſiduous application to ſtudy, having impaired his health, he went abroad, with a view to re-eſtabliſh it, in June 1763, and continued in France and Italy for about two years.

In 1766, he publiſhed an account of his *Travels*, in 2 vols. 8vo written, as he himſelf acknowledges, "to beguile the tedious hours, which, without ſome ſuch employment, would be rendered inſupportable by diſtemper and diſquiet."

To this cynical relation of his *Travels*, Sterne is ſuppoſed to allude in the following paſſage of his "Sentimental Journey," vol. i. p. 80. "The learned Smelfungus travelled from Bologne to Paris —from Paris to Rome—and ſo on—but he ſet out with the ſpleen and jaundice, and every object he paſſed by was diſcoloured and diſtorted.—He wrote an account of them, but it was nothing but an account of his miſerable feelings.—I met Smelfungus in the grand portico of the Pantheon—he was juſt coming out of it—"It is nothing but a huge cock-pit." ſaid he,—"I wiſh you had ſaid nothing worſe of the Venus Medicis," replied I,—for in paſſing through Florence, I had heard he had fallen foul upon the goddeſs, and uſed her worſe than a common ſtrumpet, without the leaſt provocation in nature—I popped upon Smelfungus again at Turin, in his return home, and a ſad tale of ſorrowful adventures he had to tell, wherein he ſpoke of moving accidents by flood and field,

and of the cannibals which each other eat: the Anthropophagi—He had been flayed alive, and bedeviled, and worſe uſed than St. Bartholomew at every ſtage he had come at—" I'll tell it," ſaid Smelfungus, " to the world."—" You had better tell it," ſaid I, " to your phyſician."

When he returned to Britain, his health being ſtill in a declining ſtate, he paid a viſit to Scotland, his native country, where he reſided a ſhort time. Soon after, he publiſhed *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, in 3 vols. 12mo. 1771, a work which, in the opinion of many, is ſuperior to all his other performances. It has all the ſpirit and vigour of his former works, and is evidently the production of a mind enriched and mellowed by experience, and ſoftened, but not ſoured by misfortune.

With a view once more to try the effects of a warmer climate, he returned to Italy, and died near Leghorn, October 21. 1771, in the 51ſt year of his age.

After his death, his name appeared to a tranſlation of *Telemachus*, in 2 vols. 12mo. 1776. His name likewiſe appears to a tranſlation of *Gil Blas*, in 4 vols. 12mo.; and, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, to a tranſlation of *Voltaire's Proſe Works*, in 27 vols. 8vo. 1763; but little of it was done by his own hand. He was employed during the laſt years of his life, in preparing a new edition of the *Ancient and Modern Univerſal Hiſtory*, great part of which he had originally written himſelf, particularly the *Hiſtory of France, Italy, and Germany*. He wrote and compiled, beſides, a number of works for the bookſellers, to which his name does not appear.

Of the domeſtic life of Smollett, the little that is known does not exhibit a picture of happineſs. He married a lady from Jamaica, by whom he had a daughter whom he tenderly loved. The death of this daughter, which happened a ſhort time before he went abroad in 1763, made an impreſſion on his mind which he never perfectly recovered.

To add to the regret which every reader of ſenſibility muſt feel at the untoward circumſtances which attended him through life, his widow was left friendleſs in a foreign country. To relieve her from ſome temporary diſtreſs, the tragedy of " Venice Preſerved" was performed at the theatre royal, Edinburgh, March 3. 1784, for her benefit, and the money remitted to Italy.

On this occaſion, Houſton Stewart Nicholſon, Eſq. appeared in the part of Pierre; and the following prologue was ſpoken by Mr. Woods, ſaid to be written by Profeſſor Richardſon of Glaſgow, the elegant author of " Poems chiefly Rural," and other ingenious performances.

Though letter'd Rome, and poliſh'd Greece could boaſt
The ſplendid table, and the courteous hoſt,—
The rites to ſtrangers due;—though poets ſing
This mighty warrior, or that powerful king,
The wand'rer's friend—yet ſtill, whate'er is told
By modern poets, or by bards of old,
Is rivall'd here;—for here, with joy, we ſee
The heart-felt bliſs of heav'nly charity!
See her, with rapture, ſpread her willing hands,
And throw her bleſſings into foreign lands;
Dry up the tear ſhe never ſaw to flow,
And eager catch the diſtant ſigh of woe.
In vain ſeas ſwell, and mountains riſe in vain—
A widow's groans are heard acroſs the main;
—A widow now!—Alas! how chang'd the day!—
Once the NARCISSA * of your poet's lay;
Now, fatal change! (of ev'ry bliſs bereft,
Nor child, nor friend, nor kind protector left),
Spreads on a diſtant ſhore her ſcanty board,
And humbly takes what ſtrangers can afford.
Yet link'd to you by ev'ry tender tie,
To you ſhe lifts the long-dejected eye,
And thus ſhe ſpeaks—" Who dar'd, with manly rage,
" To laſh the vices of an impious age †?
" Who dar'd to ſeize the bold hiſtoric pen,
" Paint living kings, and miniſters, as men ‡?"

* *Her fictitious name in Roderick Random.*
† " *Advice and Reproof*," *a ſatire.*
‡ *The Hiſtory of England.*

" Who ſung ſad Scotia's hapleſs ſons forlorn,
" Her broken peace, her freſheſt laurels torn *?
" Or who, on oaten reed, by Leven's ſide,
" Sung the fair ſtream, and hail'd the dimpling tide †?
" Or who?—ſay he, for ſuch, I'm ſure, are here,
" Whoſe honeſt boſoms never yet knew fear;
" Sons of the north, who ſtem corruption's tide ‡,
" Your country's honour, and your nation's pride—
" *Lords of the lion heart and eagle eye,*
" Who heed no ſtorm that howls along the ſky—
" Say ye—whoſe lyre, to manly numbers ſtrung,
" The glorious bliſs of Independence ſung §?
" Who felt that pow'r, and ſtill ador'd his ſhrine?—
" It was your SMOLLETT! Oh! he once was mine!"
Tears ſtopp'd her utt'rance; elſe ſhe would have ſaid,
" Like him be bold, in virtue undiſmay'd;
" Let independence all your actions guide,
" Your ſureſt patron, and your nobleſt pride."

Soon after his death, a monument was erected to his memory, near Leghorn, with the following inſcription, written by his friend Armſtrong:

Hic oſſa conduntur
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, Scoti;
Qui, proſapia generoſa et antiqua natus,
Priſcæ virtutis exemplar emicuit;
Aſpectu ingenuo,
Corpore valido,
Pectore animoſo,
Indole apprime benigna,
Et fere ſupra facultates munifica,
Inſignis.
Ingenio feraci, faceto, verſatili,
Omnigenæ fere doctrinæ mire capaci,
Varia fabularum dulcedine
Vitam moreſque hominum,
Ubertate ſumma ludens, depinxit.
Adverſo, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
Niſi quo ſatyræ opipare ſupplebat,
Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
Quo muſæ vix niſi nothæ
Mecænatulis Britannicis
Fovebantur.
In memoriam
Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
Permultis amicis deſiderati,
Hocce marmor,
Dilectiſſima ſimul et amantiſſima conjux
L. M.
Sacravit.

In 1774, a pillar was erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven, by his couſin James Smollett, Eſq. of Bonhill, with the following inſcription:

Siſte viator!
Si lepores ingeniique venam benignam,
Si morum callidiſſimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus,
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIÆ SMOLLETT, M. D.
Viri virtutibus hiſce
Quas in homine et cive
Et laudes et imiteris,

---

* Ode, 1746, *beginning*, " *Mourn, happy Caledonia, mourn.*" † *Ode to Leven Water.*
‡ *Alluding to the oppoſition given by the northern counties to the corruption of fictitious votes.*
§ *Ode to Independence.*

Haud mediocriter ornati:
Qui in literis variis verſatus,
Poſtquam felicitate ſibi propria
Seſe poſteris commendaverat,
Morte acerba raptus
Anno ætatis 51
Eheu! quàm procul a patria!
Prope Liburni portum in Italia,
Jacet ſepultus.
Tali tantoque viro, patrueli ſuo,
Cui in decurſu Lampada
Se potius tradidiſſe decuit,
Hanc Columnam,
Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum,
In ipſis Leviniæ ripis,
Quas verſiculis ſub exitu vitæ illuſtratas,
Primis infans vagitibus perſonuit,
Ponendam curavit
Jacobus Smollett de Bonhill.
Abi et reminiſcere,
Hoc quidem honore,
Non modo defuncti memoriæ,
Verum etiam exemplo, proſpectum eſſe;
Aliis enim, ſi modo digni ſint,
Idem erit virtutis præmium!

His *Plays* and *Poems* were collected and publiſhed by T. Evans, in one vol. 8vo. 1784. His *Hiſtory of England* has been frequently reprinted, in 11 vols. 8vo.; and the *Continuation* as a ſupplement to Hume, from the Revolution to the death of George II. in 5 vols. 8vo. 1790. The editions of his *Novels*, particularly *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphry Clinker*, are too numerous to be ſpecified. His *Miſcellaneous Works*, conſiſting of his plays, poems, and novels, except *The Adventures of an Atom*, were collected by Mr. David Ramſay, the judicious and well-informed printer of "The Edinburgh Evening Courant," in 6 vols. 8vo. with humorous frontiſpieces by Rowlandſon, 1790. The lateſt editions of ſome of his works have undergone conſiderable alterations. His *Poems*, printed ſeparately, or inſerted in his novels, and *The Reprizal*, are now, for the firſt time, received into a collection of claſſical Engliſh poetry.

The character of Smollett has been accurately delineated in the *Epitaph* on his monument near Leghorn, and the *Inſcription* on the pillar erected to his memory on the banks of the Leven. In the dedication of *Count Fathom* to Dr. ———, he has drawn his own character. He has alſo introduced his own character in *Humphry Clinker*, as *Mr. Searle*, vol. i. p. 159, where he has an interview with Mr. Bramble; and his manner of living is deſcribed in vol. ii p. 214, where young Melford is ſuppoſed to dine with him at his houſe in Chelſea. In his perſon, he was graceful and handſome; and in his air and manner, there was a certain dignity which commanded reſpect. He poſſeſſed a loftineſs and elevation of ſentiment and character, without pride or haughtineſs; for to his equals and inferiors, he was ever polite, friendly, and generous. In the practice of phyſic, for want of ſuppleneſs, he never was eminent. As an author, he was not ſo ſucceſsful as his happy genius and acknowledged merit certainly deſerved. He never acquired a patron among the great, who by his favour or beneficence relieved him from the neceſſity of writing for a ſubſiſtence. Bookſellers may be ſaid to have been his only patrons, and from them he had conſtant employment in tranſlating, compiling, and reviewing. No doubt, he made a great deal of money by his connections with bookſellers; and had he been a rigid economiſt, and endued with the gift of retention (to uſe his own expreſſion), he might have lived and died very independent. But his difficulties, whatever they were, proceeded not from extravagance, or want of economy. He was hoſpitable, but not oſtentatiouſly ſo; and his table was plentiful, but not extravagant. An irritable and impatient temper was his greateſt failing; but, making due allowance for a ſpirit wounded by ingratitude, and irritated by the malignant ſhafts of envy, dulneſs, and profligacy, it would be difficult to name a man ſo reſpectable for the qualities of his head, or amiable for the

virtues of his heart.——As an hiſtorian, his merit is well known. Conſidering the time and circumſtances in which his *Hiſtory of England* was written, it is indeed a great effort of genius and application. But it is a haſty and indigeſted performance; too voluminous for an abridgement, and too imperfect for an hiſtory. His partiality for the Tory party is manifeſt in almoſt every page; and in ſtating the arguments which paſſed on any ſubject, he generally relates thoſe only which were urged on one ſide; which unavoidably creates a ſuſpicion of his partiality. His reflections, in many inſtances, are highly exceptionable; and in many places he ſeems to be inconſiſtent with himſelf, and to argue againſt his own principles. At one time he appears the ſanguine friend of liberty, and applauds all oppoſition againſt the ſtretches of prerogative; and yet, at another, he cenſures the reſentment which the parliament expreſſed againſt ſuch encroachments. In his account of the methods uſed to extinguiſh the rebellion, 1745, he has laviſhed all the powers of the pathos in laboured deſcriptions of horror; but he ſeems more ſolicitous to ſay what is brilliant and ſtriking, than what is juſt and authentic. In deſcribing characters, which is ſuppoſed to be his great excellence, he appears to have taken fancy rather than truth for his guide. His character of Queen Mary is inaccurate and injurious; and that of King William, is, in many reſpects, falſified by the circumſtances of his life. The great excellence of his work, is the elegance and ſpirit of the ſtyle, which is in general nervous, clear, fluent, bold, and florid; and the reader who is content with acquiring only a general knowledge of our hiſtory, cannot be more agreeably inſtructed; for his manner of writing is ſo entertaining, that attention ſeldom ſleeps over his pages. But he has not performed the duties of an hiſtorical writer with ſufficient care, accuracy, and impartiality. His imagination overpowers his judgment; and he is tempted to employ his powers in the vain glow of colouring, and is more ſtudious to dazzle the imagination with a gaudy diſplay of ſplendid ornaments, than to engage the underſtanding by juſt reaſoning and ſolid reflections.

In the *Continuation* from 1748 to 1765, he has avoided thoſe prejudices and partial attachments which render the *Hiſtory* liable to cenſure; but, in ſome inſtances, he deviates from the deſign, and ſtoops below the dignity of hiſtorical compoſition. In his reflections on public meaſures, he diſcovers intelligence and acuteneſs, without the affectation of ſagacity. In his portraiture of characters, his painting is bold, glowing, and animated; yet, it is ſometimes neceſſary to write the name over the picture. The ſtyle is clear, copious, rich, and flowing; but it is now and then too luxuriant and figurative. Though we cannot always applaud the rectitude of his judgment, or the preciſion of his ideas, yet we ſeldom fail to admire his vivacity of ſentiment, and peculiar glow of expreſſion. He is ever moſt excellent when he addreſſes himſelf to the paſſions. It does credit, upon the whole, to his abilities; but had he compoſed it with leſs rapidity, it would have approached much nearer to the perfection of hiſtorical compoſition.

As a writer of that ſpecies of modern romance, which has been denominated a novel, he has deſcribed the lives and manners of men with great exuberance of fancy, and infinite humour and ſagacity. In moſt of his novels, but particularly *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*, he has drawn many of his characters from real life; and the originals of *Squire Gawky*, *Strap*, *Crab*, *Morgan*, of the *Doctor*, *Jolter*, *Pallet*, &c. were in his own time known and pointed out; but ſhort as the time is ſince their publication, they, at preſent, derive no advantage from thatſource, and owe their celebrity to their intrinſic merit alone.

In his *Adventures of Roderick Random* he is peculiarly happy in repreſenting the difficulties to which a friendleſs orphan is expoſed, from his own want of experience, as well as from the ſelfiſhneſs, envy, malice, and baſe indifference of mankind. The mean ſcenes in which he is involved, are deſcribed with true humour; and every reader finds entertainment in viewing thoſe parts of life where the manners and paſſions are undiſguiſed by affectation, ceremony, or education. The whimſical peculiarities of diſpoſition, appear as nature has implanted them. He ſeems to have enjoyed a peculiar felicity in deſcribing ſea characters. His *Trunnion*, *Hatchway*, and *Pipes*, are highly finiſhed originals; but *Lieutenant Bowling* exceeds them, and perhaps equals any character that has yet been painted by the happieſt genius of ancient or modern times. This is, indeed, nature itſelf; original, *unique*, and *ſui generis*. As well as the ladder of promotion, his very name has long become proverbial, for an honeſt blunt ſeaman, unacquainted with mankind and the ways of the world.

The *Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, though they have been conſidered as low, ſcurrilous, and immoral, relate, in language by turns eaſy, elegant, and pathetic, a ſucceſſion of events, forming a

natural and well-drawn picture of human life; which the thoughtleſs may peruſe with advantage, and the prudent, with emotions of triumph. From the wild unlucky boy teazing his aunt and the commodore, and heading a rebellion at ſchool againſt his maſter, we trace the headſtrong youth, of pride unbroken, and unbridled appetite, plunging into folly, vice, and diſſipation, waſting his ſubſtance, injuring the woman of all others he loved, and, at laſt pining in priſon. Rouſed by the voice of friendſhip, and again reſtored to affluence, he returns with a ſtern reluctance, founded on a ſenſe of his own unworthineſs and vicious imprudence, to ſociety and love; convinced that, after all the buſtle of pleaſure, and the glitter of wealth, real happineſs is only to be found in moderate enjoyment, domeſtic tranquillity, and ſocial virtue. It is a work of great merit and invention in the compoſition, and in which genuine humour and profound learning are ſo happily united, as to make it difficult to determine which is predominant; particularly in the deſcription of the entertainment given by the *Republican Doctor*, after the manner of the ancients. This epiſode is well managed, and replete with rich ſtrokes of humour and pointed ſatire, which, in the rancour of Toryiſm, he directed with eagerneſs againſt his Whig-opponent, Akenſide. Yet, in this and other parts of *Peregrine*, he has, with ſome juſtice, been thought indelicate. The path of humour is pleaſant and inviting; but it is a dangerous one, and too often leads us aſtray into the by-roads of indelicacy, as well as ill nature. It is of the nature of all humour, to be ſometimes groſs and ſometimes inelegant. In this reſpect, the dialogue between *Pipes* and the hedge-nymph is culpably obſcene, though the ſtory is well told, and the character well imagined. The behaviour of *Pickle* to *Hornbeck* is alſo highly injuſtifiable. Yet, with theſe and other faults, the preſent writer cannot but conſider it, contrary to the general opinion, as equal to *Roderick Random*; and, as a firſt-rate novel, whoſe merits far exceed the modern puny productions of frivolous faſhion and ſickly ſentiment, which load the ſhelves of our libraries and teach nonſenſe and iniquity to our wives and daughters.

Count Fathom, and *Sir Launcelot Greaves*, are ſtill in the liſt of what may be called reading novels; but there is no injuſtice in placing them in a rank below *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle*. Invention, character, compoſition, and contrivance, are to be found in both; but ſituations are deſcribed, which are hardly poſſible, and characters are painted, which, if not altogether unexampled, are at leaſt incompatible with modern manners; and which ought not to be, as the ſcenes are laid in modern times.

In his *Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, which conſiſts of a ſeries of letters written by different perſons to their reſpective correſpondents, he has carefully avoided the faults which may be juſtly charged to *Count Fathom* and *Sir Launcelot Greaves*. It has no extravagant characters, nor unnatural ſituations; on the contrary, an admirable knowledge of life and manners is diſplayed, and moſt uſeful leſſons are given, applicable and intereſting, to very common ſituations.

Roderick Random Peregrine Pickle, and *Humphry Clinker*, are undoubtedly efforts of genius and fancy, which rival the productions of the moral, the pathetic, but tireſome Richardſon, and the ingenious but diffuſe Fielding, with all his knowledge of the human heart. That Fielding repeatedly diſplays a thorough acquaintance with nature, and that paſſages may be pointed out in Richardſon, which do equal credit to the goodneſs of his heart, and the depth of his underſtanding, cannot be denied; yet, after peruſing the wire-drawn pages of "Grandiſon" and "Clariſſa," or the common place introductory diſcuſſions and diffuſe narrative of "Tom Jones," "Joſeph Andrews," and "Amelia," we never quit them with ſuch reluctance as we feel on cloſing the pages of Smollett, who, without introducing ſo much of what has been called fine writing, poſſeſſes in an eminent degree the art of reuſing our feelings, and fixing the attention of his readers.

As a traveller, he was petulant, illiberal, and almoſt on every occaſion loſt his temper; but ſome excuſe is to be made for a frame convulſed by the pangs of diſeaſe, a ſpirit wounded by ingratitude, and a life embittered by diſappointment and domeſtic calamity. Under ſuch impreſſions, perhaps, he ought not to have written; but where is the man who having once found ſolace in a purſuit, will not naturally ſeek for comfort and conſolation in the ſame path?

"I chiefly conſulted" ſays Lord Gardenſtone in his "Travelling Memorandums." "Keyſler, Moore, and Smollett. I was beſt pleaſed with my old and excellent friend Smollett. Teſty and diſcontented as he is, he writes with perſpicuity. His obſervations are generally ſenſible, and even his oddities are entertaining."

As a dramatiſt, his genius is of a leſs conſiderable character than might be expected from his unrivalled talent for the decription of life and manners. He was in poſſeſſion of humour and of a peculiar kind of fancy. His wit had every character of fertile inventiveneſs and true pleaſantry. He was capable of delineating the individual object with peculiar happineſs. But he beheld his powers in a light which deceived him, when he aimed at bringing his characters into the buſineſs of the ſtage, and creating a dramatic ſeries of events. Nothing can be more undramatic than his *tragedy*. Here his genius, or at leaſt his judgment failed him. In his *comedy*, however, written profeſſedly for the theatre, he evinces dramatic powers, which, if he had perſevered in writing for the ſtage, might have obtained him equal diſtinction in this department of literature. The characters of the *Iriſhman* and the *Scotſman*, in particular, are natural and entertaining. Sir John Hawkins mentions an opera called *Alceſte*, which he wrote for Mr. Rich in 1747; but it has never been performed nor printed

As a poet, his compoſitions are ſo excellent in their kind, as to make us regret that they are not more numerous: Lively, humorous, witty, elegant, tender, pathetic, and ſublime; happy and ſucceſsful in whatever the univerſality of his genius prompted him to undertake; his ſpirit, his ſentiment, his language, are full of nature, enthuſiaſm, and ſimplicity, and while a love of poetry remains among us, muſt always pleaſe the reader of taſte and ſenſibility. The poems on occaſional ſubjects are marked with the different diſpoſitions which muſt have prevailed at different times of his life. His *Advice* and *Reproof* bear teſtimony to his political and literary prejudices, but they abound in manly ſentiments, and indignant ſatire, expreſſed in forcible and elegant language. His elegantly-plaintive *Love-Elegy* is pure nature. It is tender, ſentimental, and pathetic; and the happy ſimplicity and unaffected manner, intereſt and charm the reader of natural taſte. His *Tears of Scotland* ought not to be mentioned without every commendation. It diſcovers a genius equally fitted for the pathetic and the ſublime. Whatever may be thought of the ſubject, it unites a glow of poetical enthuſiaſm, with a high degree of that eloquent ſimplicity, which appears ſo eaſy, and which is yet ſo difficult to imitate. The following paſſage, among many others, is exquiſitely tender and beautiful.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend,
And ſtretch'd beneath the inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

His *Ode to Leven Water* diſcovers delicacy of ſentiment, joined to ſimplicity of taſte. The images are paſtoral and pleaſing, and the verſification correct and harmonious. He celebrates his native ſtream with all the elegant ſimplicity of an Arcadian ſhepherd His *Odes to Mirth* and *Sleep*, are not of the higheſt kind, but they have enthuſiaſm, and ſpirit, and propriety of verſification. His *Songs* are ſpirited, ingenious, and witty; a few are elegant, tender, and pathetic.

His *Ode to Independence*, the greateſt effort of his genius, ranks with the lyric compoſitions of Dryden, Akenſide, Collins, and Gray. It is written throughout in the true ſpirit of lyric poetry. It is bold, various, ardent, and impetuous. It abounds with animated ſentiments, glowing images, and nervous and energetic expreſſions. The introduction is poetical and abrupt.

Thy ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.

The picture exhibited in theſe lines is ſtriking, becauſe the circumſtances are happily choſen, briefly and diſtinctly delineated. It is ſublime, becauſe the images are few, and in themſelves great and magnificent. The *lion heart and eagle eye*, ſuggeſt an idea of the high ſpirit and commanding aſpect of *Independence*; and the poet following with *boſom bare*, denotes in a picturesque manner the cagerneſs and enthuſiaſm of the votary. In a ſtrain of poetry exceedingly wild and romantic, he rehearſes his birth, education, and qualities.

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddeſs violated brought thee forth,

Immortal *Liberty*, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime!

Liberty, according to his acceptation, means the security of our lives and possessions, and freedom from external force. *Independence* denotes that internal sense and consciousness of freedom, which beget magnanimity, fortitude, and that becoming pride, which leads us to respect ourselves, and do nothing unworthy of our condition. *Liberty* therefore is, with perfect propriety, said to be the mother of *Independence*, and *Disdain* his father.—*Disdain* arising from indignation against an oppressor, and triumph on having prostrated or escaped his malice. This stern personage is strongly characterised in the following description:

Of ample front, the portly chief appear'd,
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest,
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.

Men may enjoy liberty without independence; they may be secure in their persons and possessions, without feeling any uncommon elevation of mind, or any sense of their freedom. But, if their liberty is attacked, they are alarmed; they feel the value of their condition; they are moved with indignation against their oppressors; they exert themselves, and, if they are successful, or escape the danger that threatened them, they triumph; they reflect on the happiness and dignity conferred by freedom; they applaud themselves for their exertions; become magnanimous and independent. There is, therefore, no less propriety in deducing the origin of *Independence* from *Disdain* and *Liberty*, than fixing the era of her birth. Our Saxon ancestors, free, simple, and inoffensive, were attacked, escaped the violence of their adversary, reflected on the felicity of their condition, and learned independence.

The education of *Independence*, and the scene of his nativity, are suited to his illustrious lineage, and to the high atchievements for which he was destined.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where, under covert of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—
The mountain dryads seized with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric muse caressed the favourite boy;
The hermit Wisdom stor'd his opening mind.

The imagery in these lines is soft and agreeable, the language smooth, and the versification harmonious.

In the second antistrophe, he celebrates his heroic and beneficent actions, and returns, at the end of the third strophe, to acknowledge, with gratitude, the power of *Independence*, in preserving him untainted by the debasing influences of grandeur, and the admiration of vain magnificence. Conscious of the dignity annexed to an independent state of mind, he inveighs against these *minions of Fortune*, who would impose upon mankind by the ostentation of wealth, and the parade of pageantry.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppress:
So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay;
And all her jingling bells fantastic folly ring;
Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just;
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shock from the baleful pinions of disgust.

These lines, embellished by fancy, and recommended to the heart by harmony, are the invective of truth and honest indignation.

The last antistrophe has an air of softness, benignity, and wildness, that leaves a very pleasing effect on the mind of the reader, animated with sentiments of public virtue, glowing with self-approbation, and fired with all the ardour and enthusiasm of the poet.

ADVICE, AND REPROOF:

TWO SATIRES.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1746 AND 1747.

——————Sed podice levi
Cæduntur tumidæ medico ridente Marifcæ.——
O Proceres! cenfore opus eft an haruſpice nobis?
JUVENAL.

——————nam quis
Peccandi finem poſuit ſibi? quando recepit
Ejectum ſemel attritâ de fronte ruborem?
Ibid.

ADVICE: A SATIRE.

POET, FRIEND.

Poet.

ENOUGH, enough; all this we knew before;
'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poor:
And who ſo much to ſenſe and glory loſt,
Will hug the curſe that not one joy can boaſt!
From the pale hag, O! could I once break looſe;
Divorc'd, all hell ſhould not re-tie the nooſe!
Not with more care ſhall H—— avoid his wife,
Not Cope fly ſwifter, laſhing for his life;
Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind.

Friend.

Exert your talents; nature, ever kind,
Enough for happineſs, beſtows on all;
'Tis ſloth or pride that finds her gifts too ſmall—
Why ſleeps the muſe!——is there no room for praiſe,
When ſuch bright conſtellations blaze?
When ſage Newcaſtle, abſtinently great,
Neglects his food to cater for the ſtate;
And Grafton, tow'ring Atlas of the throne,
So well rewards a genius like his own:
Granville and Bath illuſtrious, need I name
For ſober dignity and ſpotleſs fame;
Or Pitt th' unſhaken Abdiel yet unſung:
Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth O Younge!

Poet.

Th' advice is good; the queſtion only, whether
Theſe names and virtues ever dwelt together?
But what of that? the more the bard ſhall claim,
Who can create as well as cheriſh fame.
But one thing more,—how loud muſt I repeat,
To rouſe th' engag'd attention of the great;

Ver. 8. A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite ſo deliberate as that of the ten thouſand Greeks from Perſia; having unfortunately forgot to bring his army along with him.

Ver. 15. Alluding to the philoſophical contempt which this great perſonage manifeſted for the ſenſual delights of the ſtomach.

Ver. 17. This noble peer, remarkable for ſublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colley Cibber, Eſp. a delectable bard, whoſe character has already employed, together with his own, the greateſt pens of the age.

Ver. 19. Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the ſcorn and reproach of their country.

Ver. 21. Abdiel according to Milton, was the only ſeraph that preſerved his integrity in the midſt of corruption—

Among the innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduced, unterrify'd—

Amus'd, perhaps, with C——'s prolific bum,
Or rapt amidſt the tranſports of a drum;
While the grim porter watches ev'ry door,
Stern foe to tradeſmen, poets, and the poor.
Th' Heſperian dragon not more fierce and fell;
Nor the gaunt growling janitor of hell.
Ev'n Atticus, ſo wills the voice of fate)
Enſhrines in clouded majeſty, his ſtate;
Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchſafes regard,
Though prieſts adore, and ev'ry prieſt a bard.
Shall I then follow with the venal tribe,
And on the threſhold the baſe mongrel bribe?
Bribe him, to feaſt my mute imploring eye,
With ſome proud lord, who ſmiles a gracious lie!
A lie to captivate my heedleſs youth,
Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth;
While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyleſs day,
And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away;
'Till ſcandal, indigence, and ſcorn, my lot,
The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot!
Is there, ye varniſh'd ruffians of the ſtate!
Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat,
Who while he totters on the brink of woe,
Dares, ere he falls, attempt th' avenging blow!
A ſteady blow! his languid ſoul to feaſt;
And rid his country of one curſe at leaſt!

Friend.

What! turn aſſaſſin?

Poet.

Let th' aſſaſſin bleed:
My fearleſs verſe ſhall juſtify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind aſtray,
Then leaves the wretch to miſery, a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue juſt begun,
And ſtabs the public in her ruin'd ſon.

Friend.

Heav'ns how you rail! the man's conſum'd by ſpite!
If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;
Let prudence more propitious arts inſpire:
The lower ſtill you crawl, you'll climb the higher.
Go then, with ev'ry ſupple virtue ſtor'd,
And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord.

Is that denied? a boon more humble crave;
And miniſter to him who ſerves a ſlave:
Be ſure you faſten on promotion's ſcale;
Ev'n if you ſeize ſome footman by the tail:
Th' aſcent is eaſy, and the proſpect clear,
From the ſmirch'd ſcullion to th' embroider'd peer.
Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, poſtillion rides,
Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides;
Here doom'd, if nature ſtrung his ſinewy frame,
The ſlave (perhaps) of ſome infatiate dame;
But if exempted from th' Herculean toil,
A fairer field awaits him, rich with ſpoil;
There ſhall he ſhine, with ming'ling honours bright,
His maſter's pathic, pimp, and paraſite;
Then ſtrut a captain, if his wiſh be war,
And graſp in hope, a truncheon and a ſtar:
Or if the ſweets of peace his ſoul allure,
Baſk at his eaſe in ſome warm ſinecure;
His fate in conſul, clerk, or agent, vary,
Or croſs the ſeas, an envoy's ſecretary:
Compos'd of falſehood, ignorance, and pride,
A proſtrate ſycophant ſhall riſe a L—d:
And won from kennels to th' impure embrace,
Accompliſh'd Warran triumph o'er diſgrace.

Poet.

Eternal infamy his name ſurround,
Who planted firſt that vice on Britiſh ground!
A vice that ſpite of ſenſe and nature reigns,
And poiſons genial love, and manhood ſtains!
Pollio! the pride of ſcience and its ſhame,
The muſe weeps o'er thee, while ſhe brands thy name!
Abhorrent views that proſtituted groom,
Th' indecent grotto and polluted doom!
There only may the ſpurious paſſion glow,
Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow,
Obſcene with crimes avow'd, of every dye,
Corruption, luſt, oppreſſion, perjury:
Let Chardin with a chaplet round his head,
The taſte of Maro and Anacreon plead,
"Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write,
"And kept, like me, two boys array'd in white."
Worthy to feel that appetence of fame
Which rivals Horace only in his ſhame!
Let Iſis wail in murmurs, as ſhe runs,
Her tempting fathers and her yielding ſons;

Ver. 29. This alludes to a phenomenon, not more ſtrange than true. The perſon here meant, having actually laid upwards of forty eggs, as ſeveral phyſicians and fellows of the Royal Society can atteſt; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his ſucceſs. Some virtuoſi affirm, that ſuch productions muſt be the effect of a certain intercourſe of organs not fit to be named.

Ver. 30. This is a riotous aſſembly of faſhionable people, of both ſexes, at a private houſe, conſiſting of ſome hundreds; not unaptly ſtyled a drum, from the noiſe and emptineſs of the entertainment. There are alſo drum-major, rout, tempeſt and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the ſignificant name of each declares.

Ver. 62. To be little read, and leſs approved.

Ver. 88. This child of dirt (to uſe a great author's expreſſion) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of inſulting his betters every day.

Ver. 90. Another ſon of fortune, who owes his preſent affluence to the moſt infamous qualifications; commonly called Bruſh Warren, from having been a ſhoe-black; it is ſaid he was kept by both ſexes at one time.

103. This genial knight wore at his own banquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two roſy boys robed in white, for the entertainment of his gueſts.

Ver. 109. In alluſion to the unnatural orgies ſaid to be ſolemnized on the banks of this river;

While dullneſs ſcreens the failings of the church,
Nor leaves one ſliding Rabbi in the lurch:
Far other raptures let the breaſt contain,
Where heav'n-born taſte and emulation reign.

Friend.

Shall not a thouſand virtues, then, atone
In thy ſtrict cenſure let the breach of one?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his door:
And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A ſcore of lacquies fatten at his board:
To Chriſtian meekneſs ſacrifice thy ſpleen,
And ſtrive thy neighbour's weakneſſes to ſcreen.

Poet.

Scorn'd be the bard, and whither'd all his fame,
Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his ſhame!
But if an impious wretch with frantic pride,
Throws honour, truth, and decency aſide,
If nor by reaſon aw'd, nor check'd by fears,
He counts his glories from the ſtains he bears;
Th' indignant muſe to virtue's aid ſhall riſe,
And fix the brand of infamy on vice.
What if arous'd at his imperious call,
An hundred footſteps echo through his hall;
And on high columns rear'd his lofty dome
Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome:
What though whole hecatombs his crew regale,
And each dependant ſlumbers o'er his ale; [paſt,
While the remains through mouths unnumber'd
Indulge the beggar and the dogs at laſt:
Say, friend, is it benevolence of ſoul,
Or pomp'ous vanity, that prompts the whole?
Theſe ſons of ſloth who by profuſion thrive,
His pride inveigled from the public hive:
And numbers pine in ſolitary woe,
Who furniſh'd out this phantaſy of ſhow.
When ſilent miſery aſſail'd his eyes,
Did e'er his throbbing boſom ſympathize?
Or his extenſive charity pervade
To thoſe who languiſh in the barren ſhade,
Where oft by want and modeſty ſuppreſs'd,
The bootleſs talent warms the lonely breaſt?
No: petrify'd by dullneſs and diſdain,
Beyond the feeling of another's pain,
The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye,
Nor his lewd boſom felt the ſocial ſigh!

Friend.

Alike to thee his virtue or his vice,
If his hand lib'ral, owns thy merit's price.

Poet.

Sooner, in hopeleſs anguiſh would I mourn,
Than owe my fortune to the man I ſcorn!—
What new reſource?

Friend.

A thouſand yet remain
That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain:
Theſe arts,—are they beneath—beyond thy care?
Devote thy ſtudies to th' auſpicious fair:
Of truth diveſted, let thy tongue ſupply
The hinted ſlander, and the whiſper'd lie;
All merit mock, all qualities depreſs,
Save thoſe that grace th' excelling patroneſs;
Trophies to her on others follies raiſe,
And heard with joy, by defamation praiſe:
To this collect each faculty of face,
And ev'ry feat perform of ſly grimace;
Let the grave ſneer ſarcaſtic ſpeak thee ſhrewd,
The ſmutty joke ridiculouſly lewd;
And the loud laugh through all its changes rung,
Applaud th' abortive ſallies of her tongue:
Enroll'd a member in the ſacred liſt,
Soon ſhalt thou ſharp in company at whiſt;
Her midnight rites and revels regulate,
Prieſt of her love, and demon of her hate.

Poet.

But ſay, what recompence for all this waſte
Of honour, truth, attention, time, and taſte?
To ſhine confeſs'd, her zany and her tool,
And fall by what I roſe, low ridicule?
Again ſhall Handell raiſe her laurell'd brow,
Again ſhall harmony with rapture glow!
The ſpells diſſolve, the combination breaks
And Punch no longer Fraſi's rival ſqueaks.
Lo, Ruſſel falls a ſacrifice to whim,
And ſtarts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream:
With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid;
And ſees their favour like a viſion fade!
Is this, ye faithleſs tyrens!—this the joy
To which your ſmiles th' unwary wretch decoy?
Naked and ſhackled, on the pavement prone,
His mangled fleſh devouring from the bone;

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particularly at one place, where a much greater ſanctity of morals and taſte might be expected.

Ver. 111. This is a decent and parental office, in which dullneſs is employed; namely to conceal the failings of her children; and exactly conformable to that inſtance of filial piety, which we meet with in the ſon of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedneſs of his father, when he lay expoſed, from the ſcoffs and inſults of a malicious world.

Ver. 177. Theſe are myſteries performed, like thoſe of the Dea Bona, by females only; conſequently it cannot be expected that we ſhould here explain them: we have, notwithſtanding, found means to learn ſome anecdotes concerning them, which we ſhall reſerve for another opportunity.

Ver 187 A famous mimic and ſinger. The perſon here meant, by the qualifications above deſcribed, had inſinuated himſelf into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to ſet up a puppet-ſhow, in oppoſition to the oratorios of Handel, againſt whom they were unreaſonably prejudiced. But the town not ſeconding the capricious undertaking, they deſerted their manager, whom they had promiſed to ſupport, and let him ſink under the expence they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into priſon, where his diſappointment got the better of his reaſon, and he remained in all the ecſtaſy of deſpair; till at laſt, his generous patroneſſes, after much ſolicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his underſtanding, and died in the utmoſt miſery.

Rage in his heart, diſtraction in his eye!
Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lie!
Behold his gay career to ruin run,
By you ſeduc'd, abandon'd and undone!
Rather in garret pent, ſecure from harm,
My muſe with murders ſhall the town alarm;
Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal,
And ſnarl like Guthrie for the public weal,
Than crawl an inſect in a beldame's power,
And dread the cruſh of caprice ev'ry hour!

Friend.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of ſtyle,
And, like the envious adder, lick the file:
What though ſucceſs will not attend on all!
Who bravely dares, muſt ſometimes riſk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune ſpread;
Each weakneſs, vice and folly yields thee bread;
Would'ſt thou with prudent condeſcenſion ſtrive
On the long-ſettled terms of life to thrive.

Poet.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another,
Betray my friend, and perſecute my brother:
Turn uſurer, o'er *cent per cent.* to brood,
Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood?

Friend.

Or if thy ſoul can brook the gilded curſe,
Some changeling heireſs ſteal—

Poet.

Why not a purſe?
Two things I dread, my conſcience and the law.

Friend.

How? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that, is ſtandard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue;
And what is conſcience but a fiend of ſtrife,
That chills the joys, and damps the ſcenes of life?
The wayward child of vanity and fear,
The peeviſh dam of poverty and care;
Unnumber'd woes engender in the breaſt
That entertains the rude, ungrateful gueſt.

Poet.

Hail, ſacred pow'r! my glory and my guide!
Fair ſource of mental peace, whate'er betide;
Safe in thy ſhelter, let diſaſter roll
Eternal hurricanes around my ſoul;
My ſoul ſerene amidſt the ſtorms ſhall reign,
And ſmile to ſee their fury burſt in vain!

Friend.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to ſerve,
Thine be the joyleſs dignity to ſtarve.

Poet.

No;—thanks to diſcord, war ſhall be my friend;
And moral rage, heroic courage lend
To pierce the gleaming ſquadron of the foe,
And win renown by ſome diſtinguiſh'd blow.

Friend.

Renown! ay, do—unkennel the whole pack
Of military cowards on thy back.
What difference, ſay, 'twixt him who bravely ſtood,
And him who fought the boſom of the wood?
Envenom'd calumny the firſt ſhall brand,
The laſt enjoy a ribbon and command.

Poet.

If ſuch be life, its wretches I deplore,
And long to quit th' unhoſpitable ſhore.

REPROOF:

A SATIRE.

FOET, FRIEND.

Poet.

Howe'er I turn, or whereſo'er I tread,
This giddy world ſtill rattles round my head!
I pant for ſilence ev'n in this retreat—
Good Heav'n! what demon thunders at the gate?

Friend.

In vain you ſtrive in this ſequeſter'd nook,
To ſhroud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

Poet.

An injur'd friend! who challenges the name?
If you, what title juſtifies the claim?
Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve,
Your int'reſt prop me, or your praiſe relieve?
Or could my wants my ſoul ſo far ſubdue,
That in diſtreſs ſhe crawl'd for aid to you?
But let us grant th' indulgence e'er ſo ſtrong;
Diſplay without reſerve th' imagin'd wrong:
Among your kindred have I kindled ſtrife,
Deflow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife;
Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game;
Or foil'd with infamous reproach your name?

Friend.

No: but your cynic vanity (you'll own)
Expos'd by private council to the town.

Poet.

Such fair advice 'twere pity ſure to loſe;
I grant I printed it for public uſe.

Friend.

Yes, ſeaſon'd with your own remarks between,
Inflam'd with ſo much virulence of ſpleen,
That tho mild town (to give the dev'l his due)
Aſcrib'd the whole performance to a Jew.

Poet.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth
That teems with moral zeal and daring truth!
Prove that my partial ſtrain adopts one lie,
No penitent more mortify'd than I;
Not ev'n the wretch in ſhackles, doom'd to groan
Beneath th' inhuman ſcoffs of Williamſon.

Ver. 199. Theſe are the dreams and fictions of Grub-ſtreet, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

Ver. 206. This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unſucceſsful efforts of malice and envy.

Ver. 240. This, ſurely, occaſioned Churchill's "Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lie."

Ver. 248, 249. This laſt line relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occaſion, who diſcovered an extreme paſſion for the cool ſhade during the heat of the day: the Hanoverian general, in the battle of Dettingen.

Ver. 32. Governor of the Tower.

friend.

Hold—let us ſee this boaſted ſelf-denial—
The vanquiſh'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

Poet.

What then?

Friend.

Your own ſarcaſtic verſe unſay,
That brands him as a trembling runaway.

Poet.

With all my ſoul!—th' imputed charge rehearſe;
I'll own my error and expunge my verſe.
Come, come,—howe'er the day was loſt or won,
The world allows the race was fairly run.
But leſt the truth too naked ſhould appear,
A robe of fable ſhall the goddeſs wear;
When ſheep were ſubject to the lion's reign,
Ere man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain,
Voracious wolves fierce ruſhing from the rocks,
Devour'd without controul th' unguarded flocks:
The ſuff'rers crowding round the royal cave,
Their monarch's pity and protection crave:
Not that they wanted valour, force or arms,
To ſhield their lambs from danger and alarms;
A thouſand rams the champions of the fold,
In ſtrength of horn, and patriot virtue bold,
Engag'd in firm aſſociation, ſtood
Their lives devoted to the public good:
A warlike chieftain was their ſole requeſt,
To marſhal, guide, inſtruct, and rule the reſt:
Their pray'r was heard, and by conſent of all,
A courtier ape appointed general.—
He went, he led, arrang'd the battle ſtood,
The ſavage foe came pouring like a flood,
Then Pug aghaſt, fled ſwifter than the wind,
Nor deign'd in threeſcore miles to look behind;
While ev'ry band for orders bleat in vain,
And fall in ſlaughter'd heaps upon the plain:
The ſcar'd baboon (to cut the matter ſhort)
With all his ſpeed could not outrun report;
And, to appeaſe the clamours of the nation,
'Twas fit his caſe ſhould ſtand examination.
The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place;
All ſenior members of the horned race.—
The wedder, goat, ram, elk, and ox, were there,
And a grave hoary ſtag poſſeſs'd the chair.—

Th' inquiry paſt, each in his turn began
The culprit's conduct variouſly to ſcan.
At length the ſage uprear'd his awful creſt,
And pauſing, thus his fellow chiefs addreſs'd.—
If age, that from this head its honours ſtole,
Hath not impair'd the functions of my ſoul,
But ſacred wiſdom with experience bought,
While this weak frame decays, matures my thought;
Th' important iſſue of this grand debate
May furniſh precedent for your own fate;
Should ever fortune call you to repel
The ſhaggy foe, ſo deſperate and fell—
'Tis plain, you ſay, his excellence Sir Ape
From the dire field accompliſh'd an eſcape;
Alas! our fellow ſubjects ne'er had bled,
If every ram that fell like him had fled;
Certes, thoſe ſheep were rather mad than brave,
Which ſcorn'd th' example their wiſe leader gave.
Let us then ev'ry vulgar hint diſdain,
And from our brother's laurel waſh the ſtain.—
Th' admiring court applauds the preſident,
And Pug was clear'd by general conſent,

Friend.

There needs no magic to divine your ſcope,
Mark'd as you are a flagrant miſanthrope:
Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and ſmall,
Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall:
Let virtue ſtruggle, or let glory ſhine,
Thy verſe affords not one approving line.—

Poet.

Hail, ſacred themes! the muſe's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my ſight!
My breaſt with elevated thought ſhall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread,
To crop unfading wreaths for William's head;
But that my ſtrain, unheard amidſt the throng,
Muſt yield to Lockman's ode, and Hanbury's ſong.
Nor would th' enamour'd muſe neglect to pay
To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay;
The ſoul unſtain'd, the ſenſe ſublime to paint,
A people's patron, pride, and ornament!
Did not his virtues eterniz'd remain
The boaſted theme of Pope's immortal ſtrain.
Not ev'n the pleaſing taſk is left, to raiſe
A grateful monument to Barnard's praiſe;
Elſe ſhould the venerable patriot ſtand
Th' unſhaken pillar of a ſinking land.
The gladd'ning proſpect let me ſtill purſue,
And bring fair virtue's triumph to the view!
Alike to me, by fortune bleſt or not,
From ſoaring Cobham to the melting Scot.
But, lo! a ſwarm of harpies intervene,
To ravage, mangle, and pollute the ſcene!

Ver. 34. Sir John Cope.

Ver. 70. It is not to be wondered at that this board conſiſted of horned cattle only, ſince, before the uſe of arms, every creature was obliged in war to fight with ſuch weapons as nature afforded it, conſequently thoſe ſupplied with horns bid faireſt for ſignalizing themſelves in the field, and carrying off the firſt poſts in the army.—But I obſerve, that, among the members of this court, there is no mention made of ſuch of the horned family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; namely, the bull, unicorn, rhinoceros, &c. which gives reaſon to ſuſpect, that theſe laſt were either out of favour with the miniſtry, laid aſide on account of their great age, or that the ape had intereſt enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

Ver. 108. Two productions reſembling one another very much in that cloying mediocrity, which Horace compares to—*Craſſum ungentum, et ſardo cum melle papaver.*

Ver. 110. The Earl of Cheſterfield.

Ver. 122. Daniel Mackercher, Eſq. a man of ſuch primitive ſimplicity, that he may be ſaid to have exceeded the ſcripture injunction, by not

Gorg'd with our plunder, yet ſtill gaunt for ſpoil,
Rapacious Gideon faſtens on our iſle;
Inſatiate Laſcelles, and the fiend Vaneck,
Riſe on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck;
While griping Jaſper glories in his prize,
Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

Friend.

Relaps'd again. ſtrange tendency to rail!
I fear'd this meekneſs would not long prevail.

Poet.

You deem it rancour then?—Look round and ſee
What vices flouriſh ſtill, unprun'd by me:
Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car,
Diſplays his burniſh'd front and glitt'ring ſtar;
Nor heeds the public ſcorn, or tranſient curſe,
Unknown alike to honour and remorſe.
Behold the leering belle, careſs'd by all,
Adorn each private feaſt and public ball;
Where peers attentive liſten and adore,
And not one matron ſhuns the titled whore.
At Peter's obſequies I ſung no dirge;
Nor has my ſatire yet ſupply'd a ſcourge
For the vile tribes of uſurers and bites,
Who ſneak at Jonathan's, and ſwear at White's.
Each low purſuit, and ſlighter folly bred
Within the ſelfiſh heart and hollow head,
Thrives uncontroul'd, and blaſſoms o'er the land,
Nor feels the rigour of my chaſt'ning hand:
While Codrus ſhivers o'er his bags of gold,
By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold;
I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll,
And feaſt upon the terrors of his ſoul;
The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep,
That curſe with hideous dreams the caitiff's ſleep;
Inſolvent debtors, thieves and civil ſtriſe,
Which daily perſecute his wretched life;
With all the horrors of prophetic dread,
That rack his boſom while the mail is read.
Safe from the road, untainted by the ſchool,
A judge by birth, by deſtiny a fool,
While the young lordling ſtruts in native pride,
His party-coloured tutor by his ſide,
Pleas'd, let me own the pious mother's care,
Who to the brawny ſire commits her heir.

Fraught with the ſpirit of a Gothic monk,
Let Rich, with dulneſs and devotion drunk,
Enjoy the peal ſo barbarous and loud,
While his brain ſpues new monſters to the crowd;
I ſee with joy the vaticide deplore
An hell-denouncing prieſt and ſov'reign whore.
Let ev'ry poliſh'd dame, and genial lord,
Employ the ſocial chair and venal board;
Debauch'd from ſenſe, let doubtful meanings run,
The vague conundrum, and the prurient pun;
While the vain ſop, with apiſh grin, regards
The giggling minx half-chok'd behind her cards:
Theſe, and a thouſand idle pranks, I deem
The motley ſpawn of ignorance and whim.
Let pride conceive, and folly propagate,
The faſhion ſtill adopts the ſpurious brat:
Nothing ſo ſtrange that faſhion cannot tame;
By this diſhonour ceaſes to be ſhame:
This weans from bluſhes lewd Tyrawly's face,
Gives Hawley praiſe, and Ingoldſby diſgrace,
From Mead to Thompſon ſhifts the palm at once,
A meddling, prating, blund'ring, buſy dunce!
And may (ſhould taſte a little more decline)
Transform the nation to an herd of ſwine.

Friend.

The fatal period haſtens on apace!
Nor will thy verſe th' obſcene event diſgrace;
Thy flow'rs of poetry, that ſmell ſo ſtrong,
The keeneſt appetites have loth'd the ſong;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chitty,
And all the crop-ear'd critics of the city:

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only parting with his cloak and coat, but with his ſhirt alſo, to relieve a brother in diſtreſs: Mr. Anneſley, who claimed the Angleſea title and eſtate.

Ver. 126. A triumvirate of contractors, who, ſcorning the narrow views of private uſury, found means to lay a whole ſtate under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immenſe ſums, under the protection of law

Ver. 129. A Chriſtian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want at the moderate intereſt of 50 l. per cent. A man famous for buying poor ſeamens tickets

Ver. 139. A wit of the firſt water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre.

Ver. 143. Peter Waters, Eſq. whoſe character is too well known to need deſcription.

Ver. 164. Whether it be for the reaſon aſſigned in the ſubſequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiſer than themſelves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of faſhion commit the education of their heirs to ſome truſty footman, with a particular command to keep maſter out of the ſtable.

Ver 170. Monſters of abſurdity.

" He look'd, and ſaw a ſable ſorc'rer riſe,
" Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies.
" All ſudden, gorgons hiſs, and dragons glare,
" And ten horn'd fiends and giants ruſh to war.
" Hell riſes, heaven deſcends, and dance on earth,
" Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
" A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
" Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all."

Dunciad.

Ver. 174. This is no other than an empty chair, carried about with great formality to perform viſits; by the help of which a decent correſpondence is often maintained among people of faſhion, many years together, without one perſonal interview, to the great honour of hoſpitality and good neighbourhood.

Ibid. *Venal boa d.*] Equally applicable to the dining and card-table, where every gueſt muſt pay an extravagant price for what he has

Ver. 186 *Hawley.*] A general ſo renowned for conduct and diſcipline, that, during an action in which he had a conſiderable command, he is ſaid to have been ſeen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle

Ver. 195. A fraternity of wits, whoſe virtue, modeſty, and taſte, are much of the ſame dimenſion.

While ſagely neutral ſits thy ſilent friend,
Alike averſe to cenſure or commend.

Poet.

Peace to the gentle ſoul that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me ſtill the ſentiment diſdain
Of him who never ſpeaks but to arraign;
The ſneering ſon of calumny and ſcorn,
Whom neither arts, nor ſenſe, nor ſoul, adorn:
Or his, who, to maintain a critic's rank,
Though conſcious of his own internal blank,
His want of taſte unwilling to betray,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe heſitates all day;
With brow contracted hears each paſſage read,
And often hums and ſhakes his empty head;
Until ſome oracle ador'd pronounce
The paſſive bard a poet or a dunce;
Then in loud clamour echoes back the word,
'Tis bold! inſipid—ſoaring or abſurd.
Theſe, and th' unnumber'd ſhoals of ſmaller fry,
That nibble round, I pity and defy.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND,

Written in the Year 1746.

Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more,
Invite the ſtranger to the door;
In ſmoky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner ſees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life.
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Through the wide ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more ſhall cheer the happy day:
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No ſtrains but thoſe of ſorrow flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

O baneful cauſe, oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons againſt their father ſtood,
The parent ſhed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring ſteel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forſaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend;
And ſtretch'd beneath the inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Reſentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breaſt ſhall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow:
"Mourn, hapleſs Caledonia, mourn
"Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn."

VERSES ON A YOUNG LADY

PLAYING ON A HARPSICHORD, AND SINGING.

When Sappho ſtruck the quiv'ring wire,
The throbbing breaſt was all on fire:
And when ſhe rais'd the vocal lay,
The captive ſoul was charm'd away!

But had the nymph, poſſeſt with theſe,
Thy ſofter, chaſter pow'r to pleaſe;
Thy beauteous air of ſprightly youth,
Thy native ſmiles of artleſs truth;

The worm of grief had never prey'd
On the forſaken love-ſick maid;
Nor had ſhe mourn'd an hapleſs flame,
Nor daſh'd on rocks her tender frame.

LOVE ELEGY.

IN IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.

Where now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my ſoul her wonted reſt;
Since firſt thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my penſive breaſt.

Let happy lovers fly where pleaſures call,
With feſtive ſongs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
Or preſs her wanton in love's roſeate bower.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where ſhepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
To hear the muſic of the grove reſound.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And ſheeted ghoſts drink up the midnight dew:

There leagued with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
Awhile in ſilence o'er my fate repine:
Then with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, ſhed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt?
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on my breaſt?

SONG.

While with fond rapture and amaze,
On thy tranſcendent charms I gaze,
My cautious ſoul eſſays in vain
Her peace and freedom to maintain:
Yet let that blooming form divine,
Where grace and harmony combine,
Thoſe eyes, like genial orbs, that move,
Diſpenſing gladneſs, joy, and love,
In all their pomp aſſail my view,
Intent my boſom to ſubdue;
My breaſt, by wary maxims ſteel'd,
Not all thoſe charms ſhall force to yield.

But, when invok'd to beauty's aid,
I ſee th' enlighten'd ſoul diſplay'd;
That ſoul ſo ſenſibly ſedate
Amid the ſtorms of froward fate!
Thy genius active, ſtrong and clear,
Thy wit ſublime, though not ſevere,
The ſocial ardour void of art,
That glows within thy candid heart;
My ſpirits, ſenſe, and ſtrength decay,
My reſolution dies away,
And ev'ry faculty oppreſt,
Almighty love invades my breaſt!

SONG.

To fix her—'twere a taſk as vain
To count the April drops of rain,
To ſow in Afric's barren ſoil,
Or tempeſts hold within a toil.

I know it, friend, ſhe's light as air,
Falſe as the fowler's artful ſnare;
Inconſtant as the paſſing wind,
As winter's dreary froſt unkind.

She's ſuch a miſer too in love,
Its joys ſhe'll neither ſhare nor prove;
Though hundreds of gallants await
From her victorious eyes their fate.

Bluſhing at ſuch inglorious reign,
I ſometimes ſtrive to break her chain;
My reaſon ſummon to my aid,
Reſolv'd no more to be betray'd.

Ah! friend, 'tis but a ſhort-liv'd trance,
Diſpell'd by one enchanting glance;
She need but look, and, I confeſs,
Thoſe looks completely curſe or bleſs.

So ſoft, ſo elegant, ſo fair,
Sure ſomething more than human's there;
I muſt ſubmit, for ſtrife is vain,
'Twas deſtiny that forg'd the chain.

BURLESQUE ODE *.

Where waſt thou, wittol ward, when hapleſs fate
From theſe weak arms mine aged grannam tore:
Theſe pious arms eſſay'd too late,
To drive the diſmal phantom from the door.
Could not thy healing drop, illuſtrious quack,
Could not thy ſalutary pill prolong her days;
For whom, ſo oft, to Marybone, alack!
Thy ſorrels dragg'd thee through the worſt of ways!

Oil-dropping Twick'nham did not then detain,
Thy ſteps, though tended by the Cambrian maids;
Nor the ſweet environs of Drury-lane;
Nor duſty Pimlico's embow'ring ſhades;
Nor Whitehall, by the river's bank,
Beſet with rowers dank; [ſons;
Nor where th' Exchange pours forth its tawny
Nor where to mix with offal, ſoil, and blood,
Steep Snow-hill rolls the ſable flood;
Nor where the Mint's contaminated kennels runs:
Ill doth it now beſeem,
That thou ſhould'ſt doze and dream,
When death in mortal armour came,
And ſtruck with ruthleſs dart the gentle dame.
Her lib'ral hand and ſympathiſing breaſt
The brute creation kindly bleſs'd:
Where'er ſhe trod grimalkin purr'd around,
The ſqueaking pigs her bounty own'd;
Nor to the waddling duck or gabbling gooſe,
Did ſhe glad ſuſtenance refuſe;
The ſtrutting cock ſhe daily fed,
And turkey with his ſnout ſo red;
Of chickens careful as the pious hen,
Nor did ſhe overlook the tomtit or the wren;
While redbreaſt hopp'd before her in the hall,
As if ſhe common mother were of all.

For my diſtracted mind,
What comfort can I find;
O beſt of grannams! thou art dead and gone,
And I am left behind to weep and moan,
To ſing thy dirge in ſad and funereal ray,
Oh! woe is me! alack! and well-a-day!

ODE TO MIRTH.

Parent of joy! heart-eaſing mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddeſs ſure of heavenly birth,
Viſit benign a ſon of grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him mirth diſplay:
And o'er his raptur'd ſenſe
Diffuſe thy living influence:
So ſhall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow.
The grove ſhall ſmooth the horrors of the ſhade
And ſtreams in murmurs ſhall forget to flow.

* *Smollett, imagining himſelf ill treated by Lord Lyttleton, wrote the above burleſque on that nobleman's monody on the death of his lady.*

Shine, goddeſs, ſhine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a ſecond ſun) with brighter beam our day.
Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged poverty can ſmile with thee,
If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His univerſal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden ſhower,
Lo! darkneſs trembling 'fore the hoſtile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obſcene, that own her gloomy ſway,
Troop in her rear and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale ſhivering ghoſts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick, as the lightning's flaſh glide, to ſepulchral night.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple ſtream
O'er the long proſpect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I ſee her ſit
In majeſty of light,
With laughter at her ſide.
Bright-ey'd fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltleſs ſtrikes the willing heart.
Fear not now affliction's power,
Fear not now wild paſſion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of age.
Now mirth hath heard the ſuppliant poet's prayer,
No cloud that rides the blaſt ſhall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Soft ſleep, profoundly pleaſing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O liſten from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod;
Extend thy ſilent ſoothing ſway,
And charm the canker care away.
Whether thou lov'ſt to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and ſmiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better ſuit a king;
The glittering hoſt, the groaning plan,
The clang of arms, and victor's train;
Nor ſhould a milder viſion pleaſe,
Preſent the happy ſcenes of peace;
Plump Autumn, bluſhing all around,
Rich induſtry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow ſerenely gay,
And genial art's refulgent ray.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happieſt ſwain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain,
Pure ſtream in whoſe tranſparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents ſtain thy limpid ſource;
No rocks impede thy dimpling courſe,
That ſweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, poliſh'd pebbles ſpread;
While, lightly pois'd, the ſcaly brood
In myriads cleave thy cryſtal flood;
The ſpringing trout in ſpeckled pride;
The ſalmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthleſs pike, intent on war;
The ſilver eel, and motled par. *
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks ſo gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be ſeen,
And laſſes chaunting o'er the pail,
And ſhepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And induſtry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts reſolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The bleſſings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO BLUE-EY'D ANN.

When the rough north forgets to howl,
And ocean's billows ceaſe to roll;
When Lybian ſands are bound in froſt,
And cold to Nova-Zembla's loſt!
When heav'nly bodies ceaſe to move,
My blue-ey'd Ann I'll ceaſe to love.

No more ſhall flowers the meads adorn,
Nor ſweetneſs deck the roſy thorn;
Nor ſwelling buds proclaim the ſpring;
Nor parching heats the dog-ſtar bring;
Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,
When blue-ey'd Ann I ceaſe to love.

No more ſhall joy in hope be found;
Nor pleaſures dance their frolic round;
Nor love's light god inhabit earth;
Nor beauty give the paſſion birth;
Nor heat to ſummer ſunſhine cleave,
When blue-ey'd Nanny I deceive.

When rolling ſeaſons ceaſe to change,
Inconſtancy forgets to range;
When laviſh May no more ſhall bloom;
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume;
When nature from her ſphere ſhall ſtart,
I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy ſteps I follow with my boſom bare,
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.

* *The par is a ſmall fiſh, not unlike the ſmelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.*

Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddeſs violated brought thee forth,
Immortal liberty, whoſe looks ſublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic ſuperſtition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The ſons of Woden to the field defy'd:
The ruthleſs hag, by Weſer's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow;
And red the ſtream began to flow:
The vanquiſh'd were baptized with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled
From altars ſtain'd with human gore;
And liberty his routed legions led
In ſafety to the bleak Norwegian ſhore.
There in a cave aſleep ſhe lay,
Lulled by the hoarſe-reſounding main;
When a bold ſavage paſt that way,
Impell'd by deſtiny, his name diſdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear ſupply'd a ſhaggy veſt;
The drifted ſnow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad ſhoulders brav'd the furious blaſt.
He ſtopt: He gazed; his boſom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impreſſion of her charms:
He ſeiz'd the advantage fate allow'd:
And ſtraight compreſſed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlieu ſcream'd, the tritons blew
Their ſhells to celebrate the raviſh'd rite;
Old time exulted as he flew;
And independence ſaw the light.
The light he ſaw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renewed her warbled ſtrains,
The auſpicious fruit of ſtol'n embrace was born—
The mountain dryads ſeized with joy,
The ſmiling infant to their charge conſign'd;
The Doric muſe careſs'd the favourite boy;
The hermit wiſdom ſtor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flouriſhed bold and ſinewy as his ſire;
While the mild paſſions in his breaſt aſſuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal ſire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accompliſhed thus, he winged his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to diſplay,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aſpiring ſoul,
On deſert iſles it was he that rais'd
Thoſe ſpires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He ſteeled the blunt Batavian's arms
To burſt the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the ſkirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous ruſtics, ſate,
On Uri's rocks in cloſe divan;
And winged that arrow ſure as fate,
Which aſcertained the ſacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's ſcorching ſands he croſs'd,
Where blaſted nature pants ſupine,
Conductor of her tribes aduſt,
To freedom's adamantine ſhrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghaſt!
He ſnatch'd from under fell oppreſſion's wing;
And taught amidſt the dreary waſte
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to ſing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baſer mould,
Even now he ſtands on Calvi's rocky ſhore,
And turns the droſs of Corſica to gold;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinſel livery to deſpiſe:
My lips by him chaſtiſed to truth,
Ne'er payed that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thoſe ſculptur'd halls my feet ſhall never tread,
Where varniſh'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and ſeduce, there banners ſpread:
And forge vile ſhackles for the free-born mind.
While infolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of ſpurious fancy blow;
And title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miſcreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling falſehood pert and vain,
Preſents her cup of ſtale profeſſion's froth;
And pale diſeaſe, with all his bloated train,
Torments the ſons of gluttony and ſloth.

Ver. 26. Charlmagne obliged four thouſand Saxon priſoners to embrace the Chriſtian religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their throats to be cut.——Their prince Vitikind fled for ſhelter to Gotrick, king of Denmark.

Ver. 53. Although Venice was built a conſiderable time before the æra here aſſigned for the birth of Independence, the republic had not yet attained to any great degree of power and ſplendour.

Ver. 58. The Low Countries were not only oppreſſed by grievous taxations, but likewiſe threatened with the eſtabliſhment of the Inquiſition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and ſhook off the yoke of Spain.

Ver. 62. Alluding to the known ſtory of William Tell and his aſſociates, the fathers and founders of the confederacy of the Swiſs Cantons.

Ver. 65. The Arabs, rather than reſign their independency, have often abandoned their habitations, and encountered all the horrors of the deſert.

Ver. 69. From the tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eaſtern conquerors, whole tribes of Tartars were uſed to fly into the remoter waſtes of Cathay, where no army could follow them.

Ver. 76. The noble ſtand made by Paſchal Paoli and his aſſociates againſt the uſurpations of the French king, muſt endear them to all the ſons of liberty and independence.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering ſpoils oppreſt,
So moves the ſumpter-mule, in harneſs'd pride,
That bears the treaſure which he cannot taſte.
For him let venal bards diſgrace the bay,
And hireling minſtrels wake the tinkling ſtring;
Her ſenſual ſnares let faithleſs pleaſure lay;
And jingling bells fantaſtic folly ring;
Diſquiet, doubt, and dread ſhall intervene;
And nature, ſtill to all her feelings juſt,
In vengeance hang a damp on every ſcene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of diſguſt.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her ſequeſtered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, ſtreamlet, grove, or cell.
Where the poiſed lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, ſtudy ſhall with ſolitude recline;
And friendſhip pledge me to his fellow-ſwains;
And toil and temperance ſedately twine
The ſlender cord that fluttering life ſuſtains:
And fearleſs poverty ſhall guard the door;
And taſte unſpoiled the frugal table ſpread;
And induſtry ſupply the humble ſtore:
And ſleep unbribed his dews refreſhing ſhed:
White-mantled innocence, ethereal ſprite,
Shall chaſe far off the goblins of the night:
And independence o'er the day preſide.
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

SONG.

From the man whom I love though my heart I diſguiſe,
I will freely deſcribe the wretch I deſpiſe;
And if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without ſenſe, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and ſtruts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gaſcoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falſehood a fox,
Inconſtant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks!
As a tyger ferocious, perverſe as a hog,
In miſchief an ape, and in fawning a dog

In a word, to ſum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather.
Yet, if he has ſenſe but to balance a ſtraw,
He will ſure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG.

Let the nymph ſtill avoid and be deaf to the ſwain
Who in tranſports of paſſion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is ſhown;
And the blaſt that blows loudeſt is ſoon over-blown.

But the ſhepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will ſubmiſſive adore, and rejoice in the ſmart;
Or in plaintive ſoft murmurs, his boſom-felt wo,
Like the ſmooth-gliding current of rivers will flow.

Though ſilent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your ſway in a tribute of ſighs;
But when he accoſts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderneſs, rapture, and love.

SONG.

Come liſten, yé ſtudents of ev'ry degree,
I ſing of a wit and a tutor *perdie*,
A ſtateſman profound, a critic immenſe,
In ſhort, a mere jumble of learning and ſenſe;
And yet of his talents though laudably vain,
His own family arts he could never attain,

His father intending his fortune to build,
In his youth would have taught him the trowel to wield.
But the mortar of diſcipline never would ſtick,
For his ſkull was ſecur'd by a facing of brick;
And with all his endeavours of patience and pain,
The ſkill of his fire he could never attain.

His mother an houſewife, neat, artful, and wiſe,
Renown'd for her delicate biſcuit and pies,
Soon alter'd his ſtudies, but flatt'ring his taſte,
From the raiſing of wall to the rearing of paſte
But all her inſtructions were fruitleſs and vain,
The pye making myſt'ry he ne'er could attain.

Yet true to his race, in his labours were ſeen,
A jumble of both their profeſſions I ween;
For when his own genius he ventur'd to truſt,
His pies ſeem'd of brick, and his houſes of cruſt.
Then, good Mr. Tutor, pray be not ſo vain,
Since your family arts you could never attain.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M. D.

Containing

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH,
OF BENEVOLENCE,
TASTE,
DAY,
IMITATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE AND SPENSER,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed,

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Daughter of Pæon, queen of every joy——
Begin the ſong; and let it ſweetly flow,
And let it wiſely teach thy wholeſome laws:
" How beſt the fickle fabric to ſupport
" Of mortal man; in healthful body how
" A healthful mind the longeſt to maintain."
——— With thy aid the ſecret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring ſteps proceed
Through paths the muſes never trod before.

ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH, BOOK I.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY *MUNDELL AND SON*, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Anno 1794.

THE LIFE OF ARMSTRONG.

JOHN ARMSTRONG was born at Caſtleton, on the banks of the Liddal, in Roxburghſhire, about 1709. His father and brother were miniſters of Caſtleton, and highly reſpected for their piety and diligence in their paſtoral duty.

After the ordinary courſe of ſchool education, he was ſent to the Univerſity of Edinburgh; where he ſtudied the ſeveral branches of philoſophy and medicine, under the different Profeſſors, and took his degree in Phyſic, February 4. 1732, with much reputation. The ſubject of his inaugural diſſertation was *De Tabe purulenta.*

Soon after his graduation he went to London, the proper place for a man of accompliſhments like his, where he commenced Phyſician; but never attained any great extent of practice or eminence of popularity.

He was more ſucceſsful as an author than a phyſician. In 1735, he publiſhed, without his name, a pamphlet, intituled *An Eſſay for Abridging the Study of Phyſic; to which is added a Dialogue betwixt Hygeia, Mercury*, and *Pluto, relating to the Practice of Phyſic, as it is managed by a certain illuſtrious Society*; and *An Epiſtle from Uſbeck the Perſian to Joſhua Ward, Eſq.* with a dedication. "To the Antiacademic Philoſophers, to the Generous Deſpiſers of the Schools, to the Deſervedly Celebrated Joſhua Ward, John Moor, and the reſt of the numerous ſect of Inſpired Phyſicians." This fugitive piece contains much wit and pleaſantry. In the *dialogue* he has caught the very ſpirit of Lucian.

In 1737, he publiſhed *A Synopſis of the Hiſtory and Cure of the Venereal Diſeaſe*, 8vo, inſcribed in an ingenious dedication to Dr. Alexander Stuart, as to "a perſon who had an indiſputable right to judge ſeverely of the performance preſented to him."

This publication was ſoon followed by *The Economy of Love*, 4to, a poem, which has much merit; but, it muſt be confeſſed, is too ſtrongly tinctured with the licentiouſneſs of Ovid. It appears by one of the "Caſes on literary Property," that Mr. Millar the bookſeller paid fifty guineas for the copy right of this poem, which was intended as a burleſque on ſome didactic writers. It has paſſed through many editions, more, it is to be be feared to the advantage of the bookſeller than the reader. It is but juſtice, however, to add, that his maturer judgment expunged many of the luxuriances of youthful fancy, in an edition "reviſed and corrected by the author," in 1768.

In 1741, he ſolicitated the recommendation of Dr. Birch, to be appointed phyſician to the fleet, then going to the Weſt-Indies.

In 1744, he publiſhed *The Art of Preſerving Health, a didactic poem*, 8vo, which laid the foundation of his fame, and will be a laſting monument of his abilities.

In 1746, he was appointed one of the Phyſicians to the Hoſpital for Lame and Sick Soldiers behind Buckingham-Houſe.

In 1751, he publiſhed his poem *on Benevolence*, in folio; and in 1753, "*Taſte, an Epiſtle to a Young Critic*," 4to. In the ſame year an elegant ode was addreſſed to him by Dr. Theobald.

In 1758, he publiſhed *Sketches or Eſſays on Various Subjects, by Launcelot Temple, Eſq.* 8vo. In this production, which poſſeſſes much humour and knowledge of the world, and which had a remarkably rapid ſale, he is ſuppoſed to have been aſſiſted by his friend Mr. Wilkes.

In 1760, he was appointed Phyſician to the army in Germany; where in 1761 he wrote a poem called *Day, An Epiſtle to John Wilkes of Aylesbury, Eſq.* 4to, which was publiſhed (as the prefatory advertiſement confeſſes) "without the knowledge or the conſent of the author, or of the gentleman to whom it is addreſſed."

In this poem he wantonly hazarded a reflection on Churchill, which drew on him the vengeance of that ſevere ſatiriſt.

> What news to-day?—I aſk you not what rogue,
> What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue
> What forward blundering fool was laſt preferr'd,
> By mere preſence diſtinguiſh'd from the herd:
> With what new cheat the gaping town is ſmit,
> What *crazy ſcribbler* reigns the preſent *wit*;

What ſtuff for winter the Two Booths have mixt,
What bouncing mimic gives a *Roſcius* next.

In "The Journey," almoſt the laſt lines of poetry that Churchill lived to write, after referring thoſe who hinted that he ſhould "run his ſtock of genius out," to ſome contemporary writers who had obtained what he thought unmerited celebrity, he thus pointedly concludes the catalogue with Armſtrong.

Let them with *Armſtrong*, taking leave of ſenſe,
Read muſty lectures on *Benevolence*,
Or con the pages of his gaping *Day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away;
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain ſtiffneſs of a letter'd *Scot*.
Let them with *Armſtrong* paſs the term of light,
But not one hour of darkneſs, when the night
Suſpends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
When for our paſt miſdoings conſcience takes
A deep revenge: when, by reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let every muſe be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for ſleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breaſt;
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him reſt.
Though ſoft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch ſeems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deſerve, no brave man bear.

It muſt be acknowledged, that Armſtrong himſelf afforded the original cauſe of offence; but the retaliation was unjuſtifiably ſevere. Armſtrong was incapable of the crime with which he is charged; and the imputation of ingratitude will never obſcure the character of a humane, benevolent, kindly affectioned man of genius, whoſe great offence was his attachment to the party in oppoſition to Mr. Wilkes and his friends.

It may be here obſerved, that nothing appears ſo fatal to the intercourſe of friends, as a diſagreement in politics. The intimacy which had ſubſiſted between Armſtrong and Mr. Wilkes, was certainly interrupted, if not diſſolved, by the demon of party.

After the peace of Paris, in 1763, he quitted the army, returned to London, and reſumed the practice of phyſic, in which he appears to have been chiefly wanting to his own ſucceſs, by his indolence and inactivity.

He was a man of a very liberal turn of mind, of general erudition, with a large acquaintance among the learned of different profeſſions; but he could not enter into connections with people that were not to his liking. He could not cultivate the acquaintances to be met with at tea-tables; he could not intrigue with nurſes, nor aſſociate with the various knots of pert, inſipid, well-bred, impertinent, good humoured, malicious goſſips, that are often found ſo uſeful to introduce a young phyſician into practice. He rather choſe to employ his time at home in the indolent occupations of reading and ſtudy, or to ſpend an *Attic* evening in a ſelect company of men of taſte and learning.

In 1770, he publiſhed a collection of *Miſcellanies*, in 2 vols. 8vo, containing the pieces he had formerly publiſhed ſeparately, except the *Economy of Love* and *Day*, with *Imitations of Shakſpeare and Spenſer*, the *Univerſal Almanack by Nouraddin Ali*, *The Forced Marriage*, a tragedy, *Sketches*, &c.

In an advertiſement to this collection, he ſays, he "has at laſt taken the trouble upon him to collect them, and to have them printed under his own inſpection, a taſk that he had long avoided, and to which he would hardly have ſubmitted himſelf at laſt, but for the fear of their being, ſometime hereafter, expoſed in a ragged, mangled condition, and loaded with more faults than they originally had, while [when] it might be impoſſible for him, by the change perhaps of one letter, to recover a whole period from the moſt contemptible nonſenſe. Along with ſuch pieces as he had formerly offered to the public, he takes this opportunity of preſenting it with ſeveral others;

ſome of which had lain by him many years. What he has loſt, and eſpecially what he has deſtroyed, would probably enough have been better received by the great majority of readers than any thing he has publiſhed. But he never courted the public. He wrote chiefly for his own amuſement; and becauſe he found it an agreeable and innocent way of ſometimes ſpending an idle hour. He has always moſt heartily deſpiſed the opinion of the *mobility*, from the loweſt to the higheſt; and if it is true what he has ſometimes been told, that the beſt judges are on his ſide, he deſires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the beſt judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worſt too of the next will favour him with theirs, when, by Heaven's grace, he'll be too far beyond the reach of their unmeaning praiſes, to receive any diſguſt from them."

In moſt of the *Sketches* or *Eſſays*, he has diſcovered a ſound underſtanding, and a good taſte; but he ſeems very fond of making uſe of ſome vulgarities of expreſſion that belong peculiarly to the *mobility*. The *Forced Marriage* was written in 1758. It had been offered to Garrick, but refuſed by him. It is a performance in which there is much paſſion, but little judgment.

In 1771, he publiſhed *A Short Ramble through ſome parts of France and Italy, by Launcelot Temple, Eſq.* 8vo.; and in 1773, a pamphlet in his own name, intituled, *Medical Eſſays*, 4to towards the concluſion of which, he accounts for his not having ſuch extenſive practice as ſome of his brethren, from his not being qualified to employ the uſual means, from a ticklish ſtate of ſpirits, and a diſtempered exceſs of ſenſibility. He complains much of the behaviour of ſome of his brethren, of the herd of critics, and particularly of the reviewers.

This work, which does not appear to have acquired much reputation, was the laſt which he gave to the world. He died September 7. 1779, in conſequence, it is ſaid, of a fall he received in ſtepping out of a coach; and, to the ſurpriſe of his friends, left behind him more than 3000 l. ſaved out of a very moderate income, ariſing principally from his half pay.

The following *Verſes on the Death of Dr. Armſtrong*, appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine," for October 1779, dated Gray's-Inn, September 10. and ſigned *W. R.*

Ye ſwains of *Liddal*, as you drive your ſheep
To verdant paſtures, or the ruſſet ſteep,
If yet a muſe on *Liddal's* banks remain,
For tuneful *Armſtrong* wake the plaintive ſtrain.
Though from you long, long from the limpid wave,
In which he lov'd his infant limbs to lave;
Long from the pool, where oft with mimic fly
He patient angled for the ſilver fry;
Yet were his manners artleſs as your own,
As plain as he the world had never known.
The world he ſcorn'd, for well he knew to ſcan
The crooked views of narrow-minded man.
Ye ſons of *Galen*, though he lack'd not ſkill
Like you, by ſlow and ſecret means to kill,
He ſought to ſave, he ſought to heal the frame,
And breath'd Nepenthe in poetic flame.
From breezy ſummit, or fair op'ning lawn,
He bade his patients hail the cheerful dawn;
Their villas build, wide from the marſhy mead,
But chief where bees on fragrant wild thyme feed;
As death itſelf avoid the ſmoky town;
Reſiſt the enfeebling luxury of down:
Far from the breaſt all rankling cares expel,
And there invite content and hope to dwell, &c.

No edition of his *Miſcellanies* has been called for ſince his death; but his *Art of Preſerving Health*, has been frequently reprinted, and with his other poetical pieces, except *The Economy of Love*, was received into the edition of "the Engliſh Poets," 1790.

The character of Armſtrong ſeems to have been very amiable and reſpectable. It is to his honour that he was the intimate friend of Thomſon, and his coadjutor in the compoſition of his admirable "Caſtle of Indolence." Stanza lxviii. was written by Armſtrong. "Though the Doctor," Thomſon writes his friend Paterſon, "increaſes in his buſineſs, he does not decreaſe in ſpleen;

but there is a certain kind of ſpleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jaques in the play." Thomſon has deſcribed his abſent moods in the "Caſtle of Indolence." Stanza x.

With him was ſometimes join'd in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who. quite deteſted talk,
Oft ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak,
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive ſury woke;
He never'd utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—thank heaven, the day is done.

He lived alſo in habits of intimacy with Grainger, Sir John Pringle, Mr. Fuſeli, and other men of wit and learning.

"I was early acquainted with Dr. Armſtrong," the late worthy Dr. Cuming of Dorcheſter writes Mr. Nichols, "have often viſited him at his lodgings, knew many of his intimates, have met him in company, but from my having viſited the Metropolis ſo ſeldom ſince my reſidence in Dorſetſhire, I was not ſo well acquainted with him as I ſhould otherwiſe have been, or wiſhed to be. He always appeared to me (and I was confirmed in that opinion by that of his moſt intimate friends) a man of learning and genius, of conſiderable abilities in his profeſſion, of great benevolence and goodneſs of heart, fond of aſſociating with men of parts and genius, but indolent and inactive,—and therefore totally unqualified to employ the means that uſually lead to medical employment, or elbow his way through a crowd of competitors."

As a Poet, his compoſitions have great inequalities, ſome of them being poſſeſſed of every requiſite to be ſought after in the moſt perfect compoſition, while others can hardly be conſidered as ſuperior to the productions of mediocrity. Much of the merit of his *Epiſtles to Eumenes, to a Young Critic, and to John Wilkes, Eſq.* conſiſts in a ſpirited conciſeneſs, a lively repreſentation of characters, and a certain ſprightlineſs and turn of wit, which are always pleaſing. But they ſeldom riſe into a high ſtrain of poetry, and are ſometimes deficient in grace and eaſe. The *Epiſtle to Eumenes*, is rather too ſatirical for the ſubject. In the *Epiſtle to Taſte*, he is ſeverely ſatirical on all pretenders to wit; but he does not treat the ſubject in ſo maſterly, nor in ſo poetical a manner as Pope had done before him. In his *Day*, he ſeems not to have intended riſing much higher than proſe put into numbers. His *Winter Piece*, in imitation of Shakſpeare, has more elevation, but is a turgid and inflated performance.

His *Art of Preſerving Health*, on account of the reputation it has ſo juſtly acquired, precludes all criticiſm. It is of the higheſt ſpecies of didactic poetry, and of a merit and character ſo great, as to rank with the compoſitions of Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Vida, Boileau, Akenſide, Dyer, and Grainger. Akenſide has attempted the moſt rich and poetical form of didactic writing in his "Pleaſures of Imagination," and in ſeveral parts, ſucceeded happily, and diſplayed much genius. Armſtrong has not aimed at ſo high a ſtrain as Akenſide; but he is more equal, and maintains throughout a chaſte and correct elegance.

"To deſcribe ſo difficult a thing gracefully and poetically," ſays Dr. Warton, in his "Reflections on Didactic Poetry," as the effects of a diſtemper on the human body, was reſerved for Dr. Armſtrong, who accordingly hath nobly executed, at the end of his third book of his *Art of Preſerving Health*, where he hath given us that pathetic account of the Sweating Sickneſs. There is a claſſical correctneſs and cloſeneſs of ſtyle in this poem, that are truly admirable; and the ſubject is raiſed and adorned by numberleſs poetical images."

"Of all the poetical performances on this ſubject, ſays Dr. Mackenzie in his "Hiſtory of Health," that have come to my hands, Dr. Armſtrong's *Art of Preſerving Health* is by far the beſt. To quote every charming deſcription and beautiful paſſage of this poem, one muſt tranſcribe the whole. We cannot, however, expect new rules where the principal deſign was to raiſe and warm the heart into a compliance with the ſolid precepts of the ancients, which he has enforced with great ſtrength and elegance. And, upon the whole, he has convinced us by his own example, that we ought not to blame antiquity for acknowledging

"One power of phyſic, melody, and ſong."

THE WORKS OF ARMSTRONG.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH. 1774.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygeia *; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the lothesome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the shudd'ring air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid watry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field:
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The secret poisons of avenging heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and heedless pleasure; or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd
Portend disastrous to the vital world;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess heavenly gay!
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
"How best the fickle fabric to support
"Of mortal man; in healthful body how
"A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the muses never trod before.
Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O mead! a well-design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect; and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Aesculapian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead.
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to fully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.

* *Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.*

Beſides, immur'd in many a ſullen bay
That never felt the freſhneſs of the breeze.
This ſlumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With ſickly reſt: and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun ſuliginous abyſs)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from ſo many thund'ring chimneys, tame
The putrid ſteams that overſwarm the ſky;
This cauſtic venom would perhaps corrode
Thoſe tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countleſs pores o'er all the pervious ſkin
Imbib'd, would poiſon the balſamic blood,
And rouſe the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the ſtreams, and each ambroſial breeze
That fans the ever undulating ſky;
A kindly ſky! whoſe ſoft'ring power regales
Man, beaſt, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then ſome woodland ſcene where nature ſmiles
Benign, where all her honeſt children thrive,
To us there wants not many a happy ſeat!
Look round the ſmiling land, ſuch numbers riſe
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice,
See where enthron'd in adamantine ſtate,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windſor ſits;
There chooſe thy ſeat, in ſome aſpiring grove
Faſt by the ſlowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader ſhe laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that ſees an hundred villas riſe
Rural or gay). O! from the ſummer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But, if the buſy town
Attract thee ſtill to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayſt thy vacant hours poſſeſs
In Hampſtead, courted by the weſtern wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or loſe the world amid the ſylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unſpoil'd.
Green riſe the Kentiſh hills in cheerful air;
But on the marſhy plains that Lincoln ſpreads
Build not, nor reſt too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a ruſtic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there preſides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compreſs'd the ſlothful naiad of the fens.
From ſuch a mixture ſprung, this fitful peſt
With ſev'riſh blaſts ſubdues the ſickning hand:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of reſt,
Convulſive yawnings, laſſitude, and pains
That ſting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat ſucceeds, till copious ſweats
O'erflow: a ſhort relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated ſhocks the wretches pine;
The vigour ſinks, the habit melts away;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with ſqualid atrophy
Devour'd, in ſallow melancholy clad.
And oft the ſorcereſs, in her fated wrath,
Reſigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.
In queſt of ſites, avoid the mournful plain
Where oſiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll
Fix near the marſhy margin of the main,
For from the humid ſoil and wat'ry reign
Eternal vapours riſe; the ſpungy air
For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a ſounding deluge down,
Skies ſuch as theſe let every mortal ſhun
Who dreads the dropſy, paiſy, or the gout,
Tertian, corroſive ſcurvy, or moiſt catarrh:
Or any other injury that grows
From raw-ſpun fibres idle and unſtrung,
Skin ill-perſpiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.
Yet not alone from humid ſkies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The ſubtle heaven,
That winnows into duſt the blaſted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a ſtream,
Too faſt imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
Which, by the ſurface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil eſſay
Their flexible vibrations; or, inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving ſtructure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A maſs of lees remains, a droſſy tide
That flow as Lethe wanders through the veins:
Unactive in the ſervices of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The ſecret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend (that worſt deſpair
Of phyſic), hence the ruſt-complexion'd man
Purſues, whoſe blood is dry, whoſe fibres gain
Too ſtretch'd a tone: and hence in climes aduſt
So ſudden tumults ſeize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.
Fly, if you can, theſe violent extremes
Of air: the wholeſome is nor moiſt nor dry.
But as the power of chooſing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further taſk enſues;
How beſt to mitigate theſe fell extremes,
How breathe, unhurt, the withering element,
Or hazy atmoſphere: though cuſtom moulds
To ev'ry clime the ſoft Promethean clay;
And he who firſt the fogs of Eſſex breath'd
(So kind is native air), may in the fens
Of Eſſex from inveterate ills revive,
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the ſoil, and dry the ſources up
Of watery exhalation: wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;
Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the ſtream;
And weed the foreſt, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where ſtrangled vapours lie;
Or through the thickets ſend the crackling flames.
Meantime, at home, let cheerful fires diſpel
The humid air: and let your table ſmoke
With ſolid roaſt or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breed ſupply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilſome pleaſures of the chaſe.

Generous your wine, the boaſt of rip'ning years;
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
Vapid and ſunk from yeſterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.
But neither theſe, nor all Apollo's arts,
Diſarm the dangers of the drooping ſky,
Unleſs with exerciſe and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and ſpur the lagging blood.
The fatt'ning clime let all the ſons of eaſe
Avoid; if indolence would wiſh to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long ſlow year
In fairer ſkies. If droughty regions parch
The ſkin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;
Deep in the waving foreſt chooſe your ſeat,
Where fuming trees refreſh the thirſty air;
And wake the fountains from their ſecret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid ſtream.
Here ſpread your gardens wide; and let the cool,
The moiſt relaxing vegetable ſtore,
Prevail in each repaſt: your food ſupplied
By bleeding life, be gently waſted down,
By ſoft decoction, and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the ſolid maſs
You chooſe, tormented in the boiling wave;
That through the thirſty channels of the blood
A ſmooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy, from its cool receſs,
Its nectar acid, or benign will pour,
To drown your thirſt; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen Sherbet the fickle taſte relieve.
For with the viſcous blood the ſimple ſtream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft diſſipate more moiſture than they give.
Yet when pale ſeaſons riſe, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou mayſt indulge
In feaſts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow caſk. Then, too, the ſcourging air
Provokes to keener toils than ſultry droughts
Allow. But rarely we ſuch ſkies blaſpheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our ſeaſons droop; incumbent ſtill
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the ſinking ſoul.
Lab'ring with ſtorms, in heapy mountains riſe
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian ſhades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the ſouth deſcends.
Scarce in a ſhowerleſs day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful eaſt
Withers the tender ſpring, and ſourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of ſummers, balmy airs, and ſkies ſerene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This diſmal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful miniſters of wrath,
Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main!
Indulgent nature, O diſſolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial weſt
To breathe, and, in its turn, the ſprightly north:
And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
The year; nor mix in every monſtrous day.
Meantime, the moiſt malignity to ſhun
Of burden'd ſkies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the * cynorrhodon with the roſe
For fragrance vies; for in the thirſty ſoil
Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs, high on the baſking ſteep,
Aſcend, there light thy hoſpitable fires.
And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe,
The ſummer evening bluſhing in the weſt;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the bluſt'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peeviſh eaſt.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The ſounding foreſt fluctuates in the ſtorm;
To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
Howl o'er the ſteady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarſer ſtrain
Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt.
To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is ſtudied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the juſt
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.
Beſides, the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
Of pureſt element, refreſhing ſtill
Your airy ſeat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
Th' ethereal deep with endleſs billows chaſes.
His purer manſion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereſoe'er you build;
Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee; in Chelſea low,
Or high Blackheath, with wint'ry winds aſſail'd;
Dry be your houſe: but airy more than warm.
Elſe every breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
Your tender body through with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teaze you, hoarſeneſs bind your voice,
Or moiſt Gravedo load your aching brows.
Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloiſter'd air, tainted with ſteaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid ſky.
Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
And theatres open to the ſouth commend?
Here, where the morning's miſty breath infeſts
More than the torrid noon: how ſickly grow,
How pale the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales,
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel the genial vigour of the ſun!
While on the neighbouring hill the roſe inflames
The verdant ſpring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languiſhingly ſweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,

* *The wild roſe, or that which grows on the common briar.*

And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.
Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
The foſt'ring ſun: whoſe energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whoſe gen'rous heat
Glows through the maſs of groſſer elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous ſpheres.
Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majeſty of day!
If not the ſoul, the regent of this world,
Firſt-born of heaven, and only leſs than God!

BOOK II.

DIET.

Enough of air. A deſart ſubject now,
Rougher and wilder, riſes to my ſight.
A barren waſte, where not a garland grows
To bind the muſe's brow; not ev'n a proud
Stupendous ſolitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouſe a noble horror in the ſoul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endleſs labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the table, and the homely gods,
Demand my ſong, Elyſian gales adieu!

The blood, the fountain whence the ſpirits flow,
The generous ſtream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; ſcourg'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
Its balmy nature; virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thouſand gates
Are open to its flight, it would deſtroy
The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before,
Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildeſt moſt nectareous tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the ſtream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plaſtic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force thoſe plaſtic particles
Rebuild: ſo mutable the ſtate of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with freſh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This neceſſary waſte of fleſh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which through finer arteries
To different parts their winding courſe purſue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or ſome private uſe.

Nothing ſo foreign, but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too eaſily ſubdu'd,
Too ſoon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the moſt rebellious maſs
That ſalt can harden, or the ſmoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luſcious bacon rue,
Nor that which Ceſtria ſends, tenacious paſte
Of ſolid milk. But ye of ſofter clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye, who waſte
With pale and bloated ſloth the tedious day!
Avoid the ſtubborn aliment, avoid
The full repaſt; and let ſagacious age
Grow wiſer, leſſon'd by the dropping teeth.

Half ſubtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readieſt obeys th' aſſimilating pow'rs;
And ſoon the tender vegetable maſs
Relents; and ſoon the young of thoſe that tread
The ſtedfaſt earth, or cleave the green abyſs,
Or pathleſs ſky. And if the ſteer muſt fall,
In youth and ſanguine vigour let him die;
Nor ſtay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Abſolve him ill requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant eaſe,
Indulge the veteran ox; but wiſer thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exerciſe
Refin'd, and ſcanty fare: for, old or young,
The ſtall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholeſome food the abominable growth
Of reſt and gluttony; the prudent taſte
Rejects like bane ſuch lothefome luſciouſneſs.
The languid ſtomach curſes even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph,
Fond to incorporate with all it meets,
Coily they mix, and ſhun with ſlippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irreſoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandiſhing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors riſe, were nauſeous to relate.
Chooſe leaner viands, ye whoſe jovial make
Too faſt the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Chooſe ſober meals; and rouſe to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' infeebling down,
Irreſolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whoſe bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful eaſe and ſucculent repaſt,
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect ſanity.

I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Beſides, there often lurks ſome nameleſs, ſtrange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the ſkin diſplay'd,
Felt in the pulſe, nor in the habit ſeen;
Which finds a poiſon in the food that moſt
The temp'rature affects. There are, whoſe blood
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moiſt melon, or pale cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with ſlaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder, ſuſtenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment deteſt,
Which, in the ſhell, the ſleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy ſtill, repent the gifts
Of Pales; ſoft, delicious, and benign:
The balmy quinteſſence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the ſpring;

The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
The best refection of declining age;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with every stomach. But (except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all);
Taught by experience, soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with sev'rish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue;
Or much diminish, or too much increase
Th' expence which nature's wise economy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.
Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish; though fabling Greece resound
The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled;
Misled from pleasure, even in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim,
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom,
Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.

Such various foods, though harmless each alone,
Each other violate: and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure, at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not, meanwhile,
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.
So Heav'n has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food: unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain;
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill,
From the crude ore, can spin the ductile gold?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set sage
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy;
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,

Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering ſpark
With what the ſooneſt feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At firſt; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nouriſhing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.
But though the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice; it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: ſo nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Beſides, a meagre day ſubdues
The cruder clods by ſloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy averſion to the feaſt
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to ſhun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a faſt ſo ſeaſonable ſtarves
The latent ſeeds of woe, which, rooted once,
Might coſt you labour. But the day return'd
Of feſtal luxury, the wiſe indulge
Moſt in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly, when the ſummer beams inflame
The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius ſheds
A feveriſh taint through the ſtill gulf of air.
The moiſt cool viands then, and flowing cup,
From the freſh dairy-virgin's liberal hand
Will ſave your head from harm, though round the world
The dreaded * cauſos roll his waſteful fires.
Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer
His quaking heart. The ſeaſon's which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold (by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both), a middle regimen
Impoſe. Through autumn's languiſhing domain
Deſcending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter, when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius ſtuſh'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze deſcends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, ſhepherds, then begin to ſpare your flocks;
And learn, with wiſe humanity, to check
The luſt of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent ſky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with laviſh hand
The prone creation; yields what once ſuffic'd
Their dainty ſovereign, when the world was young;
Ere yet the barbarous thirſt of blood had ſeiz'd
The human breaſt.—Each rolling month matures
The food that ſuits it moſt; ſo does each clime.
Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' eſtabliſh'd ocean heaps a monſtrous waſte
Of ſhining rocks and mountains to the pole;
There lives a hardy race, whoſe plaineſt wants
Relentleſs earth, their cruel ſtepmother
Regards not. On the waſte of iron fields,
Untam'd, untractable, no harveſts wave?
Pomona hates them, and the clowniſh god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with eaſe; for here the fruitful ſpawn
Of ocean ſwarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuſe.
Theſe are their bread, the only bread they know;
Theſe, and their willing ſlave the deer that crops
The ſhrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the ſouth
Her ſwarthy ſons in either Ind, maintains:
Or thirſty Libya; from whoſe fervid loins
The lion burſts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderneſs. The mountain herd,
Aduſt and dry, no ſweet repaſt affords:
Nor does the tepid main ſuch kinds produce,
So perfect, ſo delicious, as the ſhoals
Of icy Zembla. Raſhly where the blood
Brews feveriſh frays; where ſcarce the tubes ſuſtain
Its tumid fervour and tempeſtuous courſe;
Kind nature tempts not to ſuch gifts as theſe.
But here in livid ripeneſs melts the grape:
Here, finiſh'd by invigorating ſuns,
Through the green ſhade the golden orange glows;
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp: the coco ſwells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The criſp ananas wraps its poignant ſweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: in ruder air
Too coy to flouriſh, even too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's ſmile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th' autumnal ſea
In boundleſs billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What ſuits the climate beſt, what ſuits the men,
Nature profuſes moſt, and moſt the taſte
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirſty ſouls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs
Supports in elſe intolerable air:
While the cool palm, the plaintain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, aſſuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthuſiaſtic wilds
By mortal elſe untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the ſtreams renown'd in ancient ſong.
Here from the deſert down the rumbling ſteep
Firſt ſprings the Nile; here burſts the ſounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the eaſt;
And there, in Gothic ſolitude reclin'd,
The cheerleſs Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What ſolemn twilight! What ſtupendous ſhades
Enrap theſe infant floods! Through every nerve
A ſacred horror thrills, a pleaſing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The foreſt deepens round;
And more gigantic ſtill th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are theſe the confines of ſome fairy world?

* *The burning fever.*

A land of genii? Say, beyond theſe wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what ſtrange regions, or of bliſs or pain,
That ſubterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful ſteps I tread
This trembling ground. The taſk remains to ſing
Your gifts (ſo Pæon, ſo the powers of health
Command) to praiſe your cryſtal element;
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whoſe flexile genius ſparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the ſource, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable ſtreams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirſty quaff
New life in you; freſh vigour fills their veins,
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer ſought the ſires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And ſick dejection. Still ſerene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender ſoul
With pleaſure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bleſt with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather ſleep than death.
Oh! could thoſe worthies from the world of gods
Return to viſit their degenerate ſons,
How would they ſcorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on ſloth begot diſeaſe.
Learn temperance, friends; and her without diſdain
The choice of water. Thus the * Coan ſage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every ſchool.
What leaſt of foreign principles partakes
Is beſt: The lighteſt then; what bears the touch
Of fire the leaſt, and ſooneſt mounts in air;
The moſt inſipid; the moſt void of ſmell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid ſides
Pours down; ſuch waters in the ſandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter froſts
And ſummer's heat ſecure. The cryſtal ſtream,
Through rocks reſounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholeſome, pure
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirſt were e'er ſo reſolute, avoid
The ſordid lake, and all ſuch drowſy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's ſlow canals;
(With reſt corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monſters); till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces diſengag'd
The violated lymph The virgin ſtream
In boiling waſtes its finer ſoul in air.
Nothing like ſimple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle ſo ſoon to flow.
But where the ſtomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' inſipid ſtream: Though golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more ſprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyſs
Of fermentation ſpring; with ſpirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preſerve unthaw'd
Th' embodied maſs. You ſee what countleſs years,
Embalm'd in fiery quinteſcence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the ſlim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.
We curſe not wine: The vile exceſs we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and miſery. For the ſubtle draught
Faſter and ſurer ſwells the vital tide;
And with more active poiſon, than the floods
Of groſſer crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! ſly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet ſtill believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of ſober vows!—But the Parnaſian maids
Another time perhaps ſhall ſing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.
Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every treſpaſs ſhun. The feverish ſtrife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, ſubdues, expells
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obſtructed tubes. Beſides, this reſtleſs world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is eaſier than to ſhun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or ſacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moiſten well the thirſty ſuffrages;
Say how, unſeaſon'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd:
Then learn to revel; but by ſlow degrees:
By ſlow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew ſtrong. But when you ſmooth
The brows of care, indulge your feſtive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The leaſt your bane: and only with your friends.
There are ſweet follies; frailties to be ſeen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds,
Oh! ſeldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taſte,
Except when life declines, even ſober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, ſmooth and ſlow with balm,
The ſapleſs habit daily to bedew,
And give the heſitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wiſe when youth with pleaſure flows,
To ſquander the reliefs of age and pain!
What dextrous thouſands juſt within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly courſe!
Perhaps no ſickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions ſhock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,

* *Hippocrates.*

* *See Book* iv.

And that incurable diſeaſe old age,
In youthful bodies more ſeverely felt,
More ſternly active, ſhakes their blaſted prime:
Except kind nature by ſome haſty blow
Prevent the lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The ſanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-ſeaſon'd fare, or exerciſe to toil
Protracted; ſpurs to its laſt ſtage tir'd life,
And ſows the temples with untimely ſnow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increaſing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their *elemental veins,
Condens'd to ſolid chords) a firmer tone,
Suſtain, and juſt ſuſtain, th' impetuous blood.
Here ſtops the growth. With overbearing pulſe
And preſſure, ſtill the great deſtroy the ſmall;
Still with the ruins of the ſmall grow ſtrong.
Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
Of viſcous fluids and elaſtic tubes;
Its various functions vigorouſly are plied
By ſtrong machinery; and in ſolid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er diſeaſe.
But the full ocean ebbs: Here is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life muſt downward tend.
For ſtill the beating tide conſolidates
The ſtubborn veſſels, more reluctant ſtill
To the weak throbs of th' ill-ſupported heart.
This languiſhing, theſe ſtrengthening by degrees
To hard unyielding unelaſtic bone,
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters ſtill: And now it ſtirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus (ſo heav'n ordain'd it) life
Deſtroys itſelf; and could theſe laws have chang'd,
Neſtor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his ſong. [ſtood

What does not fade? The tower that long had
The cruſh of thunder and the warring winds,
Shock by the ſlow but ſure deſtroyer time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its baſe.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of braſs,
Deſcend: the Babylonian ſpires are ſunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time ſhakes the ſtable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires ruſh by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all thoſe worlds that roll around the ſun,
The ſun himſelf, ſhall die; and ancient night
Again involve the deſolate abyſs:

Till the great Father through the lifeleſs gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For though the regions of unbounded ſpace,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various ſyſtems, fluctuates ſtill
Between creation and abhorr'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are ſtill emerging from the deep;
The old deſcending, in their turns to riſe.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

THROUGH various toils th' adventurous muſe has paſt,
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rule is her theme, and hardly fit for ſong;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain ſuch labours have we tried,
If aught theſe lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philoſophic cares,
And grow ſtill paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needleſsly to brave
Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal ſtrength;
Is all the leſſon that in wholeſome years
Concerns the ſtrong. His care were ill beſtow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurſe
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blaſts that ſweep the wint'ry heav'n.

Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In duſt, in rain, in cold and ſultry ſkies;
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what ſickly ſtars aſcend.
He knows no laws by Æſculapius given;
He ſtudies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infeſt, nor thoſe envenom'd ſhafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robuſt with labour, and by cuſtom ſteel'd
To every caſualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peeviſh caſtern blaſt,
And uninfected breathes the mortal ſouth.

Such the reward of rude and ſober life;
Of labour ſuch. By health the peaſant's toil
Is well repaid; if exerciſe were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like theſe
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy ſons:
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be ſtrong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil ſubdu'd,
Mellow'd, and ſubtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year: come, let us ſtray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the ſoft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And ſhed a charming languor o'er the ſoul
Nor when bright winter ſows with prickly froſt

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* *In the human body, as well as in thoſe of other animals, the larger blood veſſels are compoſed of ſmaller ones; which, by the violent motion and preſſure of the fluids in the large veſſels, loſe their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as theſe ſmall veſſels become ſolid, the larger muſt of courſe grow leſs extenſile, more rigid, and make a ſtronger reſiſtance to the action of the heart, and force of the blood. From this gradual condenſation of the ſmaller veſſels, and conſequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progreſs of the human body from infancy to old age is accounted for.*

The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.
But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength; a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze, [bounds
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such [stream
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: Though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery or more romantic groves, [flood!
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulent, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.
Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the gleries of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The vista best, and best conducts the stream;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shows
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champain.
Thrice happy days! in rural business past:
Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile.
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or through the fairy land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.
Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom still the * meed of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.
As beauty still has blemish; and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:

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* *This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.*

The legs, perhaps, or arms refuſe their load,
Or the cheſt labours. Theſe aſſiduouſly,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and ſpringy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent diſcipline.
Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by juſt ſteps aſpire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At firſt but ſaunter; and by ſlow degrees
Increaſe their pace. This doctrine of the wiſe
Well knows the maſter of the flying ſteed.
Firſt from the goal the manag'd courſers play
On bended reins: as yet the ſkilful youth
Repreſs their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempeſt ſwells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You ſpring, the fibres by the haſty ſhock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compreſs'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Beſides, collected in the paſſive veins,
The purple maſs a ſudden torrent rolls,
O'erpowers the heart and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the ſource
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Aſthma and feller * peripneumony,
Or the ſlow minings of the hectic fire.
Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of ſoul, is well compenſated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainleſs frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And ſcorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Purſu'd prolixly, even the gentleſt toil
Is waſte of health: repoſe by ſmall fatigue
Is earn'd; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the firſt moiſture of the brows.
The fine and ſubtle ſpirits coſt too much
To be profus'd, too much the roſcid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the duſty chaſe,
Or the warm deeds of ſome important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wiſh'd repoſe; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taſte the ſpring. O! by the ſacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, ſiſters, ſires,
Forbear! No other peſtilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this ſo fatal, the ſagacious muſe
Through nature's cunning labyrinth's could trace:
But there are ſecrets which who knows not now,
Muſt, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of ſcience; and devote ſeven years to toil.
Beſides, I would not ſtun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the ſhelves, and where the whirlpools
boil,
What ſigns portend the ſtorm: To ſubtler minds
He leaves to ſcan, from what myſterious cauſe
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence thoſe impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor ſail can ſtem; and why
The roughening deep expects the ſtorm, as ſure
As red Orion mounts the ſhrouded heaven.
In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For poliſh'd luxury and uſeful arts,
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic ſtrife,
And warm Peleſtra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and caſſia fraught, to ſooth and heal
The cheriſh'd nerves. Our leſs voluptuous clime
Not much invites us to ſuch arts as theſe.
'Tis not for thoſe, whom gelid ſkies embrace,
And chilling fogs: whoſe perſpiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the north;
'Tis not for thoſe to cultivate a ſkin
Too ſoft; or teach the recremental fume
Too faſt to crowd through ſuch precarious ways,
For through the ſmall arterial mouths, that pierce
In endleſs millions the cloſe-woven ſkin,
The baſer fluids in a conſtant ſtream
Eſcape, and, viewleſs, melt into the winds:
While this eternal, this moſt copious waſte
Of blood, degenerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted meaſure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With eaſe and pleaſure move: but this reſtrain'd
Or more or leſs, ſo more or leſs you feel
The functions labour: from this fatal ſource,
What woes deſcend is never to be ſung.
To take their numbers, were to count the ſands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the bluſtering north em-
broils
The Baltic, thunder on the German ſhore.
Subject not then, by ſoft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the ſky; nor thwart
The genius of your clime: for from the blood
Leaſt fickle riſe the recremental ſteams,
And leaſt obnoxious to the ſtyptic air,
Which breathe through ſtraiter and more callous
pores,
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundleſs ſnows, nor rues th' inclement hea-
ven;
And hence our painted anceſtors defied
The eaſt; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle ſky.
The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th' equator heats, or hyperborean froſt:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwiſe you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the firſt, the winter ſhocks you leſs
By long acquaintance: ſtudy then your ſky,
Form to its manners your obſequious frame,
And learn to ſuffer what you cannot ſhun;
Againſt the rigours of a damp cold heav'n,
To fortify their bodies, ſome frequent
The gelid ciſtern; and, where nought forbids,
I praiſe their dauntleſs heart: a frame ſo ſteel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor thoſe ungenial blaſts
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatiſm;
The nerves ſo temper'd, never quit their tone;

* *The inflammation of the lungs.*

No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds; and he who makes
By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures; ill fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain
(Since pain in spite of all our care will come),
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar: for, by frequent use,
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry west,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
(As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal graces know;
So doubtless do your wives: For married fires,
As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil
From foreign themes recal my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wisely done: For while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now, while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirts to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: The lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: By those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year;

Endless to name; to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning Lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove.
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone, and mellow eve,
To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
While the soft evening saddens into night,
Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Through all her works. Now happy he, whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:
But be the first concoction half matur'd,
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He, from the toils
And troubles of the day, to heavier toil
Retires; whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury, struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury, the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain
Stung by the furies, works with poison'd thought:
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to fanity? though prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine:
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail

What ſeaſon you to drowſy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, freſh and vigorous from repoſe,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhauſted and unſtrung,
Weakly reſiſts the night's unwholeſome breath.
The grand diſcharge, th' effuſion of the ſkin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and through the ſick'ning functions ſteal.
As, when the chilling eaſt invades the ſpring,
The delicate narciſſus pines away
In hectic languor; and a ſlow diſeaſe
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, ſhould beauty cheriſh its own bane?
O ſhame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!
By toil ſubdued, the warrior and the hind
Sleep faſt and deep: their active functions ſoon
With generous ſtreams the ſubtle tubes ſupply;
And ſoon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the freſh impulſe, and awake the ſoul.
The ſons of indolence with long repoſe
Grow torpid; and, with ſloweſt Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt every ſenſe, and powerleſs every limb.
Ye, prone to ſleep (whom ſleeping moſt annoys),
On the hard mattreſs, or elaſtic couch,
Extend your limbs, and wean yourſelves from ſloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector of dry brain
And ſpringy nerves, the blandiſhments of down;
Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
Exhales his ſurfeit in prolixer dreams.
He without riot, in the balmy feaſt
Of life, the wants of nature has ſupply'd
Who riſes cool, ſerene, and full of ſoul.
But pliant nature more or leſs demands,
As cuſtom forms her; and all ſudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and ſtage by ſtage;
Slow as the ſhadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the ſtealing progreſs of the year.
Obſerve the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her ſeaſons change! Behold, by ſlow degrees,
Stern winter tam'd into a ruder ſpring!
The ripen'd ſpring a milder ſummer glows;
Departing ſummer ſheds Pomona's ſtore;
And aged autumn brews the winter ſtorm.
Slow as they come, theſe changes come not void
Of mortal ſhocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their firſt approaches ſeldom ſafe:
Funereal autumn all the ſickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely ſpring.
He well adviſ'd, who taught our wiſer ſires
Early to borrow Muſcovy's warm ſpoils,
Ere the firſt froſt has touch'd the tender blade;
And late reſign them, though the wanton ſpring
Should deck her charms with all her ſiſter's rays
For while the effluence of the ſkin maintains
Its native meaſure, the pleuretic ſpring
Glides harmleſs by; and autumn, ſick to death
With ſallow quartans, no contagion breathes.
I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what ſeaſons teem
With what diſeaſes; what the humid ſouth
Prepares, and what the demon of the eaſt:
But you, perhaps, refuſe the tedious ſong.
Beſides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moiſture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the ſky,
And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But ſhould the public bane
Infect you; or ſome treſpaſs of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality:
Soon as a not unpleaſing horror glides
Along the ſpine, through all your torpid limbs;
When firſt the head throbs, or the ſtomach feels
A ſickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celſus call'd: the fates come ruſhing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally ſecure,
Expect to-morrow's more auſpicious ſun,
The growing peſt, whoſe infancy was weak
And eaſy vanquiſh'd, with triumphant ſway
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.
Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What ſlight neglects, what trivial faults deſtroy
The hardieſt frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of ſuperfluity:
The all-ſurrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, though the putrid ſouth
Be ſhut; though no convulſive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' impriſoned plagues; a ſecret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has ſad Byzantium ſeen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her ſlaughter'd ſons, and lonely ſtreets!
Even Albion, girt with leſs malignant ſkies,
Albion the poiſon of the gods has drank,
And felt the ſting of monſters all her own.
Ere yet the ſell Plantagenets had ſpent
Their ancient rage, at Boſworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England ſhould receive,
Her legions in inceſtuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Aroſe, a monſter never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other peſts,
Purſu'd a gradual courſe, but in a day
Ruſh'd as a ſtorm o'er half th' aſtoniſhed iſle,
And ſtrew'd with ſudden carcaſes the land.
Firſt through the ſhoulders, or whatever part
Was ſeiz'd the firſt, a fervid vapour ſprung,
With raſh combuſtion thence, the quivering ſpark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And ſoon the ſurface caught the ſpreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood
Guſh'd out in ſmoky ſweats; but nought aſſuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The ſtomach's anguiſh. With inceſſant toil,

Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
With-held their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remain'd);
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For, who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.
Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected, fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desart some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursu'd.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigu'd with vain resources; and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen, but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then,
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.
Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires,
That lead through heaven the wandering year! ye powers,
That o'er th' encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thin'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wint'ry reign;
While in the west, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards, and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from these views the weeping muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

The choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! For, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander through mysterious ways.
There is, they say (and I believe there is),
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.
By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes,
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.
But 'tis not thought (for still the soul's employ'd),
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye, without fatigue,
Strays o'er the heaven and earth: but, long intent
On microscopic arts, its vigour fails.
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious study, discontent, and care,
Love without hope, and hate without revenge,

And fear, and jealouſy, fatigue the ſoul,
Engroſs the ſubtle miniſters of life,
And ſpoil the lab'ring functions of their ſhare.
Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears;
The lover's paleneſs, and the ſallow hue
Of envy, jealouſy; the meagre ſtare
Of ſore revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.

The ſtrong-built pedant; who, both night and day
Feeds on the coarſeſt fare the ſchools beſtow,
And crudely fattens at groſs Burman's ſtall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm, lies in a dropſy drown'd,
Or ſinks in lethargy before his time.
With uſeful ſtudies you, and arts that pleaſe,
Employ your mind: amuſe, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowſy metaphyſic ſage!
And ever may all heavy ſyſtems reſt!
Yet ſome there are, even of elaſtic parts,
Whom ſtrong and obſtinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to reliſh what their generous taſte
Would elſe refuſe. But may not thirſt of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With conſtant drudgery the liberal ſoul.
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour ſeize you, from philoſophy
To fable ſhift; from ſerious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from proſe to ſong.

While reading pleaſes, but no longer, read;
And read aloud reſounding Homer's ſtrain,
And wield the thunder of Demoſthenes.
The cheſt ſo exercis'd, improves its ſtrength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The reſtleſs blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter elſe through unelaſtic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What poſture ſuits: To ſtand and ſit by turns,
As nature prompts, is beſt. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The reſtleſs mind. For ever on purſuit
Of knowledge bent, it ſtarves the groſſer powers:
Quite unemploy'd, againſt its own repoſe
It turns its fatal edge, and ſharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where ſolitude, ſad nurſe of care,
To fickly muſing gives the penſive mind.
There madneſs enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Sour melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The ſun grows pale;
A mournful viſionary light o'erſpreads
The cheerful face of nature: earth becomes
A dreary deſert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various ſhapes of curs'd illuſion riſe:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monſters teems
Unknown in hell. The proſtrate ſoul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltleſs breaſt.

Such phantoms pride in ſolitary ſcenes,
Or fear, or delicate ſelf-love creates.
From other cares abſolv'd, the buſy mind
Finds in yourſelf a theme to pore upon.
It finds you miſerable, or makes you ſo.
For while yourſelf you anxiouſly explore,
Timorous ſelf-love, with ſickning fancy's aid,
Preſents the danger that you dread the moſt,
And ever galls you in your tender part.

Hence ſome for love, and ſome for jealouſy,
For grim religion ſome, and ſome for pride,
Have loſt their reaſon: ſome for fear of want
Want all their lives; and others every day
For fear of dying ſuffer worſe than death.
Ah! from your boſom baniſh, if you can,
Thoſe fatal gueſts: and firſt the demon fear;
That trembles at impoſſible events,
Leſt aged Atlas ſhould reſign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements ruſh down.
Is there an evil worſe than fear itſelf?
And what avails it, that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourſelves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the preſent; nor with needleſs cares,
Of what may ſpring from blind miſfortune's womb,
Appal the fureſt hour that life beſtows.
Serene and maſter of yourſelf, prepare
For what may come; and leave the reſt to Heaven.

Oft from the body, by long ails miſtun'd,
Theſe evils ſprung the moſt important health,
That of the mind, deſtroy: and when the mind
They firſt invade, the conſcious body ſoon
In ſympathetic languiſhment declines.
Theſe chronic paſſions, while from real woes
They riſe, and yet without the body's fault
Infeſt the ſoul, admit one only cure;
Diverſion, hurry, and a reſtleſs life.
Vain are the conſolations of the wiſe;
In vain your friends would reaſon down your pain.
O ye, whoſe ſouls relentleſs love has tam'd
To ſoft diſtreſs, or friends untimely fall'n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget thoſe pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, ſoft enthuſiaſt! quit the cypreſs groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your ſad complaint. Go, ſeek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the buſtling crowd;
Lay ſchemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wiſh
Of nobler minds, and paſh them night and day.
Or join the caravan in queſt of ſcenes
New to your eyes, and ſhifting every hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or more advent'rous, ruſh into the field [ſky,
Where war grows hot: and, raging through the
The loſty trumpet ſwells the madd'ning ſoul:
And in the hardy camp and toilſome march
Forget all ſofter and leſs manly cares.

But moſt too paſſive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to ſtrive with pain,
And bravely by reſiſting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts: and in the tempting bowl
Of poiſon'd nectar ſweet oblivion ſwill.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom diſſolves

In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream,
Swoln o er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For prodigal of life in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish port; you curse the wretch.
The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive champain you pour
A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And wish that heaven from mortals had with-held
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or, in the rage of wine, your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungraceful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.
How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful lo[illegible]feness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds,
Should ever roam: and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain
Rather than teaze her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bless.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, when sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care: (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supply'd.)
This noble end is, to produce the soul,
To show the virtues in their fairest light;

To make humanity the miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly ſage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell)! he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the paſſions, how to check their ſway
He knew, as far as reaſon can controul
The lawleſs powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the ſchool of Pæon, I relate
What paſſions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.
Know then, whatever cheerful and ſerene
Supports the mind, ſupports the body too.
Hence, the moſt vital movements mortals feel
Is hope; the balm and life-blood of the ſoul.
It pleaſes, and it laſts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind deluſion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happieſt ſtate no tedious thing.
Our greateſt good, and what we leaſt can ſpare,
Is hope: the laſt of all our evils, fear.
But there are paſſions grateful to the breaſt,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they pleaſe
Or to exceſs, and diſſipate the ſoul; [clown,
Or while they pleaſe, torment. The ſtubborn
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale uſurer,
(If love's omnipotence ſuch hearts can mould)
May ſafely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can.
Love in ſuch boſoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleaſes. But, ye finer ſouls,
Form'd to ſoft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reſerve
Indulge the ſweet deſtroyer of repoſe,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.
For, while the cheriſh'd poiſon in your breaſt
Ferments and maddens; ſick with jealouſy,
Abſence, diſtruſt, or even with anxious joy,
The wholeſome appetites and powers of life
Diſſolve in languor. The coy ſtomach lothes
The genial board: Your cheerful days are gone;
The generous bloom that flaſh'd your cheeks is fled.
To ſighs devoted and to tender pains,
Penſive you ſit, or ſolitary ſtray,
And waſte your youth in muſing. Muſing firſt
Toy'd into care your unſuſpecting heart:
It found a liking there, a ſportful fire,
And that fomented into ſerious love;
Which muſing daily ſtrengthens and improves
Through all the heights of fondneſs and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal ſhaft has ſped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body waſtes away; th' infected mind,
Diſſolv'd in female tenderneſs, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet heaven from ſuch intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breaſts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be ſhun'd,
Love well repaid, and not too weakly ſunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderneſs,
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue ſheds
A gay, humane, a ſweet, and generous grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitleſs, hopeleſs, diſappointed, rack'd
With jealouſy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too ſerious, or too languiſhingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the ſoul.
And ſome have died for love; and ſome run mad;
And ſome with deſperate hands themſelves have ſlain.
Some to extinguiſh, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to diſſipate
The cares of love amongſt an hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to thoſe who are ſincerely ſick.
For while from feveriſh and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid and the ſoul ſubſides,
The tender fancy ſmarts with every ſting,
And what was love before is madneſs now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate ſtill: When nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient ſallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or looſe imagination, ſpurs you on
To deeds above your ſtrength, impute it not
To nature: Nature all compulſion hates.
Ah! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might ſleep without;
To make what ſhould be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious taſk; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of ſoft joys
How chang'd you riſe! the ghoſt of what you was!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhauſted, and your nerves unſtrung,
Spoil'd of its balm and ſprightly zeſt, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each ſlight impulſe tremblingly awake)
A ſubtle fiend that mimics all the plagues
Rapid and reſtleſs ſprings from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diſeaſes haunt you; and untimely age
Creeps on; unſocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waſte
The ſtores of pleaſure, cheerfulneſs, and health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour purſue.
Who pines with love, or in laſcivious flames
Conſumes, is with his own conſent undone:
He chooſes to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a paſſion, whoſe tempeſtuous ſway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breaſt,
And ſhakes to ruins proud philoſophy.
For pale and trembling anger ruſhes in,
With fault'ring ſpeech, and eyes that wildly ſtare;
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the ſeas,
Deſperate, and arm'd with more than human ſtrength.

How ſoon the calm, humane, and poliſh'd man
Forgets compunction, and ſtarts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or waſtes with ſilent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly deſcends, and ling'ring, to the ſhades.
But he whom anger ſtings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and ruſhes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell,
For, as the body through unnumber'd ſtrings
Reverberates each vibration of the ſoul;
As is the paſſion, ſuch is ſtill the pain
The body feels: or chronic, or acute.
And oft a ſudden ſtorm at once o'erpowers
The life, or gives your reaſon to the winds.
Such fates attend the raſh alarm of fear,
And ſudden grief, and rage, and ſudden joy. [ſit
There are, mean time, to whom the boiſt'rous
Is health, and only fills the ſails of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous ſally ſpurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breaſt, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably ſtrung,
Wave all diſpute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep lent for ever; and forſwear the bowl.
For one raſh moment ſends you to the ſhades,
Or ſhatters ev'ry hopeful ſcheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague,
That ruins, tortures, or diſtracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,
O'erwhelms you not with woes ſo horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more ſudden blows.
While choler works, good friend, you may be
wrong;
Diſtruſt yourſelf, and ſleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice againſt a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in proſe or ſong,
To tame the fiend that ſleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reaſon well; ſee as you ought to ſee,
And wonder at the madneſs of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you ſoon forget
The ſpeculations of your wiſer hours.
Beſet with furies of all deadly ſhapes,
Fierce and inſidious, violent and ſlow:
With all that urge or lure us on to fate:
What refuge ſhall we ſeek? what arms prepare?
Where reaſon proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with ſubtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new paſſions to your aid:
With indignation would extinguiſh fear,
With fear or generous pity vanquiſh rage,
And love with pride; and force to force oppoſe.
There is a charm, a power, that ſways the
breaſt;
Bids every paſſion revel or be ſtill;
Inſpires with rage, or all your cares diſſolves;
Can ſooth diſtraction, and almoſt deſpair.
That power is muſic: far beyond the ſtretch
Of thoſe unmeaning warblers on our ſtage;
Thoſe clumſy heroes, thoſe fat-headed gods,
Who move no paſſion juſtly but contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and ſtrong)!
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear thoſe monſtrous arts;
Good Heaven! we praiſe them: we, with loudeſt
peals,
Applaud the fool that higheſt lifts his heels;
And, with inſipid ſhow of rapture, die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the muſe's laurel juſtly ſhares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire;
Who, with bold rage or ſolemn pomp of ſounds,
Inflames, exalts, and raviſhes the ſoul;
Now tender, plaintive, ſweet almoſt to pain,
In love diſſolves you; now in ſprightly ſtrains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling
breaſt,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely ſad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous ſtrings.
Such was the bard, whoſe heavenly ſtrains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame ſay true,
The man who bade the Theban domes aſcend,
And tam'd the ſavage nations with his ſong;
And ſuch the Thracian, whoſe melodious lyre,
Tun'd to ſoft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeem'd his loſt Eurydice.
Muſic exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diſeaſes, ſoftens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poiſon, and the plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd
One power of phyſic, melody, and ſong.

POEMS.

OF BENEVOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE TO EUMENES *. 1751.

KIND to my frailties ſtill, Eumenes, hear;
Once more I try the patience of your ear.

* *This little piece was addreſſed to a worthy gentleman, as an expreſſion of gratitude for his kind endeavours to do the author a great piece of ſervice.*

Not oft I ſing: the happier for the town,
So ſtunn'd already, they're quite ſtupid grown
With monthly, daily—charming things I own.
Happy for them I ſeldom court the nine;
Another art, a ſerious art, is mine.
Of nauſeous verſes offer'd once a week,
You cannot ſay I did it, if you're ſick.
'Twas ne'er my pride to ſhine by flaſhy ſits
Amongſt the daily, weekly, monthly wits.

Content if ſome few friends indulge my name,
So ſlightly am I ſtung with love of fame,
I would not ſcrawl one hundred idle lines—
Not for the praiſe of all the magazines.
Yet once a moon, perhaps, I ſteal a night;
And, if our ſire Apollo pleaſes, write.
You ſmile; but all the train the muſe that follow,
Chriſtians and dunces, ſtill we quote Apollo.
Unhappy ſtill our poets will rehearſe
To Goths, that ſtare aſtoniſh'd at their verſe;
To the rank tribes ſubmit their virgin lays;
So groſs, ſo beſtial, is the luſt of praiſe!
I to ſound judges from the mob appeal,
And write to thoſe who moſt my ſubject feel.
Eumenes, theſe dry moral lines I truſt
With you, whom nought that's moral can diſguſt.
With you I venture, in plain home-ſpun ſenſe,
What I imagine of benevolence.
Of all the monſters of the human kind,
What ſtrikes you moſt is the low ſelfiſh mind.
You wonder how, without one liberal joy,
The ſteady miſer can his years employ;
Without one friend, howe'er his fortunes thrive,
Deſpis'd and hated, how he bears to live.
With honeſt warmth of heart, with ſome degree
Of pity that ſuch wretched things ſhould be,
You ſcorn the ſordid knave—He grins at you,
And deems himſelf the wiſer of the two.—
'Tis all but taſte, howe'er we ſift the caſe;
He has his joy, as every creature has.
'Tis true, he cannot boaſt an angel's ſhare,
Yet has what happineſs his organs bear.
Thou likewiſe mad'ſt the high ſeraphic ſoul,
Maker Omnipotent! and thou the owl,
Heav'n form'd *him* too, and doubtleſs for ſome uſe:
But Crane-court knows not yet all nature's views.
'Tis chiefly taſte, or blunt, or groſs, or fine,
Makes life inſipid, beſtial, or divine.
Better be born with taſte to little rent
Than the dull monarch of a continent.
Without this bounty which the gods beſtow,
Can fortune make one favourite happy?—No.
As well might fortune, in her frolic vein,
Proclaim an oyſter ſovereign of the main.
Without fine nerves, and boſom juſtly warm'd,
An eye, an ear, a fancy to be charm'd,
In vain majeſtic Wren expands the dome;
Blank as pale ſtucco Rubens lines the room:
Loſt are the raptures of bold Handel's ſtrain;
Great Tully ſtorms, ſweet Virgil ſings, in vain.
The beauteous forms of nature are effac'd;
Tempe's ſoft charms, the raging wat'ry waſte,
Each greatly-wild, each ſweet romantic ſcene,
Unheeded riſes, and almoſt unſeen.
Yet theſe are joys, with ſome of better clay,
To ſoothe the toils of life's embarraſs'd way.
Theſe the fine frame which charming horrors chill,
And give the nerves delightfully to thrill.
But of all taſte the nobleſt and the beſt,
The firſt enjoyment of the generous breaſt,
Is to behold in man's obnoxious ſtate
Scenes of content, and happy turns of fate.
Fair views of nature, ſhining works of art,
Amuſe the fancy, but *thoſe* touch the heart.
Chiefly for this proud epic ſong delights,
For this ſome riot on th' Arabian Nights.
Each caſe is ours; and, for the human mind,
'Tis monſtrous not to feel for all mankind.
Were all mankind unhappy, who could taſte
Elyſium, or be ſolitarily bleſt?
Shock'd with ſurrounding ſhapes of human woe,
All that or ſenſe or fancy could beſtow,
You would reject with ſick and coy diſdain,
And pant to ſee one cheerful face again.
But if life's better proſpects to behold
So much delight the man of generous mould,
How happy they, the great, the godlike few,
Who daily cultivate this pleaſing view!
This is a joy poſſeſs'd by few indeed!
Dame fortune has ſo many fools to feed,
She cannot oft afford, with all her ſtore,
To yield her ſmiles where nature ſmil'd before.
To ſinking worth a cordial hand to lend;
With better fortune to ſurpriſe a friend;
To cheer the modeſt ſtranger's lonely ſtate;
Or ſnatch an orphan family from fate;
To do, poſſeſs'd with virtue's nobleſt fire,
Such generous deeds as we with tears admire;
Deeds that, above ambition's vulgar aim,
Secure an amiable, a ſolid fame:
Theſe are ſuch joys as heaven's firſt favourites ſeize;
Theſe pleaſe you now, and will for ever pleaſe.
Too ſeldom we great moral deeds admire;
The will, the power, th' occaſion, muſt conſpire.
Yet few there are ſo impotent and low,
But can ſome ſmall good offices beſtow.
Small as they are, however cheap they come,
They add ſtill ſomething to the general ſum:
And him who gives the little in his power,
The world acquits; and Heaven demands no more.
Unhappy he who feels each neighbour's woe,
Yet no relief, no comfort can beſtow.
Unhappy too, who feels each kind eſſay,
And for great favours has but words to pay;
Who, ſcornful of the flatterer's fawning art,
Dreads even to pour his gratitude of heart;
And with a diſtant lover's ſilent pain
Muſt the heſt movements of his ſoul reſtrain.
But men, ſagacious to explore mankind,
Trace even the coyeſt paſſions of the mind.
Not only to the good we owe good will;
In good and bad diſtreſs demands it ſtill.
This with the generous lays diſtinction low,
Endears a friend, and recommends a foe.
Not that reſentment never ought to riſe;
For even exceſs of virtue ranks with vice:
And there are villanies no bench can awe,
That ſport without the limits of the law.
No laws th' ungenerous crime would reprehend,
Could I forget Eumenes was my friend:
In vain the gibbet or the pillory claim
The wretch who blaſts a helpleſs virgin's fame.
Where laws are dup'd, 'tis nor unjuſt nor mean
To ſeize the proper time for honeſt ſpleen.
An open candid foe I could not hate,
Nor even inſult the baſe in humbled ſtate;
But thriving malice tamely to forgive—
'Tis ſomewhat late to be ſo primitive.

But I detain you with these tedious lays,
Which few perhaps would read, and fewer praise.
No matter: could I please the polish'd few
Who taste the serious or the gay like you,
The squeamish mob may find my verses bare
Of every grace—but curse me if I care.
Besides, I little court Parnassian fame;
There's yet a better than a poet's name.
'Twould more indulge my pride to hear it said
That I with you the paths of honour tread,
Than that amongst the proud poetic train
No modern boasted a more classic vein;
Or that in numbers I let loose my song,
Smooth as the Tweed, and as the Severn strong.

TASTE:

AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CRITIC. 1753.

"Proferre quæ sentiat cur quisquam liber dubitet?—Malim, mehercule, solus insanire, quam "sobrius aut plebis aut patrum delirationibus ig-"naviter assentari."— *Autor Anonym. Fragm.*

RANGE from Tower-hill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple, t' utmost Grosvenor-street:
Take in your route both Gray's and Lincoln's Inn;
Miss not, be sure, my lords and gentlemen;
You'll hardly raise, as I with * *Petty* guess
Above twelve thousand men of taste, unless
In desperate times a *Connoisseur* may pass.
"A connoisseur! What's that?" 'Tis hard to say:
But you must oft, amidst the fair and gay,
Have seen a would-be rake, a fluttering fool,
Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.
Alas, vain youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?
Thou be gallant without or blood or bones!
You'd split to hear th' insipid coxcomb cry
Ah, charming Nanny! 'tis too much!—I die!—
Die and be d—n'd, says one; but let me tell ye
I'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye.
'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote:
At Nando's 'twill but cost you half a groat;
The Bedford school at threepence is not dear, Sir;
At White's—*the stars instruct you* for a testor.
But he, whom nature never meant to share
One spark of taste, will never catch it there:—
Nor no where else; howe'er the booby beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.
Good native taste, though rude, is seldom wrong,
Be it in music, painting, or in song.
But this, as well as other faculties,
Improves with age, and ripens by degrees.
I know, my dear, 'tis needless to deny 't,
You like Voiture, you think him wondrous bright:
But seven years hence, your relish more matur'd,
What new delights will hardly be endur'd
The boy may live to taste Racine's fine charms,
Whom Lee's bald orb or Rowe's dry rapture warms:
But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care,
Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair;
Or with Erasmus can admit to vie
Brown of Squab-hall, *of merry memory;*
Will die a Goth; and nod at * Woden's feast,
Th' eternal winter long, on † Gregory's breast.
Long may he swill, this patriarch of the dull,
The drowsy mum—But touch not Maro's skull!
His holy barbarous dotage sought to doom,
Good heaven! th' immortal classics to the tomb!—
Those sacred lights shall bid new genius rise,
When all Rome's saints have rotted from the skies.
Be these your guides, if at the ivy crown
You aim; each country's classics, and your own.
But chiefly with the ancients pass your prime,
And drink Castalia at the fountain's brim.
The man to genuine burgundy bred up,
Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his cup.
Those sovereign masters of the muses skill
Are the true patterns of good writing still.
Their ore was rich, and seven times purg'd of lead;
Their art seem'd nature, 'twas so finely hid.
Though born with all the powers of writing well,
What pains it cost they did not blush to tell.
Their ease (my lords)! ne'er loung'd for want of fire,
Nor did their rage through affectation tire,
Free from all tawdry and imposing glare
They trusted to their native grace of air.
Rapt'rous and wild the trembling soul they seize
Or sly coy beauties steal it by degrees;
The more you view them still the more they please.
Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit
Who worm their sense out; but ne'er taste their spirit.
Witness each pedant under bently bred;
Each commentator that e'er commented.
(You scarce can seize a spot of classic ground,
With leagues of Dutch morass so floated round).
Witness—but Sir, I hold a cautious pen,
Lest I should *wrong* some *honourable men*,
They grow enthusiasts too—*'Tis true!* *'Tis pity!*
But 'tis not every lunatic that's witty.
Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad,
Ashley once turn'd a solid barber's head:
Hear all that's said or printed if you can,
Ashley has turn'd more solid heads than one.
Let such admire each great or specious name;
For right or wrong the joy to them's the same.
"Right!" Yes a thousand times—Each fool has heard
That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Despise them civilly with all my heart—
But to convince them is a desperate part.
Why should you teaze one for what secret cause
One doats on Horace, or on Hudibras?

---

* *Sir William Petty, author of the Political Arithmetic.*

* *Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's hall; where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors, out of the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.*

† *Pope Gregory the VIth, distinguished by the name of St. Gregory; whose pious zeal, in the cause of barbarous ignorance and priestly tyranny, exerted itself in demolishing, to the utmost of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.*

'Tis cruel, Sir, 'tis needleſs, to endeavour
To teach a ſot of taſte he knows no flavour,
To diſunite I neither wiſh nor hope
A ſtubborn blockhead from his fav'rite ſop.
Yes—ſop I ſay, were Maro's ſelf before 'em:
For Maro's ſelf grows dull as they pore o'er him.
But hear their raptures o'er ſome ſpecious rhyme
Dubb'd by the muſk'd and greaſy mob ſublime.
For ſpleen's dear ſake hear how a coxcomb prates
As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats;
"*Muſic has charms to ſooth the ſavage breaſt,*
"*To ſoften rocks, and oaks,*"—and all the reſt;
"*I've heard*"—Bleſs theſe long ears!—"Heavens
"what a ſtrain!
"Good God! what thunders burſt in this *Cam-*
"*paign!*
"Hark Waller warbles! Ah! how ſweetly killing!
"Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling!
"Rowe breathes all Shakſpeare here!—that ode
"of Prior
"Is Spenſer quite! egad his very fire!—
"As like"—Yes faith! as gum-flowers to the roſe,
Or as to claret flat Minorca's doſe;
As like as (if I am not groſsly wrong)
Erle Robert's mice to aught e'er Chaucer ſung.
Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruſe
Each fav'rite modern, ev'n each ancient muſe.
With all the comic ſalt and tragic rage
The great ſtupendous genius of our ſtage,
Boaſt of our iſland, pride of humankind,
Had faults to which the boxes are not blind.
His frailties are to every goſſip known:
Yet Milton's pedantries not ſhock the town.
Ne'er be the dupe of names, however high;
For ſome outlive good parts, ſome miſapply.
Each elegant Spectator you admire;
But muſt you therefore ſwear by Cato's fire?
Maſks for the court, and oft a clumſey jeſt,
Diſgrac'd the muſe that wrought the Alchemiſt,
"But to the ancients."—Faith! I am not clear,
For all the ſmooth round type of Elzevir,
That every work which laſts in proſe or ſong,
Two thouſand years, deſerves to laſt ſo long.
For not to mention ſome eternal blades
Known only now in th' academic ſhades,
(Thoſe ſacred groves where raptur'd ſpirits ſtray,
And in word-hunting waſte the live-long day)
Ancients whom none but curious critics ſcan,
Do, read * Meſſala's praiſes if you can.
Ah! who but feels the ſweet contagious ſmart
While ſoft Tibullus pours his tender heart?
With him the loves and muſes melt in tears;
But not a word of ſome hexameters.
"You grow ſo ſqueamiſh and ſo dev'liſh dry,
"You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I.
Some find him tedious, others think him lame:
But if he lags his ſubject is to blame.
Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,
Yet ſtill he marches with true Roman pride:
Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright,
He ſtreams athwart the philoſophic night.

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* *A poem of Tibullus's in hexameter verſe; as yawning and inſipid as his elegies are tender and natural.*

Find you in Horace no inſipid odes?—
He dar'd to tell us Homer ſometimes nods;
And but for ſuch a critic's hardy ſkill
Homer might ſlumber unſuſpected ſtill.
Taſteleſs, implicit, indolent, and tame,
At ſecond hand we chiefly praiſe or blame.
Hence 'tis, for elſe one knows not why nor how,
Some authors flouriſh for a year or two;
For many ſome, more wond'rous ſtill to tell;
Farquhar yet lingers on the brink of hell.
Of ſolid merit others pine unknown;
At firſt, though * Carlos ſwimmingly went down
Poor Belvidera fail'd to melt the town.
Sunk in dead night the giant Milton lay
'Till Sommer's hand produc'd him to the day.
But, thanks to heaven and Addiſon's good grace,
Now ev'ry ſop is charm'd with Chevy Chaſe.
Specious and ſage, the ſovereign of the flock
Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn rock
Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train
Or crop the downs, or headlong ſeek the main.
As blindly we our ſolemn leaders follow,
And good, and bad, and execrable ſwallow.
Pray, on the firſt throng'd evening of a play
That wears the † *facies hippocratica*,
Strong lines of death, ſigns dire of reprobation;
Have you not ſeen the angel of ſalvation
Appear ſublime; with wiſe and ſolemn rap
To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap:—
The rabble knows not where our dramas ſhine;
But where the cane goes pat—*By G--- that's fine!*
Judge for yourſelf; nor wait with timid phlegm
Till ſome illuſtrious pedant hum or hem.
The lords who ſtarv'd old Ben were learn'dly fond
Of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil they conn'd.
Their ſons, whoſe ears bold Milton could not ſeize,
Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and ſnuff and ſneeze,
And ſwear and ſeem as tickled as you pleaſe.
Their ſpawn, the pride of this ſublimer age,
Feel to the toes and horns grave Milton's rage.
Though liv'd he now he might appeal with ſcorn,
To lords, knights, 'ſquires, and doctors, yet unborn,
Or juſtly mad to Moloch's burning fane
Devote the choiceſt children of his brain.
Judge for yourſelf; and as you find report
Of wit as freely as of beef or port.
Zounds! ſhall a pert or bluff important wight,
Whoſe brain is fancieleſs, whoſe blood is white;
A mumbling ape of taſte; preſcribe us laws
To try the poets, for no better cauſe
Than that he boaſts *per ann.* ten thouſand clear,
Yelps in the Houſe, or barely ſits a peer?
For ſhame! for ſhame! the liberal Britiſh ſoul
To ſtoop to any ſtale dictator's rule!

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* *Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's now long and juſtly forgotten, went off with great applauſe; while his Orphan, a ſomewhat better performance, and what is yet more ſtrange, his Venice Preſerved, according to theatrical anecdotes of thoſe times, met with a very cold reception.*

† *The appearance of the face in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, as it is deſcribed by Hippocrates.*

I may be wrong, and often am no doubt,
But right or wrong with friends, with foes 'twill out.
Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain
Of trite invention and a flimsy vein,
Tame characters, uninteresting, jejune,
And passions drily copied from * Le Brun.
For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men, generous Fenelon.
But in the name of goodness, must I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could see?
And then to flatter where there's no reward—
Better be any patron-hunting bard,
Who half our lords with filthly praise besmears,
And sing an anthem to ALL MINISTERS:
Taste th' Attic salt in ev'ry peer's poor rebus,
And crown each Gothic idol for a Phœbus.
Alas! so far from free, so far from brave,
We dare not show the little taste we have.
With us you'll see ev'n vanity controul
The most refin'd sensations of the soul.
Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakspeare's we defy:
"Lard, Madam! 'tis so unpolite to cry!—
"For shame, my dear! d'ye credit all this stuff?---
"I vow—well, this is innocent enough?"
At Athens long ago, the ladies—(married)
Dreamt not they misbehav'd though they miscarried,
When a wild poet with licentious rage
Turn'd fifty furies loose upon the stage.
They were so tender and so easy mov'd,
Heavens! how the Grecian ladies must have lov'd!
For all the fine sensations still have dwelt,
Perhaps, where one was exquisitely felt.
Thus he who heavenly Maro truly feels
Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills.
The grosser senses too, the taste, the smell,
Are likely truest where the fine prevail:
Who doubts that Horace must have cater'd well?
Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess
What books you doat on from your fav'rite mess.
Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whom-e'er
The frothy pertness strikes of weak small beer.
Who steeps the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce
Will hardly lothe the praise that bastes an ass.
Who riots on Scotch collops scorns not any
Insipid, fulsome, trashy miscellany;
And who devours whate'er the cook can dish up,
Will for a classic consecrate each * bishop.
But I am sick of pen and ink; and you
Will find this letter long enough. Adieu!

* *First painter to Lewis XIV. who, to speak in fashionable English,* called himself LEWIS THE GREAT. *Our sovereign lords the passions, love, rage, despair, &c. were graciously pleased to sit to him in their turns for their portraits; which he was generous enough to communicate to the public, to the great improvement, no doubt, of history-painting. It was he who they say poisoned Le Sueur; who, without half his advantages, in many other respects, was so unreasonable and provoking as to display a genius with which his own could stand no comparison. It was he and his Gothic disciples, who, with sly scratches, defaced the most masterly of this Le Sueur's performances, as often as their barbarous envy could snugly reach them. Yet after all these atchievements he died in his bed! A catastrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the* fine arts *are as zealously and judiciously patronised as they are well understood.*

IMITATION

OF SHAKSPEARE AND SPENSER.

Advertisement from the Publisher.

THE following imitation of Shakspeare was one of our author's first attempts in poetry, made when he was very young. It helped to amuse the solitude of a winter passed in a wild romantic country; and, what is rather particular, was just finished when Mr. Thomson's celebrated poem upon the same subject appeared. Mr. Thomson, soon hearing of it, had the curiosity to procure a copy by the means of a common acquaintance. He showed it to his poetical friends, Mr. Mallet, Mr. Aaron Hill, and Dr. Young, who, it seems, did great honour to it; and the first mentioned gentleman wrote to one of his friends at Edinburgh, desiring the author's leave to publish it; a request too flattering to youthful vanity to be resisted. But Mr. Mallet altered his mind: and this little piece has hitherto remained unpublished.

The other imitations of Shakspeare happen to have been saved out of the ruins of an unfinished tragedy on the story of Tereus and Philomela; attempted upon an irregular and extravagant plan, at an age much too early for such atchievements. However, they are here exhibited for the sake of such guests as may like a little repast of scraps.

Now summer with her wanton court is gone
To revel on the south side of the world,
And flaunt and frolic out the live-long day.
While winter rising pale from northern seas
Shakes from his hoary locks the drizzling rheum.
A blast so shrewd makes the tall-bodied pines
Unsinewed bend, and heavy-paced bears
Sends growling to their savage tenements.
Now blows the surly north, and chills throughout
The stiffening regions; while, by stronger charms
Than Circe e'er or fell Medea brew'd,
Each brook that wont to prattle to its banks
Lies all bestill'd and wedg'd betwixt its banks,
Nor moves the wither'd reeds: and the rash flood
That from the mountains held its headstrong course,
Buried in livid sheets of vaulting ice,
Seen through the shameful breaches, idly creeps
To pay a scanty tribute to the ocean.
What wonder? when the floating wilderness
That scorns our miles, and calls geography
A shallow pryer; from whose unsteady mirror
The high-hung pole surveys his dancing locks;

* *See Felton's Classics.*

When this ſtill-raving deep lies mute and dead,
Nor heaves its ſwelling boſom to the winds.
The ſurges, baited by the fierce north-eaſt
Toſſing with fretful ſpleen their angry heads
To roar and ruſh together,
Even in the foam of all their madneſs ſtruck
To monumental ice, ſtand all aſtride
The rocks they waſh'd ſo late. Such execution,
So ſtern, ſo ſudden, wrought the griſly aſpect
Of terrible Meduſa, ere young Perſeus
With his keen ſabre cropt her horrid head,
And laid her ſerpents rowling on the duſt;
When wandering through the woods ſhe frown'd to ſtone
Their ſavage tenants: juſt as the foaming lion
Sprung furious on his prey, her ſpeedier power
Outrun his haſte; no time to languiſh in,
But fix'd in that fierce attitude he ſtands
Like Rage in marble.—Now portly Argoſies
Lie wedg'd 'twixt Neptune's ribs. The bridg'd abyſm
Has chang'd our ſhips to horſes; the ſwift bark
Yields to the heavy waggon and the cart,
That now from iſle to iſle maintain the trade;
And where the ſurface-haunting dolphin led
Her ſportive young, is now an area fit
For the wild ſchool-boy's paſtime.
Meantime the evening ſkies, cruſted with ice,
Shifting from red to black their weighty ſkirts,
Hang mournful o'er the hills; and ſtealing night
Rides the bleak puffing winds, that ſeem to ſpit
Their foam ſparſe through the welkin, which is nothing
If not beheld. Anon the burden'd heaven
Shakes from its ample ſieve the boulted ſnow;
That fluttering down beſprinkles the ſad trees
In mockery of leaves; piles up the hills
To monſtrous altitude, and chokes to the lips
The deep impervious vales that yawn as low
As to the centre, nature's vaſty breaches.
While all the pride of men and mortal things
Lies whelm'd in heaven's white ruins.—
The ſhivering clown digs his obſtructed way
Through the ſnow-barricadoed cottage door;
And muffled in his home-ſpun plaid encounters
With livid cheeks and rheum-diſtilling noſe
The morning's ſharp and ſcourging breath; to count
His ſtarving flock whoſe number's all too ſhort
To make the goodly ſum of yeſternight:
Part deep ingurgitated, part yet ſtruggling
With their laſt pantings melt themſelves a grave
In winter's boſom; which yields not to the touch
Of the pale languid creſcet of this world,
That now with lean and churliſh huſbandry
Yields heartleſsly the remnants of his prime;
And like moſt ſpendthrifts ſtarves his latter days
For former rankneſs. He with bleary eye
Blazons his own diſgrace; the harneſs'd waſte
Rebellious to his blunt defeated ſhafts;
And idly ſtrikes the chalky mountains tops
That riſe to kiſs the welkin's ruddy lips;
Where all the raſh young bullies of the air
Mount their quick ſlender penetrating wings,
Whipping the froſt-burnt villagers to the bones;
And growing with their motion mad and furious,
Till ſwoln to tempeſts they out-rage the thunder;
Winnow the chaffy ſnow, and mock the ſkies
Even with their own artillery retorted;
Tear up and throw th' accumulated hills
Into the vallies. And as rude hurricanes,
Diſcharg'd from the wind-ſwoln cheeks of heaven,
Buoy up the ſwilling ſkirts of Araby's
Inhoſpitable wilds,
And roll the duſty deſert through the ſkies,
Choking the liberal air, and ſmothering
Whole caravans at once; ſuch havoc ſpreads
This war of heaven and earth, ſuch ſudden ruin
Viſits their houſeleſs citizens, that ſhrink
In the falſe ſhelter of the hills together,
And hear the tempeſt howling o'er their heads
That by and by o'erwhelms them. The very birds,
Thoſe few that troop'd not with the chiming tribe
Of amorous ſummer, quit their ruffian element;
And with domeſtic tameneſs hop and flutter
Within the roofs of perſecuting man,
(Grown hoſpitable by like ſenſe of ſufferance);
Whither the hinds, the debt o' the day diſcharg'd,
From kiln or barn repairing, ſhut the door
On ſurly winter; crowd the clean-ſwept hearth
And cheerful ſhining fire; and doff the time,
The whilſt the maids their twirling ſpindles ply,
With muſty legends and ear-pathing tales;
Of giants, and black necromantic bards,
Of air built caſtles, feats of madcap knights,
And every hollow fiction of romance.
And, as their rambling humour leads them, talk
Of prodigies, and things of dreadful utterance;
That ſet them all agape, rouſe up their hair,
And make the idiot drops ſtart from their eyes;
Of church-yard belching flames at dead of night,
Of walking ſtatues, ghoſts unaffable,
Haunting the dark waſte tower or airleſs dungeon;
Then of the elves that deftly trip the green,
Drinking the ſummer's moonlight from the flowers;
And all the toys that phantaſy pranks up
T' amuſe her fools withal.—Thus they laſh on
The ſnail-pac'd hyperborean nights, till heaven
Hangs with a juſter poize: when the murk clouds
Roll'd up in heavy wreaths low-bellying, ſeem
To kiſs the ground, and all the waſte of ſnow
Looks blue beneath 'em: till plump'd with bloating dropſy,
Beyond the bounds and ſtretch of continence,
They burſt at once; down pours the hoarded rain,
Waſhing the ſlippery winter from the hills,
And floating all the vallies. The fading ſcene
Melts like a loſt enchantment, or vain phantaſm
That can no more abuſe. Nature reſumes
Her old ſubſtantial ſhape, while from the waſte
Of undiſtinguiſhing calamity,
Foreſt, and by their ſides wide-ſkirted plains,
Houſes and trees ariſe; and waters flow,
That from their dark confinements burſting, ſpurn
Their brittle chains; huge ſheets of looſen'd ice
Float on their boſoms to the deep, and jarr
And clatter as they paſs; th' o'erjutting banks,
As long unpractis'd to ſo ſteep a view,
Seem to look dizzy on the moving pomp.

Now ev'ry petty brook that crawl'd along,
Railing its pebbles, mocks the river's rage,
Like the proud frog i' the fable. The huge *Danube*,
While melting mountains ruſh into its tide,
Rolls with ſuch headſtrong and unreined courſe,
As it would choke the *Euxine's* gulfy maw,
Burſting his cryſtal cerements. The breathing time
Of peace expir'd, that huſh'd the deaf'ning ſcenes
Of clam'rous indignation, ruffian war
Rebels, and nature ſtands at odds again:
When the rous'd furies of the fighting winds
Torment the main; that ſwells its angry ſides,
And churns the foam betwixt its flinty jaws:
While through the ſavage dungeon of the night
The horrid thunder growls. Th' ambitious waves
Aſſault the ſkies, and from the burſting clouds
Drink the glib lightning; as if the ſeas
Would quench the ever burning fires of heaven.
Straight from their ſlipp'ry pomp they madly plunge
And kiſs the loweſt pebbles. Wretched they
That 'midſt ſuch rude vexation of the deep
Guide a frail veſſel. Better ice-bound ſtill,
Than mock'd with liberty thus be reſign'd
To the rough fortune of the froward time;
When navigation all a tip-toe ſtands
On ſuch unſteady footing. Now they mount
On the tall billow's top, and ſeem to jowl
Againſt the ſtars; whence (dreadful eminence)!
They ſee with ſwimming eyes (enough to hurry round
In endleſs vertigo the dizzy brain)
A gulf that ſwallows viſion, with wide mouth
Steep-yawning to receive them; down they duck
To the rugged bottom of the main, and view
The adamantine gates of vaulted hell:
Thence toſs'd to light again, till borne adrift
Againſt ſome icy mountains bulging ſides
They reel, and are no more.—Nor leſs by land
Ravage the winds, that in their wayward rage
Howl through the wide unhoſpitable glens;
That rock the ſtable-planted towers, and ſhake
The hoary monuments of ancient time
Down to their flinty baſes; that engage
As they would tear the mountains from their roots,
And bruſh the high heavens with their woody heads;
Making the ſtout oaks bow.—But I forget
That ſprightly Ver trips on old winter's heel:
Ceaſe we theſe notes too tragic for the time,
Nor jar againſt great nature's ſymphony;
When even the bluſtrous elements grow tuneful,
Or liſten to the concert. Hark! how loud
The cuckoo wakes the ſolitary wood!
Soft ſigh the winds as o'er the greens they ſtray,
And murmuring brooks within their channels play.

PROGNE'S DREAM:

Darkly expreſſive of ſome paſt events that were ſoon to be revealed to her.

——————Last night I dreamt,
Whate'er it may forebode it moves me ſtrangely,
That I was rapt into the raving deep;
An old and reverend ſire conducted me:
He plung'd into the boſom of the main,
And bade me not to fear but follow him.
I followed; with impetuous ſpeed we div'd,
And heard the daſhing thunder o'er our heads.
Many a ſlippery fathom down we ſunk, [tom.
Beneath all plummets' ſound, and reach'd the bot-
When there, I aſk'd my venerable guide
If he could tell me where my ſiſter was;
He told me that ſhe lay not far from thence
Within the boſom of a flinty rock,
Where Neptune kept her for his paramour
Hid from the jealous Amphitrite's ſight;
And ſaid he could conduct me to the place.
I beg'd he would. Through dreadful ways we paſt, [ſide,
'Twixt rocks that frightfully lower'd on either
Whence here and there the branching coral ſprung;
O'er dead men's bones we walk'd, o'er heaps of gold and gems,
Into a hideous kind of wilderneſs,
Where ſtood a ſtern and priſon-looking rock,
Daub'd with a moſſy verdure all around,
The mockery of paint. As we drew near
Out ſprung a hydra from a den below,
A ſpeckl'd fury; fearfully it hiſs'd,
And roll'd its ſea-green eyes ſo angrily
As it would kill with looking. My old guide
Againſt its ſharp head hurl'd a rugged ſtone—
The curling monſter rais'd a brazen ſhriek,
Wallow'd and died in fitful agonies.
We gain'd the cave. Through woven adamant
I look'd, and ſaw my ſiſter all alone.
Employ'd ſhe ſeem'd in writing ſomething ſad,
So ſad ſhe look'd: Her cheek was wond'rous wan,
Her mournful locks like weary ſedges hung.
I call'd—ſhe turning, ſtarted when ſhe ſaw me,
And threw her head aſide as if aſham'd;
She wept, but would not ſpeak—I call'd again;
Still ſhe was mute—Then madly I addreſt,
With all the hon-ſinews of deſpair,
To break the flinty ribs that held me out;
And with the ſtruggling wak'd.—

A STORM;

Raiſed to account for the late return of a Meſſenger:

——————The ſun went down in wrath;
The ſkies foam'd braſs, and ſoon th' unchained winds
Burſt from the howling dungeon of the north:
And rais'd ſuch high delirium on the main,
Such angry clamour; while ſuch boiling waves
Flaſh'd on the peeviſh eye of moody night,
It look'd as if the ſeas would ſcald the heavens.
Still louder chid the winds, th' enchafed ſurge
Still anſwer'd louder; and when the ſickly morn
Peep'd ruefully through the blotted thick-brow'd eaſt
To view the ruinous havock of the dark,
The ſtately towers of Athens ſeem'd to ſtand
On hollow foam tide-whipt; the ſhips that lay
Scorning the blaſt within the marble arms
Of the ſea-chid Portumnus, danc'd like corks
Upon th' enraged deep, kicking each other;
And ſome were daſh'd to fragments in this fray

Againſt the harbour's rocky cheſt. The ſea
So roar'd, ſo madly rag'd, ſo proudly ſwell'd,
As it would thunder full into the ſtreets,
And ſteep the tall Cecropian battlements
In foaming brine. The airy citadel,
Perch'd like an eagle on a high-brow'd rock,
Shook the ſalt water from its ſtubborn ſides
With eager quaking; the Cyclades appear'd
Like ducking cormorants—Such a mutiny
Out-clamour'd all tradition, and gain'd belief
To ranting prodigies of heretofore.
Seven days it ſtorm'd, &c.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Written at Mr. Thomſon's deſire, to be inſerted into the Caſtle of Indolence.

Full many a fiend did haunt this houſe of reſt,
And made of paſſive wights an eaſy prey.
Here lethargy with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard lay,
Heaving his ſides; and ſnored night and day.
To ſtir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyene he ſhut ſtraightway:
He led, I ween, the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught, withouten pain or ſtrife, to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft ſwoln and pale, here lay the hydropſy;
Unwieldy man, with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry.
And here a moping myſtery did ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye:
She call'd herſelf the hypochondriac fit,
And frantic ſeem'd to ſome, to others ſeem'd a wit.

A lady was ſhe, whimſical and proud,
Yet oft through fear her pride would crouchen low.
She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes that the 'ſpitals know,
And ſought all phyſic that the ſhops beſtow;
And ſtill new leaches, and new drugs would try.
'Twas hard to hit her humour, high or low; [cry,
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes
Sometimes would waxen wroth; and all—ſhe knew not why.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs virgin pin'd, [ings;
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burn-
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
But lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhook his chilling wings;
And here the gout, half tiger half a ſnake,
Rag'd with an hundred teeth, an hundred ſtings;
Theſe, and a thouſand furies more, did ſhake
Thoſe weary realms, and kept eaſe-loving men awake.

A DAY:

AN EPISTLE TO JOHN WILKES OF AYLESBURY, ESQ.

Escap'd from London now four moons, and more,
I greet gay Wilkes from Fulda's waſted ſhore,
Where, cloth'd with woods, a hundred hills aſcend,
Where nature many a paradiſe has plann'd:
A land that, e'en amid contending arms,
Late ſmil'd with culture, and luxuriant charms;
But now the hoſtile ſcythe has bar'd her ſoil,
And her ſad peaſants ſtarve for all their toil.
What news to-day?—I aſk you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue;
What forward blundering fool was laſt preferr'd,
By mere pretence diſtinguiſh'd from the herd;
With what new cheat the gaping town is ſmit;
What crazy ſcribbler reigns the preſent wit:
What ſtuff for winter the two booths have mix'd;
What bouncing mimic grows a Roſcius next.
Wave all ſuch news: I've ſeen too much, my friend,
To ſtare at any wonders of that kind.
News, none have I: you know I never had;
I never long'd the day's dull lie to ſpread;
I left to goſſips that ſweet luxury,
More in the ſecrets of the great than I;
To nurſes, midwives, all the ſlippery train,
That ſwallow all, and bring up all again:
Or did I e'er a brief event relate,
You found it ſoon at length in the Gazette.
Now for the weather—this is England ſtill
For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill.
Even now the pond'rous rain perpetual falls,
Drowns every camp, and crowds our hoſpitals.
This ſoaking deluge all unſtrings my frame,
Dilutes my ſenſe, and ſuffocates my flame—
'Tis that which makes theſe preſent lines ſo tame.
The parching eaſt wind ſtill purſues me too—
Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew?
By heaven, it ſays Japan, perhaps Peru!
It blaſts all earth with its envenom'd breath,
That ſcatters diſcord, rage, diſeaſes, death.
'Twas the firſt plague that burſt Pandora's cheſt,
And with a livid ſmile ſow'd all around the reſt.
Heaven guard my friend from every plague that flies, [riſe.
Still grant him health, whence all the pleaſures
But oft diſeaſes from ſlow cauſes creep,
And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

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Meantime excuſe me that I ſlily ſnatch
The only theme in which I ſhine your match.
You ſtudy early: ſome indulge at night,
Their prudiſh muſe ſteals in by candle-light;
Shy as th' Athenian bird, ſhe ſhuns the day,
And finds December genial more than May.
But happier you who court the early ſun,
For morning viſits no debauch draw on;
Nor ſo the ſpirits, health, or ſight impair,
As thoſe that paſs in the raw midnight air.
The taſk of breakfaſt o'er; that peeviſh, pale,
That lounging, yawning, moſt ungenial meal;
Ruſh out before thoſe fools ruſh in to worry ye,
Whoſe buſineſs is to be idle in a hurry,
Who kill your time as frankly as their own,
And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone.
Theſe flies all fairly flung, whene'er the houſe,
Your country's buſineſs, or your friend's, allows,

Ruſh out, enjoy the fields and the freſh air;
Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.
Yet in the torrid months I would reverſe
This method, leave behind both proſe and verſe;
With the grey dawn the hills and foreſt roam,
And wait the ſultry noon embower'd at home,
While every rural ſound improves the breeze,
The railing ſtream, the buſy rooks, and murmur
of the bees.
You'll hardly chooſe theſe cheerful jaunts alone,
Except when ſome deep ſcheme is carrying on.
With you at *Chelſea* oft may I behold
The hopeful bud of ſenſe her bloom unfold,
With you I'd walk to * * * * * *
To rich, inſipid Hackney, if you will;
With you no matter where, while we're toge-
ther,
I ſcorn no ſpot on earth, and curſe no weather:
When dinner comes, amid the various feaſt,
That crowns your genial board, where every gueſt,
Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,
And none e'er ſigh'd for the mind's elbow-room;
I warn you ſtill to make your chief repaſt
On one plain diſh, and trifle with the reſt.
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Beef, in a fever, if your ſtomach crave it,
Ox-cheek, or mawkiſh cod, be ſure you have it;
For ſtill the conſtitution, even the caſe,
Directs the ſtomach; this informs the taſte;
And what the taſte in her capricious fits
Coyly, or even indifferently admits,
The peeviſh ſtomach, or diſdains to toil,
Or indolently works to vapid chyle.
This inſtinct of the taſte ſo ſeldom errs,
That if you love, yet ſmart for cucumbers,
Or plumbs of bad repute, you'll likely find
'Twas for you ſeparated what nature join'd,
The ſpicy kernel here, and there the rind.
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'Tis ſtrange how blindly we from nature ſtray!
The only creatures we that miſs their way!
To err is human, man's prerogative,
Who's too much ſenſe by nature's laws to live:
Wiſer than nature, he muſt thwart her plan,
And ever will be ſpoiling, where he can.
'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream,
Nor earth to a gilded cake; not e'en could tame
Niagara's ſteep abyſs to crawl down ſtairs *,
Or dreſs in roſes the dire Cordelliers †:
But what he can he does: well can he trim
A charming ſpot into a childiſh whim;
Can every generous gift of nature ſpoil,
And rates their merits by his coſt and toil.
Whate'er the land, whate'er the ſeas produce,
Of perfect texture, and exalted juice,
He pampers, or to fulſome fat, or drains,
Refines and bleaches, till no taſte remains.
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* *Vide Chatſworth.* 1753.

† *Les Cordalleira's des Andee are a chain of hills, which run through South America.*

Enough to fatten fools, or drive the dray,
But plagues and death to thoſe of finer clay.
No corner elſe, 'tis not to be denied,
Of all our iſle ſo rankly is ſupplied
With groſs productions, and adulterate fare,
As one renown'd abode, whoſe name I ſpare.
They cram all poultry, that the hunrgy fox
Would lothe to touch them; e'en their boaſted ox
Sometimes is glutted ſo with unctuous ſpoil,
That what ſeems beef is rather rape-ſeed oil.
D'ye know what brawn is?——O th' unhappy
beaſt!
He ſtands eternal, and is doom'd to feaſt,
Till—but the nauſeous proceſs I forbear—
Only, beware of brawn—be ſure, beware!
Yet brawn has taſte—it has: their veal has none,
Save what the butcher's breath inſpires alone:
Juſt heaven one day may ſend them hail for
wheat,
Who ſpoil all veal becauſe it ſhould be white.
'Tis hard to ſay of what compounded paſte
Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no taſte,
Whether 'tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour
Shell'd and refin'd, till it has taſte no more;
But if the lump be white, and white enough,
No matter how inſipid, dry, or tough.
In ſalt itſelf the ſapid ſavour fails,
Burnt alum for the love of white prevails:
While taſteleſs cole-ſeed we for muſtard ſwallow,
'Tis void of zeſt indeed—but ſtill 'tis yellow.
Parnſnip, or parſley root, the rogues will ſoon
Scrape for horſe radiſh, and 'twill paſs unknown,
For by the colour, not the taſte, we prove all,
As hens will ſit on chalk, if 'tis but oval.
I muſt with caution the cook's reign invade,
Hot as the fire, and haſty from his trade,
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A cook of genius, bid him roaſt a hare,
By all that's hot and horrible would ſwear,
Parch native dryneſs! zounds, that's not the
thing—
But ſtew him, and he might half dine a king.
His gen'rous broth I ſhould almoſt prefer
To Turtle Soup, though Turtle travels far.
You think me nice perhaps: yet I could dine
On roaſted rabbit; or fat turky and chine;
Or fulſome haſlet; or moſt drily cram
My throat with taſteleſs fillet and wet ham:
But let me ne'er of mutton-ſaddle eat.
That ſolid phantom, that moſt ſpecious cheat;
Yet loin is paſſable, he was no fool
Who ſaid the half is better than the whole:
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But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more,
We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er,
I would all claret, even Champain forbear,
Give me freſh water—bleſs me with ſmall-beer.

But ſtill whate'er you drink with cautious lip
Approach, ſurvey, and e'er you ſwallow, ſip;
For often, O defend all honeſt throats!
The reeling waſp on the drench'd horage floats.
I've known a dame, ſage elſe as a divine,
For brandy whip off Ipecacuan wine;
And I'm as ſure amid your careleſs glee,
You'll ſwallow Port one time for Cote-rotie.
But you aware of that Lethean flood,
Will ſcarce repeat the doſe—forbid you ſhould!
'Tis ſuch a deadly foe to all that's bright,
'Twould ſoon encumber e'en your fancy's flight:
And if 'tis true what ſome wiſe preacher ſays,
That we our gen'rous anceſtors diſgrace,
The fault from this pernicious fountain flows,
Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes;
And ere our maudlin genius mounts again,
'Twill cauſe a ſea of claret and Champain
Of this retarding glue to rinſe the nation's brain.
The mud-fed carp refines amid the ſprings,
And time and Burgundy might do great things;
But health and pleaſure we for trade deſpiſe,
For Portugal's grudg'd gold our genius dies.
O hapleſs race! O land to be bewail'd!
With murders, treaſons, horrid deaths appall'd;
Where dark-red ſkies with livid thunders frown,
While earth convulſive ſhakes her cities down;
Where hell in heaven's name holds her impious court,
And the grape bleeds out that black poiſon, port;
Sad poiſon to themſelves, to us ſtill worſe,
Brew'd and rebrew'd, a doubled, trebled curſe.
Toſs'd in the crowd of various rules I find,
Still ſome material buſineſs left behind:
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The fig, the gooſeberry, beyond all grapes,
Mellower to eat, as rich to drink perhaps.
But pleaſures of this kind are beſt enjoy'd,
Beneath the tree, or by the fountain ſide,
E'er the quick ſoul, and dewy bloom exhale,
And vainly melt into the thankleſs gale.
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Who from the full meal yield to natural reſt,
A ſhort repoſe; 'tis ſtrange how ſoon you'll find
A ſecond morn riſe cheerful on your mind:
Beſides, it ſoftly, kindly, ſoothes away
The ſaddeſt hour to ſome that damps the day.
But if you're coy to ſleep, before you ſpread
Some eaſy-trotting poet's lines—you're dead
At once: even theſe may haſten your repoſe,
Now rapid verſe, now halting nearer proſe;
There ſmooth, here rough, what I ſuppoſe you'd chooſe,
As men of taſte hate ſameneſs in the muſe:
Yes, I'd adjourn all drinking till 'tis late,
And then indulge, but at a moderate rate.
By heaven not * * * with all his genial wit,
Should ever tempt me after twelve to ſit—
You laugh—at noon you ſay: I mean at night.
I long to read your name once more again,
But while at Caſſel, all ſuch longing's vain.
Yet Caſſel elſe no ſad retreat I find,
While good and amiable * Gayot's my friend,
Generous and plain, the friend of human-kind;
Who ſcorns the little-minded's partial view;
One you would love, one that would reliſh you.
With him ſometimes I ſup, and often dine,
And find his preſence cordial more than wine.
There lively, genial, friendly, Goy and I,
Touch glaſſes oft to one, whoſe company
Would—but what's this?—Farewell—within two hours
We march for Hoxter---ever, ever yours.

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* *Monſ. de Gayot, fils, conſeiller d'eſtat, et intendant de l'armée Frangoiſe en Allemagne.*

APPENDIX.

PIECES OMITTED IN THE WORKS OF THOMPSON.

GARDEN INSCRIPTIONS.

* IN IL SPENSEROSO.

ON SPENSER'S FAERY QUEENE.

Lo! here the place for contemplation made,
For sacred musing and for solemn song!—
—Hence, ye profane! nor violate the shade:
—Come, Spenser's awful genius, come along,
Mix with the music of th' aërial throng! [breast,
Oh! breathe a pensive stillness through my
While balmy breezes pant the leaves among,
And sweetly sooth my passions into rest.
Hint purest thoughts, in purest colours dress,
Even such as angels prompt, in golden dreams,
To holy hermit, high in raptures blest,
His bosom burning with celestial beams:
Ne less the raptures of my summer day,
If Spenser deign with me to moralize the lay.

IN THE SAME.

ON SPENSER'S SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

At large beneath this floating foliage laid
Of circling green, the crystal running by,
(How soft the murmur, and how cool the shade)!
While gentle whispering winds their breath
To 'suage the fever of the sultry sky; [apply
Smit with the sweet † Sicilian's simple strain,
I try the rural reed, but fondly try
To match his pastoral airs and happy vein:
Next I assay the quill of ‡ Mantua's swain
Of bolder note, and of more courtly grace:
Ah, foolish emulation!—They disdain
My awkward skill, and push me from the place.
Yet boast not thou of Greece, nor thou of Rome,
My sweeter § Colin Clout outpipes you both at home.

IN SHAKSPEARE'S WALK.

By yon hills, with morning spread,
Lifting up the tufted head,
By those golden waves of corn,
Which the laughing fields adorn,
By the fragrant breath of flowers,
Stealing from the woodbine bowers,
By this thought-inspiring shade,
By the gleamings of the glade,
By the babbling of the brook,
Winding slow in many a crook,
By the rustling of the trees,
By the humming of the bees,
By the woodlark, by the thrush,
Wildly warbling from the bush,
By the fairy's shadowy tread
O'er the cowslip's dewy head,
Father, monarch of the stage,
Glory of Eliza's age,
Shakspeare! deign to lend thy face,
This romantic nook to grace,
Where untaught nature sports alone,
Since thou and nature are but one.

IN MILTON'S ALCOVE.

Here, mighty Milton! in the blaze of noon,
Amid the broad effulgence, here I fix
Thy radiant tabernacle. Nought is dark
In thee, thou bright companion of the sun!
Thus thy own Uriel in its centre stands
Illustrious, waving glory round him! he,
Fairest archangel of all spirits in heaven,
As of the sons of men the greatest thou.

IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

Hic media te luce loco, mediisq. diei
Stas circumfusus flammis: tentoria figo
Hæc radiata tibi, Milton! quia nubila sacro
Carmine nulla tuo, comes illustrissime solis!
Sic medio stans sole tuus nitet Uriel, aureum
Diffunditq. jubar, splendens, et lucida tela:
Celestes inter cœtus pulcherrimus ille,
Mortales inter veluti tu maximus omnes.

ON LAUREL HILL,

AT THE END OF THE GARDEN.

TO MR. POPE.

O SKILL'D thy every reader's breast to warm,
To lull with harmony, with sense to charm,
To call the glowing soul into the ear,
(And now we live, and now we die to hear,
Born on the waves of melody along
Exulting shout, and triumph in thy song)!
O Pope! the sweetest of the tuneful race,
This votive tablet, grateful, here I place;
Here, where the Graces sport on Laurel Hill.
Fast by the music of the murmuring rill;
From hence the bluish Berkshire hills survey,
Which oft have echoed to thy sylvan lay;
When young, in Windsor's blissful fields you stray'd,
Immortal by your deathless labours made!
There the first music trembled from thy tongue,
And * Binfield swains on every accent hung:
The larks the sweetness of thy notes confest,
And, dumb with envy, sunk into their nest;
While in soft silence † Loddon stole along,
And, listening, wonder'd at thy softer song.
Nor scorn the prospects which Oxonia yields,
Her hills as verdant, and as fair her fields,

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* *The two first inscriptions are in the measure of Spenser's sonnets.*

† *Theocritus.* ‡ *Virgil.* § *Spenser.*

* *Mr. Pope lived at Binfield in Windsor Forest, Berkshire, where he wrote the most poetical of all his admirable works.*

† *A river, celebrated in Pope's Windsor Forest.*

As rich her vallies, and her ſtreams as clear,
And Phœbus haunts, and—thou haſt charm'd us here.
For other buſts a ſingle wreath I wove,
But dedicate to thine my † Laurel Grove.

IN CHAUCER'S BOURE.

Who is this thilke old bard which wonneth here?
This thilke old bard, ſirs, is Dan Chaucer:
Full gentle knight was he, in very ſooth,
Albee a little japepiſh in his youth.
He karoll'd deftly to his new pfautry,
And eke couth tellen tales of jollity,
And ſangs of ſolace all the livelong day,
Soote as the ouzle or throſtell in May.
Withouten words mo, a merie maker he,
Ne hopen I his permagall to ſee.
Ne Johnny Gay, perdie, ne Matthew Prior,
In diting tales of pleaſaunce couth go higher,
Here in this gardyn full of flowers gend,
Betwixt this elder-tree, and freſh woodbend,
He hearkeneth the foules' aſſemblie,
That fro' the twigs maken their melodie.
Ye pied daiſies, ſpring neath his feet,
Who ſong ſo ſootly, "The daiſy is ſo ſweet:"
And whileſt, "benedicite," he ſings,
Ryn, little beck, in ſilver murmurings.
O pleaſaunt poete, thyſelven ſolace here,
And merie be thy heart, old Dan Chaucer.

AT THE END OF THE CANAL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN.

Salve, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis ocelle lætæ ruris,
Meæ deliciæ, mei receſſus!
Hic gratas Charites agunt choreas,
Dum tangunt citharas novem Sorores;
Hic Pomona rubet Lyæus uvis
Cingit tempora pampinoq. honeſta,
Gaudens verſicolore Flora veſte
Et luſus varium trahit per annum.
Vos mitis Zephyri leves ſuſurri,
Et lenes ſtrepitus loquacis undæ,
Vos ſuaves avium modi canentum,
Et florum aſſyrii recentum odores,
O vos purpurei mei ſodales,
O vos dulciloqui mei ſodales,
Vobis perpetuam damus ſalutem!
Salve, mi hortule, gratiora Tempe,
O ridentis ocelle lætæ ruris,
Meæ deliciæ, mei receſſus!

IN THE SAME. A TRANSLATION.

Hail, happy garden, happy groves,
Whom your happieſt maſter loves!
Here the Graces weave the ring,
While the Muſes touch the ſtring,
There Pomona bluſhes, there
Plump Lyæus braids his hair,
Braids with tendrils of the vine,
"Dropping odours, dropping wine,"
And gay Flora frolics, dreſt
In her many-colour'd veſt.
O the waving of the trees!
And the fanning of the breeze!
O the prattling of the rill,
Still ſupplied, and prattling ſtill!
O the zephyrs ſweetly playing,
As when firſt they go a Maying!
O the birds, for ever ſinging,
And the flowers, for ever ſpringing!
Hail, happy garden, happy groves,
Whom your happieſt maſter loves!

IN THE SAME.

From buſy ſcenes, with peace alone retir'd,
And the warm ray of gratitude inſpir'd,
For bleſſings paſt, and mercies yet to come,
Here let me praiſe my God, and fix my home!
With * Iſaac, in the fields, for grace implore,
With Moſes, in each beamy buſh adore
His providence for all my wants provides,
His arm upholds me, and his right hand guides:
His breezes fan me in the noontide hours,
Where coolneſs walks amid my ſhades and bowers:
His bounty in the ſilver current flows,
Smiles in the bloſſoms, in the fruitage glows:
Bright with † pomaceous ſtores, his gift, behold
Th' eſpaliers bend with balls of blooming gold!
His radiant finger gilds the vernal flowers,
Fed with his balm, and water'd with his ſhowers:
He bids the roſe its crimſon folds unlooſe,
And bluſh refulgent in the purple dews:
The lily he arrays with ſpotleſs white,
Rich in its mantle of inwoven light:
(Go, Solomon, and caſt thy gems aſide,
Nor glory in thy poverty of pride)!
The painted tribes their ſunny robes diſplay,
And lend a lucid ſoftneſs to the day.
Grateful each flower to heaven its incenſe pays,
And breathes its fragrant ſoul away in praiſe.
Oh, thither may they teach my ſoul to ſoar,
Confeſs our Maker, and his ſteps adore!
Contented let me live, ſubmiſſive die,
And hope a fairer Paradiſe on high!

IN ‡ GOLDEN GROVE.

What pleaſing form commands the lifted eye,
O ſay, what younger brother of the ſky?
I know my Taylor's mild auſpicious grace,
And § more than human ſweetneſs in his face.

---

* *Mr. Pope uſed frequently to viſit Oxford: he likewiſe tranſlated part of Homer at Stanton Harcourt in this county, as appears from an inſcription in one of the windows there.*

† *I would not have it imagined by theſe lines, that I equalled Pope to the great triumvirate, Spenſer, Shakſpeare, and Milton, who will reign a triumvirate for ever: it is honour enough to the greateſt poets, even to Mr. Pope, to be placed next to them.*

* *Gen. ch. 24. v. 63.* "*And Iſaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.*"

† "——— While Engliſh plains
"Bluſh with pomaceous harveſts." Phillips.

‡ *The arbour is called Golden Grove, becauſe Biſhop Taylor wrote ſeveral of his moſt excellent and pious works at Golden Grove in Wales, the ſeat of his great patron the earl of Carbery. He has, on that account, a book of devotions called Golden Grove.*

§ *Biſhop Taylor was ſo extremely handſome and beau-*

The light of faith around his eyeballs plays,
And hope and charity unite their rays.
What * Canaan honey trickles from his tongue,
And manna, sweeter than the muses song!
Or, copious, through his shining pages roll'd,
The gushing torrent of celestial gold!
O (whether some resulgent throne be thine,
Or with the white-rob'd band of saints you join,
Or 'midst the flames of hailing seraphs glow)
Still may † thy works enrich our world below!
Still may thy glorious works expanded lie,
And teach us how to live, and how to die,
Pour heavenly day on each benighted mind,
And, next the sacred scriptures, bless mankind.

IN COWLEY'S SHADE.

Ingeniosissimo Poetarum
Coulejo!
Qui flores, qui plantas, qui arbores,
Jam felici cultâ coluit,
Et cultu cecinit,
Non umbram, non unum nemus,
Sed hortum
D. D.

Shall poets dignify my walks and bowers,
Cowley forgot? forbid it, rural powers!
Ye rural powers your choicest treasures shed,
To form a garland for your Cowley's head:
Collect the radiance of the showery bow,
The rose's scarlet, and the lily's snow,
To emulate his works, confus'dly bright,
Where glories rise on glories, light on light,
The prism of wit Apollo, once before,
So gilded Donne, but so could gild no more.
Our moderns flow, 'tis true, in easy rhymes;
But will our moderns flow through future times;
Warm distant ages with their glorious fire,
Inspir'd themselves, and potent to inspire?
Cowley, this praise is thine!—an age is past,
Yet still you charm the present as the last:
Your thoughts, your verse, their pristine lustre hold,
Like rows of jewels rang'd on cloth of gold:
Æneas' passport thus, the golden bough,
Solid and bright at once, resembles you;
Like that, you lead us to Elysium too.
No muddy streams of dull pollution run
In your chaste lines; each wanton hint you shun,
Save when a transient Venus blots the sun.

You sung each flower that spreads the vivid hue,
Each healing plant that sips the silver dew.
Each tree that decks the garden or the grove;
You sung, but never felt, the fires of love:
For love too witty and from passion free,
You had your mistress, but no lover she:
Goaded with points, love never wept so sore,
Though wounded by a muse's bee before.
O master of the many-chorded lyre,
Whom all the nine with all their gifts inspire!
Next Spenser's bower, accept this humble shed,
He charm'd you living, and you join him dead.
But far I place thee from coy Daphne's tree;
The tree that hates Apollo, loves not thee:
Yet had Apollo sung so well, the maid
Had yielded, nor been turn'd into a shade.

ON THE MOUNT UNDER MR. ADDISON'S PICTURE.

Just to thy genius, to thy virtues just,
Next Virgil's, Addison, I place thy bust;
Such finish'd graces shine in every page,
Correctly bold, and sober in your rage;
So elegant with ease, so justly warm,
Both raise with rapture, both with fancy charm.
Your muse (no sybil with distortion wild)
Serene in majesty, in glory mild;
Your manly thoughts in manly robes array'd,
(No tinsel-glitter, and no painted shade)
Command our wonder, while you march along,
Consummate masters of immortal song!
And hark! what notes are stealing on my ear,
Which dying saints might breathe, or angels hear;
As incense grateful to th' eternal King,
And such as Addison alone could sing!
Blush, vice, if vice can blush, and hide thy face;
A wicked wit is nature's last disgrace:
Let Virgil, Addison, your patterns shine,
Disdain pollution, and commence divine.
Hail, both! unenvied, and unequall'd pair!
Your happily divided honours share
And thou, my mount, on Pindus' top look down,
Grac'd with a Virgil and an Addison.

ANOTHER, UNDERNEATH.

The blissful scenes which Virgil's pencil drew,
Unfolding all Elysium to the view;
The rural scenes which Addison display'd
In beauteous Rosamonda's mazy shade;
Here, realiz'd, in verdant charms appear,
And Woodstock and Elysium flourish here.

ON A MOUNT.

Virgil's Picture, above an Hive, in Miniature, in the middle of a Woodbine Bush.

Hic Apis Mantuæ
Mella legit.
Tu autem, lector, si sapis,
Hujus mella legas:
Musarum perpetua mella,
Et Charitum Halitus,
Celestis ingenii nectar, beatos rores!
Illo nectare gratiora, suaviora,
Quo apes, Musarum volucres,
Jovem pavere olim

---

tiful in his youth, that Archbishop Laud thought him almost an angel from heaven when he first saw and heard him in the pulpit. See Bishop Rust's sermon preached at Bishop Taylor's funeral.

* *His excellent treatises are highly valued for the exactness of wit, profoundness of judgment, richness of fancy, copiousness of invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian. After the Restoration, he was made bishop of Down and Connor; where he further displayed his mighty talents, and showed, with an unbounded imagination, all the eloquence of orators, all the flights of poetry, together with all the strictness and regularity of the deepest casuists.* Echard's History of England.

† *His works are sometimes printed in four, sometimes in six volumes, in folio, besides six or seven volumes of devotions, &c. in octavo and duodecimo.*

Dictæo sub antro :
Et qualis summus Jupiter,
Inter Gentiles Deos,
Talis eminet inter cæteros Poetas
Publius Virgilius Maro.

UNDER HIS ECLOGUES AND GEORGICS,

BY THE CASCADE.

Here Maro rests beneath the fragrant shade,
Lull'd by the murmurs of the soft cascade :
Ye shepherds, carol here your lays of love,
While pastoral music dies along the grove :
Ye swains, instructed by his grateful theme,
His praises whistle to the tinkling stream :
Ye bees, around your tuneful master throng,
And, humming in delight, his dreams prolong.
But hence the trumpet's clang, the din of war ;
The thunder of the battle hence be far : [yield,
His bees, swains, shepherds more contentment
Than heroes blazing in the tented field.
" * Arms and the man I sing" let others choose,
Give me the products of his rural muse.

BENEATH A VINE, UNDER A PICTURE OF HORACE.

Bring hither, friend, O hither bring
The lyre, and let us sit and sing :
Wake into life the dying flute,
The Thracian harp, or Lydian lute :
Horace commands ; O quickly bring the lyre
For Horace, master of the Roman choir.

† With rosebuds grace the poet's brow,
With odours bid his ringlets flow ;
These lilies crop and strew the ground ;
And let my temples too be crown'd.
O fill the bowl beneath this mantling vine,
For Horace, arbiter of verse and wine !

With social joys we raise the hour,
But banish Cupid from the bower :
‡ Seven lustres past, ah ! why should I,
And why should Horace pine and sigh ?
No more he beckons Pyrrha to the grot,
His Lydia, my Ianthe, both forgot.

True ; Lydia revell'd in his veins,
And sweet Ianthe warm'd my strains ;
But age should youthful follies shun,
Nor back the flowery mazes run.
Let wit to wisdom, love to friendship rise,
And learn, at last, from Horace to grow wise.

OVER THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Lo ! Thomson deigns to grace the bower I made,
And dwell a tuneful tenant of my shade !
Hail, Nature's poet ! whom she taught alone
To sing her works in number's like her own,

Sweet as the Thrush, that warbles in the vale,
And soft as Philomela's tender tale ;
She lent her pencil too, of wondrous power,
To catch the rainbow, or to form the flower
Of many mingling hues ; and smiling said,
(But first with laurel crown'd her favourite's head) [shine,
" These beauteous children, though so fair they
" Fade in my Seasons, let them live in thine :
" And live they shall, the charm of every eye,
" Till nature sickens, and the Seasons die."

IN THE MIDST OF AN APPLE-TREE, OVER MR. PHILIPS'S CYDER.

If he, who first the apple sung, " the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,"
Unfading laurels won ; a branch awaits,
Philips, thy youthful brow : who apples sung
Innocuous, and with freedom bade us quaff
Their generous nectar, 'neath their parent shade,
Advent'rous ; nor in less inferior strains.
Like Milton too, you taught Britannia's song
To shake the shackles off of tinkling rhyme,
Emasculate, unnervous ; female verse.
Since modesty (still modesty attends
On worth like thine) forbids thee to accept
The parted wreath, let Milton's be the first,
Unrivall'd ; be the second honours thine.
And now (for Leo, from his flaming mane,
Shakes sultry rays intense, provoking thirst)
O Philips, while my well-glaz'd tube exhales
Nicotian fragrance, and my rummer shines
With cyder sparkling high, partake my shade,
Pleas'd with Pomona's haunts and cool recess,
Her purple-breathing births sweet-smiling round.

OVER YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Beneath an awful gloom, a night of shade,
By silent darkness more majestic made,
I place thy volume, Young ! with reverence place ;
Thy volume worthy of a saint's embrace !
What gospel truths thy heavenly lines convey,
And steal us from mortality away !
Full on the soul thy tides of rapture flow,
Kindling we hear, and while we read we glow !
Exalted by thy theme, we mount on high,
We spurn at earth, we claim our native sky.
Now let th' unletter'd, or the letter'd man,
Deny the soul immortal, if he can ;
A soul immortal in thy works we see ;
Can dust and ashes think and write like thee ?
Yes, fools ! the soul shall live, for God is just ;
Ye atheists, ye old serpents, lick the dust.
Through depths of ether now his eagle flies,
Gains on the sun, and traverses the skies,
Where stars on stars, on planets planets roll,
Imbibes their splendours, and commands the pole.
Onward he bears ; and, burning, soars away
(Nor flag his pinions) to mysterious day :
O Newton, far beyond thy highest sphere ;
Pursue my soul no further.—Heaven is here :
Oppress'd with glory, all my senses fade,
I faint—O softly lay me in his shade.

---

* *Meaning the Æneid.*

† Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum
Pressa tuis balanus capillis. Hor.
Non desint epulis rosæ
Nec breve lilium. Hor.

‡ Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum. Hor.

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Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2005

PreservationTechnologies
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111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111